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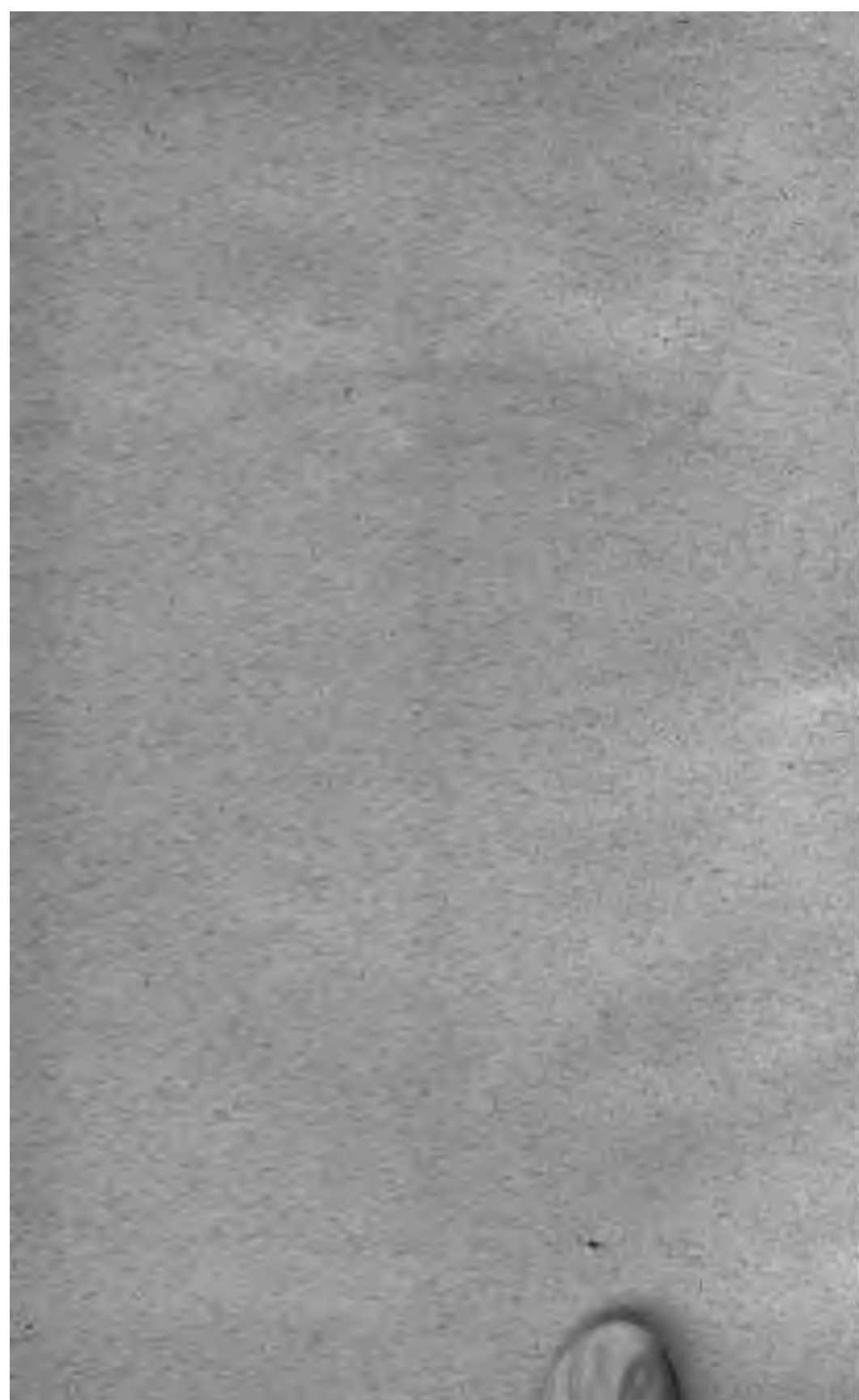
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78-8
THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. LIV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1891.

NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 144 EIGHTH STREET.

1891.

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shorter, sharper, and more decisive. Spite of inferiority of weapons, the battles of that period were bloodier, and it is a mathematically demonstrable proposition that the heavier the slaughter of combatants, the nearer must be the end of a war. There is no pursuit now after victory won, and the vanquished draws off shaken but not broken; in the smooth-bore era a vigorous pursuit scattered him to the four winds. When Wellington in the Peninsula wanted a fortress, and being in a hurry could not wait the result of a formal siege or a starvation blockade, he carried it by storm. No fortress is ever stormed now, no matter how urgent the need for its reduction, no matter how obsolete its defences. The Germans in 1871 did attempt to carry by assault an outwork of Belfort, but failed utterly. It would almost seem that in the matter of forlorn hopes the Caucasian is played out.

Assertions are easy, but they go for little unless they can be proved; some examples, therefore, may be cited in support of the contentions advanced above. The Prussians are proud, and with justice, of what is known as the "Seven Weeks War," although as a matter of fact the contest with Austria did not last so long, for Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Bohemian frontier on the 23d of June, and the armistice which ended hostilities was signed at Nikolsburg on the 22d of July. The Prussian armies were stronger than their opponents by more than one-fourth, and they were armed with the needle gun against the Austrian muzzle-loading rifle. When the armistice was signed, the Prussians lay on the Marchfeld within dim sight of the Stephanien Thurm, it is true, but with the strong and strongly armed and held lines of Florisdorf, the Danube, and the army of the Archduke Albrecht between them and the Austrian capital. On the 9th of October, 1806, Napoleon crossed the Saale. On the 14th at Jena he smashed Hohenlohe's Prussian army, the contending hosts being about equal strength; on the same day Davoust at Auerstadt with 27,000 men routed Brunswick's command over 50,000 strong. On the 25th of October Napoleon entered Berlin, the war virtually over and all Prussia at his feet with the exception of a few fortresses, the last of which fell on the 8th of November. Which was the swifter, the more brilliant, and the

more decisive—the campaign of 1866, or the campaign of 1806?

The Franco-German war is generally regarded as an exceptionally effective performance on the part of the Germans. The first German force entered France on the 4th of August, 1870. Paris was invested on the 21st of September, the German armies having fought five great battles and several serious actions between the frontier and the French capital. An armistice which was not conclusive, since it allowed the siege of Belfort to proceed and Bourbaki's army to be free to attempt raising it, was signed at Versailles on the 28th of January, 1871, but the actual conclusion of hostilities dates from the 16th of February, the day on which Belfort surrendered. The Franco-German war, therefore, lasted six and a half months. The Germans were in full preparedness, except that their rifle was inferior to the French *chassepot*; they were in overwhelmingly superior numerical strength in every encounter save one with French regular troops, and they had on their banners the prestige of Sadowa. Their adversaries were utterly unready for a great struggle; the French army was in a wretched state in every sense of the word; indeed, after Sedan there remained hardly any regulars able to take the field. In August 1805 Napoleon's Grande Armée was at Boulogne looking across to the British shores. Those inaccessible, he promptly altered his plans and went against Austria. Mack with 84,000 Austrian soldiers was at Ulm, waiting for the expected Russian army of co-operation, and meantime covering the valley of the Danube. Napoleon crossed the Rhine on the 26th of September. Just as in 1870 the Germans on the plains of Mars la Tour thrust themselves between Bazaine and the rest of France, so Napoleon turned Mack, and from Donauwörth to Ingolstadt stood between him and Austria. Mack capitulated Ulm and his army on the 19th of October, and Napoleon was in Vienna on the 13th of November. Although he possessed the Austrian capital, he was not, however, master of the Austrian empire. The latter result did not fall to him until the 2d of December, when, under "the sun of Austerlitz," he with 73,000 men defeated the Austro-Russian army 85,000 strong, inflicting on it a loss of 30,000 men at the cost of 12,000 of his own soldiers *hors de*

combat. It took the Germans in 1870 a month and a half to get from the frontier to *outside* Paris; just in the same time, although certainly not with so severe fighting by the way, but nearly twice as long a march, Napoleon moved from the Rhine to *inside* Vienna. From the active commencement to the cessation of hostilities the Franco-German war lasted six and a half months; reckoning from the crossing of the Rhine to the evening of Austerlitz, Napoleon subjugated Austria in two and a quarter months. Perhaps, however, his campaign of 1809 against Austria furnishes a more exact parallel with the campaign of the Germans in 1870-71. He assumed command on the 17th of April, having hurried from Spain. He defeated the Austrians four times in as many days, at Thann, Landshut, Eckmühl and Regensburg; and he was in Vienna on the 13th of May. Baulked at Aspern and Esslingen, he gained his point at Wagram the 5th of July, and hostilities ceased after lasting under his command for a period of two and a half months.

The Russians have a reputation for good marching, and certainly Suvaroff made good time in his long march from Russia to Northern Italy in 1799; almost as good, indeed, as Bagration and Barclay de Tolly made in falling back before Napoleon when he invaded Russia in 1812. But they have not improved either in marching or in fighting at all commensurately with the improved appliances. In 1877, after dawdling two months, they crossed the Danube on the 21st to the 27th of June. Osman Pasha, at Plevna, gave them pause until the 10th of December, at which date they were not so far into Bulgaria as they had been five months previously. After the fall of Plevna the Russian armies would have gone into winter quarters, but for a private quasi-ultimatum communicated to the Tzar from a high source in England to the effect that unpleasant consequences could not be guaranteed against, if the war was not finished in one campaign. Alexander, who was quite an astute man in his way, was temporarily enraged by this restriction, but, recovering his calmness, realized that nowhere in war books is any particular time specified for the termination or duration of a campaign. It appeared that so long as an army keeps the field uninterruptedly a campaign may con-

tinue until the Greek kalends. In less time than that Gourko and Skobelev undertook to finish the business; by the vigor with which they forced their way across the Balkans in the heart of the bitter winter, Sophia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople fell into Russian hands; and the Russian troops had been halted some time almost in face of Constantinople, when the treaty of San Stephano was signed on the 3d of March, 1878. It had taken the Russians of 1877-78 eight weary months to cover the distance between the Danube and the Marmora. But fifty years earlier a Russian general had marched from the Danube to the *Ægean* in three and a half months, nor was his journey by any means a smooth and bloodless one. Diebitch crossed the Danube in May 1828, and besieged Silistria from the 17th of May until the 1st of July. Silistria has undergone three resolute sieges during the century; it succumbed but once, and then to Diebitch. Pressing south immediately, he worsted the Turkish Grand Vizier in the fierce battle of Kulentscha, and then by diverse routes hurried down into the great Roumelian valley. Adrianople made no resistance, and although his force was attenuated by hardship and disease, when the Turkish diplomatists procrastinated the audacious and gallant Diebitch marched his thin regiments forward toward Constantinople. They had traversed on a wide front half the distance between Adrianople and the capital, when the dilatory Turkish negotiators saw fit to imitate the coon and come down. Whether they would have done so had they known the weakness of Diebitch may be questioned; but again it may be questioned whether, that weakness unknown, he could not have occupied Constantinople on the swagger. His master was prepared promptly to reinforce him; Constantinople was, perhaps, nearer its fall in 1828 than in 1878, and certainly Diebitch was much smarter than were the Grand Duke Nicholas, his fossil Nepokoitschitsky, and his pure theorist Levitsky.

The contrast between the character of our own contemporary military operations and that of those of the smooth-bore era is very strongly marked. In 1838-39 Keane marched an Anglo-Indian army from our frontier at Ferozepore over Candahar to Cabul, without experiencing any

check, and with the single important incident of taking Ghuzni by storm on the way. Our positions at and about Cabul were not seriously molested until late in 1841, when the paralysis of demoralization struck our soldiers because of the crass follies of a wrong headed civilian chief and the feebleness of a decrepit general. Nott throughout held Candahar firmly; the Khyber Pass remained open until faith was broken with the hillmen; Jellalabad held out until the "Retribution Column" camped under its walls. But for the awful catastrophe which befell in the passes the hapless brigade which under the influence of deplorable pusillanimity and gross mismanagement had evacuated Cabul, no serious military calamity marked our occupation of Afghanistan, and certainly stubborn resistance had not confronted our arms. From 1878 to 1880 we were in Afghanistan again, this time with breechloading, far-ranging rifles, copious artillery of the newest types, and commanders physically and mentally efficient. All those advantages availed us not one whit. The Afghans took more liberties with us than they had done forty years previously. They stood up to us in fair fight over and over again: at Ali Musjid, at the Pewar Kotul, at Charasiab, on the Takt-i Shah and the Asmai heights, at Candahar. They took the dashing offensive at Ahmed Kheyl and at the Shuturguridan; they drove Dunham Massy's cavalry and took British guns; they reoccupied Cabul in the face of our arms, they besieged Candahar, they hemmed Roberts within the Sherpoor cantonments and assailed him there. They destroyed a British brigade at Maiwand, and blocked Gough in the Jugdulluck Pass. Finally our evacuating army had to macadamize its unmolested route down the passes by bribes to the hillmen, and the result of the second Afghan war was about as barren as that of the first.

It was in the year 1886 that, the resolution having been taken to dethrone Thebau and annex Upper Burmah, Prendergast began his all but bloodless movement on Mandalay. The Burmans of today have never adventured a battle, yet after years of desultory bushwhacking the pacification of Upper Burmah seems still far distant. On the 10th of April, 1852, an Anglo-Indian expedition commanded by General Godwin landed at Rangoon.

During the next fifteen months it did a good deal of hard fighting, for the Burmans of that period made a stout resistance. At midsummer of 1853, Lord Dalhousie proclaimed the war finished, announced the annexation and pacification of Lower Burmah, and broke up the army. The cost of the war of which the result was this fine addition to our Indian Empire, was two millions sterling; almost from the first the province was self-supporting, and uninterrupted peace has reigned within its borders. We did not dally in those primitive smooth-bore days. Sir Charles Napier took the field against the Scinde Ameers on the 16th of February, 1843. Next day he fought the battle of Meanee, entered Hyderabad on the 20th, and on the 24th of March won the decisive victory of Dubba which placed Scinde at his mercy, although not until June did the old "Lion of Meerpore" succumb to Jacob. But before then Napier was well forward with his admirable measures for the peaceful administration of the great province he had added to British India.

The expedition for the rescue of General Gordon was tediously boated up the Nile, with the result that the "desert column" which Sir Herbert Stewart led so valiantly across the Bayuda sands, reached Gubat just in time to be too late, and was itself extricated from imminent disaster by the masterful promptitude of Sir Redvers Buller. Notwithstanding a general consensus of professional and expert opinion in favor of the alternative route from Souakin to Berber, 240 miles long and far from waterless, the adoption of it was condemned as impossible. In June 1801, away back in the primitive days, an Anglo-Indian brigade 5000 strong, ordered from Bombay, reached Kosseir on the Red Sea bound for the Upper Nile at Kenéh, thence to join Abercromby's force operating in Lower Egypt. The distance from Kosseir to Kenéh is 120 miles across a barren desert with scanty and unfrequent springs. The march was by regiments, of which the first quitted Kosseir on the 1st of July. The record of the desert-march of the 10th Foot is now before me. It left Kosseir on the 20th of July, and reached Kenéh on the 29th, marching at the rate of twelve miles per day. Its loss on the march was one drummer. The whole brigade was at Kenéh in the early days of August, the period between its debarka-

tion and its concentration on the Nile being about five weeks. The march was effected at the very worst season of the year. It was half the distance of a march from Souakin to Berber ; the latter march by a force of the same strength could well have been accomplished in three months. The opposition on the march could not have been so severe as that which Stewart's desert column encountered. Nevertheless, as I have said, the Souakin-Berber route was pronounced impossible by the deciding authority.

The comparative feebleness of contemporary warfare is perhaps exceptionally manifest in relation to the reduction of fortresses. During the Franco-German war, the frequency of announcements of the fall of French fortresses used to be the subject of casual jeers. The jeers were misplaced. The French fortresses, laboring under every conceivable disadvantage, did not do themselves discredit. All of them were more or less obsolete. Excluding Metz and Paris, neither fortified to date, their average age was about a century and a half, and few had been amended since their first construction. They were mostly garrisoned by inferior troops, often almost entirely by Mobiles. Only in one instance was there an effective director of the defence. That they uniformly enclosed towns whose civilian population had to endure bombardment, was an obvious hindrance to desperate resistance. Yet, setting aside Bitsch, which was never taken, the average duration of the defence of the seventeen fortresses which made other than nominal resistance was forty-one days. Excluding Paris and Metz, which virtually were entrenched camps, the average period of resistance was thirty-three days. The Germans used siege artillery in fourteen cases ; although only on two instances, Belfort and Strasburg, were formal sieges undertaken. "It appears," writes Major Sydenham Clarke in his recent remarkable work on Fortification* which ought to revolutionize that art, "that the average period of resistance of the (nominally obsolete) French fortresses was the same as that of besieged fortresses of the Marlborough and Peninsular periods. Including Paris and Metz, the era of rifled weapons actually shows an

increase of 20 per cent. in the time-endurance of permanent fortifications. Granted that a mere measurement in days affords no absolute standard of comparison, the striking fact remains, that in spite of every sort of disability the French fortresses, pitted against guns that were not dreamed of when they were built, acquitted themselves quite as well as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Vauban school in the days of their glory." Even in the cases of fortresses whose reduction was urgently needed since they interfered with the German communications—such as Strasburg, Toul and Soissons—the quick *ultima ratio* of assault was not resorted to by the Germans. And yet the Germans could not have failed to recognize that but for the fortresses they would have swept France clear of all organized bodies of troops within two months of the frontier battles. During the Peninsular war Wellington made twelve assaults on breached fortresses, of which five were successful ; of his twelve attempts to escalade, six succeeded. The Germans in 1870–71 never attempted a breach, and their solitary effort at escalade, on the Basse Perche of Belfort, utterly failed.

The Russians in 1878 were even less enterprising than had been the Germans in 1870. They went against three permanently fortified places, the antediluvian little Matchin, which if I remember right blew itself up ; the crumbling Nicopolis, which surrendered after one day's fighting ; and Rustchuk, which held out till the end of the war. They would not look at Silistria, ruined, but strong in heroic memories ; they avoided Rasgrad, Schumla, and the Black Sea fortresses ; Sophia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople made no resistance. The earthworks of Plevna, vicious as they were in many characteristics, they found impregnable. I think Suvaroff would have carried them ; I am sure Skobelev would, if he had got his way.

The vastly expensive armaments of the present—the rifled breechloader, the magazine rifle, the machine guns, the long-range field guns, and so forth, are all accepted and paid for by the respective nations in the frank and naked expectation that these weapons will perform increased execution on the enemy in war time. This granted, and it cannot be denied, it follows that if this increased execution is not performed, peoples are entitled

* *Fortification*. By Major G. Sydenham Clarke, C.M.G. (London : John Murray.)

to regard it as a grievance that they do not get blood for their money, and this they certainly do not have ; so that even in this sanguinary particular the warfare of to-day is a comparative failure. The topic, however, is rather a ghastly one, and I refrain from citing evidence ; which, however, is easily accessible to any one who cares to seek it.

The anticipation is confidently adventured that a great revolution will be made in warfare by the magazine rifle with its increased range, the machine gun, and the quick-firing field artillery which will speedily be introduced into every service. It does not seem likely that smokeless powder will create any very important change, except in siege operations. On the battle-field neither artillery nor infantry come into action out of sight of the enemy. When either arm opens fire within sight of the enemy, its position can be almost invariably detected by the field-glass, irrespective of the smokelessness or non-smokelessness of its ammunition. Indeed, the use of smokeless powder would seem inevitably to damage the fortunes of the attack. Under cover of a bank of smoke, the soldiers hurrying on to feed the fighting-line are fairly hidden from aimed hostile fire. It may be argued that their aim is thus reciprocally hindered ; but the reply is that their anxiety is not so much to be shooting during their reinforcing advance, as to get forward into the fighting line, where the atmosphere is not so greatly obscured. Smokeless powder will no doubt advantage the defence.

It need not be observed that a battle is a physical impossibility while both sides adhere to the passive defensive ; and experience proves that battles are rare in which both sides are committed to the active offensive, whether by preference or necessity. *Mars la Tour* (August 16, 1870) was the only contest of this nature in the Franco-German war. Bazaine had to be on the offensive, because he wanted to get away toward Verdun ; *Alvensleben* took it because it was the only means whereby he could hinder Bazaine from accomplishing his purpose. But for the most part one side in battle is on the offensive ; the other on the defensive. The invader is habitually the offensive person, just for the reason that the native force commonly acts on the defensive ; the latter is anxious to hinder further penetration into the bow-

els of its land ; the former's desire is to effect that penetration. The defensive of the native army need not, however, be the passive defensive ; indeed that, unless the position be exceptionally strong, is according to present tenets to be avoided. When, always with an underlying purpose of defence, its chief resorts to the offensive, for reasons that he regards as good, his strategy or his tactics, as the case may be, are expressed by the term "defensive-offensive."

It says a good deal for the peaceful predilections of the nations, that there has been no fairly balanced experience affording the material for decision as to the relative advantage of the offensive and the defensive under modern conditions. In 1866 the Prussians, opposing the needle-gun to the Austrian muzzle-loader, naturally utilized this pre-eminence by adopting uniformly the offensive, and traditions of the Great Frederick doubtless seconded the needle-gun. After *Sadowa*, controversy ran high as to the proper system of tactics when breechloader should oppose breechloader. A strong party maintained that "the defensive had now become so strong that true science lay in forcing the adversary to attack. Let him come on, and then one might fairly rely on victory." As *Boguslawski* observes—"this conception of tactics would paralyze the offensive, for how can an army advance if it has always to wait till an enemy attacks?" After much exercitation the Germans determined to adhere to the offensive. In the recent modest language of *Baron von der Goltz* :* "Our modern German mode of battle aims at being entirely a final struggle, which we conceive of as being inseparable from an unsparing offensive. Temporizing, waiting, and a calm defensive are very unsympathetic to our nature. Everything with us is action. Our strength lies in great decisions on the battle-field." Perhaps also the guileless Germans were quite alert to the fact that *Marshal Niel* had shattered the French army's tradition of the offensive, and gone counter to the French soldier's nature, by enjoining the defensive in the latest official instructions. Had the Teutons suborned him, the Marshal could not have done them a better turn.

* *The Nation in Arms*. By Lieutenant-Colonel *Earon von der Goltz*. (Allen.)

Their offensive tactics against an enemy unnaturally lashed to the stake of the defensive stood the Germans in excellent stead in 1870. On every occasion they resorted to the offensive against an enemy in the field ; strictly refraining, however, from that expedient when it was a fortress, and not soldiers *en vive force*, that stood in the way. At St. Privat their offensive would probably have been worsted if Canrobert had been reinforced, or even if a supply of ammunition had reached him ; and a loss there of one-third of the combatants of the Guard Corps without result caused them to change for the better the method of their attack. But in every battle from Weissenburg to Sedan, with the exception of the confused *mêlée* of Mars la Tour, the French, besides being bewildered and discouraged, were in inferior strength ; after Sedan the French levies in the field were scarcely soldiers. There was no fair testing of the relative advantages of defence and offence in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 ; and so it remains that in an actual and practical sense no firm decision has yet been established. All civilized nations are, however, assiduously practising the methods of the offensive.

It may be anticipated that in future warfare between evenly matched combatants the offensive will get the worst of it at the hands of the passive defensive. The word "anticipate" is used in preference to "apprehend," because one's sympathy is naturally for the invaded state, unless it has been wantonly aggressive and insolent. The invaded army, if the term may be used, having familiar knowledge of the terrain, will take up a position in the fairway of the invader ; affording strong flank *appui*, and a far-stretching clear range in front and on flanks. It will throw up several lines, or, still better, tiers of shallow trenches along its front and flanks, with emplacements for artillery and machine guns. The invader must attack ; he cannot turn the enemy's position and expose his communications to that enemy. He takes the offensive, doing so, as is the received practice, in front and on a flank. From the outset he will find the offensive a sterner ordeal than in the Franco-German War days. He will have to break into loose order at a greater distance, because of the longer range of small arms, and the further scope, the greater accuracy, and the quicker fire

of the new artillery. He too possesses those weapons, but he cannot use them with so great effect. His field batteries suffer from the hostile cannon-fire as they move forward to take up a position. His infantry cannot fire on the run ; when they drop after a rush, the aim of panting and breathless men cannot be of the best. And their target is fairly protected and at least partially hidden. The defenders behind their low *épaulement* do not pant ; their marksmen only at first are allowed to fire ; these make things unpleasant for the massed gunners out yonder, who share their attentions with the spraying-out infantrymen. The quick-firing cannon of the defence are getting in their work methodically. Neither the gunners nor the infantry need be nervous as to expending ammunition freely, since plenteous supplies are promptly available, a convenience which does not infallibly come to either guns or rifles of the attack. The Germans report as their experience in the capacity of assailants, that the rapidity and excitement of the advance, the stir of strife, the turmoil, exhilarate the soldiers, and that patriotism and fire-discipline in combination enforce a cool steady maintenance of fire ; that in view of the ominous spectacle of the swift and confident advance, under torture of the storm of shell-fire and the hail of bullets which they have to endure in immobility, the defenders, previously shaken by the assailants' artillery preparation, become nervous, waver, and finally break when the cheers of the final concentrated rush strike on their ears. That this was scarcely true as regarded French regulars the annals of every battle of the Franco-German war up to and including Sedan conclusively show. It is true, however, that the French nature is intolerant of inactivity, and in 1870 suffered under the deprivation of its *métier* ; but how often the Germans recoiled from the shelter trenches of the Spicheren and gave ground all along the line from St. Privat to the Bois de Vaux, men who witnessed those desperate struggles cannot forget while they live. Warriors of greater equanimity than the French soldier possesses might perhaps stand on the defensive in calm self-confidence, with simple breechloaders as their weapons, if simple breechloaders were also weapons of the assailants. But in his rifle the soldier of the future can

keep the defensive, not only with self-confidence, but with high elation, for in it (so long as it is not the Lee-Speed) he will possess a weapon against which no attack (although armed too with a magazine or repeating rifle) can prevail.

The assailants fall fast as their advance pushes forward, combed down by the rifle fire, the mitraille, and the shrapnel of the defence. But they are gallant men, and while life lasts they will not be denied. The long bloody advance is all but over; the survivors of it who have attained thus far are lying down getting their wind for the final concentration and rush. Meanwhile, since after they once again stand up they will use no more rifle fire till they have conquered or are beaten, they are pouring forth against the defence their reserve of bullets in or attached to their rifle-butts. The defenders take this punishment, like Colonel Quagg, lying down, courting the protection of their earth-bank. The hail of the assailants' bullets ceases; already the artillery of the attack has desisted lest it should injure friend as foe. The word runs along the line and the clumps of men lying prostrate there out in the open. The officers spring to their feet, wave their swords, and cheer loudly. The men are up in an instant, and the swift rush focussing toward a point begins. The distance to be traversed before the attackers are *aux prises* with the defenders is about one hundred and fifty yards.

It is no mere storm of missiles which meets fair in the face those charging heroes; no, it is a moving wall of metal against which they run to their ruin. For the infantry of the defence are emptying their magazines now at point-blank range. Emptied magazine yields to full one; the Maxims are pumping, not bullets, but veritable chains of lead, with calm, devilish swiftness. The quick-firing guns are spouting radiating torrents of case. The attackers are mown down as corn falls, not before the sickle, but the scythe. Not a man has reached, or can reach, the little earth-bank behind which the defenders keep their ground. The attack has failed; and failed from no lack of valour, of methodized effort, of punctilious compliance with every instruction; but simply because the defence—the defence of the future in warfare—has been too strong for the attack. One will not occupy space by recounting how in the very nick of time

the passive defence flashes out into the counter-offensive; nor need one enlarge on the sure results to the invader as the unassailed flank of the defence throws forward the shoulder, and takes in flank the dislocated masses of aggressors.

One or two such experiences will definitively settle the point as to the relative advantage of the offensive and the defensive. Soldiers will not submit themselves to re-trial on re-trial of a *res judicata*. Grant, dogged though he was, had to accept that lesson in the shambles of Cold Harbor. For the bravest sane man will rather live than die. No man burns to become cannon-fodder. The Turk, who is supposed to court death in battle for religious reasons of a somewhat material kind, can run away even when the alternative is immediate removal to a Paradise of unlimited houris and copious sherbet. There are no braver men than Russian soldiers; but going into action against the Turks tried their nerves, not because they feared the Turks as antagonists, but because they knew too well that a petty wound disabling from retreat meant not alone death, but unspeakable mutilation before that release.

It is obvious that if, as is here anticipated, the offensive proves impossible in the battle of the future, an exaggerated phase of the stalemate which Boguslawski so pathetically deprecates will occur. The world need not greatly concern itself regarding this issue; the situation will almost invariably be in favor of the invaded, and will probably present itself near his frontier line. He can afford to wait until the invader tires of inaction and goes home.

Magazine and machine guns would seem to sound the knell of possible employment of cavalry in battle. No matter how dislocated are the infantry ridden at so long as they are not quite demoralized, however *rusé* the cavalry leader—however favorable to sudden unexpected onslaught is the ground, the quick-firing arms of the future must apparently stall off the most enterprising horsemen. Probably if the writer were arguing the point with a German, the famous experiences of Von Bredow might be adduced in bar of this contention. In the combat of Tobitschau in 1866 Von Bredow led his cuirassier regiment straight at three Austrian batteries in action, captured the eighteen guns and every body and

everything belonging to them, with the loss to himself of but ten men and eight horses. It is true, says the honest official account, that the ground favored the charge, and that the shells fired by the usually skilled Austrian gunners flew high. But during the last 100 yards grape was substituted for shell, and Bredow deserved all the credit he got. Still stronger against my argument was Bredow's memorable work at Mars la Tour, when, at the head of six squadrons, he charged across 1000 yards of open plain, rode over and through two separate lines of French infantry, carried a line of cannon numbering nine batteries, rode 1000 yards further into the very heart of the French army, and came back with a loss of not quite one half of his strength. The *Todtenritt*, as the Germans call it, was a wonderful exploit, a second Balaklava charge, and a bloodier one; and there was this distinction, that it had a purpose, and that that purpose was achieved. For Bredow's charge in effect wrecked France. It arrested the French advance which would else have swept Alvensleben aside; and to its timely effect is traceable the sequence of events that ended in the capitulation of Metz. The fact that although from the beginning of his charge until he struck the front of the first French infantry line, Von Bredow took the rifle-fire of a whole French division, yet did not lose above fifty men, has been a notable weapon in the hands of those who argue that good cavalry can charge home on unshaken infantry. But never more will French infantry shoot from the hip as Lafont's conscripts at Mars la Tour shot in the vague direction of Bredow's squadrons. French cavalry never got within yards of German infantry even in loose order; and the magazine or repeating rifle held reasonably straight will stop the most thrusting cavalry that ever heard the "charge" sound.

Fortifications of the future will differ curiously from those of the present. The latter, with their towering scarps, their massives *enceintes*, their "portentous ditches," will remain as monuments of a vicious system, except where, as in the cases of Vienna, Cologne, Sedan, etc., the dwellers in the cities they encircle shall procure their demolition for the sake of elbow-room, or until modern howitzer shells or missiles charged with high explosives shall pulverize their naked expanse

of masonry. In the fortification of the future, the defender will no longer be "enclosed in the toils imposed by the engineer," with the inevitable disabilities they entail, while the besieger enjoys the advantage of free mobility. Plevna has killed the castellated fortress. With free communications, the full results attainable by fortress artillery, intelligently used, will at length come to be realized. Unless in rare cases and for exceptional reasons, towns will gradually cease to be fortified, even by an encirclement of detached forts. Where the latter are availed of, practical experience will infallibly condemn the expensive and complex cupola-surmounted construction of which General Brialmont is the champion. "A work," trenchantly argues Major Sydenham Clarke, "designed on the principles of the Roman catacombs is suited only for the dead, in a literal or in a military sense. The vast system of subterranean chambers and passages is capable of entombing a brigade, but denies all necessary tactical freedom of action to a battalion."

The fortress of the future will probably be in the nature of an entrenched camp. The interior of the position will provide casemate accommodation for an army of considerable strength. Its defences will consist of a circle at intervals of about 2500 yards, of permanent redoubts which shall be invisible at moderate ranges, for infantry and machine guns, the garrison of each redoubt to consist of a half battalion. Such a work was in 1886 constructed at Chatham in thirty-one working days, to hold a garrison of 200 men housed in casemates built in concrete, for less than 3000*l.*, and experiments proved that it would require a "prohibitory expenditure" of ammunition to cause it serious damage by artillery fire. The supporting defensive armament will consist of a powerful artillery rendered mobile by means of tramroads, this defence supplemented by a field force carrying on outpost duties and manning field works guarding the intervals between the redoubts. Advanced defences and exterior obstacles of as formidable a character as possible will be the complement of what in effect will be an immensely elaborated Plevna, which, properly armed and fully organized, will "fulfil all the requirements of defence," while possessing important potentialities of offence.

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In conclusion, it may be worth while to point out that the current impression, that the maintenance by states of "bloated armaments" is a keen incentive to war, is fallacious. How often do we hear,

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hour, but which is free to start only if every seat be occupied. The seats are many, the train is ponderously long, and hence the manufacture of dummies for the seasons when there are not passengers enough. A stuffed manikin is thrust into the empty seat, where it makes a creditable figure till the end of the journey. It looks sufficiently like a passenger, and you know it is not one only when you perceive that it neither says anything nor gets out. The guard attends to it when the train is shunted, blows the cinders from its wooden face and gives a different crook to its elbow, so that it may serve for another run. In this way, in a well-conducted periodical, the blocks of *remplissage* are the dummies of criticism—the recurrent, regulated billows in the ocean of talk. They have a reason for being, and the situation is simpler when we perceive it. It helps to explain the disproportion I just mentioned, as well, in many a case, as the quality of the particular discourse. It helps us to understand that the “organs of public opinion” must be no less copious than punctual, that publicity must maintain its high standard, that ladies and gentlemen may turn an honest penny by the free expenditure of ink. It gives us a glimpse of the high figure presumably reached by all the honest pennies accumulated in the cause, and throws us quite into a glow over the march of civilization and the way we have organized our conveniences. From this point of view it might indeed go far toward making us enthusiastic about our age. What is more calculated to inspire us with a just complacency than the sight of a new and flourishing industry, a fine economy of production? The great business of reviewing has, in its roaring routine, many of the signs of blooming health, many of the features which beguile one into rendering an involuntary homage to successful enterprise.

Yet it is not to be denied that certain captious persons are to be met who are not carried away by the spectacle, who look at it much askance, who see but dimly whither it tends, and who find no aid to vision even in the great light (about itself, its spirit and its purposes, among other things) that it might have been expected to diffuse. “Is there any such great light at all?” we may imagine the most restless of the sceptics to inquire, “and isn’t the effect

rather one of a certain kind of pretentious and unprofitable gloom?” The vulgarity, the crudity, the stupidity which this cherished combination of the off-hand review and of our wonderful system of publicity have put into circulation on so vast a scale may be represented, in such a mood, as an unprecedented invention for darkening counsel. The bewildered spirit may ask itself, without speedy answer, What is the function in the life of man of such a reverberation of platitude and irrelevance? Such a spirit will wonder how the life of man survives it, and above all, what is much more important, how literature resists it; whether indeed literature does resist it and is not speedily going down beneath it. The signs of this catastrophe will not, in the case we suppose, be found too subtle to be pointed out—the failure of distinction, the failure of style, the failure of knowledge, the failure of thought. The case is, therefore, one for recognizing with dismay that we are paying a tremendous price for the diffusion of penmanship and opportunity, that the multiplication of endowments for chatter may be as fatal as an infectious disease, that literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example, upon perfection wrought, that, like other sensitive organisms, it is highly susceptible of demoralization, and that nothing is better addressed than irresponsible pedagogy to making it lose faith in itself. To talk about it clumsily is to poison the air it breathes, and the consequence of that sort of taint is that it dwindles and dies. We may, of course, continue to talk about it long after it is dead, and there is every appearance that this is mainly the way in which our descendants will hear of it; not, perhaps, that they will much regret its departure, with *our* report to go by.

This, I am aware, is a dismal impression, and I do not pretend to state the case gayly. The most I can say is that there are times and places in which it strikes one as less desperate than at others. One of the places is Paris, and one of the times is some comfortable occasion of being there. The custom of rough and ready reviewing is, among the French, much less rooted than with us, and the dignity of criticism is, to my perception, in consequence much higher. The art is felt to be one of the most difficult, the most delicate, the most occasional; and the material on which it

resolves into his own, and not of those invented and selected others with whom the novelist makes comfortable terms, but with the uncompromising swarm of authors, the clamorous children of history. He has to make them as vivid and as free as the novelist makes *his* puppets, and yet he has, as the phrase is, to take them as they come. We must be easy with him if the picture, even when the aim has really been to penetrate, is sometimes confused, for there are baffling and there are thankless subjects; and we compensate him in the peculiar purity of our esteem, when the portrait is really, as it were, like the happy portraits of the other art, a translation into style.

HENRY JAMES.

II.

Let us define Criticism as the form of skilled labor which is occupied in writing about other men's books, old or new. If Sainte-Beuve wrote on Dante, that is Criticism; and if a paragraphist in a newspaper compose a column of printed matter out of the prefaces of new books which he has not read, that is Criticism also. It is Criticism which discovers that Homer's works were compiled, in about five hundred years, by about fifty different authors. And it is Criticism which finds out that Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown steals his successful novels from Bishop Berkeley or Thomas Moore. The former is an example of the Higher Criticism, the latter of the lower species, and, really, both seem about equally valuable. It is not easy to find a common factor in Criticism, in the studies of which Aristotle and Longinus, Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, are masters, while unsuccessful lady novelists and uneducated pressmen form, perhaps, the majority of the school. All of them write about the works of other people, all distribute praise and blame; these are points common to all critics, though in reading, knowledge, taste, and temper there is every sort of diversity. All critics are contemplating works of literary art through the medium of their own temperaments, looking at them with their own eyes, estimating them by their own standards. Yet the writings of some critics are eternal possessions; always good to know and to live with, like the *Poetics* of Aristotle, or the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, or the Treatise of Longinus on the Sublime. The writ-

ings of other critics, daily or weekly, are often so ignorant, so prejudiced, so spiteful, so careless, that perhaps no printed matter is more entirely valueless and contemptible. It may be said that the topics with which the ordinary reviewer deals, the books on which he pronounces judgment, are not much better than the judgments he pronounces. This is very true, but it seems a pity that bad books should not be barren, but should beget bad reviews. That great George Dandin, the public, has willed it so.

Perhaps the only kind of Criticism worth reading or writing is that which narrates the adventures of an ingenious and educated mind in contact with masterpieces. The literary masterpieces of the world are so rich, so full of beauties, so charged with ideas, that some or many of these must escape most readers. We wander as in a world full of flowers: we cannot gather all, nor observe all. It is pleasant and profitable to hear the experiences of another in the same paradise, of another whose temper, whose knowledge of the world and of books, are very different from our own. We may agree with what he tells us, or may differ, but even in our differences we feel that we learn much, that our mind is moved to new activities. Thus, for example, if a critic's chief duty is to be correct, to be sound in his judgments, it is plain that neither Mr. Matthew Arnold nor, to take a modern instance, M. Jules Lemaitre is always an impeccable critic. Mr. Arnold's *Lectures on Translating Homer*, a most lively and enlivening book, was vitiated (to my taste) by his extraordinary zeal for the English hexameter. It also contained many examples of his pet form of injustice. He chose an admirable passage from *Homer*, and as bad a passage as he could find from a ballad or from Scott: he placed them beside each other and drew conclusions. How a critic could ever persuade himself that this childish process was an argument we are not able to guess. But, on the other hand, the Lectures were full of deeply thought and keenly felt ideas on and impressions from Homeric poetry. Homer's admirers were delighted with new, and sound, and well expressed reasons for their admiration. In the same way M. Jules Lemaitre confesses to more ignorance and more prejudice than, perhaps, he would like his enemies to charge him with. But he possesses, in

reviewed is the last thing in their minds. They are denouncing or applauding their own personal ideal of the author. A good deal of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness goes into the manufacture of reviews, all combined in an aspic of ignorance. For the ignorance of the ordinary reviewer is only equalled by his confidence, and by the audacity with which he delivers his brawling judgments on a book, after a glance at the preface. In brief, reviewing may be, and often is, done by gentlemen and scholars, but it is, perhaps, as frequently the mere expression of ignorant and careless and envious dullness. And how could it be otherwise? Here is a hungry and eager nobody, who has never done, and never will do, anything. He has a pen in his hand, he has the work of someone who has made money and a name before him, and what is to prevent him from writing a review which amounts to a yell of "Yah!"

At the best, I suppose Criticism does authors very little good. Archdeacon Farrar, I think, though I have not the reference at hand, once told the world that Criticism had done *him* no good. This, perhaps, is an extreme case. But reviewing may do one's books good, if it be favorable. It may, if it be sincere and competent, give the public a hint as to what to read and what to avoid, though the public usually prefers its own selections. On a lower level, if it be witty (which is not common), Criticism may amuse, and to amuse a few readers is not wholly to waste time, ink, and paper. Such seem to me to be the humble duties of everyday reviewing work. You may benefit a new author a little, though, to be sure, in doing so you make all Grub Street detest him. You may cause a pretender to dance at the Torture Stake, though this again is an entertainment in which only the young braves and the squaws should take part. You should, at least, be "indifferent honest," and speak your mind. Here is an opportunity for a story about that eminent female critic, Mrs. Carter, the learned lady, the translator of Epictetus. On September 5th, 1746, Mrs. Carter wrote to Miss Talbot. She had been reading the *Odyssey*, and thought it a very mean performance. "It really does not seem of any great importance to the reader whether Telenor hangs his clothes upon a peg, or washes

on the floor; or whether Mr. Trulliber (I have forgot his Greek name) took exact care of the hogs. If it was not an incontestable fact that Milton wrote *Paradise Regained*, one could never believe Homer wrote the *Odyssey*."

Here we find Mrs. Carter an honest, if not, perhaps, an acute or sympathetic critic. But her Editor, a clergyman, tells us that "Mrs. Carter's criticism was not designed for the public;" she would have spoken very differently if she had written for the public. In that case Mrs. Carter would have been dishonest, a knave: we prefer her honest, and not very wise. Let all critics imitate the outspoken private manner of Mrs. Carter, remembering, also, to avoid the literary arts unknown to Mr. Clough. "He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor blamed what he approved, nor praised what he despised." Criticism would be more amusing if all critics were like Mrs. Carter; it is vain to hope that they will all be like Mr. Clough. But, when all is said, I own that I can scarcely conceive of a topic less momentous than Criticism. We are all but *Goniobombukes*;* though some buzz a little longer or louder than others, and in a more spacious corner. Who reads Boileau now, and is Quintilian much in men's minds? Does Mr. Pinero consult the

"Prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in?"

Where is Burke on the Sublime, and where is Mr. Morritt's *Vindication of Homer*, and Blackwell's treatise on the same author? Quite a mild little poem or a third-rate play outlives and outlasts most of our Criticisms, and the critic's lot, on the whole, is not a happy one. Perhaps Mr. Henry James and Mr. Saintsbury find it more satisfactory than I do.

A. LANG.

III.

There is a great deal too much waste of powder and shot in the current attacks which authors make upon critics. It is of no use at all to fight against the purely irresponsible, incompetent, or indolent expressions of opinion, which form the main body of what are commonly called "Press

* For the benefit of Grub Street, let us translate this hard word. It means "persons who buzz in a corner."

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of these inscriptions, in its various dialects, stands to Sanskrit as Italian stands to Latin. Such changes require centuries. The religion of Asoka is Buddhism, and Buddhism stands to Brahmanism as Protestantism stands to Roman Catholicism. Such changes require centuries. Lastly, the literature of Vedic Brahmanism shows three successive layers of language, ceremonial, and thought. Such changes, again, require centuries. Constructive history places the earliest Vedic hymns about 1500 B.C. But even at that time the language of these Vedic hymns is full of faded, decayed, and quite unintelligible words and forms, and yet in some points more near to Greek than to ordinary Sanskrit. It possesses, for instance, a subjunctive, like Greek, of which there is hardly a trace left in the Epic poems or in the Laws of Manu. Such changes require centuries. In fact, if we ask ourselves how long it must have taken before a language like that of the Vedic hymns could have become what we find it to be, ordinary chronology seems altogether to collapse, and we should feel grateful if geological chronology would allow us to extend the limits assigned to man's presence on earth beyond the end of the Glacial Period.

Egyptian chronology carries us, no doubt, much further than the chronology of India. Menes is supposed to have reigned 4000 B.C., and, if we do not admit a division of the empire among different royal dynasties, the date of Menes might be pushed back even further, to 5600 B.C. Lepsius, however, is satisfied with 3892, Lieblein with 3893 B.C. But, whatever date we accept, we must bear in mind that, like all ancient Egyptian dates, they depend on the construction which we put on Manetho's dynasties, and on the fragments of papyri, like the Royal Papyrus of Turin. We are dealing again with constructive, not with authentic history.

The chronology of the Old Testament is likewise constructive. Those who have most carefully summed up the dates in the Books of Moses fix the day of the Creation in 4160 B.C.—not very long, you see, before the reign of Menes in Egypt—possibly even later. The universal Deluge is fixed by the same scholars in 2504, which is about the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. But in constructing

this chronology we must not forget that, whatever the age of the Mosaic traditions may be, the Hebrew text, as we now possess it, cannot be referred to an earlier date than about 500 B.C. If, then, we admit with Petermann that the Samaritan text was settled in the fourth century, we find that the interval between Adam and Abraham, which is reckoned as 1948 years in the Hebrew text, has in the Samaritan text been raised to 2249 years. Lastly, if we admit that the Septuagint translation was made in Egypt between the third and second centuries B.C., we find that there the same interval has been raised to 3314 years. It is clear, therefore, that in the history of the Jews also, the ancient dates, though more moderate than those of Egyptian antiquity, are of a purely constructive character.

And what applies to Egypt and Judæa applies even more strongly to China. China claims a history of at least four thousand years. Chinese scholars assure us that the date of the Emperor Yao is historical. Yet it varies between 2357 B.C. and 2145 B.C., the latter being the date of the Bamboo Annals. Beyond Yao it is generally admitted that Chinese history is fabulous, though we are told by some authorities that the Emperor Hwang-ti was an historical character, and began his reign in 2697 B.C. All this may be true. The historical traditions of China may reach back very far. But we must never forget the fact, which Chinese historians are very apt to forget, namely, the destruction of all ancient books by the Emperor Khin in 213 B.C. The edict, we are told, was ruthlessly enforced, and hundreds of scholars who refused obedience to the imperial command were buried alive. The edict was not repealed till 191. It lasted, therefore, twenty-two years. There are, no doubt, traditions that some of the books were recovered from hiding places or from memory; yet authentic history in China cannot be said to date from before the burning of the books and the beginning of the Han dynasty.

As to the ancient history of Babylon, it is well to learn to be patient and to wait. The progress of discovery and decipherment is so rapid, that what is true this year is shown to be wrong next year. Our old friend Gisdubar has now, thanks to the ingenious combinations of Mr. Pinches,

become Gilgames.* This is no discredit to the valiant pioneers in this glorious campaign. On the contrary, it speaks well for their perseverance and for their sense of truth. I shall only give you one instance to show what I mean by calling the ancient periods of Babylonian history also constructive rather than authentic. My friend Professor Sayce claims 4000 B.C. as the beginning of Babylonian literature. Nabonidus, he tells us (*Hibbert Lectures*, p. 21), in 550 B.C. explored the great temple of the Sun god at Sippara. This temple was believed to have been founded by Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. Nabonidus, however, lighted upon the actual foundation-stone—a stone, we are told, which had not been seen by any of his predecessors for 3200 years. On the strength of this the date of 3200 + 550 years, that is, 3750 B.C., is assigned to Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. These two kings, however, are said to be quite modern, and to have been preceded by a number of so-called Proto-Chaldean kings, who spoke a Proto-Chaldean language, long before the Semitic population had entered the land. It is concluded, further, from some old inscriptions on diorite, brought from the Peninsula of Sinai to Chaldæa, that the quarries of Sinai, which were worked by the Egyptians at the time of their third dynasty, say six thousand years ago, may have been visited about the same time by these Proto-Chaldeans. 4000 B.C., we are told, would therefore be a very moderate initial epoch for Babylonian and Egyptian literature.

I am the very last person to deny the ingenuousness of these arguments, or to doubt the real antiquity of the early civilization of Babylon or Egypt. All I wish to point out is, that we should always keep before our eyes the constructive character of this ancient history and chronology. To use a foundation-stone, on its own authority, as a stepping-stone over a gap of 3200 years, is purely constructive chronology, and as such is to be carefully distinguished from what historians mean by authentic history, as when Herodotus or Thucydides tells us what happened during their own lives or before their own eyes.

But, whatever the result of these chro-

nological speculations may be—whether Oriental history begins six, or five, or four, or three, or two, or one thousand before our era—I ask again, what is the charm of mere antiquity, if antiquity means no more than what is remote, what is separated from us by wide gaps of millenniums?

I am quite willing to grant that there is a charm in what is old, whether its age counts by years, or centuries, or millenniums, only that charm must come from ourselves, from the students of antiquity, whether in the East or in the West. We should remember that *antiquity* means not only what is *old*. It is derived from *ante*. It means what is before us, what is *anterior*, what is *antecedent* to the present. It means, and it should mean, the firm historical foundation on which we stand.

If we can discover in the past the key to some of the riddles of the present; if we can link the past to the present by the strong chains of cause and effect; if we can unite the broken and scattered links of tradition into one continuous wire, then the electric spark of human sympathy will flash from one end to the other. The most remote antiquity will cease to be remote. It will be brought near to us, home to us, close to our very heart. *We* shall be the ancients of the world, and the distant childhood of the human race will be to us like our own childhood.

And mark the change, the almost miraculous change, which Oriental scholarship has wrought among the ruins of the past. What was old has become young; what was young has become old.

Take our languages. We call English, French, and German modern, very modern. But when we have traced back English to Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Saxon to Gothic, and Gothic to that "Home of the Aryas" in which the language spoken in India, Sanskrit, had as much right as Persian, as Greek and Latin, and Celtic and Slavonic, nay, as Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English—when the student of language has gathered the broken links of that Aryan chain and fitted them together once more into one organic whole—what happens? Does not the young become old and the old become young? Our modern languages stand now before us as the most ancient languages of the world—gray, bald, shrivelled, and wizened; while the more ancient a language, the fresher its

* *Academy*, Jan. 17, 1891; see "Gilgames," in Aelian, *Hist. Anim.* xii. 21.

features, the more vigorous its muscles, the more expressive its countenance. Our *own* words are old ; our *own* philosophy is old ; our *own* religion is old ; our *own* social institutions are old. The youth of the world, the true *juventus mundi*, lies far beyond us, far beyond the Greeks, far beyond Troy. And even when we have tracked the young Aryas to their common home in Asia, even then we find in their so-called Proto-Aryan speech words full of wrinkles, and thoughts which disclose rings within rings in innumerable succession.

Therefore, neither mere old age on one side nor mere youth and childhood on the other can satisfy the true historical student, unless he is able at the same time to discover the laws of growth which explain what is young by what is old, what is secondary by what is primitive, which show that there is and always has been growth and purpose in the world. There lies the true charm of our Oriental studies. China, Egypt, Babylon, India, and Persia, are no longer distant from us as the East is from the West. They have really become to us the true East—that is, the point of orientation and direction for all the studies of the West.

Think of that one word *Indo-European*, which is now so familiar to us that we actually speak of Indo-European telegraphs, and railways, and newspapers. I remember the time when that word was framed, and the shiver which it sent through the limbs of classical scholarship. Nor do I wonder. Think what the synthesis of these two words, India and Europe, implies ! It implies that the people who migrated into India thousands of years before the beginning of our era spoke the same language which we speak in England. When I call English and Sanskrit the same language, I do not wish to raise false hopes in the hearts of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. All I mean is, that English and Sanskrit are substantially the same language—are but two varieties of the same type, rivers flowing from the same source, though each running in its own bed. The bold synthesis contained in the term *Indo-European* brought the words and thoughts of the dark-skinned inhabitants of India, brought those very dark-skinned inhabitants of India themselves, at one swoop as close to us as the Greeks and Romans have been

for many centuries. It united the people of Europe, the speakers of English, German, Celtic, and Slavonic, of Greek and Latin, into one family with the speakers of Sanskrit, Persian, and Armenian. It constituted a Unionist-League embracing the greatest nations of history, and made them all conscious of a new nobility in thought and word and deed, the nobility of the Indo-European, or, as it is also called, the nobility of the ancient Aryan brotherhood.

I have been told again and again by my Hindu friends that nothing has given the intelligent population of India a greater sense of their dignity, and that nothing has drawn the bonds of fellowship between India and England more closely together, than this discovery of the common origin of their language and of the principal languages of Europe, and more particularly of English.

You know, of course, that we share most of our words in common with Sanskrit and the other members of the Aryan family of speech. You know that the grammar of all the Aryan languages was fixed once for all, and that it is totally different from the grammar of the Semitic and other families of speech.

But though these facts have become familiar to us, yet it is difficult to resist sometimes a feeling of giddiness that comes over us when we see how near the past is really to the present, how close the East has really been brought to the West.

Let us take one instance. You know, of course, that in every language of the Aryan race all the numerals are the same. But think what that means. The decimal system must have been elaborated and accepted by the ancestors of our race before they separated, and every number, from one to one hundred, must have received its name, and all these names must have been sanctioned, not by agreement, but by use, or, if you like, by the survival of the fittest. How old these numerals are is best shown by the fact that they cannot be derived from any of the roots known to us, so that we cannot tell why six was ever called six, or seven seven. And yet in Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Celtic, and English we find exactly the same series of numerals.

But the relationship is even more close in other parts of the language, and the dependence of the English of to-day on the

and the people of the country were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India. The people of Egypt were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India. The people of Egypt were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India.

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But let us look for a moment at the folk-lore of Egypt. Folk-lore, you know, is very popular just now, and it has not

yet been very much studied in the East. The people of Egypt were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India. The people of Egypt were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India. The people of Egypt were not so much interested in the story of the migration of the people of Egypt as they were in the story of the migration of the people of India.

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Then he turned to her and she not being of him and said, "Let us see for us how we shall give thee precious garments and all that is most beautiful."

Then he spoke to her and she not being of him and said, "Let us see for us how we shall give thee precious garments and all that is most beautiful."

Then he lifted his burden and walked to the field, and came to his great brother, and they found plenty of work to do. And when the evening drew near, his great brother returned home, but his little brother remained with the flock, laden with all the good things of the field. And he led the flock home, that it might rest in the stable in the village.

But lo, the wife of his great brother was afraid on account of the proposal which she had made to the little brother. And she swallowed a potful of fat, and became as one who was sick, for she wished her husband to think that she was sick on account of his little brother.

"And when her husband came home in the evening and entered the house, as was his wont, he found his wife lying on her couch, as if going to die. She did not pour water over his hands, according to custom, nor did she light the lamp before him, so that the house was dark. And she lay still and was sick.

Then her husband said to her, "Who has spoken to thee?" And she answered, "No one has spoken to me except thou and thy little brother. When he came home to fetch the seed, he found me alone and asked me to rest with him for an hour. But I did not listen to him, and said, 'Am I not thy mother, and is not thy great brother to thee like a father?' Thus I spake to him, but he did not mind my words, but beat me, that I should not inform thee. Now, if you allow him to live, I shall kill myself."

Professor Brugsch thinks that we have to recognize in this popular Egyptian story the source of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, as preserved to us in the Book of Genesis. Most students of folklore will probably agree with him; but I think we ought to pause. We may admit that it is possible, that it is probable; but we cannot say that it is proven.

There is one objection pointed out by Professor Brugsch himself. He says that such names as *Potiphar* never occur in Egyptian before the ninth century, and that therefore Moses himself could never have heard the name of *Potiphar* and his wife. *Potiphar* in Egyptian means the gift of the god *Ra*, from *puti*, gift, and *ra*, the god *Ra*, with the article *p*. It would, therefore, have meant the same as the Greek name *Heliodoros*. Professor Brugsch is, no doubt, a very high authority on such matters, perhaps the highest. Still it seems to me that very important arguments have been brought forward to show that proper names, formed on the same lines as *Potiphar*, do occur at a much earlier time. On this point we must wait for Professor Brugsch's reply. But even if he were right on this point, folk-lorists would say that the story in Genesis might still have been borrowed from Egyptian, because no scholar now maintains that the text of Genesis, as we possess it, is older than the ninth century, or that it was written down before about 500 B.C.

What makes me feel doubtful whether the story in Genesis was really borrowed from the Egyptian story is something different. It is the peculiar character of the Egyptian story. The sinfulness of the Egyptian woman consists not so much in her falling in love with a stranger, as in

her almost incestuous passion for her husband's younger brother, who had the same father and the same mother, and to whom she herself had been like a mother. These characteristic features are entirely absent in the story of Potiphar's wife. She is simply a frail woman, the wife of a captain of the guard; and I must leave it to my friends the folk-lorists to determine whether there could only have been one Potiphar's wife in the whole ancient history of Egypt, or whether the chapter of accidents and accidental coincidences is not larger than we imagine.

Having thus shown you by a few examples how near the language, the literature, the religion, and even the folk-lore of India, Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt have been brought to us, and how closely they touch even some of the burning questions of our own time, I should like, by way of contrast, to say a few words about China. China claims to possess the most ancient literature of the world, but you see that its extreme old age, supposing it were granted, has proved as yet of very little attraction. Chinese studies are confined to a very small number of scholars. The public at large, which is always ready and anxious to listen to anything new or old from India, from Babylon, Nineveh, or from Egypt, takes little notice as yet of the saying and doings of the old emperors of China.

Why is that? Because there are no intellectual bonds that unite us with ancient China. We have received nothing from the Chinese. There is no electric contact between the white and the yellow race. It has not been brought near to our hearts. China is simply old, very old—that is, remote and strange. If Chinese scholars would bring the ancient literature near to us, if they would show us something in it that really concerns us, something that is not merely old but eternally young, Chinese studies would soon take their place in public estimation by the side of Indo-European, Babylonian, and Egyptian scholarship. There is no reason why China should remain so strange, so far removed from our common interests. There is much to be learned, for instance, in watching the origin and growth of the Chinese system of writing. There is more of psychology and logic to be gathered from the pictorial representation of thought in China than from many lengthy treatises

on the origin of language and the classification of concepts. Chinese religion also is a subject well worth the serious attention of the theologian, and the very contrast between their philosophy and our own might teach us at least that one useful lesson that there is more to be learned even there than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

If the facts which I have so far placed before you are true, what follows? It follows that Oriental scholarship must no longer rely on the old saying that distance lends enchantment to the scene. Mere distance, mere antiquity, mere strangeness, will not secure to it a lasting hold on our affections.

Unless the scholar has a heart, and unless he can discover something in the ancient world that appeals to our hearts, his labor will be in vain. The world will pass by, after a cursory glance at our mummies, and will take its lantern, if possibly it may find a *man*, somewhere else. It is sometimes supposed that physical science as distinguished from historical science, the study of the works of nature as kept apart from the study of the works of man, possesses great advantages. It deals with tangible facts, it clears up many mysteries, and it often leads to useful and lucrative discoveries. All that is true. But I confess I wonder how my old friend M. Renan, who has done so much to make the study of Eastern antiquity a living study, could have expressed a regret at having dedicated his life and energies to Oriental languages and not to chemistry. Man has been, is, and always will be, the centre of the world, the measurer of all things. Take even the chemist's atoms. Who made them? who thought and named them? Nature gives us no atoms. Nature knows nothing that is not divisible. Man postulated atoms in spite of nature; and that fundamental concept, that belief in the infinite, in the infinitely small, as well as in the infinitely great, is more important to a thoughtful student than the whole table of atoms of the chemist.

It is man who has to find the key to all the mysteries of nature, and when all these mysteries have been solved, there still remains the greatest mystery of all mysteries—*man*. However much we may forget it when absorbed in minute researches, man is, and will always remain, the hidden subject of all our thoughts.

Philosophers imagine th

study man in the abstract, or that they are able to discover all his secrets by introspection. Much, no doubt, has been achieved by that method; but, at the very best, all it can teach us is what man is, not how man has come to be what he is. To solve this problem, the most important of all problems that concern us, our age has discovered a new method, the *historical method*. What is called the Historical School has taken possession not only of philosophy, but likewise of the wide fields of language, mythology, religion, customs, and laws. The study of all these subjects has been completely reformed—has received a fresh foundation and a new life by being based on historical research, and by being pervaded by the historical spirit.

Here, then, in the study of the past lies the bright future of Oriental studies. Let Oriental scholars remember that they have to work for a great object, and let them never mistake the means for the end. That is the danger that besets Oriental more than any other studies. It is, no doubt, very creditable to learn to read hieroglyphics, to understand cuneiform inscriptions, to decipher the language of the Vedic hymns, to read Arabic, Persian, or Hebrew. But unless, while engaged in our special studies, whatever they may be, we can contribute some stones, however small, to the building of that temple which is dedicated to the knowledge of man, and therefore to the knowledge of God, we are but beasts of burden, carrying, it may be, heavy loads, but throwing them down by the road, where they are more likely to impede than to help the progress of true knowledge. Give us men who are not only scholars but thinkers, men like Sir W. Jones and Colebrooke in England, like Champollion and Eugène Burnouf in France, like Schlegel and Humboldt in Germany, and Oriental scholarship will soon take the place that of right belongs to it among the studies of mankind. Man loves man. Discover what is truly human, not only what is old, in India, Persia, Arabia, in Babylon and Nineveh, in Egypt—aye, and in China also—and Oriental studies will not only become popular—that may be worth very little—but they will become helpful to the attainment of man's highest aim on earth, which is to study man, to know man, and, with all his weaknesses and follies, to learn to love man.—*Nineteenth Century*.

S A M E L A .

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

BY GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

I.

SOME ten or twelve years ago—the date is of no importance or the exact place—an Englishman wandered down to the north of Scotland and invested some of his superfluous capital in a salmon river. Such an adventurer is often but poorly repaid for his enterprise. He generally finds that the water, which was low on his arrival, becomes lower during his first week, while for the remainder of his stay it is merely sufficient to keep the bed of the stream moist, and give the grouse something to drink. Or there is too much water; the river is running too big, and the fish make their way to quieter stretches above. And it now and then happens, when everything else seems right, that the fish are not up, or, if up, are able to find more profitable occupation for their spare time than taking artificial flies. In such wise the honest angler often makes his complaint. But this fisherman was more fortunate. During his month it rained a little almost every night, while four out of the five Sundays were regular specimens of Scotch downpours. It was very soothing, when lying awake at night, to listen to the drip of water on the roof, or the gurgle of a choked-up pipe in the yard—a lullaby to a fisherman on the dry north-east coast. On Sundays, too, clad in rain-proof garments, it was pleasant to splash across the hill to the little church, and listen to the minister holding forth to his small congregation of keepers and shepherds, translating as he went passages from the psalms and lessons for the benefit of his southern hearer.

This paper has nothing to do with salmon fishing, or it would be a pleasant task for us to give a minute and detailed account of the good sport which this Englishman—Mr. John Gibbs—enjoyed; to describe with accurate pen the skill with which he chose the temptations he offered to the fish, and the coolness and coolness he displayed in the pleasures which ensued. There is however no record of it notonous in continuous and it is just possible that the

ing with avidity the description of the first twenty or thirty battles, might then become a little wearied, a little sated, and wish for a blank day.

Gibbs eat salmon till he hated the sight of it, and he sent fish away to his friends to an extent which almost made the landlord think that the next dividend of the Highland Railway would be affected; four, five, six,—even eight fish in a day. “What slaughter!” some would say, who perhaps get their supplies by nets. But his honest soul was never vexed by such a thought. He knew over how many blank days that white month should rightly be spread to get a fair average, and he abated not a whit of his skill, or let off one single fish if he could help it.

The recipient of one of these salmon—a friend in the south—was the innocent cause of the adventure which shortly after befell Gibbs. After thanking him for the fish the letter went on to say: “I see by the *Courier* that there is to be a sale at Strathamat, so I suppose that old MacIntyre is dead. The old boy was very kind to me years ago when I had your water, and used often to give me a day on his pools, which were very good. He had some wonderful books, and as you are fond of such things you should go over and have a look at them. He said they were worth a lot of money. There was one—of Shakespeare’s—*Hamlet*, or the *Merry Wives*, or one of those, which he used to sit and look at as if it was alive. I thought it was an inferior old article myself, but then perhaps I wasn’t a very good judge.”

Our fisherman was very fond of books, though so far as the great science of Bibliomania went he was uneducated; a man who knew ever so much less about such matters than Mr. Quaritch might know a very great deal more than he did. But there must have been something of the blood of the collectors in his veins. He could not spend a second without a record of it on his mind.

He loved the touch and feel of books, their backs and sides and edges, even the smell which hangs about the more ancient, seldom-opened specimens. A catalogue had a charm for him which he would not have found it very easy to give a reason for,—certainly not one which would have satisfied any of his friends, who were for the most part of the pure sportsmen breed, and who would have as soon occupied their time in reading a grocer's or an ironmonger's list as a second-hand bookseller's. Gibbs did not parade his little weakness before these friends; he found them unsympathetic, with souls above the arrangement of type and the width of margins. A large-paper copy, or one with the headlines and the edges mercilessly cropped, was to them a book and nothing more; they cared nothing for the work of the old printers, and you might call over the names of all the famous binders without arousing any enthusiasm in their minds.

"Hamlet, or the Merry Wives of Windsor, or one of those!"—what possibilities were opened up by these random words! Gibbs knew that the sale was to take place the next day, for his gillie (who was on the eve of being married) wished to attend it, to pick up something for his house, and another man had been engaged to take his place. Now the Englishman resolved not to fish at all but to go also himself.

The sale was advertised to begin at twelve, but it was well before that time when the intending purchasers were deposited at the scene of action, but a short time ago the home of the head of one of the most ancient clans in Scotland. Stratham, as he was universally called, had been an embarrassed man. He had never been able to take in the world the position which was certainly his by birth. His wife had long been dead, he had no children, and for years he had led almost the life of a hermit, seeing few people except his bailiff and house servants. Then he died, and a great concourse of people came together from far and wide to attend him to his grave. He had been poor and little known and of little power in the world; but he was the chief of a great clan, and hundreds of men of his name came together to do him empty honor.

The house had the usual desolate appearance which houses have at such times.

People were going in and out, poking and measuring furniture, and laughing and joking as if a sale was the best fun in the world. The lawn in front of the house was littered with odds and ends; it seemed as if the rubbish of half the county had been collected there that day. Gibbs went into the principal sitting-room, a dingy faded place; some of the bedroom furniture had been brought in to sell there, and half filled it up; the carpet was rolled up in a corner, and near the door the chocolate-colored paper was hanging on the walls, where careless people had banged it when bringing things in. There had probably not been a fire in the room for weeks, and the air was heavy and mildewy. But Gibbs had no thought for furniture or color, or even smells that day. Up against one side of the room was a long low bookcase, and as he walked across to it his heart began to jump a little at the possibilities which lay therein.

The collection was quite a small one. Perhaps there were five or six hundred books in the room, the majority of which were unspeakably uninteresting. There were many old works on agriculture, a great number of theological treatises, Hume and Smollett's Histories, a broken set of Rees' Encyclopædia, and a common edition of the earlier poets; the bulk of the shelves were filled up with material such as this. But here and there in the last shelf examined were some books of quite a different kind, shining out from among their worthless companions as gold dust does in sand. It was plain that while the majority had stood their ground there for many years—perhaps ever since they were bought by their first owner—that the few had been well cared for, and had not till quite recently been in the bookcase at all. Some one, looking through the old man's effects, had found them in a drawer or cupboard, and had stuck them at random into the nearest shelf where there was room. There were several books illustrated by Rowlandson, the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*, the *Cries of London*, a fine copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Some of Cruikshank's rarest works were there; the first edition of *German Popular Stories*,—what a dealer would call a spotless copy, in the original boards, as fresh and crisp as if it had just been sent out from the publisher's office. There was his *Hans in Iceland* with its strange

wild etchings, his *Life in Paris*, a large-paper edition in the salmon-colored wrappers just as it was issued. Interested and excited as Gibbs would have been at these discoveries at any other time he had no thought now but for the quarto. It was not among the illustrated books, and he searched again below among the larger volumes in the bottom shelf. There stood Penn's *Quakers*, as it had stood for perhaps a hundred years, defying dust and damp and draughts in its massive binding. There were old French and Spanish dictionaries, a good edition of Tacitus in several volumes, the Genuine Works of Josephus, and Gerarde's *Herbal*. What was this dingy calf-covered thing lying on the top of the rest, more in folio than in quarto size? Gibbs drew it out, and when he had opened it he gave a kind of gasp, and looked round to the door to see if he was alone. The quarto was merely loosely stitched into the calf-binding which had evidently been made for a larger book; it had been kept with the greatest care, and seemed without a flaw or blemish; it was quite untouched by the knife, and some leaves at the end were still unopened,—left so probably to show the perfect virginity of its state. It was not the History of the Merry Wives which lay imbedded in its pages, nor yet that of the Danish Prince, but—*A Pleasant and Conceited Comedie called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.*

It was manifest to Gibbs that those who had the management of the sale knew nothing of the value of this book or of the few other treasures in the room; they were all to be placed on the same footing as Josephus, or Dickinson's *Agriculture*, and sold for what they would fetch. He had been hoping and trusting that this would be the case ever since he heard of the quarto, but now, when his wishes were fulfilled, and he found himself, so far as could be seen, the master of the situation, certain qualms began to pass over his mind. The casuistical question of what was the right thing to do troubled him a little. If he had come across the quarto on a stall and the bookseller in charge,—presumably a man who knew at least the elements of his trade—had asked a ridiculously small price for it,—well, Gibbs would not have thought it necessary

to enlighten another man as to his business; he would have pocketed the volume and gone home with it rejoicing. But if on a casual call on a poor and infirm widow he had espied it lying on a shelf, and had gathered that, if he gave the owner half a sovereign, he would not only rejoice her heart but be held up to the neighbors as a man who had done a kind and generous deed for the sake of the poor, the question would have presented itself in a much more difficult light. Gibbs hoped in this case that he would have the courage to tell the old lady that her book was a great deal more valuable than she imagined, and that he would give her at any rate a fair proportion of what it was worth. But here was quite a different affair. The old laird had left no family; his property went to a distant relation whom he had cared little about; he of course must have known the value of his treasures, but he had left no will, no paper saying how they were to be disposed of. Could it be possible (thought Gibbs with a shudder which ran all through him) that it was his bounden duty to go to the manager of the sale and say, "Here is a priceless edition of Shakespere, of whose value you are evidently ignorant; it is worth £200, £300, for aught I know, £500; it is absolutely unique. Take it to Sotheby's,—and let my reward be the consciousness that I have put a large sum of money into the pocket of a perfect stranger." If this were so, then Gibbs felt that on this occasion he would not do his duty; he felt so sure that the attempt would be a failure that it seemed to him better not to make it, and he could moreover always make the graceful speech and hand the book over after the sale. So he put the quarto carefully back and went off in search of the auctioneer. As he left the room a thrill of virtuous self-satisfaction suddenly came over him, which went far toward allaying the qualms he had felt before. He might have put the Grimms into one pocket, and *Hans of Iceland* into the other, and buttoned the quarto under his coat, and it was ninety-nine to one hundred that no one would be the wiser or feel the poorer. And he knew that many men would have done this without thinking twice about it, and in some queer way or other have soothed their consciences for the wicked act. It was with a swelling

heart that Gibbs thought of his trustworthiness and honesty. But lest there should be others about with hands not so much under control as his, he resolved to take up his quarters in the room, or at any rate never be very far from it, so as to be in a position to counteract possible felonies.

The auctioneer was a stout moon-faced man, with no doubt a fair knowledge of cattle and sheep and the cheaper kinds of furniture. His resonant voice could be heard all over the house: "For this fine mahogany table—the best in the sale—with cover and extra leaves complete—will dine twelve people—thirty shillings, thirty-five shillings, thirty-seven and six! Who says the twa nots?" And when he had coaxed the "twa nots" out of the reluctant pocket of the Free Church minister he quite unblushingly produced another table superior to the first, which was bought by the doctor for five shillings less, and which was the means of causing a slight coolness between the two worthy men for a week or two. There are few more dreary ways of spending a day than in attending a sale of furniture when you don't want to buy any.

At last the books were reached. The bedsteads, the chairs, the kitchen things, the bits of carpet on the stairs and landing were all disposed of, and the auctioneer seated himself on a table in front of the shelves, while his assistant handed him a great parcel just as they had stood in line. Gibbs had satisfied himself that everything that was of any value to him was in the furthest corner of one of the lowest shelves; but now at the last moment a fear crept over him that his examination had been too casual and hurried, that lurking in some cover, or bound up perhaps in some worthless volume, there might be something too good to risk the loss of. Some books too had been taken out by the country people, and might not have been put back in the same places. So he decided that for his future peace of mind it was necessary to buy the whole assortment.

It is related in the account of the ever memorable sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio that, "the honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire . . . who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made." No such feeling seemed to pos-

sess the mind of the individual who first lifted up his voice in that room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, the "merchant" of the "toun," as the half dozen houses in the neighborhood were called, and being also the postmaster and the registrar for the district, he had something of a literary reputation to keep up. In a measured and determined voice he started the bidding. "I'll gie ye—ninepence," and then he glared all round the room as if to say, "Let him overtop that who dares!" "A shilling," said Gibbs. "And—threepence," retorted the merchant, turning with rather an injured face to have a good look at his opponent. "Half a crown," went on Gibbs—how he longed to shout out, "Twenty pounds for the lot!" But he feared to do anything which would make the audience, and still more the auctioneer, suspicious. This hundred per cent of an advance secured him the first lot, and the young clerk pushed over to him a collection which a hurried examination showed to be three odd volumes of the Annual Register, three volumes of Chambers's Miscellany, and the third volume of *The Fairchild Family*.

The second lot were by this time laid on the table; there seemed to be something more of the Register in it, and a dull green octavo gave some promise of a continuation of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent romance. The postmaster again began the fray with the same offer as before. "I'll not bid for that trash," said Gibbs to himself, and it seemed as if the government official was to have his way this time. But just as the auctioneer's pencil, which he used as a hammer, was falling, Gibbs was seized with a sudden fright at the bare possibility of something valuable being concealed somewhere in the unpromising heap; "Half a crown!" he called out in a great hurry, and the spoil was again his own. His surmise as to the Register was correct, but the green covers enclosed the *History of Little Henry and his Bearer*—a work also by the amiable Mrs. Sherwood. When the next lot of books were put up the postmaster wheeled round and faced Gibbs, deserting the auctioneer, and as our friend saw that various neighbors were poking his opponent and whispering encouragement to him, he anticipated that the fight was to become warmer as it grew older.

fect sanity of the fisherman had found place in the minds of the wiser and more experienced people in the room as they listened to his rash offers, and thought of the perfect impossibility of any one wanting to have so many books all at the same time. But all doubts were now dispelled, and three good-looking girls who had edged up close to Gibbs to have a quiet examination of him now shrunk away in obvious alarm. The moon-faced auctioneer was visibly affected,—during his long experience he had never seen a book sold for the fifth part of such a price. And what sort of a man was this to offer it when, if he had waited half a minute longer, he would have secured what he wanted for a couple of shillings? But Gibbs cared for nothing of this now,—they might call him and think him what they pleased—and he pushed up to the table and claimed the precious volume. He soon set the auctioneer's mind at rest, "I will wait," he said, "till you make out my account." Then he stood there,—perhaps at that moment the happiest of all mankind.

"I should like to have had that fine volume of Shakespeare for my daughters," said the auctioneer, as he handed Gibbs the receipt, "but you are such a determined bidder there is no standing against you. A London gentleman, I presume—might you be from London?"

"You are welcome to the Shakespeare," replied Gibbs ignoring the question. "It is—an elegant volume. And it is a family edition, which adds to its value. You may safely trust it to your daughters." Profuse were the happy father's thanks for the gracious present.

An old lady had in the earlier part of the day purchased a large and substantial box for eighteenpence; Gibbs now hunted her out and offered her a sovereign for it. The old person was flustered almost out of her life at such a premium, and it evidently aroused some suspicion in her mind that the stranger might know more about its value than she did. It was not until she had herself examined every corner of it many times over, and taken counsel with all the friends and relations she could get hold of, that she consented to part with it—even then following it upstairs for one more search for possibly hidden gold. Into this box Gibbs put first his prizes, and then the most re-

spectable part of the remainder of his library. But the *Annual Registers* and the *Miscellanies* and the green-backed works by Mrs. Sherwood he strewed recklessly about the room, and astonished the people who from time to time cautiously came in to have a look at him, by telling them that they could take what they liked away. With a wary eye on the donor the books were removed, and many a happy home in that remote district is even now indebted to his generosity for the solid collection of works which adorn its humble shelves. If the constant perusal of *L'Industrie Françoise*, the *Géographie Ancienne Abrégée*, the *Grammaire Espagnole Raisonné*, or the *Histoire de Henri le Grand*, have in any way soothed the sorrows, lightened the labors, and improved the morals of the crofters in this part of the north of Scotland the praise and the reward is due to John Gibbs the fisherman, and to no one else. If, as the old story books say, the books have never been removed, there they are still.

Then the two men started on their way home. We said just now that Gibbs was perhaps for a short time the happiest man in the world; in making that remark we did not take into consideration Archie's feelings. He had bought a flaming yellow-red mahogany horse-hair sofa, three chairs, a clock-case, and an umbrella-stand, and above all a bed,—a real old-fashioned seven feet by five-and-a-half erection, with a sort of pagoda on the top. That he had only a "but and ben," with stone and mud floors, twelve by fourteen feet each, and a door leading to them little more than two feet wide, had not yet caused him any anxiety. But we believe that before that seven-foot bedstead was got through that two-foot door the good-looking young woman, to whom half of it might be said to belong, expressed her opinion of his judgment in a way which made him shake in his shoes, strong and able man as he was.

When Gibbs reached the inn with his precious cargo he came in for the end of what had evidently been a serious disturbance. The landlord was undergoing with what patience he might the angry reproaches of a little old man, who with uplifted finger emphasized every word he uttered. The stranger had his back to the doorway, as had also his companion, a tall lady in a gray tweed dress.

"It's most provoking and annoying," cried the old man. "I took particular care to write the name of your infernal place plainly!—I believe you got the letter!"

"I got no letter," replied the landlord, "or I should have sent the machine."

"But you should have got it!" cried the old man furiously, "and I'll find out who is responsible! It's scandalous!—it's—" he stuttered with rage at a loss for a word.

"You've lost a good day's fishing, Mr. Gibbs, I doubt," said the landlord, looking as if he would rather like to get out of the corner in which the new-comers had caught him; they had cut him off coming down-stairs and blocked the lower step.

"And I'll see that whoever is responsible suffers for it," went on the old gentleman in a very threatening way; "I'll show you—"

"Oh, man!" said the landlord at last, roused to retaliate, "I got no letter. And I do not care the crack of my thumb for you or your letter, or your threats, or your responsibilities! Here's a gentleman who has just come from the sale and he'll tell you there was naething in it but a wheen sticks and books and rubbish,—a wheen auld chairs and pots!"

The strangers turned round at once to see who was appealed to. The man had a little red, angry face and a long beard,—you will see fifty like him in any town in a day's walk. His companion would have attracted some attention anywhere; Gibbs got to know her face pretty well in the course of time, but though he felt it was what is called a striking one he never knew exactly why. He would have said that her hair was neither dark nor light, that her eyes were gray, her mouth and nose both perhaps rather large, and that she had full red lips—a commonplace description enough which would answer perhaps for three or four out of every dozen girls you meet. She was very tall,—she stood a head and shoulders over her companion—and her figure, though it would have been large for a smaller woman, was in just proportion to her height. She put her hand on the old man's arm, as if to check his impetuosity, and threw oil on the troubled waters as it is befitting a woman should do.

"It is really of little consequence," she said, "though it was provoking at the

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time. We only wished to have got some remembrance—of an old friend. I have no doubt that there was some mistake at the post-office. Come!" and with a pretty air of authority she led the old grumbler into the sitting-room.

Gibbs was by no means what is called a classical scholar. He had wasted—so it seemed to him—a good many years of his life in turning Shakespeare and Milton into very inferior Greek and Latin verse, and since he left Oxford had never opened a book connected with either of the languages—unless it was to see who the printer was. But he had a misty recollection of some passage which described how a mortal woman walked like a goddess, and he thought that then for the first time he understood what the old writer meant,—he knew then for the first time how a goddess moved.

If a traveller had passed by that lonely inn at midnight, he would have seen a bright light burning in one of its windows. And if he had returned two, or three, or even four hours later, he would have seen it still burning, shining out like a beacon over the wild moors. The salmon-fisher had forgotten his craft, the politician his newspaper, the admirer of goddesses that such creatures ever existed upon the earth. It was very late, or early, before Gibbs had finished his investigations and retired to his bed, and then his sleep was not a pleasant or a restful one. Unless it is pleasant to have hundreds of other people's poor relations standing in endless ranks, holding out thin and empty hands for help; unless it is restful to have to drive a huge wheelbarrow along in front of them, heavy at the commencement of the journey with first editions, uncut, of the quartos, but gradually growing lighter and lighter as they one by one slipped down the pile, and fell off on to the muddy roadway.

II.

Two parties cannot be long together in a small country inn without getting to some extent to know each other. Gibbs began by the little services which a man can always render to a lady, opening doors, lending newspapers, and so forth. A dog, too, often acts as a sort of introduction to two people who are fond of that animal; and the fisherman was the possessor of a small, short-legged, crust-col-

ored, hairy creature," answering to the name of Growley, which soon twined itself round the lady's heart, as it did round all with whom it came in contact.

The travellers' name was Prendergast. They had evidently not intended to make a stay in Ross-shire, having brought little with them, but in a few days a considerable addition to their baggage arrived. The old man seemed to be something of a naturalist. He wandered about the moors with a green tin-box kind of knapsack on his back, but he said little about his captures, and Gibbs taking no interest in such pursuits never asked leave to see what was in it. He also wrote a good deal. The daughter, who rejoiced in the quaint and uncommon name of Samela, spent most of her time sketching; whenever it was fine she was out of doors, and even pretty damp weather did not discourage her if she was in the humor. Clad in a short gray homespun dress, shod with strong but shapely boots, with an immense umbrella over her head, she was able to defy the elements if they were not very unpropitious. She met Gibbs's little civilities frankly and pleasantly, but never seemed to look for them; he rarely saw her when he was on the river, and, when they did by chance meet, a nod and a smile were often all that were vouchsafed to him. Gibbs was perhaps a sufficiently susceptible young man, but just now fishing was his object, and he had no leisure for flirting even if he had found any one willing to meet him half way. But still at spare times he caught himself thinking about the lady more than he did about her father or the innkeeper, or any one else about the place. At lunch-time, and when smoking his evening pipe, sometimes even when changing a fly to give a pool another cast over, her fair image rose up before him. Dinner had hitherto been a somewhat comfortless meal, hastily consumed, with one eye on *The Scotsman* and the other on a mutton chop. But now he was sure of meeting one pleasant face at any rate, and he enjoyed relating his adventures on the river, and looking at Miss Samela's sketches afterward. Her father was no acquisition to the party; he was generally in a bad temper, and he seemed for some reason to have taken a dislike to Gibbs. An old man with a good-looking daughter is sure of attention and politeness on the part of a young man, but in this

case the civilities seemed thrown away—there was little friendly response. Still Samela was always pleasant, and so Gibbs minded the less the somewhat brusque behavior of the old collector of curiosities.

One afternoon the former, who had been fishing near the inn, went in there to get something he wanted, and on his way back overtook Samela, sauntering along with a large sketching-block under her arm.

"Will you come and draw a fight with a salmon, Miss Prendergast?" he asked. "There are a lot of fish up to-day, and I think I'm sure to get hold of one pretty quickly. I'm not a very elegant figure," he added, laughing as he looked at his waders; "but Archie is very smart, and, at any rate, you will have a good background in the rocks on the other side."

Miss Prendergast said she was quite willing, and they went down to the pool. As a rule, when a lady comes near a salmon river and you want to show off your skill before her the fish sulk, and Gibbs was a rash man to give the undertaking he did. But fortune had hitherto been wonderfully kind to him, and did not desert him now. He had barely gone over half the water before up came a good fish and took him. For the next ten minutes he was kept pretty busy. The fish was a strong one and showed plenty of fight; but it was at last gaffed and laid on the bank, and the lady came down from the rock she had settled on to inspect it. She did not say, "Oh! how cruel to stick that horrid thing into it!" or, "How could you kill such a beautiful creature?" or, "I wish it had got away!" as some ladies would have done. On the contrary, she gave the salmon—a bright twelve-pounder—a little poke with her foot, and said she was very glad it had been captured. Then Gibbs went up to look at her sketch and was honestly amazed at it. We once had the privilege of watching Mr. Ruskin draw a swallow on a black board,—half a dozen lines, and then you saw the bird flying at you out of a black sky. So it was here; there was no weak or wasted stroke; the strain on the rod, Archie's symmetrical figure, the more concealed elegance of the fisherman were shown, as the former said, to the life.

"Wall," said Gibbs, staring at it, "I

Its author looked at it with her head on one side, as ladies often do look at their handiwork, and promised that when it was finished she would give it to him. Then she wrote down "dun" for the waders, and "gray" for the rocks, and "dark" where the water ran under the cliff, and a little "red" just in a line with the admiring Archie's nose, and went back to the inn. Gibbs fished out the afternoon, but he thought more about the lady and less about the fish than he had done yet. He pondered a good deal, too, about the sketch, and racked his brains to think if there was any way in which he could make a nice return to Samcla for it. She had declined to have anything to do with the fish, which he had at once offered to her, saying there was no one she particularly wished to send it to, or she might have been squared in that way. He might give her a book,—he remembered her saying, the first day they met, that she and her father had come up for the sale to get some remembrance of an old friend. Gibbs was pleased at this idea until he thought him what book he should give her, and then he was puzzled. Of course, as a mere remembrance, Josephus, or *The Fairchild Family*, or even a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would do as well as another; but then—there would not be much generosity in handing one of those works over. Plainly the lady must be asked to choose for herself. Then Gibbs at once resolved that the quarto should be eliminated from the collection—the sketch would be purchased too dearly by its loss. As to any others, they must take their chance. On second thoughts, however, he concluded to conceal the works of Grimm—all the rest were to run the gauntlet of her pretty eyes.

A day or two passed before he was able to put his little scheme into execution. It will easily be understood—as has already been hinted—that a man on a salmon river is not—when the water is in good order—quite his own master. Business must be attended to before pleasure here as elsewhere. A start has to be made as soon after nine as possible, and if nothing untoward occurs, a certain pool should be reached at two for lunch. A rest of an hour is allowed here, but the angler would have good reason to be dissatisfied with himself if he did not devote the time be-

tween three and seven to steady fishing. This would take Gibbs to the end of his beat, and so far up it as to be back near the inn in time to change before dinner. But he was getting into a somewhat restless state—a little impatient of all such salutary regulations,—and one fine day instead of beginning a mile above the inn he began opposite it—to Archie's great disapproval—and so timed himself as to be back there soon after four o'clock. He knew that Samela would be thereabouts—she had told him that it would take her a day to finish her sketch.

"Miss Prendergast," said Gibbs rather shyly, feeling as if his little manœuvre was probably being seen through, "you said the night you came up that you wanted to have some little thing from the Stratham sale, and I thought, perhaps, you would like a book. I got a good many books there, and any that you would care to have you are most welcome to." There was something of a conventional falsehood in this statement; there were a good many books he would have been very sorry to see her walk off with.

Samela looked up in his face, and Gibbs was quite sure she *was* beautiful; Venus was her prototype after all, and not Juno; he had been a little puzzled as to which deity favored her the most. "It is very good of you," she said, more warmly than she had spoken yet. "I *should* like to have something." "It was horrid of me not to have thought of it sooner," said Gibbs. "Well now, will you come and choose for yourself? And may I tell them to take some tea into my room? I am sure you must want some after your long day here." This second invitation was quite an after-thought, given on the spur of the moment, and he hardly thought it would be accepted. He was on the point of including her father in "the lady fortunately stopped him" she thought she would like "But may I stop for this bit while the light will come in."

Gibbs went in then opened the quarto & time being previous in a few

"Well," said Samuela as she prepared to march off, "I am very much obliged to you for the tea, and for this charming book, which I shall value very much, and I am sure my father will too." She added, laughing, "I am afraid I read you a terrible lecture, but you must forgive me. I dare say I was all wrong. You know a woman never knows anything about books."

After dinner Gibbs lit a big cigar and strolled slowly down the glen in a meditative mood. In some ten days his month would be up, and he would have to leave his pleasant quarters. A week ago he did not know that such a person as Miss Prendergast existed in the world, and now he was beginning to debate within himself whether, before he went away, it would be wise for him to ask her to be his companion for the rest of his days. He had liked her for so easily accepting his invitation, and it had been pleasant to him to look at her as she sat so comely and at home in the arm chair by his fire. He thought in many ways,—if she said "yes"—that they would get on well together. Of the likelihood of her saying it he could form no opinion. She might be already engaged; or she might be—for all he knew—a great heiress who would look with contempt on his moderate fortune. But as there are more indifferently well-to-do people in the world than wealthy ones Gibbs sagaciously concluded that the chances were that she was not a great heiress. He thought that probably the Prendergasts were not very much burdened with riches: she had no maid with her, and, manlike, he perhaps judged a little by the plainness and simplicity of her dress. But the father and daughter might be criminals flying from justice for all he knew. An attempt he had made to find out from which quarter of the globe the old man came from had been at once nipped in the bud. In the event of success that old man would be a drawback. Then Gibbs looked into the future. He saw a comfortable house on a northern coast sheltered with wind-swept trees. He saw a sort of double-barrelled perambulator in the outer hall, and a tall figure emerging from the drawing-room, with her hand to her lips,—as if some one was asleep. Then he looked and looked, but he could see no place for that old man; he did not see his shabby wideawake

hanging up anywhere, nor his spiky stick in the place where sticks were wont to be; he could not anywhere get a glimpse of the green japanned knapsack. "If such things should come to pass," thought Gibbs, "I wonder if that old man would care—when he was relieved of the responsibility of looking after his charming daughter—I wonder if he would care to make an expedition to Honduras or Sierra Leone, and collect specimens of his things in those parts. He would have then a fine field for his energies." Then he thought of himself. Did he in reality wish for this change, or was it merely a passing gleam of light which shone on him, and which would pass away as similar lights had done before, and be little thought of afterward? He was well past the romantic age as it is called, and he was very comfortable as he was. Marriage, unless the bride had some fair dower, meant giving up a good many pleasures—perhaps some little comforts; salmon-fishing for instance might have to become a thing of the past. "It's a devil of a thing to make up one's mind about," said Gibbs with a sort of a groan. So the man argued with himself; now he found a reason why he should try and win Samuela, now another why he should get away to his native land as quickly as he could.

These reveries had carried him a couple of miles down the strath. He had just turned when he heard voices before him, and soon in the deeper one recognized that of his faithful gillie, Archie. Gibbs was in no mood to stop and talk to the lovers;—he felt sure that the weaker vessel would turn out to be Jane,—and he stood off the road, in the deep shadow of some trees, to let them pass. The pair were sauntering slowly along in very lover-like guise.

"He's after her—he's aye after her," said Archie as they came within hearing. "He's talking wi' her, and laughing wi' her, and painting wi' her, whenever he gets a chance, but whether he'll get her or no is a matter about which I shouldna like to say. And I'm much mistaken if he isna *smoking* wi' her! If I didna see a cigar in her mooth the very day we lost yon big fish at the General's Rock, I'm no Archie Macrae but some ither body!" This scurrilous observation was founded on the fact that on the afternoon in

question, after being nearly devoured by midges, Samela had, at Gibbs's suggestion, tried to defend herself with a cigarette. "Tobacco! wheu! filthy stuff! it's bad eneuch in a man, but in a wuramin!—! You'd better no let me catch you at the likes of yon, Jean, ma lass!"

"And do you think I'm going to ask your leave when I want to do aught?" inquired the shrill voice of Jane. "For if you do you're wrang!—and how'll you stop me?" Then there was a slight scuffle and a slap and the two happy ones passed on.

"You old scoundrel!" muttered the indignant master as he emerged from his place and continued on his way. "See if I don't sort you for that some day, you sanctimonious old beast! I hope she'll comb your hair for you—what there's left of it—you long-legged old ruffian!" So the old saying was once more justified. Then Gibbs went home with a lot of resolutions and arguments so jumbled up in his brain together that he was quite unequal to the work of laying hold of any particular one and getting it out by itself.

Much to his surprise our fisherman had a good night, and came down to breakfast with quite an appetite. The old Professor had nearly finished—he was an early bird—and he was just off on an expedition in charge of a keeper to a loch some miles away, where a remarkably fine specimen of the *Belladonna Campanulista* was said to have its habitation. Never had he shown himself so crabbed and unsociable as he did that morning. "Really," thought Gibbs, as he dug a spoon into his egg, "one would think I had done the old gentleman some personal injury by the way he treats me. But you had better be careful, my old cock! You little know what sort of a bomb-shell may be bursting inside your dearest feelings in the course of a day or two. When you find yourself, with a steerage-ticket in your pocket, on board a P. and O. *en route* for foreign parts, you will perhaps be sorry that you didn't treat your new relation that was to be rather better." The old cock took this oration (which was delivered *in camera*) very quietly, and shortly after started for his loch. "It might clear the way if he got it—
—with no bottom to it," thought Gibbs as he watched him slowly
hill opposite. "He is

catcher in general to some college—he *would* be a father-in-law to have!"

On the whole he took a rather less roseate view of matters in the cold daylight. "There is no doubt it would be a horribly rash thing to do," said he as he began to fish his first pool, "knowing nothing about them; I think I'll—" then up came a fish and the line ran out and the reverie was ended.

III.

FORTY miles away over the hills was another river, rented by a man whom Gibbs knew. Had sport been good, nothing short of an order from the War Office would have torn this man away from his water; but his fishing had been poor, and he had announced his intention of taking a holiday from Saturday to Monday and spending it with his old friend. In due time this gentleman, Captain Martingale, arrived, full to overflowing with grumbles and pity for himself.

"I never saw such a place," he exclaimed as soon as they had shaken hands. "It used to be a good river, but it's gone all to grass now."

"Haven't you plenty of water?" inquired Gibbs.

"Water! that's the mischief of it, there's far too much! You wouldn't think a big stream like that would be affected by every shower, but it is—everlastingly jumping up and down! You get to a pool and think it is in pretty good order; you turn round to light a pipe, or tie a lace, or something, and when you look again it's half a foot higher, and rising still! And when I ask my gillie the reason, he points to a small cloud away in the middle of Caithness and says that's it! Of course, nothing will take; and indeed there is nothing to take; those infernal nets get everything; they got over a hundred last Tuesday—several over thirty pounds! I saw the factor the other day and told him what a shame it was, and he just laughed! The last time I was there, when old Newton had it, we used to get our four or five fish a day, and I have I believe been away from morning to midnight, for a fortnight, only not

"that's not

you've done. In my opinion Scotland is played out for fishing. I shall go to Norway next year ; and I don't know that Norway is not as bad."

Martingale picked up a couple of good fish that evening and so became a little more cheerful. He had been shut up by himself for his two weeks and was consequently very full of conversation, which was all about the great object of his life—sport. Before dinner ended he had nearly driven old Mr. Prendergast frantic.

"Seems a queer old gentleman," he said the next morning, as Gibbs and he started on a smoking constitutional down the strath. "Not much of a sportsman, I fancy." Gibbs thought he was not much of a sportsman.

"The daughter is a fine-looking girl, though she doesn't look as if she *was* his daughter. I say, old chap, you had better be careful what you are doing ; these are rather dangerous quarters for a susceptible man like you !"

When Gibbs learned that his friend was to honor him with a visit he resolved to be most careful in not giving him a hint as to the state of his—Gibbs's—feelings. Good fellow as Johnny Martingale was, he was hardly a sympathetic person to confide in when the question at issue concerned a woman. As Quakers have been held to be incapable judges as to the morality of any particular war because they are against *all* wars, so Martingale's opinions as to any particular woman were worthless, for he was against *all* women—so far as matrimony was concerned. So Gibbs made this resolve. But instead of fighting shy altogether of the subject and confining the conversation entirely to sport—which he might very easily have done—he allowed himself to hang about on the borderland, as it were, of the matter, and before dinner time that Sunday the soldier knew pretty well what there was to know. In a solemn voice, and with many shakes of his curly head, he pointed out to his friend the danger of the path which lay before him. He explained,—and really to listen to him one would have thought he had been married himself half a dozen times—all the disadvantages of matrimony.

"Marriage," said this philosopher, climbing on to the top of a stone gate-pillar, and emphasizing his remarks with many waves of his pipe, "is a most seri-

ous matter." Gibbs climbed on to the top of the other pillar, and, facing his mentor, acknowledged the fact.

"You see," said Martingale, "so long as a man is a bachelor he knows pretty well how he stands ; but it is quite a different thing when he's married. He doesn't know then what his income is or which are his own friends and which are his wife's. He can't go off at a moment's notice—as we do—whenever he wants ; he has to consider this and that and everything. Look at old Bullfinch ! I assure you he'd no more dare to pack up his things and come here or go to town for a fortnight without his wife than he dared jump off London Bridge."

"Well, but," objected Gibbs, "Lady Bullfinch is such a caution ! You don't often come across a woman like that."

"Don't you be too sure of that ! She's married ; they all lie low till they're married, and then they make up for lost time."

"I don't think Miss Prendergast would ever be like Lady Bullfinch," said Gibbs.

"I'm not so sure of that—you never can tell. She's the son of her father—she's the daughter of her father I mean—and look at him ! How would you like to have that old customer about your house for the next twenty years ?"

"Ah," said Gibbs, glad to be able now to defend his conduct from the charge of rashness ; "I've thought about that ! You know he's a great beetle-hunter and ornithologist ? Well, I would try and get him some appointment in an out-of-the-way part of the world to collect them, and write home reports about them. The Government are always glad to get hold of a scientific man ; and lots of people would help me, I know. I dare say your brother would ?"

"Well, I dare say Bill would do what he could," said Martingale. "And where would you send him too ?"

"Oh, I thought of some hot country at first ; but any out-of-the-way place would do. Oonalaska is a fine healthy distant hunting-ground, I believe ; I was reading about it lately."

"Oona—what ?" inquired Martingale.

"Oonalaska—where the wolves are."

"Wolves—what wolves ?"

"Oh ! you know—the wolf's long howl—that place."

"Oh !" said Martingale. "And why

do you send him there,—to be eaten up?"

"No, no," said Gibbs. "But when Samela and I are married—I mean *if* Samela and I are married—it would be a great nuisance to have him trotting in and out whenever he liked; and I believe this place is pretty hard to get away from when you are once there."

"Is there anything for him to hunt?" inquired Martingale.

"Sure to be—in the summer; of course in the winter he would have to vegetate—and write his reports."

"Well, there may be something in it," said the soldier, pondering over this summary way of getting rid of a possible father-in-law. "If the old boy is willing to go, it is all right; but I rather think you mayn't find it so easy to pack him off to such a place—he mayn't care about wolves and vegetation."

"He may not," said Gibbs with rather a downcast face.

"I say, my dear fellow," cried Martingale, nearly falling off his pedestal in his eagerness, "don't you be led into this! You don't know what it is! She has no money, you think! You won't be able to get away from home at all, and what will you do all the time? Go out walks with Samela, eh? You'll get tired of that in time."

"Oh, hang it!" interposed Gibbs, "other people do it and seem fairly happy. I think there's something in a domestic—"

"Oh, I know what you mean!" interrupted Martingale. "The curtains drawn, and the kettle boiling over, and the cat sitting on the hob, and you and Samela in one arm-chair in front of it. You can't always be doing that; and what will you do when all kinds of things break out in the house at the same time?—measles, chicken-pox, small-pox—"

"You had better add scarlet fever and cholera. People don't have those sort of things all at the same time."

"Don't they? You ask my old aunt; she'll tell you. She had scarlet fever and measles and whooping-cough and erysipelas when she was seven years old—all at the same time. Think of your doctor's bills! Think of all the servants giving notice at once! Think of the cold mutton and the rice pudding at two o'clock! And not being able to smoke in the house!

And your horses sold! And a donkey-cart for the kids! And think of all their clothes! Oh, Gibbs, my dear fellow, for goodness' sake don't be so rash!"

Gibbs shifted uneasily on his gate-post. "It sounds an awful prospect," he murmured, with a very uneasy countenance.

"Nothing to what the reality would be," retorted the philosopher. Then there was a long pause, the two worthies sat in silence on their pillars, disconsolately swinging their legs.

"Come, I say, Johnny," said the would-be wooer at last, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It's all very well for you to sit and preach away like that; how do you know so much about women?"

"Because I've studied them," replied his mentor sententiously.

"I should like to know when. You fish all the spring; you shoot four days a week from August to February, and then hunt till the fishing begins again. I'm sure I don't know how you square your colonel. When do you find time to study them?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martingale, looking very wise. "There's a good gap between the hunting and fishing time, and then there are two days a week over, not counting Sundays; and all the time you devote to those musty books I occupy in studying the female woman."

"Then you've studied a bad sample. I know a lot of men who have married, and I can't at this moment think of one who has had all those diseases you reckoned up, or who eats cold mutton, or who doesn't smoke in the house if he wants to."

"Can't you? Look at old Framshaw."

"Well,—but Mrs. Framshaw is a perfect Gorgon."

"They nearly all turn out Gorgons when they've got you; and it doesn't follow that when a man says he doesn't care about smoking that he is telling the truth; the wives make them say that. I'll tell you what, Gibbs, if I was you I'd be off."

"Do you mean at once?"

"I do," said the counsellor, looking very solemn.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Gibbs, "I can't go till the end of my month."

"Look here," said his friend, earnestly considering, "why not go to my place?"

"But your water won't carry two rods."

"What are you doing?" he asked.
"I'm looking for a place to stay,"
"What kind of place?"

"A place where I can stay for a few days,"
"What kind of place?"

"A place where I can stay for a few days,"
"What kind of place?"

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visible, and Gibbs spent his whole time on the river, fishing and communing with himself. The water was as usual in order, and there were plenty of fish up; a man had, as it were, only to put forth his hand and take them. But even a clean-run, inexperienced salmon will become uneasy when the fly and all the casting line fall in a lump on to his nose; and the best gut will go if the whole force of a powerful greenheart is used to rip it up from a rising fish. "He was thinking he was fishing for a shairk, maist of the day," said Archie grimly on his return to the inn that night. Gibbs lost fish and broke gut, and finally, when trying furiously to lash out an impossible line, got his hook fast in an alder behind him and broke the middle joint of his rod. Then he gave up his paraphernalia to the disgusted Archie, and slowly sauntered home by himself. Out of chaos he had at last evolved order, and his mind was made up. He would *not* make any attempt to woo Samela, *not* watch her sketching, or ask her to tea; above all, *not* give her an opportunity of sitting and looking fascinating in his arm-chair. In coming to this conclusion he was influenced by the facts, that he knew nothing about her and her father, that he could not afford to marry, and, finally, that he was not at all sure that he was in love with her. A good deal of what Martingale had said he knew to be nonsense; but still, if a man will talk enough nonsense some of it will find a home for itself, especially if it is poured forth on a Sunday morning by a man, looking as wise as Solomon and Rhadamanthus combined, perched on a gatepost.

"Of course I will be perfectly pleasant and courteous to her," thought Gibbs; "but I'll take care it doesn't go beyond that; I am sure it is the right thing to do." And having so determined his course he became cool and almost comfortable again.

Samela joined her father at dinner. Her paleness might be attributed to her indisposition; but was it due also to her headache that she seemed disinclined to talk to Gibbs, disinclined to laugh as she used to laugh, to inquire about his sport, and to ask what funny speeches Archie might have de that day? Had she too been makin her mind?

Gibbs ha

ooking forward to quite

another meeting than this. He had anticipated some difficulty in gradually withdrawing the light of his countenance from Miss Prendergast; he had thought it quite possible that his courage might be rather put to the test when he had to meet her pleasant smile with one just a little less pleasant, and show her, gently but firmly, that he only looked upon her as a casual acquaintance. It was only a strong confidence in his moral capabilities which enabled him to prepare for the contest he expected. But now it was *she* who was cool, *she* who seemed indifferent, *she* who appeared resolved to treat him as she might treat a gentleman, whom she had met yesterday, and to-morrow was going to say "good-bye" to. Never a whit had Gibbs calculated on all this; and when he tried some small blandishments—for the strong determined man was already beginning to find the ground weak below him, and his moral courage slowly oozing out—it was still the same, they had no effect at all.

Before dinner was half over Gibbs abandoned himself to gloomy forebodings. He forgot all about his good resolves—they became to him as if they had never been—thin phantoms which had never really occupied his mind. He cast about for some cause for this change. Had some bird of the air brought to her ears the somewhat free conversation which had been carried on about herself and her parent the day before? Had those sagacious-looking black-faced sheep, or some roe crouching in the fern close at hand, delivered a message to her as the modern representative of their old mistress Diana? No; he thought it was more likely that Martingale was the cause. He was a fine-looking man; he was rich; moreover, his brother was a peer, and Johnny bore the little prefix to his name which is sometimes supposed to carry weight with some girls. What a viper! thought Gibbs; and how indecent of the girl to show her feelings so soon!

The dinner crawled along, and at last Samela rose, and with a little bow to Gibbs left the room. And then another astonishing thing happened! The old man became—not genial, for that was not perhaps in his nature, but—as little disagreeable as he could manage to be. He pulled up his chair to the fire, asked Gibbs if he

he turned round and looked hard at his companion.

This intelligence was a terrible blow to Gibbs. How gladly now would he have gone through the meeting he had dreaded so much! Gone, without a word for him! He might have explained things somehow. What must she have thought of him? What had she told her father? Of course the illness was a blind. He thought it possible that there might be a note left for him, from the Professor; he did not expect anything from Samela—but there was nothing.

The place looked sadly deserted and lonely. He could not fish that evening; he went to the rock where Samela had made her sketch and stared long at the pool; then he went back to the house and took out her handiwork; he felt some queer sort of satisfaction in touching things that she had touched. So short a time had passed since her joyous presence had lighted up that room; how different it seemed then! He could not bear the sight of his books.

The next day he fished, and came to a resolution, which was to go south at once; his month was nearly up, and he had lost all pleasure in the river. The landlord understood something of the cause which lost him his guest, and indeed far and wide the gossips were at work. Accounts varied, but all agreed that Gibbs had behaved extremely badly and had lost his bride.

He had left some money in the big chest, and it was necessary to get it out. It was then for the first time that he remembered the loss of his keys. He tried to pick the lock but failed, and Archie, who was called in, had no greater success; so they had to force the lid. Gibbs put the money in his pocket, and then stood gazing at the little collection of volumes which had given him so much pleasure; now it pained him to look at them.

Of a sudden he saw something which made him start, and for a moment disbelieve the sight of his eyes. There, on the top of a book, lay his bunch of keys, the keys which he had had in his hand the night he walked down to the station! He picked them up and examined them, as if they could tell him something themselves. They were quite bright and fresh. By what *legerdemain* or *diablerie* had those keys found a resting-place there?

It was an unfathomable mystery—a mystery which it seemed to him could never be explained.

Abstractedly he took up the calf binding, remembering as he did so whose hands had touched it last. It seemed strangely light; he quickly opened it, and then as quickly let it fall—the quarto was gone!

Some five years after the events we have been at so much pains to relate, John Gibbs was sitting alone in the reading-room of a northern county club; he was just putting down the *Times*, when the heading of a paragraph in a corner caught his eye. It was as follows:

HIGH PRICES FOR BOOKS IN AMERICA.—On Friday last the library of the late John Palmer of New York was disposed of by public auction. This collection was especially rich in early works relating to America, in histories of the English Counties, and in early dramatic works. Mr. Palmer was well known for his enterprise and energy. In company with his daughter, and travelling often under assumed names, he searched all over Europe for rare books; no journey was too long for him, or price too high, if anything he wished to add to his collection had to be secured. . . . Under a somewhat acrid exterior lay a kind and sympathetic core. By his death many of the great booksellers of London and Paris lose a munificent customer. . . . There were fine copies of the second, third, and fourth folios—curiously enough the first was wanting. But the great glory of the collection were the quartos, which have been allowed to be, by those best qualified to judge, by far the finest in America—perhaps, barring those in the British Museum, and at Chatsworth and Althorp—the finest in the world. [Then followed a long list of prices.] The greatest excitement was reached when a copy of *Love's Labor's Lost* was produced by the auctioneer. No one seems to have known of the existence of this copy, which was strange, as it is without the slightest question the most perfect copy in the world. Not only was it in beautiful condition and perfectly uncut, but the last ten leaves were *unopened*—a state which is, we believe, quite unique. It measures [so many inches]. It was enclosed in a magnificent crimson morocco case, without lettering on it, made for another work by the English Bedford. This most precious volume was sold for \$3900, and was bought by Mr. Cornelius Van der Hagen, of Chicago.

After reading this paragraph Gibbs sat for a long time in his chair quite motionless. The day had faded away outside, and the only light in the room was the warm glow of the fire. He sat for many

hearing. Beethoven, after becoming perfectly deaf, retained some strange physical susceptibility which apprised him of the fact that music was being performed, and we have heard of an old gentleman whose deafness was as absolute as that of the great composer, but who was able—if the word may be allowed—to “hear” perfectly the music of a pianoforte against the wooden framework of which he pressed the palm of his hand. If, then, music be apprehended by a subtle sense of touch—that sense by means of which we know the forms and boundaries of things—there is nothing inherently irrational in the thought that musical combinations may have forms and boundaries of their own which, though now inapprehensible by us, would at once be made apprehensible by perhaps a very slight extension of the gamut of normal sensation. The sea-waves leave upon the beach a sharply outlined tide-mark : must not the waves of harmony and melody leave as clear and sharp an outline on the shore of ether over which they roll ? To speak of the “shape” of a symphony or an oratorio sounds fantastic : but may not such speech be merely a crude and necessarily

inadequate utterance of a dimly discerned truth ?

And if this be so, may it not also be that the strains which present themselves to our hearing as *sound* may to more finely endowed natures—natures embodying our vague conception of angelic existence—present itself as *vision* of substantial realities : If the notes produced by Mrs. Watts Hughes suffice to group her floating pigments into shapes of “weird caverns at the bottom of the sea, full of beautifully colored fancy sea-anemones and mussel-shells, headless snakes, and fairy-cups, and mossy entanglements of bud and leaf-like form,” the imagination does not find it impossible to accept the belief that the congregated harmonies of Handel and Beethoven and Wagner live as forms of splendor—as lofty mountain summits, as towered and templed cities, as great expanses of luxuriant forest—in the vision of clearer eyes than ours : and that when the last chord of Abt Vogler’s improvisation seemed to die upon the air, he had really put the top stone upon a palace as beautiful and enduring as that reared by the magic of Solomon.—*Spectator*.

A CHEMIST IN THE SUBURBS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I.

RICHARD PELSE was the chemist. The suburb was near the “Angel” at the top of the City Road : on the confines of Islington. There he led his prosaic life—getting old, and a bachelor. But into the prosaic years—years before Islington—there had burst once the moment of Romance. Then his shop was near Oxford Street. Into the sitting-room over it there had come, one evening, for an hour, the lady of his dream. Unexpectedly : suddenly. She had drawn her chair, by his own, to the fire. They had sat together so : and he had been happy. She had given him his tea : had opened his piano : had played, a while, Xaver Scharwenka’s wild music : had kissed him once : and had gone away.

Perhaps his years before and after had seemed at times two deserts, divided by that living stream which was her momen-

tary presence. Or perhaps there was an outstretched darkness on one side of the heavens : then a star : then again outstretched darkness—the life of the shop and the suburb.

Richard Pelse was one of those poor men who are born cultivated : one of the cultivated who are born poor. You had only to look at him now, across the counter and the ranged tooth-powder pots—to see the clear cut head, against its background of dry drug jars and Latin-labelled drawers—“Alumens”—“Flor : Sul :”—“Pot : Bitar :”—“Cap : Papav :”—to know that he was individual. A sympathetic spectator might call him original ; an unsympathetic, eccentric. What fires burnt in the brownness of his quick, keen, restless eyes ? What had left his face—not yet really old—topped with a mass of silvery-white hair ? There were the delicate features, decisive and refined ; the nose aquiline, the kindly mouth with won-

vous movement at its corners. And, again, the hands,—thin and white and long ; with fingers and thumbs turning back prodigiously : flexible, subtle, sensitive. And the spare figure, still quite straight, dressed in the black frock-coat of his business hours. Original or eccentric : a man whom men and women looked at : either liked or feared.

At home for years within a stone's throw of the Angel, he had all his life been a Londoner. Energy and diligence he had had from his boyhood, but country color had never come into his cheeks ; no robustness of the sea's giving, into his frame. All his pursuits were of the town—and nearly all his recollections. His mother was a widowed little news-agent—a withered woman, once pretty and vivacious—who kept, when he was a child and a lad, her news-shop in a by-way, two doors from North Audley Street. His father ! He never knew him.

When he was twelve years old his mother died, and a customer of theirs, a druggist of the quarter, took him as "useful boy." Had he ever changed and risen so far afterward as to be a famous physician, it would have been told of him, in pride, or as astonishing, that he had been an errand boy only. As it was, he had in fact been that, but something besides. He was so intelligent that gradually he had got into all the work of the shop. He was civil, and comely too. From selling things behind the counter, he was put into the dispensary. He educated himself ; he passed his examinations ; he became an assistant who was entirely necessary ; then he became a partner. At thirty-five he was a prosperous man and alone ; the shop's earlier master having retired. For Richard Pelse, before that happened, there had been twenty years of progress, and of self-denial ; no doubt of satisfactory, but of unremitting work. Then he allowed himself a holiday, and with a valise by his side and a "Baedeker" in his pocket, started for Switzerland and Savoy.

II.

Mr. Pelse had made more than half his tour and had got over his surprises, the sense of all that was strange, when he found himself, one Sunday, arrived at Aix-les-Bains for two days' rest, and for the charm of its beauty. He stayed at the

Hotel Vénat. Though a tradesman, he had tact as well as education ; various interests and real kindness. He could mix quite easily with "his betters"—found his "betters" much more his equals than his neighbors had been. At the Vénat, an argument with an English chaplain brought him into contact with a family of three—Colonel Image, a military politician, very well connected, and busy in the House ; and his wife, who was above all things fashionable ; and his daughter, who was blonde and nineteen.

Richard Pelse must certainly then, with all his earlier deficiencies and disadvantages, have been picturesque, and almost elegant, as well as interesting. The impulsive Miss Image found him so. In the garden, from his ground-floor bedroom, there had been a vision of a tall white figure, of floating muslin, of pale colored hair. Nearer, there were seen dancing eyes, large and gray, and a mouth that was Cupid's bow. At *table d'hôte* there was heard the voice that he liked best, and liked at once. A voice ! Hardly. An instrument of music. You listened to it as to a well-used violin.

In the drawing-room he got into talk with her. Was she not, unexpectedly, the ideal realized ?—the lady of the dream of all his youth.

But that night he reflected on the distance between them. He was no ambitious snob, scheming for marriage in a sphere not his. The distance—the distance ! No, there could never be marriage, or, his career must change first. Should he leave to-morrow, and forget the encounter ? Should he enjoy her for two days, and forget her then instead, or hug the memory ? At all events, he did not go.

And on both sides, in the short two days—prolonged to three and four—there was interest and fascination. Perhaps he should have told her father who he was. Instead of it, he told her. There was a recoil then—and it might have saved them. Her knowledge of the world and of the *convenances*—nineteen, but bred in society—was suddenly uppermost. Nothing more could be said to him, and she would mention to her mother as a piece of gossip to be heard and forgotten—as the funny adventure of travelling and of chance acquaintance—that the man was a shop-keeper, a chemist ; might have sold her

sponges, nail brushes, eau de Cologne. Then the simplicity, the naturalness, warmth, impulsiveness—which were in her too—came uppermost in their turn. She would tell none of that. She would keep him to herself, for the time at least—him and his secret. There was mutual attraction, strong and unquestionable. Elective affinities. And such things had their rights.

Wilful and independent—it seemed so then—she laid herself out to be with him. Mrs. Image was indolent, physically. In the morning the military politician was wont to wait in the ante-chamber of a man of science who was great on the healing waters; later in the day he was borne from the Bath House, closely muffled, in a curtained chair, and put to bed till dinner-time at the hotel. He was not seriously ill, however, and the treatment, which had begun a fortnight before Richard Pelse's arrival, would now soon be over. Anyhow their opportunities were numbered. There was an end to meetings—chance meetings, after all, though wished for on both sides—at noon, under the shade of the grouped trees in a sun-smitten park encircled by the mountains; at night, amid the soft illuminations of the Villa des Fleurs, whither Miss Image was chaperoned; again at breakfast time, when almost from the open windows of the hotel could be discerned, here and there, between luxuriant foliage, gold and green—beyond the richness of walnut and chestnut branch, beyond the vines, beyond the poplar marshes and the sunny fields—a level flash of turquoise, which was the Lac de Bourget.

"We go to-night," said Beatrice, meeting Mr. Pelse by the Roman Arch, when she had deposited her father for his last consultation.

"Should I speak to Colonel Image?" he urged, almost hopelessly.

"I was mad for you to do it; but you never must. Nothing could possibly come of it but harm. You must be loyal and obey me. There is not the very ghost of a chance for us. . . . Oh! you won't think of me very long. You have your own life, you know; and I must have mine. Silly, silly lovers! I might wait; but then it could never, never be. Dick!—forget me!"

"And in England we live almost in the next street," he said to her. "There is

nothing but class that divides us. I have done something already, if you recollect how I began. I could do more, and go a good deal further. You are the first lady I ever talked to, intimately. You would change me—you would bring me up to you."

"There is nothing in me to bring you up to, Dick. Think how young I am! I am a little fool, who happened to take a fancy to you. Pretty, am I? But a little fool, after all. You treated me so gravely and so well. I had been flattered often enough. And I was mad to be respected. . . . There is no chivalry left. . . . Your respect was flattery, too. . . . Here is my photograph, because I trust you. But forget me, forget me! My last word. Take my hand. And good-by!"

He took her hands—both of them—and so saw the last of her. And, by another train, he too went back to London, to the chemist's shop.

It was curious, at first, to think, as he was making up prescriptions, or giving them to his assistants, that she was within a stone's throw of that pestle and mortar: almost within sight of the green and red and straw-colored jars that stood in his shop window and were the sign of his calling. His shop was in Orchard Street; their house in Manchester Square. Once, did she pass the shop? Once, when he was on the Oxford Street pavement, was that she, borne along in a Victoria?

But gradually he was training himself to forget all that. He was loyal, obedient—was accepting the inevitable. Was it not a chance fancy? Was it not in sheer impulsiveness—in recognition of he wondered what in him, besides the deepest admiration—that she had flung him her confidence; honored him by liking? Could that last with her? Could it anyhow have lasted? Probably he would never see her again. Might he not one day console himself?—he once half whispered. No—it could never be that. He was so dainty about women; he was so particular—he either wanted nothing, or exacted so much—the experience of a rapid fascination would never be repeated. He was an idealist—of those who want, in women, a picture and a vision: not a housekeeper.

III.

The autumn dragged along. Pelse had acquired from America the rights to an

exclusive sale of a particular preparation of the Hypophosphites, and the Society doctors—the men who had charge of Royalty and of over-tasked celebrities, of smart people, and of the very rich—had taken to recommend it. The extra work which that involved made him very busy, and his own more accustomed work, in all its thousand details, was done at his shop with such a singular nicety—of which he of course was the inspirer—that the shop was more and more frequented.

Winter succeeded to autumn. A thick fog had lain for days over Orchard Street. Then there came a little snow. But in the parlor over the shop—with the three windows closely curtained—one could have forgetfulness of weather. There was the neat fireplace; the little low tea-table; a bookcase in which Pelse—before that critical event at Aix-les-Bains—had been putting, gradually, first editions of the English Poets; a cabinet of china, in which—but always before Aix-les-Bains—he had taken to accumulate some pretty English things of whitest paste or finest painting: a Worcester cup, with its exotic birds, its lasting gold, its scale-blue ground, like lapis lazuli or sapphire; a Chelsea figure; something from Swansea; white plates of Nantgarw, bestrewn with Billingsley's pink gray roses, of which he knew the beauty, the free artistic touch. How the things had lost interest for him! "From the moment," says some French art critic, "that a woman occupies me, my collection does not exist." And many a woman may lay claim to occupy a French art critic; only *one* had occupied Richard Pelse.

It was on an evening in December, when Pelse was in the sitting-room, tired with the day's labors, and not particularly happy with the evening newspapers—for, apart from any causes of private discontent, the *Pall Mall* had told him that our upper classes were unworthy of confidence, and from the *St. James's* he had gathered that even the lower could scarcely boast complete enlightenment—it was on an evening in December, when the chemist was so circumstanced, that his neat servant, opening the door of the parlor, held it back for the entrance of a veiled tall lady. "Miss Image," said the servant, for the name had been frankly given her.

The servant vanished. Richard Pelse rose from his seat, with his heart beating. The tall lady was standing there with lifted

arms, detaching veil and the broad velvet hat; a minute afterward, laying aside her furs and her warm wraps, the glowing face of a swift walker in the winter weather was made visible: the blonde head, the slim and straight and rounded figure had got up to the fireplace. She put her hand out toward Richard Pelse. He took it, exclaimed to her, by her name: nothing more—"Beatrice!"—wheeled a chair to the fire. And down she sat.

"Yes. I could stand it no longer. I have passed the place so often. I was mad to see you. They are gone into the country on a visit. I could manage it to-night." She looked quite good and sweet and serious—passionate it might be, as well as young, but, at all events, no intriguing Miss. Strange—the intuitive trust she had in him, to come there so! "Perhaps you can give me some tea?"

He flew downstairs to order it—a bell's summons would have been inadequate to the occasion, and would have given no vent to his delight. Ten minutes after, it was in front of the fire. The lamp was just behind her. Might he be calm now; might he be excited? Might he be paralyzed with astonishment? She was so quiet and so bright, he was made quiet too. She sat there as in an old and daily place—the blonde head, the eyes, the figure's lines. He was so happy. Suddenly his house was made a home.

"How have you been? How are you?" But before he answered, he had given her a stool, respectfully: had put a cushion at her head. "How good of you!" she said, with her gray eyes very beautiful: thanking him for his mental attitude: not for his cushion and his stool.

"Well, you know, I have been trying to forget you. Have you changed your mind?" She gazed into the fire. "Has the time come for me to speak?" he continued. His chair was close beside hers. "Why did you come here?"

"I suppose I felt you cared about me. And I was sick of *not* coming. I suppose I felt you were a friend. No, I don't think I have changed my mind at all. But I am one of the girls who can do mad things. And girls who can do mad things, once or twice in their lives at all events, are commoner—much commoner—than proper people think. So here I am! 'Tisn't wonderful. Father and mother are at Lord Sevenoak's."

His brow clouded. Again, and, as it seemed, with emphasis, the difficulty of class. Difficult? Impossible, was it not? Yet this was what he said:—

"You will come again? And one day I will speak. Beatrice, Beatrice,—I am yours! Have it as you will—it shall all be as you will—but you *know* that you can never go away for good."

"If you are nice to me, very likely I shall come ever so many times. I can't stay very long to-night. There—my cup. Ah! you have got a piano? Whose is it?"—opening it—"A Bechstein. Sit still there. I will play."

She tried the instrument a moment, first. Certain chords. Then, with turned head, she waited silently: was making her choice. For, whatever it was, it would have to be from memory. There was not a single music book.

In a minute, she had chosen. It was a plunge into a weird wild dance. . . . "You know whose that is?"

"No."

"Polish. Xaver Scharwenka's. Now the same again, and then another." And they were played, and then she rose from the piano. "My cloak, please. Thank you."

He went to the window curtain: listened for the rumble of the street, for all the city was about them—they two. But the noises of the town had ceased.

"Snowing fast!" he said, coming back from the red curtains. "Can you go?"

"It is only two minutes' walk," she answered. "And I don't quite think I see them cheeking me. Besides, I will find some excuse or other for wet things. O! You think me mean. You don't approve of prevarications. But prevarications give me to you." Her smile would have melted mountains. "Thank you"—near the door. "I suppose I shall come back many times. Dick! I feel like it." He looked enraptured. She put her hand out, and he took it. Always respectful, reverential, he had had an angel's visit. From the Heavens, down into Orchard Street, what divine, undreamt of, guest! "O! but you worship me *too much*," she said. She brushed his cheek with her lips, and her hand stayed in his.

"You must come back many times," he almost gasped. For all his manhood yearned for her. And she was gone—and

gone as much as the last note of Scharwenka's wild music.

For she never came back. The voice, the figure's lines, the blonde head, and the eyes, and the mouth that was Cupid's bow—no more in Richard Pelse's sitting-room. A flirt, was she? Heartless?—changeable?—a child? Who shall say? For weeks, he waited. Then, a short letter. "*O! Dick: It is of no use, you know. You'll have to forgive me, because I was wrong and rash. Only, Dick, understand that it is all over. I could never do that again. If I say I owe Father and Mother something, you know I'm not a fraud—you know I mean it. After all, we should never have done together. Yet, I love you. Think of me kindly. Good-by!*"

And she kept her word, and it was over. No lamplight welcomed her; nor fire gleamed for her; nor chairs were placed again on the cosy hearth, for two. And, in the closed piano, there slept, forever, Scharwenka's wild music.

IV.

But Pelse had to move from Orchard Street. Change of scene; change of people. And good-by—with all his heart—to the fashionable custom—to the inroads of the elegant who reminded him of Her, though with a difference. He must seek a new life, in some work-a-day quarter. To be with the busy and the common—not with any chosen or privileged humanity, but just humanity: nothing else. To be with people who really suffered; not with people who wanted hair-dyes. So it was that when a long-established druggist of Islington passed away old and decrepit, with a business neglected and lessened, Richard Pelse came near the "Angel"—to the dingy shop you mounted into by two steep steps from the pavement—to the dingy shop with the small-paned, old-fashioned windows; with the little mahogany desk at which who stood at it commanded the prospect of the City Road. He sold the Orchard Street business; and, taking with him only the youngest and least qualified of his young men—and the china and the First Editions, to coax his thoughts to return again to these first loves—he established himself afresh, and did his own work. Gradually he was recognized as rather an exceptional person in the quarter. And his energy was great

enough to allow him, little by little, year by year, to build up a trade.

Things were slack in the forenoons, and a face sometimes depressed, sometimes preoccupied, looked out into the street; and Pelse would stand at his desk with bright eyes and clenched mouth, rapping a tune nervously, with the long lean fingers. After Islington's early dinner, important people were abroad—the people who lived in the squares on the west side of Upper Street—and the wife of a City house agent, pompous and portly, patronized (with the breadth of the counter, and all that that conveyed, between them) a man whom Beatrice Image had once kissed. Acquaintance with these folk was strictly limited. The shopkeeper, refined and supersensitive, was not good enough company for the genteel.

But when evening came, he was wont to be too busy to think for an instant of his social place. The prescriptions brought to him were few, but the shop—and on Saturday night especially—was crowded by the smaller *bourgeoisie*, with their little wants; the maid of all work from the Liverpool Road arrived hurriedly in her cap, and was comforted; Mr. Pelse was the recipient of sorry confidences from the German clerks of Barnsbury. He was helpful and generous—kind to the individual and a cynic to the race. Late in the evening the gas flared in the little shop. Its shutters were just closed when the cheap playhouse, almost within sight, vomited forth its crowd, and loafers were many about the bars of the "Angel" and at the great street corner, and omnibus and tramcar followed each other still upon the long main roads. The night of the second-rate suburb.

And that went on for years; and he was a bachelor with no relations; getting visibly older and thinner; and a shock of white hair crowned now the pale forehead, over the dark brilliance of the keen, quick eyes. Long ago he had read in the newspaper of the marriage of Miss Image—a day when he had been wondering where, of all places in the wide world, the one face might be?

"Where is she now? What lands or skies
Paint pictures in her friendly eyes?"

Then he had read of her marriage. Hers, at least, was a wound that had healed. His?—but what sign was there

of wound at all? For in intervals of business he had come again to hug his First Editions. They knew him at book sales, at Sotheby's. He dusted his own Worcester carefully. Was it not of the best period?—with the "square mark." As a contrast to his quarter's commonness, he had begun to cultivate the exquisite with the simple in his daily ways. His food was sometimes frugal, but it was cooked to perfection. When he allowed himself a luxury, for himself and one rare crony—an unknown artist of the neighborhood, discovered tardily; a professor of languages who understood literature; or a brother druggist whom business dealings caused him to know—it was nothing short of the best that he allowed himself: he admitted not the second-rate: he was an idealist still. The fruit with which just once or twice in summer or in autumn he regaled a pretty child, was not an apple or an orange, but grey-bloomed grapes, or a peach, quite flawless. The glass of wine which he brought out from the parlor cupboard to the weak old woman, accommodated with a chair, was a soft Madeira, or a sherry nearly as old as she was. It had known long voyages. It was East India, or it was Bristol Milk. Yes; he was fairly prosperous; and showed no sign of wound.

Even "the collector" within him reasserted itself in novel enterprise. To the Worcester, the Swansea, the Nantgarw, the Chelsea, the First Editions, there came to be added bits that were faultless, of Battersea Enamel—casket and candlesticks, saltcellars, needle-case, and rose pink patch-box: best of all the dainty *étui*, with the rare puce ground. Yes: he was prosperous.

Still, the nerves had been strained for many a year; and suddenly were shattered. Speechless, and one side stiffened—stricken now with paralysis—Mr. Pelse lay in the bedroom over the shop; understanding much, but making small sign to servant or assistant or medical man. His last view—before a second and a final seizure—was of the steady February rain; the weary London afternoon; the unbroken sky; the slate roofs, wet and glistening; the attic windows of the City Road. He had lived—it seemed to him—so long. The Past—that moment of the Past, however vivid—might, one thinks, be quite forgotten.

Yet, wrapped in a soiled paper, in the pocket of his frock-coat, after death, they found a girl's likeness. "My photograph, because I trust you!" she had said to him at Aix-les-Bains. And what was all the rest?

In all his thought, for all those years, she was his great dear friend. Once or twice he had held her beautiful hands—looked at her eyes—been strong and happy in the magnetism of her presence.—*Fortnightly Review*.

DUST.

BY DR. J. G. MCPHERSON, F.R.S.E.

SOME of the most enchanting phenomena in nature are dependent for their very existence upon singularly unimportant things: and some phenomena that in one form or another daily attract our attention are produced by startlingly overlooked material. What is the agent that magically transforms the leaden heavens into the gorgeous afterglow of autumn, when the varied and evanescent colors chase each other in fantastic brilliancy? What is the source of the beautiful, brilliant, and varied coloring of the waters of the Mediterranean, or of the most extraordinary brilliant blue of the crystal waters of the tarns in the Cordilleras? What produces the awe-inspiring deep blue of the zenith in a clear summer evening, when the eye tries to reach the absolute? Whence come the gentle refreshing rain, the biting sleet, the stupefying fog, the chilling mist, the virgin snow, the glimmering haze, or the pelting hail? What raises water to the state of ebullition in the process of heat application for boiling? What is the source of much of the wound putrefaction, and the generation and spread of sickness and disease? What, in fact, is one of the most marvellous agents in producing beauty for the eye's gratification, refreshment to the arid soil, sickness and death to the frame of man and beast? That agent is *dust*.

And yet no significance is given to dust unless it appears in large and troublesome quantities. It requires the persistent annoyance of dust-clouds to excite any attention. Dust, however, demands to be noticed, even when not in that collected, irritating motion known in Scotland as *stour*. The dust-particles floating in the atmosphere or suspended in the water have a most important influence upon the imagination, as well as upon the comfort of man. Though so small that a microscope magnifying 1600 diameters is required to

discern them, they at times sorely tax the patience of the tidy housekeeper and the skill of the anxious surgeon. An æsthetic eye is charmed with their gorgeous transformation effects: yet some are more real emissaries of evil than poet or painter ever conceived.

Until the famous discovery made by Mr. John Aitken, of Falkirk, a few years ago, no one could reasonably account for the existence of rain. It was said by physicists that cloud-particles were attracted by the law of gravitation under certain conditions of temperature and pressure. But this famous experimentalist and observer found out that without dust there could be no rain: there would be nothing but continuous dew. Our bodies and roads would be always wet. There would be no need for umbrellas, and the housekeeper's temper would be sorely tried with the dripping walls.

A very easy experiment will show that where there is no dust there can be no fog. If common air be driven through a filter of cotton-wool into an exhausted glass receiver, the vessel contains pure air without dust, the dust having been seized by the cotton-wool. If a vessel containing common air be placed beside it, the eye is unable to detect any difference in the contents of the vessels, so very fine and invisible is the dust. If both vessels be connected with a boiler by means of pipes, and steam be passed into both, the observer will be astonished at the contrast presented. In the vessel containing common air the steam will be seen, as soon as it enters, rising in a close white cloud: then a beautiful foggy mass will fill the vessel, so dense that it cannot be seen through. On the other hand, in the vessel containing the filtered, dustless air the steam is not seen at all; though the eye be strained, no particles of moisture are

discernible ; there is no cloudiness whatever. In the one case, where there was the ordinary air impregnated with invisible dust, fog at once appeared ; whereas in the other case, the absence of the dust prevented the water-vapor from condensing into fog. Invisible dust, then, is required in the air for the production of fog, cloud, mist, snow, sleet, hail, haze, and rain, according to the temperature and pressure of the air.

The old theory of particles of water-vapor combining with each other to form a cloud-particle is now exploded. Dust is required as a free-surface on which the vapor-particles will condense. The fine particles of dust in the air attract the vapor-particles and form fog-particles. When there is abundance of dust in the air, and little water-vapor present, there is an over proportion of dust-particles ; and the fog-particles are, in consequence, closely packed, but light in form and small in size, taking the more flimsy appearance of fog. But if the dust-particles are fewer in proportion to the number of molecules of water-vapor, each particle soon gets weighted, becomes visible, and falls in mist or rain.

This can be shown by experiment. Let a jet of steam be passed into a glass receiver containing common air, and it will be soon filled with dense fog. Shut off the steam, and allow the fog to settle. The air again becomes clear. Admit more steam, and the water-particles will seize hold of the dust-particles that previously escaped. Fog will be formed, but it will not be so dense. Again, shut off the steam, and allow the fog to settle and the air to clear. Then admit some steam, and very likely the condensed vapor will fall as rain. If the experiment be often enough repeated, rain instead of fog will be formed, because there are comparatively few solid particles on which the moisture can condense. When, then, dust is present in large quantities, the condensed vapor produces a fog ; there are so many particles of dust to which the vapor can adhere that each can only get a very small share—so small, in fact, that the weight of the dust is scarcely affected by the addition of the vapor—and the fog formed remains for a time suspended in the air, too light to fall to ground. But when the number of dust-particles is fewer, each particle can occupy a greater space

of the water-vapour, and mist-particles or even rain-particles will be formed.

This principle that every fog-particle has embosomed in it an invisible dust-particle led Mr. Aitken to one of the most startling discoveries of our day—the enumeration of the dust-particles of the air. Thirty years ago M. Pasteur succeeded in counting the organic particles in the air ; these are comparatively few, whereas the number of inorganic particles is legion. Dr. Koch, Dr. Percy Frankland and others have devoted considerable attention to the enumeration of the micro-organisms in the air, and Mr. A. Wynter Blyth, the public analyst in London, has done good service in counting the micro-organisms in the different kinds of water in the vicinity. Marvellous as are the results, still the process was comparatively easy. By generating the colonies in a prepared gelatine, the number of microbes can be easily ascertained.

But to attempt to count the inorganic dust seemed almost equal in audacity to the scaling of the heavens. The numbering of the dust of the air, like the numbering of the hairs of the head, was considered as one of the prerogatives of the Deity. Yet Mr. Aitken has counted the “gay motes that people the sunbeams.” Though he could not enlarge the particles by a nutritive process, as in the case of the organic particles, he has been able to enlarge them by transferring them into fog-particles, so as to be within the possibility of accurate enumeration. His plan is to dilute a definite small quantity of common air with a fixed large quantity of filtered, dustless air, and allow the mixture to be super-saturated by water-vapor ; the few particles of dust seize the moisture, become visible in drops, fall on a divided plate, and are there counted by means of a magnifying-glass.

The instrument employed by Mr. Aitken has taken various forms ; in fact, he has so far improved it that it can be carried in the coat-pocket. But the original instrument, which we saw and used, is most easily described without the aid of diagrams. But, instead of his decimal system of measurements, we will use the ordinary system, that the dimensions may be more easily grasped by the general reader. Into a common glass flask of carafe-shape, and flat-bottomed, of 30 cubic inches capacity, are passed two

these would quite account for the peculiarity in the visibility of the first glow ; and the evidence seems to indicate that the quantity of such crystals is sufficient to produce the result. When these are fully illuminated, they become in turn a source of illumination, and reflect their reddish light all around. In winter sunsets, the water-clad dust-particles become frozen, and the peculiarly brilliant crimson is seen, coloring the dead beech-leaves and red sandstone houses, and making them appear to be painted with vermillion.

If, then, there were no fine dust-particles in the upper strata of the atmosphere, the sunset effect would be paler ; if there were no large particles in the lower strata, the beautiful sunset effects would cease. In fact, if our atmosphere were perfectly void of dust-particles, the sun's light would simply pass through without being seen, and soon after the sun dipped below the horizon total darkness would ensue. The length of our twilight, therefore, depends on the amount of dust in one form or another in our atmosphere. Not only, then, would a dustless atmosphere have no clouds, but there would be no charming sunsets, and no thought-inspiring twilights.

There is a generally prevalent fallacy that the coloring at sunrise or sunset is much finer when seen from the summit of a mountain than from a valley. To this matter Mr. Aitken has been giving some attention, and his observations point the very opposite way, corroborative of his dust-theory. From the summit of the Rigi Kulm in Switzerland he saw several sunsets, but was disappointed with the flatness and weakness of the coloring ; whereas in the valley, on the same evenings, careful observers were enchanted with the gorgeous display. The lower dusty humid air was the chief source of the color in the sunset effects. His opinion is strengthened by the fact that when from the summit he saw large cumulous clouds, the near ones were always snowy white, while it was only the distant ones that were tarnished yellow, showing that the light came to these clouds unchanged, and it was only the air between the far-distant clouds and his eye that tarnished them yellow. On the mountain-top it required a great distance to give even a slight coloring. The larger and more numerous dust-particles in the air of the valley are, therefore, productive of more brilliant

coloring in sunrise or sunset than the smaller and fewer particles on the mountain-top.

It is now admitted that the inherent hue of water is blueness. Even distilled water has been proved to be almost exactly of the same tint as a solution of Prussian blue. This is corroborated by the fact that the purer the water is in nature, the bluer is the hue. But though the selective absorption of the water determines its blueness, it is the dust-particles suspended in it which determine its brilliancy. If the water of the Mediterranean be taken from different places and examined by means of a concentrated beam of light, it is seen to hold in suspension millions of dust-particles of different kinds. To this fine dust it owes its beautiful, brilliant, and varied coloring. Where there are few particles there is little light reflected, and the color of the water is deep blue ; but where there are many particles more light is reflected, and the color is chalky blue-green. Along its shores the Mediterranean washes the rocks and rubs off the minute solid particles, which make the water beautifully brilliant.

That this is the case can be illustrated. If a dark metal vessel be filled with a weak solution of Prussian blue, the water will appear quite dark and void of color. But if some fine white powder be thrown into the vessel, the water at once becomes of a brilliant blue color ; if more powder be added, the brilliancy increases. This accounts for the changes of depth and brilliancy of color in the several shores of the Mediterranean. In Lake Como, where there is an entire absence of white dust-particles, the water is of a deep blue color, but void of brilliancy ; but, where the Lake enters the river Adda, the increase of the current rubs down fine reflecting particles from the rocks ; in consequence, there the water is of a finer blue. When the dust-particles carried down by the Rhone spread out into the centre of the Lake of Geneva, the color assumes the deeper blue, rivalling in brilliancy any water in the world.

The phenomenon called a haze puzzled investigators until Mr. Aitken explained it on the principle of the condensing power of dust-particles. Haze is only an arrested form of condensation of water-vapor. If one half of a dusty pane of glass be cleaned in cold weather, the clean part will remain

undewed, while the dusty part is damp to the eye and greasy to the touch. Why is this ?

Fit up an open box with two pipes, one for taking in water and the other for taking away the overflow. Inside fix a thermometer. Cover the top edge of the box with india-rubber, and fix down with spring catches (so as to make the box watertight) a glass mirror, on which dust has been allowed to collect for some time. Clean the dust carefully off one half of the mirror, so that one half of the glass covering the box is clean and the other half dusty. Pour cold water through the pipe into the box, so as to lower the temperature of the mirror, and carefully observe when condensation begins on each of the halves, taking a note of the temperature. It will be found that the condensation of the water-vapor appears on the dust-particles before coming down to the natural dew-point temperature of the clean glass. The difference between the two temperatures indicates the temperature above the dew-point at which the dust condenses the water-vapor. Mr. Aitken found that the condensing power of the dust in the air of a smoking-room varied from 4° to 8° Fahr. above the dew-point, whenever that of the outer air varied from 3° to $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

Moisture is, therefore, deposited on the dust-particles of the air which is not saturated, and condensation takes place while the air is comparatively dry, before the temperature is lowered to the dew-point. The clearest air, then, has some haze ; and, as the humidity increases, the thickness of the air increases. In all haze the temperature is above the dew-point. And in all circumstances the haze can be accounted for by the condensing power of the dust-particles in the atmosphere, at a higher temperature than that required for the formation of fogs, or mists, or rain.

But whence comes the dust ? Meteoric waste and volcanic *débris* have already been mentioned. On or near the sea the air is impregnated by the fine brine-dust lashed by the waves and broken upon the rocks and vessel-sides. But the most active of all surfaces as a fog-producer in towns is burnt sulphur. No less than 350 tons of the products of the combustion of sulphur from the coal are thrown into the atmosphere of London every winter day. But the powerful deodorizing and antiseptic properties of the sulphur assist in sani-

tation ; and it is better to bear the inconvenience of fogs than be subjected to the evils of a pestilence. At the same time it should be known that smoke-particles can be deposited by the agency of electricity. If an electric discharge be passed through a jar containing smoke, the dust will be deposited so as to make the air clear. Lightning clears the air, restoring the devitalized oxygen and depositing the dust on the ground. Might it not, then, be possible for strong enough electrical discharges from several large voltaic batteries to attack the smoke in the air of large cities, and especially the fumes from chemical works, so as to bring down the dust in the form of rain instead of leaving it in the form of mystifying fog ?

Organic germs also float in the air. Some are being vomited into the air from the pestilential hot-beds of the lowest slums. In a filthy town no less than thirty millions of bacteria in a year will be deposited by the rain upon every square yard of surface. A man breathes thirty-six germs every minute in a close town, and double that in a close bedroom. The wonder is how people escape sickness, though most of these germs are not deadly. In a healthy man, however, the warm lung surfaces repel the colder dust-particles of all kinds, and the moisture evaporating from the surface of the air-tubes helps the prevention of the dust clinging to the surface.

From this outline the reader will observe the increasing importance of careful attention to the influence of dust in the economy of nature. As a sickness-bearer and a death-bearer it must be attacked and rendered harmless ; as a source of beauty unrivalled we must rejoice at its existence. The clouds that shelter us from the sun's scorching heat, the refreshing showers that clear the air and cheer the soil, the brilliancy of the deep-blue sea and lake, the charms of twilight, and above all the glory of the colors of sunrise and sunset, are all dependent upon the existence of millions of dust-particles which are within the power of man's enumeration. No more brilliant achievement has been made in the field of meteorology than during the past few years by the careful observation and inventive genius of Mr. Aitken in connection with the importance of dust in air and water.—*Longman's Magazine*.

... ..

surroundings being favorable to and concentrated in one person would make considerable success a certainty. But it will usually be found that one or more of these various constituents of luck and merit are represented by a negative quantity. Upon the extent of the deficiencies and the number of adverse elements depends failure or success. A small minus quantity of honesty may annihilate every advantage of ability, opportunity and assistance, although a superabundance of discretion and natural talent might reduce its damaging effects to a minimum.

It is obvious, from an examination of the qualities and circumstances already enumerated, that women are more dependent upon luck and less on ability than men are. The prevalent form of assisting luck which may give a woman great worldly prosperity and honors at one bound, or may, when the luck is a negative quantity, make her life a dismal failure, is marriage. It may here be noticed that our system of society allows women of ambition to soar to much higher positions in the social scale than men are permitted to attain to. A man of middle-class birth, however immaculate his character and transcendent his abilities, very seldom indeed becomes a peer; and however high the position he may reach in the political world, the basin which surrounds the fountain of honor, even though he attain to the premiership, he must regard an earldom as finality in that direction; whereas, on the other hand, a middle-class woman, with very little merit, may possibly become a duchess. Personal beauty may be, perhaps, the cause of such a rapid rise to one of the highest places of influence, wealth, and honors; but personal beauty is an accident of birth, and is the purest chance.

So, it may be said, is natural talent; but there is this difference, that while natural talent is useless, or nearly so, unless cultivated to some extent, natural beauty would probably deteriorate by being subjected to any process of cultivation.

To the vast majority of women the principal road to success in life is found in a satisfactory marriage. The evidence upon this point is more than mere opinion, which is proudly almost

on to positions of success and emolument without being dependent upon men. Happily the modern man is evincing a disposition to be less selfish and more just and considerate in this respect than his forefathers. However, as society is at present organized, when we speak of success in life we are principally concerned with the advancement of men, leaving to women, with few exceptions, sometimes very brilliant exceptions, only the reflected glory of a successful husband, father, or son. Nevertheless, many women are compelled to take their places in the great battle of life precisely on the same terms as men, and to such the following rules and remarks are equally applicable.

As previously stated, all the qualities and circumstances favorable to a successful career may be classed under one or other of these four categories: character, ability, opportunity, and assistance.

In commercial life, in the professions, and in most descriptions of service, the great *sesame* is character. Woe unto the man who has lost his character, or who has none to lose! To him the door of success is closed, bolted and barred.

The chief components of character which most completely ruin a man's chances of success are dishonesty and drunkenness. Of the fearful curse of intemperance it is quite unnecessary to speak; its victims are legion, its havoc terrible, its warnings everywhere. Its action is usually slow but certain. A swifter enemy is dishonesty, it may kill at a blow; but frequently it, too, grows as a habit upon its victim till at last his doom is sealed. Dishonesty is of two kinds: dishonesty that brings one within the law, and dishonesty which does not. A man may be thoroughly dishonest without actually being a thief. The consequences of being a thief are as well known as the consequences of being a drunkard. But the other form of dishonesty must also be avoided by those who wish to climb the ladder of success. Veiled dishonesty in business, which, for the sake of euphony, is usually called "sharp practice," may secure gain at the time, but tells to one's disadvantage in the long run. Duplicity, untruthfulness, and a want of straightforwardness are forms of dishonesty which often, not always, retard the progress of otherwise gifted men.

If success in life meant nothing more

than the acquisition of wealth. It would only be necessary to follow the rule by which some people guide their conduct in life. "Want money? honesty! if you can't get it you can't get it honestly, get it." Want of honesty and morality may in some isolated instances be no bar to acquiring mere wealth, but generally would be more particularly in the case of employment.

The same may be said of punctuality. Punctuality is a habit which indicates a great deal more than the simple facts of being it business a good time. Keeping an appointment punctually, or making payments promptly, it is an indication of character, and is also should be carefully cultivated. It is, perhaps, quite unnecessary to lay stress upon the need of maintaining a character for honesty, sobriety, morality, and punctuality in those who are ambitious to rise to important positions in life.

There are, however, elements of character more subtle, less easy to cultivate, and yet which have tremendous influence in fixing the standard of society to which a man's attainment to rise or fall. Two of these are self-respect and thrift. With regard to self-respect it cannot be too strongly impressed that the chief means of gaining the respect of others is to respect one's self. But there is danger in both directions. Want of self-respect will soon bring one down, no matter how favorable outer circumstances may be, but in guarding against it, and it must be guarded against to all hazards, it is possible to go to the other extreme, and the prediction will be defeat and speedy. There is, however, plenty of distance between Syria and Charybdis, and one must be avoided, and it is well not to go too near the latter. The moment self-respect becomes a negative quality there is great risk to the latter, while it is a positive quality it may develop and increase considerably before it becomes injurious to success. By those whose standard of self-respect is low, a higher standard must be won by the immediately bettered conduct, and the more judgment is required to be the more between want of self-respect and the success carried to excess. This is, however, not to be described as a line, it may be fixed for us by others, but it is not, and the task of success will not be so readily taken to mean for us every self-

respect too far is certainly to act in the right direction.

Another item of character which plays an important part in moulding the future is the ideas regarding "standard of comfort" and expenditure. If a man makes up his mind to practise thrift, and if he considers that word a synonym for meanness, stinginess, and shabbiness, in order to save money, he has very little knowledge of the world. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves" is advice ill-suited to the requirements of modern life. Judicious expenditure has probably made more fortunes than saving and economy have; and even among those whose incomes are not large and whose resources are limited, clerks in banks and similar institutions, men in business, or budding professional men, the expenditure of a disproportionately large part of income on appearances, not personal appearance only, is frequently one of the very best investments that could be made with the money. Extravagance is not judicious expenditure, and usually indicates a weak point in one's character. A man who has no other merit will frequently rely upon reckless expenditure to obtain for him the character for liberality and the good opinion of his fellows.

The foregoing brief summary is perhaps sufficient to show to how large an extent success is dependent upon character. But a good character is hardly an active cause of success, although it is a condition necessary to success. Everybody is expected to be honest, sober, punctual, moral, and to possess self-respect, and, strictly speaking, there is no comparative or superlative of these qualities in mere positive form. If one man is less honest than another, the former must be at least slightly dishonest. If a man is not very honest, he is not in degrees dishonest, and if not very sober, his sobriety becomes a negative quantity instead. But if honesty and sobriety are the active causes of success, on the other hand dishonesty, intemperance, and want of self-respect are only active causes of failure, and may exist in every state and stage from positive to superlative.

It would be impossible within the limits of a single article to even at length point out the various component parts of character, and which the elements of success have been divided. Indeed, to do so would probably count as a *catalogue* of

stale platitudes. Having briefly glanced at the value of character, we now come to ability.

"*Forti nihil difficile*" was the adopted motto of Lord Beaconsfield, a man who rose to a very high pinnacle of fame and success by means principally of his abilities; not altogether by his abilities, for even the circumstance of being placed in a sphere in which he had the opportunity of distinguishing himself was not entirely due to his inherent merits, and so becomes luck. "To the strong nothing is difficult," was his somewhat conceited motto, and there is truth in the assertion; therefore it would be useful to the aspirants to success to know who are "the strong." What constitutes this strength which renders nothing difficult? It is special knowledge. "The strong" are those who have that knowledge, and who are not handicapped with adverse circumstances beyond their own control.

It must not be assumed that knowledge is a synonym for scholastic attainments. Scholastic attainments form a most valuable help to success, but it is well known that mere scholars, as a general rule, are not successful men of the world. The branch of knowledge which contributes most to success is that which Lord Beaconsfield possessed, a knowledge of men and of the ways of the world; and it could easily be shown by examples that when scholars have achieved success it has been because they have possessed some of the other elements of ability.

The constituent parts of ability for the purpose of advancing one's self in the world are natural talent, education or acquired ability, energy, discretion, address and manners, and self-assertion.

Natural talent is an accident of birth, and is undoubtedly a kind of luck, but it is also inherent merit. Natural talent seldom contributes to success except when it is cultivated, and when it is applied in a direction where it is appreciated, and when the person who possesses it knows how to let those to whom it is of value know that he does possess it. The process of cultivation of natural talent is called education, and it is only when education has made considerable progress that it is possible to discover what natural talents one possesses, and whether or not they are such as to be worth placing reliance upon to ensure a successful career.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LIV., No. 1.

Talent, cultivated or uncultivated, if it is only of average quality, is financially of little value. It becomes of value when it is above the average, and its value then will be found to increase in a geometrical rather than an arithmetical progression. It is in this respect like diamonds or pearls, the relative values of large and small being out of all proportion to size, every increase in size adding to the price in a much greater ratio until, like the Koh-i-noor and other historical gems, they become of almost priceless value. So it is with talent and skill. A man may have a talent for music, and may have bestowed upon it considerable cultivation. Up to a point it will only afford recreation to himself and pleasure to his friends, and at the same time be of very little market value, even though a not very wide gulf divides him from professionals receiving fabulous sums for their services.

Special professional skill or knowledge has proportionally very much greater value than average knowledge. In professions like those of law and medicine, there is so much ground to cover and so much knowledge to acquire, that it is almost impossible in a lifetime to master every branch of the study, and to keep pace with the new Acts, judicial interpretations, or medical discoveries which each year produces. To attempt to master the whole would usually result in general knowledge and skill of only average quality. It is the specialist who makes a reputation and a fortune. The great secret of professional success is to possess some branch of the skill or knowledge in a greater degree than the average of those in the profession, and if possible beyond all others. It is better for the individual, and certainly better for humanity, that a medical man, for instance, should devote himself heart and soul to the investigation and study of some particular form of disease, and thereby add to pre-existing knowledge, and be himself in request because of his special skill.

It goes without saying that those who have natural talents and education have an advantage over those who have not, other things being equal. It is because other things are not equal that men of education sometimes fail to succeed, and are pushed aside in the race of life by others whose scanty information and moderate attainments are compensated for by energy, discretion, and self-assertion.

portunity and assistance, are, alas ! too often rendered nugatory by some form of ill-health, physical or mental.

When speaking of character, dishonesty was referred to as the frequent cause of ruined lives. Here, again, luck is powerful in both its positive and negative forms, in the shape of temptation. Who can tell what careers have been blighted and wrecked, families ruined, and honored names disgraced by the pure accident of strong temptation presenting itself ? On the other hand, who can say what successful men have been saved by the good fortune of having been spared temptation which at certain periods of their lives they could not have resisted ?

So with intemperance ; a youth surrounded by bad examples and temptation at home is less likely to possess the virtue of sobriety than one brought up among abstainers. His failure in life may be the result due to the accident of chance in being tempted to do wrong. Of course, a man who is a drunkard, even under such circumstances, must be weak in character ; but the same weakness of character might, in the absence of constant temptation, have proved no hindrance to success.

The opportunity to achieve success depends so much upon health, age, a congenial profession, a business in which competition is not too keen, and an absence of irresistible temptation to do serious wrong, through folly, ignorance, or weakness of will, that, on the whole, opportunity is chance. It may be said that a clever man can make his own opportunity to achieve success ; he can choose his profession, for instance. True, if he has had the good fortune not to have had an unsuitable one chosen for him by others, or by himself. A man commencing the business of life frequently has more than one good opening placed before him, and much depends upon a correct decision as to which is the better, and that decision would often be made through some circumstance as purely the operation of chance as the result of tossing up a coin into the air. The advantages of one course may be carefully considered and weighed against the prospects of the other, and yet chance may be the ultimate arbiter. Many who have failed in life have bemoaned that failure was due to their having adopted a fatal course, through no want of judgment, when another was open ;

many others have lived to know how at some period in their careers they paused before two turnings, and by good fortune alone avoided destruction.

Luck consists of opportunity and assistance. Opportunity is indispensable to success, but assistance is not indispensable, and success may be achieved not only without assistance, but even with that form of luck in a negative quantity. Unearned capital, influential parentage, useful friends, good personal appearance, good report, and the accident of pure chance favorable at important junctures, these are circumstances which facilitate one's endeavors to succeed in life.

The talismanic properties of money are too well known, alike to those who have it and those who have it not, to require even the briefest comment. Suffice it to say that experience seems to furnish constant examples of the fulfilment of the Scriptural paradox : " Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance ; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Parentage, even in the last decade of the nineteenth century, is a potent element. The influence of a father who occupies an important position in the world is, of course, of service to the son. But valuable assistance is derived very often from the mere possession of a name which indicates influential connections, or kinship with an aristocratic family, even though it be an impoverished peerage or a new creation. It is undoubtedly true that the English people " dearly love a lord," and it is not untrue that even professing democrats have at times betrayed indications of a kind of sneaking reverence, not only for lords, but also for remote collateral descendants of aristocratic families, and have not unfrequently shown a preference for leaders chosen from the " classes." Parentage still influences employers in the selection of clerks and others in similar positions, although not to so large an extent as formerly. Caste influence is still so strong that the appointment of the son of a mechanic to be a clerk would, in many places of business, produce great indignation, and most probably the new-comer would be virtually boycotted by men perhaps morally and mentally his inferiors, and possessed in a less degree of the instincts and manners of gentlemen. This same caste influence is not confined to the

classes mentioned. In more important positions in life the accident of humble birth may militate very seriously against promotion, and the good fortune of having superior parentage may greatly assist one's advancement, so that men of equal ability and good character, and having the luck of opportunity in equal proportions, would discover that parentage is a form of assisting luck which it is impossible to ignore. The assistance of friends is classified as luck, because it is external to the individual who is thereby aided. The assistance of friends, or the evil wrought by the malevolence of an enemy, is good or bad luck, but the process of making friends is usually due to ability and character, and the making of enemies to indiscretion, or some other negative form of ability, if only a want of knowing how to conciliate. It has been remarked that the life of a man who never makes an enemy must be very insipid. Possibly it may seem so to those who love quarrels. But men of long experience could corroborate the assertion that one enemy is able very often to neutralize the whole favorable influences of a large number of friends; in other words, it is unwise to gain friends by making enemies, and bad policy to make enemies at all when it is not unavoidable. There is an energy in enmity and hate which one seldom finds in friendship; an enemy will take great pains to do harm, but friends, as a rule (there are exceptions to the rule), are satisfied to give such aid only as can be given without personal loss or inconvenience to themselves.

Good report and unmerited slander are the positive and negative forms of another element of assisting luck, the one proceeding from friends, the other emanating from enemies; actual enemies, though not always wilful enemies. The man who gives currency to a false statement as to another's character or abilities is an enemy, because he is doing harm, even though he may not have the slightest desire to do harm or reason for wishing evil. The worst of slander is that it is so difficult to unearth and refute, unless it be repeated to one who has the courage to inform the person of whom it is spoken.

Human nature, unfortunately, is prone to listen to, and be interested in evil report, and to pay little heed to good report. The evil is remembered, the good soon

forgotten. Let a man succeed in having a speech or lecture reported to the length of half a column in the daily papers, neither he nor his friends will hear very much about his success; but let him, on the other hand, have his name mentioned in a small paragraph in any paper, if it be connected with something discreditable, a bill of sale, a police-court summons, or the like, the news will speedily travel into all the ramifications of his acquaintanceship, and will penetrate with a kind of capillary attraction, and be absorbed like moisture into a piece of sugar. What is true of published information, is equally true of oral communications, and the latter are more likely to give currency to statements which are libelous and false.

Slander may be unpreventable, and is then a form of bad luck; possibly of sufficient power to arrest a successful career which otherwise was assured. The individual who suffers may be in total ignorance of its operating against him, and be quite at a loss to ascertain the reason for his supersession, or his failure, where he had anticipated success.

Finally, the pure accident of chance has often made success. Speculation based upon unreliable information, unexpected legacies, an unforeseen demand for one's manufactures; these causes may bring wealth which is potential, although not omnipotent in making a successful career. The least meritorious are frequently the most fortunate. The operations of chance seldom coincide with justice, as was the case when the lot fell upon Jonah.

The foregoing arguments are intended to lead to the conclusion that success in life is dependent upon much that is quite beyond the influence or control of the aspirant. Great success connotes ambition, and implies a will to labor in order to attain the desired end. But it is possible to imagine cases where transcendent abilities and spotless character may exist unnoticed, unknown, and unrewarded.

Our army of to-day contains in the ranks generals as able as Wellington, Napoleon, or Von Moltke, but who will never be known to fame through not having the luck of opportunity; and in every sphere of life there are many quite willing to hide their light under a bushel, and the bushel is eagerly supplied for the purpose by others whose feeble flicker may then become visible.—*National Magazine*.

AN APRIL FOOL

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

I sallied afield when the bud first swells,
And the sun first slanteth hotly,
And I came on a yokel in cap and bells,
And a suit of saffron motley.

II.

He was squat on a bank where a self-taught stream,
Fingering flint and pebble,
Was playing in tune to the yaffel's scream,
And the shake of the throstle's treble.

III.

"Now, who may you be?" I asked, "and where
Do you look for your meals and pillow?"
"My roof," he said, "is the spacious air,
And my curtain the waving willow.

IV.

"My meal is a shive of the miller's loaf,
And hunger the grace that blesses :
'Tis banquet enough for a village oaf,
With a handful of fresh green cresses.

V.


"A plague on your feasts where the dish goes round,
Though I know where the truffles burrow,
And the plover's eggs may, in fours, be found,
In the folds of the pleated furrow.

VI.

"And my name? O, I am an April Fool,
So yclept in the hamlet yonder ;
For when old and young are at work or school,
I sit on a stile and ponder.

VII.

"I gather the yellow weasel-anout,
As I wander the woods at random,
Or I stoop stone-still, and tickle the trout,
And at times, for a lark, I land 'em.



SOME VERY NOBLE SAVAGES.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. KNOLLYS, R.A.

"For the Right which needs assistance,
'Gainst the Wrong which needs resistance,"

is a plea which may appropriately be urged in behalf of the inhabitants of a remote corner in our world-wide empire—Zululand. Though not much larger than Wales, it possesses a potentiality for the development of resources which may ultimately render it one of the foremost districts on the face of the earth in point of wealth and population; and above all, it may be regarded as a test place for the justice and wisdom, or the converse, of our dealings with the natives of South Africa. My stay in the country was short, and my direct experience was consequently limited; and yet—should I not say, therefore?—my fresh impressions may not be undeserving of attention, by the same reasoning which assigns a special value to a woman's first thoughts, or to a wine-taster's instantaneous verdict!

One evening toward the close of 1890, accompanied by a brother officer, I am speeding along the fifty miles of roughly outlined track leading from Verulam, the Natal railway terminus, to the Zulu frontier. Our vehicle, the red, two-wheeled, "V.R." mail-cart, so familiar in the precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand, seems oddly out of place in these wilds, which, save for small clusters, at long intervals, of European little tin erections, and for a few Kafir kraals, are absolutely uninhabited. Our luggage is quite nominal in amount—we have been even obliged to commit to the transport of an ox-wagon a friendly Christmas plum-pudding intrusted to us at Maritzburg as a poetical souvenir to an English sojourner at Eshowe. Our four half-broken horses, lashed by our reckless half-breed driver, lay themselves out like greyhounds at a desperate gallop, which at times takes away our breath, and makes us cling to our cart for dear limb and life. Then, with scant notice, night closes in pitch-dark, and we find ourselves standing on the steep heights overhanging the Tugela river, discarded by our driver, and utterly at a loss as to our next proceeding. But some five or six savages suddenly and unexpectedly start up out of the darkness, sign to us to follow them down

a craggy pathway, and in a cranky little boat ferry us across the broad river, silent, swift, and tepid as it splashes over our hands. The fireflies are sparkling through the hot inky atmosphere, the bull-frogs startle us with their bellowing, the thunder is rolling with an incessant awful roar, and, as bewildered, I pant up the precipice on the other side, a savage seizes my wrist with a vice-like yet kindly grasp, and leads me like a prisoner to our haven of rest, a small tin wayfarer's tenement.

We are now in Zululand proper, within the area of the military operations of 1879, and even the few days I spent here, far from the presence of all save three or four white men, and surrounded by a Zulu population, gave me some glimmer of native habits, of native character, and of the idiosyncrasies of the locality. True, this was subsequently confirmed or corrected by further experience, but for simplicity's sake I here introduce some of my first impressions.

One day having heedlessly left my small kit spread over the floor of my lean-to outside room, I find on my return, two hours after, about thirty Zulu men and women of all ages crowded about the open door, many staring with curiosity at the collection of flannel shirts and other clothing, boots, knife, tobacco, and even money. Any one of these naked savages might with impunity have helped himself to any of these articles, which would have been a perfect treasure to him. But the idea never seemed to have entered their heads—not the smallest trifle was missing. Genuine untainted Zulus are too noble to be thieves. They exult in the possession of a flannel shirt, they fully appreciate the gift of a shilling; but their native code of honor forbids pilfering, and property is far more safe in their midst than were it deposited in a first-class English hotel, or subjected to the inquisition of the landlady of a first-class London lodging. At intervals the natives came to the store to purchase blankets, or sugar, or some other requirement of their simple lives; but the law here effectually restrains Europeans from selling to them those two articles which elsewhere are unscrupulously traded,

and which are the curses of the South African race — firearms, including gunpowder, and spirits. The former restriction is rigidly enforced, both wholesale and retail, and has done much to diminish the recklessness of bloodshed which is the invariable characteristic of all savage tribes. Even when I landed at Durban an official instantly snatched up my gun, and ere I could recover it I had fully to satisfy the civil custom-house superintendent as to my identity and *bona fides*. At Pietermaritzburg I succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of powder only through the special order of a magistrate, to whom I was called on to declare that I required it merely for sporting purposes. The amount so authorized is limited, I believe, to 10 lb. in twelve months to one applicant. Unhappily the law is occasionally evaded by the criminal greed of whites, chiefly from the Cape Colony, some of whom occupy a high social status, and who have succeeded in baffling the utmost efforts of the Natal authorities, and in establishing a regular traffic through a secret route called “the Gun Runner’s Pass.”

As regards the prohibition of the sale of liquor to the natives, even anti-total abstinence opinions must rejoice that the law is here generally successful, though of course it is evaded in some out-of-the-way places by miscreants who, for the sake of a few sovereigns, perpetrate an evil-doing perhaps as great as is within the power of man to commit. Let it be remembered that with savages drink means, not detriment, but downright destruction and death. In the Transvaal they are permitted to buy, at almost a nominal price, as much as they please. They toss it down like water, and the slaughtering results are appalling. Never once during my sojourn in Zululand did I see a drunken savage; and possibly this atmosphere of general sobriety may have influenced even the European hard drinkers. Total abstinence advocates may be interested in hearing that proprietors of drinking-stores declare the amount of ginger-ale consumed has of late become amazing, even among white laborers toiling under the glare of an almost tropical sun.*

* Though wandering from my subject, I cannot forbear mentioning that, during the recent intense Cape heat, the gunner parties employed in the formidable labor of mounting 23-ton guns have daily taken out with them

Mealies are the chief food of the Kafirs, but they rejoice at an occasional opportunity of feasting off a tough “trek” ox — no matter if it has died from natural causes — albeit their glimmering of religious superstition forbids them the use of animal food. They loathe fish as we should loathe eating a snake; but, on the other hand, their fancies for certain tit-bits run in a curious direction. One afternoon a spray of glittering green foliage is brought to me, from whence are depending the most enormous caterpillars I have ever seen in my life, as thick as my thumb, and twice as long, — fat green fellows, studded with small sparkling scales. The little Zulu girl from whom they had been obtained wept because “we had taken away her food.” I flatly declined to try a caterpillar or two, whereupon a native eagerly selects a couple of the finest, pinches off their tails, manipulates glove-fashion the wriggling creatures one with the other, frizzles them before the fire, and finally daintily devours the nauseous morsel, with the lingering enjoyment of an English schoolboy eating a fine fresh strawberry.

Close at hand was “Bond’s Drift,” the ferry across the Tugela connecting the Natal and Zululand roads; and here I encountered an occasional European teamster, or a farmer, or a ferryman, or a Government messenger, or a doctor, of whom three or four are dotted about, at distances of thirty or forty miles apart. They form a pleasing contrast to the loafing specimens of the same class in the more populous parts of South Africa, who seem to assume that a worthless fellow in England is instantly levelled up to a valuable member of a colony the moment he disembarks. These Zululand strays, however rough in dress and off hand in address, are frequently stamped with certain characteristics of gentlemen, leading to the deduction that they have been drafted from a far higher community than their present avocations would imply, and that they are bravely battling against adverse fortune. I came across a strange specimen of an agent for an American life insurance company, who, with an amusingly scanty equipment in his saddle-bags, was riding hundreds of miles through these wilds on the chance of

a bag of oatmeal, which, stirred up in small quantities in water, is eagerly drunk, effectually quenches thirst, and affords a singular amount of support.

picking up a chance subscriber. *Enterprise* could hardly go further.

My companion was desirous of visiting the grave of a relation who had died in this neighborhood during the Zulu war; and one sweltering morning we betake ourselves to Fort Pearson, seven miles distant, where once were concentrated so much national attention and so many private sorrows, but now lost in a weird solitude which is almost oppressive. We found the old earthworks easily enough, and their very outline spoke volumes. No formulated scarps, bastions, or banquettes: merely a gradation of rough parapets hastily thrown up under the stress of peril, and trending one above the other toward the apex of the highest hills. Our enemy was numerous as the hosts of Sennacherib, but unskilled as the ancient Britons; and truly an antiquarian Oldbuck might declare the rude trace an intrenchment of some prehistoric nation until deceived by a Zulu's declaration, "I mind the bigging of it."

Long and fruitless, however, was our search for the grave, during which we only just escaped treading on a monstrous reptile—until at last we hap upon a small "God's acre" enclosed with barbed fencing, and marked by an exceptionally tall, gaunt euphorbia tree—a species of giant cactus. Though the spot is covered with beautifully tangled growth, it is in the same condition of careful delimitation as when left by the survivors eleven years ago. Conspicuous among thirteen graves, marked by simple wooden crosses, is a plain white tombstone, whereon we read that Captain Wynne, R.E., here died of fever in 1879, and the text, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." Stay; here are some more words blurred by sun and climate: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—and there flashes across my recollection the pathetic circumstances I had heard many years ago specially accounting for this quotation from Horace.

In the midst of the toil, the sickness, and the fighting of the campaign, Wynne used to elicit the friendly chaff of his comrades by his persistency in classical quotations. One day he too was stricken by that fatal malaria which played such havoc among our men. After a few hours, feeling that his end was at hand, he sent for some of his brother officers,

intrusted to them certain measures and messages consequent on his approaching death—he had left a young wife in England—and added in dying accents, with a dying smile: "Now I must make a last quotation, and I do not think you fellows will chaff me this time—'*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*'"—and so slept into the dawn of that eternal day which fools call death.

Musing in profound reverie on the coincidence which had brought the half-forgotten story face to face with my chance visit to the subject's solitary grave in the wilds of South Africa, I am startled almost out of my skin by a deep organ-sound, "Ha-a-a," at my elbow. A Zulu had noiselessly crept up to me, and uttering this wonted note of respectful greeting, with his right hand raised high over his head in salute, and his left grasping an assegai and a knob-kerry, he stood motionless and splendidly stalwart, like a carved statue of the ideal noble savage. Pointing to a brass badge on his arm, inscribed "Zulu Tugela Patrol," in token of amity, he made signs that he could show us another resting-place of our countrymen, and led us to a second enclosure as neat as the first, where I counted sixty graves of British soldiers, and where the frequency of "died from fever" was a more melancholy record than "killed in action."

Game is plentiful in parts of Zululand, but circumstances prevented my undertaking any shooting expeditions. I can only state that about the Tugela veldt are abundance of partridges and quail in season, alligators are numerous in the river, and monkeys swarm in the woods. I witnessed the exceedingly revolting sight of the skinning of four of our "poor relations," the slaughter of which is only just saved from being wanton cruelty in that their pelts are not entirely without value.

The facilities for locomotion in England—where at Clapham we are "right for Earls-court and Kensington; change here for Constantinople and Jericho,"—obscures in the minds of stay-at-homes the constant and foremost difficulty of accomplishing point to point distances in savage countries. Very gladly, therefore, do we avail ourselves of the opportunity of a four-muled cart to convey us to Ekhowe, thirty miles in the interior of Zululand.

Our route, the sole one within an extensive area of country, is little more than a track, unmetalled, unfenced, and undrained. Yet the amount of labor which the Colonial Government has wisely bestowed on it has been considerable. Here and there a slight cutting or an elementary embankment has been effected, the biggest of the big boulders have been shoved aside, and the most advantageous curves up and down the nearly mountainous heights have been rudely indicated. By this rough-and-ready method of civilization, communication, hitherto impracticable, has been opened up, and has facilitated the introduction into a barbarous country of the blessings—I admit the curses likewise—of the nineteenth century. In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State I saw no instances on a parallel scale of this beneficent road-making.

The general aspect of the Zulu country is that of evenly rolling mountains, occasionally dotted with brilliant red-sand patches, and generally covered with rich turf, which is beautiful in its emerald green during the rainy season, but which in course of time produces a sense of monotony in the horizon. Yet, when we come to details, we find under our very eyes plenty to charm. In the lower lands the view is relieved by innumerable thorn-bushes—a source of treasure to the natives, as constituting their only fuel. The twisting water-courses—there are no navigable rivers—mark out streaks of lovely though rank vegetation, where are mingled tall grasses, enormous ferns, waving palms, graceful bamboos, and gaunt euphorbias; and out of the tangled masses start many brilliantly plumaged birds, which, however, are songless, in disadvantageous contrast to the sober-hued *prima donnas* of our English copses.

Zululand is not a fishing country, and the numerous stagnant pools are only tenanted by coarse fish, scarcely worth catching. Here and there are plots seldom more than half an acre in extent of luxuriant mealies, cultivated by women, to whom the Zulus habitually relegate field labor. More curious than aught else are the kraals—clusters of ten or twelve bee-hive-shaped wattle-and-daub dwellings without window or chimney, the entrance being a mere aperture through which the inhabitants can just see to the Peer inside, however, as usual ex-

perience of natives, there is nothing dirty or disgusting; the Zulus are singularly cleanly in their habits. The unlighted interior is sombre and pungent with the smoke, for which no exit is provided, of the cooking fuel; but the few household goods are neatly arranged. The floor, hardened with the invaluable mixture of mud-and-water, is tidily swept, and there is not a sign of nasty *débris* within or without. The native mind is characterized by a curious incapacity to imagine any shape beyond a circle, and consequently the kraals are enclosed in an annulus, with a flimsy outside fencing and an inside paling where the cattle are penned. Each group forms the headquarters of a family, comprising perhaps two or three generations.

A Kafir provides himself with two or more wives, each of whom insists on having her separate tenement; and though it is stated that the husband maintains strict discipline in his little harem, traits of woman nature assert themselves with persistent irrepressibility. Here is a dignified-looking savage stalking in front; close at his heels steps his tall young wife, with the perfect grace of women accustomed to carry pitchers of water on their heads, and with all the haughty coquetry of conscious beauty; far behind trudges the poor old mate of early years, ugly, bowed, and broken, and seeming mutely to implore forbearance from her successful rival. The maternal instinct appears to be more strongly developed among the Zulus than is usual with savages. The women toil in the sun or walk for miles with infants carefully slung behind their backs. I noticed in one small settlement a multitude of eighty or ninety mothers assembled for the enforced vaccination of children, and although a tax of 6d. per head is levied, the natives recognize the blessings of the process with an intelligent gratitude which would put Leicester to shame. The chattering, the petting, and pride of this black baby-show was very amusing; their charges were singularly bright and forward; but, characteristically of savages, this precocious development is suddenly arrested at an early age. Would that I could speak their language! It is of Italian harmony, and so easily acquired that most of the English officers have picked up a smattering of it. Its peculiarity is three sorts of curious clicks

like carved ebony statues, that at first I rub my eyes in amazement, thinking my sight has deceived me. They were armed with the Martini rifle and bayonet, and their dress was the happiest combination of suitability and wild-handsome appearance. A soldier-like cap, loose blue guernsey jacket, white calico breeches, and putties, but no boots or shoes—their classically shaped feet, in sound travelling condition, need no such gear in the veldt. Patches of color, in the way of facings and piping, admirably set off their dusky muscular forms, and every Zulu looked proud of himself. Slowly walking down the ranks, I minutely inspected them individually. One single detail about them is a little grotesque. Aiming at being English soldiers, they have withdrawn from their ears the large snuff-sticks they are wont to skewer in there for convenience' sake, and the empty lobes hang down almost in shreds, like those of quarrelsome dogs. Ornamental beads, so dear to savages, have been generally discarded. Their ages, and consequently their sizings, vary greatly—a six-foot and a five-foot-six stature are constantly in juxtaposition; but in point of muscular strength and activity, nearly all possess the same high average. "How old are you?" I inquire through an interpreter of a singularly youthful-looking Zulu, and the reply is characteristic, "In a year's time I shall be a man."

The natives never know their own ages, and have no conception of numbers. Their own language only counts up to seven. Eight and upward is rendered by the English term, or by a very long periphrasis; while they vaguely designate a thousand by a gesture, and the words "a great number." In connection with this Captain Mansel whispers to me—"I will show you a drill movement which always baffles them;" and then followed the command, "From the right—tell off by fours." General symptoms of uneasiness; then from the flank a triumphant "one," succeeded by a hesitating "three," an arrogant "two," and a despairing "four." "As you were." Over and over again—quite in vain. At last they are left to themselves; and by intuition, not by arithmetic, they form their sections of fours with perfect accuracy. After this passing cloud, which imperilled my gravity—a smile would have

seriously hurt their dignity—the drill proceeded with a smoothness and smartness which would have been creditable on an Aldershot parade-ground. Manual and firing exercise, marching drill, and a few simple essential movements, were carried out with a rapidity and quietude which were the more surprising because all the words of command were translated by the native non-commissioned officers from English into Kafir.

"Would you like to see the attack? I must explain to you that, having deemed a war cry as essential to my force as to other native tribes, I referred the selection to the men themselves. The Kafir sergeant-major informed me that, after three days' earnest conclave, they had come to a unanimous decision. They considered themselves now thoroughly British soldiers, and they wished that, like other British soldiers, their battle-shout should be, 'Heep-peep-oo-la!' (Hip, hip, hurrah!) The attack was carried out excellently. Whenever there was a vestige of cover the men wriggled forward like snakes; in the open they rushed on like a whirlwind. Indeed Captain Mansel states that their impetuosity amounts to a defect. On the occasion of a brush with a native tribe, he was hastily dismounting for the purpose of leading the rush, but in an instant his men had sped far ahead, and ere he could come up with them, were busy with their bayonets. When I had done laughing at their wild "Heep-peep-oo-la!" and the company was re-formed, I spoke to them a few words, couched in the customary vacuous form, but listened to with eager attention and manifest satisfaction as coming from an English officer. Would that we had a thousand of these warriors in our service! Subsequently I went round the tents and huts, which were models of neatness and cleanliness, though the men were packed as closely as sardines.

"All very satisfactory in a military point of view, but are you equally efficient as police?" was a question recently put to the commanding officer. "How do you mean?" rejoined Captain Mansel, as much perplexed as an ensign in old days catechised by the inspecting-general on the important point of the price of a pair of socks or a cake of pipe-clay. "Why, are you not efficient in the protection of life and property?" "No, sir," was the

answer, desperate in its unvarnished truth ; " I am bound to admit that in looting and killing there is no one to come near them." This delight in cruelty, and slaying man, woman, baby, and animal, is so innate in savages all over the world, that one can only attribute it to the devil's planting.

Captain Mansel's dwelling is a favorable specimen of the possibility of a considerable amount of comfort and prettiness in an English-Zulu kraal. Six or seven beehive erections close to each other constitute as many disconnected apartments—drawing, dining, and bed rooms, kitchen and offices. Inside, brightly dyed cloths are so disposed as to conceal the wattle-and-daub, while books, prints, and a small quantity of plain furniture impart an aspect of civilized decoration. Outside, any amount of garden beauty is attained by means of vines, fruit trees, and flowering shrubs, such as apricot and peach trees and bananas ; bamboos and semi tropical grasses ; hibiscus, bougainvilleas, oleanders, and poinsettias, which revel in masses of brilliant blossom. At best, however, a kraal is a flimsy unpleasant makeshift. The daub absorbs wet and involves mildew ; twigs and plaster litter off the ceiling ; nasty insects, great and small, swarm about the drapery ; and a fireplace is quite impracticable. Of course, shops and society are scarcely more existent here than in the Sahara. Domestic grief in the matter of servants reaches its climax : Europeans are, as a rule, out of the question ; Kafirs will do but a small amount of slavey work under incessant supervision ; and the lady of the establishment must rely entirely on herself for aught approaching civilized order and comfort. Well for her if a wise system of education has taught her a little practical cookery. On the other hand, advantages of climate reduce these discomforts to a minimum. Even during the rainy season the morning habitually breaks beautifully, and during the greater part of the day the sun shines so brilliantly that faces and hands become scorched as though by a washerwoman's iron. Later on, the sky grows heavily overclouded, and torrents descend, accompanied by a crackling thunder, and a lightning so vivid and close as to convey an impression that it can be almost smelt. The pitchy darkness is so intense that on one occasion I completely lost my way

within a distance of about 400 yards in a flat open veldt, which under ordinary circumstances a blind man could traverse with ease. For nearly three quarters of an hour I was floundering about in the mud, in utter exhaustion, between the mess kraal and my quarters, until rescued by the commanding officer, who had sallied forth with lantern, and was preparing to turn out his detachment in skirmishing order so as to guide me by their shots. To be lost in the veldt is by no means an uncommon occurrence, and the sense of desolation is overpowering. Kafirs in an unknown country without landmarks nevertheless travel from point to point with unerring precision which is totally incomprehensible to Europeans, and which seems to amount to a sixth sense. If in the dark and in doubt, they sometimes crouch down and feel the ground, though how such a process aids them they are quite unable to explain.

The majesty and law of English rule is represented by a small daub-and-wattle tenement where dwells the British Resident, and by an equally small court house, where I find assembled a few members of the mounted police, conveying the same impression of efficiency as their dismounted comrades, some native officials, some Zulus of distinction, and three or four English magistrates, who have been assembled from remote spots in order to constitute a quorum for the trial of certain chiefs charged with complicity in Dinizulu's rising two years ago. A confident anticipation of acquittal seems to take away all zest in the proceedings ; for here, as elsewhere, our English tenderness for political prisoners leaves little prospect of conviction, unless the accused be notorious miscreants closely akin to felons. One fat naked chief subsequently proceeds to the military orderly-room in order to purchase a blanket, and with his prize rejoicingly rides off on a wretched old pony, followed on foot by his panting " Induna," his Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrayed in the ragged old scarlet tunic of a British infantry soldier.

My return journey through Zululand across the Tugela, and so on to Verulam, gives me a further opportunity of forming an opinion of the fertility of the country through which I have been driving for many days. Its main deficiency is scarcity of timber. Woods have been recklessly

but a flimsy subterfuge for legalized slavery. If this proof be rejected, there is an end to the value of all evidence ; and if such deeds may not be called atrocities, words have no longer any meaning.

Further hostilities with the Boers, wherein neither repute nor substantial advantage can possibly be gained, would be so deplorable, that every reasonable person must earnestly hope such an evil may be averted ; and no doubt few are fully aware of the constantly recurring difficulties of the situation. But if we continue to acquiesce in Boer rapacity and cruelty,

not only shall we foster lawlessness to an extent which will be ultimately unendurable, but meanwhile we shall be conniving at a condition of affairs wherein war is a less evil than peace. Our plain duty is to arrest at all hazards the oppression of the helpless and unoffending natives, and to allow our colonial rulers to follow the principle so nobly illustrated by one of the most upright of our soldiers and administrators, Sir Hope Grant—"Fais ce que dois, advienne ce que pourra."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE IDEALS OF ART.

BY W. HOLMAN HUNT, R.A.

BEFORE the close of last year's Academy, an article—which was most important, as it summed up in logical completeness the current ideas upon the subject—appeared in the *New Review*, written by the Duke of Marlborough. It gave judgment upon the relative merits of Continental and British Art. The verdict arrived at was unfavorable for England as far as its pictorial genius is concerned. The absence of all artistic instinct in this befogged nation was first laid down by Wincklemann. Strictural judgments of ourselves are always wholesomely in favor in this country, and so Wincklemann's view has never been without its champions among us, for malcontents have much used it as a last retreat in a Parthian attack ; the keepers of the defending fort never having taken pains to demolish the distant cover ; and in France the axiom has been welcomed as scarcely less precious than if it had risen on Gallic soil. That which makes it necessary to refer to the argument relied upon by the Duke of Marlborough here is that it does stand on a practical ground very rightly approved by a nation of shopkeepers such as the English are. The test so good for other products is applied with confidence to settle the worth of Art creations. The principle has been often before tacitly assumed as final, but the whole argument of the article is an open declaration of the infallibility of the tribunal cited. If accepted, the question of the ideals of our Art needs no further disquisition. The

matter is settled absolutely, with a perfect adaptability for the changing occasions of the future. The conclusion of the whole would be that henceforth Englishmen should consider themselves debarred from the consideration of the theory together with the practice of Art, for the whole 150 years of its effort seem to result in nothing but hopeless failure. Not only are they defeated now, but our national flag is so given up to our rivals that henceforth we should look upon ourselves at the best as only a province of France. The test is the demand in the market, and for portraiture the readiness of foreigners to pay English artists to paint their portraits, and it is shown that whereas French picture dealers never come to England to buy British works, the English picture dealers go in shoals to France, Belgium, etc., to buy works by the natives of these gifted countries. For all who accept the inference it remains only to search out what the ideals of Art are with Frenchmen, Belgians, etc., and to be thankful for due intelligence to understand these. The case is, in fact, more than proved, for beyond what is stated we have foreigners of all races brought here to do their Art work on English soil ; and the welcome they get from all quarters, to the great humiliation of English artists and Art, warrants the Duke of Marlborough's conclusions that Continental painting and sculpture far surpass English work, for they are patronized by the British Court, by the Government and public Corpora-

tions, by portrait sitters and by picture collectors. This foreign Art has an undoubtedly distinct character at its highest, as well as its lowest, and many young men—even before the appearance of the article referred to—had been persuaded by the general tone of appreciation it gained to set themselves the task of cultivating the particular ideal adopted, and of imitating the manner of realizing this.

On such a wide scale the rule is a safe one among merchants, that what is the best in quality is the most in demand, and therefore the dearest, so that it seems a natural prejudice to sustain the principle to the very utmost extent as omnipotent. It applies in the first instance to articles of food and clothing, which are accepted by experienced sight and judgment as of the brand and locality which before have produced the most nourishing and delicious food or the best wearing materials and finest fabrics for dresses. The merchant has such respect for the knowledge and judgment of his customers that he feels he would not be acting in his own interest to purchase inferior articles, except at a lower price—for everything is put to the test of use and cost and wear by the first and second buyers, and thus the dealer would quickly destroy his reputation with the consumers were he to select spurious or over-price goods.

This rule extends to weapons, to harness, to tools, and materials for practical work of all kinds, and to building materials of all descriptions, to all articles, in fact, consumed by contemporaries; but when we come to works of Art we ought to ask twice, at least, before we conclude that we are on equally safe ground with our test, since we are confronted with one very startling difference on the threshold of our inquiry: for we never heard of the first and the later opinion of the worth of any commodity of daily utility being appraised so differently at first sight and afterward (within a few years it may be) as we constantly do of a work of Art. Within our own national experience there is in illustration the case of our first landscape painter, Wilson, who, when in Rome, was momentarily rescued from poverty by the good-hearted championship of Vernet, the seaport painter, who reproved the throng of English admirers and would-be patrons of his studio, of the fashionable class, for their disregard of their compatriot, whom

he declared to be his superior. The kindly service produced but brief patronage. The dealers could sell nothing of Wilson's then, and the only merchant who later ventured upon the purchase of works at 16s. each after a term refused further investment in the wares on the ground that he had never sold a single canvas of all which he had bought previously. The fashionable class have, since this painter's subsequent neglect and death, slowly recognized Wilson's worth, as is proved by the prices they have accorded to the pictures so determinedly neglected at first. Hogarth's works had as strangely gone begging in his lifetime; one example is convincing. The six pictures of "*Marriage à la Mode*," in their beautifully carved frames, were bought from the great painter for 110*gs.*, and in forty-seven years they sold for £1381; and now, notwithstanding the verdict by a great critic, Chesneau, against Hogarth, what would they not fetch? To come to later times—passing over, by the way, many other extraordinary examples of utter contempt of work in the beginning, which reflective years have estimated as among the most precious pearls in the nation's crown of glory, and also the wonderfully high appraisements of works which accorded with the taste of the passing day, and which have since sunk in commercial value to no more than the value of the frames—we have one glaring example of the uncertainty in the minds of picture merchants of more value to our argument, because it puts France on the same level with England in this matter. It is the wide difference between the first and final valuation by dealers of Millet's "*Angelus*." This the painter offered in vain to successive Parisian picture-shops for £100, until he was compelled to accept about £75. It was brought to this country soon after, and refused by an amateur dealer at £200; and in another ten years or so it was sold, after Millet's death, at £27,000. As further evidence of the uncertainty of dealers' and buyers' judgment at first sight, let it be remembered that Turner's bequest to the nation consists of pictures which had been declined by the connoisseurs, speculative or otherwise. In his *Life* by Walter Thornbury, a contributor tells of Turner replying to a remark on some paintings standing in the passage of his house, which had recently been brought

adapt himself to the market is a prostitution of all honest aims ; it is the selling of his soul alive, and when the example is followed, believe me that Art is on the road to the grave. The corpse may be fair and well decked out, but never more will it be raised up from the bier. His Grace has apportioned some well-deserved praise to a few members of the English school, mixed with his strictures on others. He will quickly see that the meritorious are not of the number turning out of their way to catch the favor of the "shrewd Scotch and Americans" who buy in obedience to the fashion of the time. There are too many caterers to spoilt children of fortune who pass for true artists. They have learned the trick of the trade. They know all the stock sentiments. They offer the faded tints and lines worn out and discarded by the truly inspired, and they can delight in the evidence of the ease, even, too, of the perfection, with which they have done their work. However they may display their well-drilled powers, their god is the market, and to this they sacrifice, having no fear of losing, and the largest reward being offered ; but the end is not yet.

To prepare at closer hand for the investigation of the true ideal in Art, we must consider the matter in a manner parallel to that which Socrates recommends about philosophy. If the whimsical and ignorant infant patients imagined by the Athenian dialectician were asked for their favorite provider of food, would they choose the physician whose experience made him a wise adviser for the training of youth destined for great athletic achievements ? They would rather, it is justly pointed out, choose the confectioner who would indulge them with sweetmeats and pastry for their food, and demur loudly to the wholesome food which the guardian of health would supply. There are surely but few among the rich backing the dealers who are beyond the stage of these children. The stomach soon sends retribution for folly in too great indulgence in sweetmeats and other unwholesome dainties ; but where does the penalty fall for transgressions of good judgment in taste ? Not on the culprits at all, but only on the national Art, which many poor men are giving their lives to keep vigorous and to enlarge. It would not be difficult to prove that often misdirected

potentates have spent not only their own but also the public money in encouraging one dishonest quack after another, and it seems to have given them more joy when the impostor was a foreigner ; and thus the public prejudice against native power has been increased. The fact is that our misfortune is in the general flippant estimate by the great of the importance of Art to a country. The Duke gives evidence of this in the following sentence :—"We may be, and no doubt are, in matter of Empire, the Romans of modern Europe ; but in Art and all that pertains to Art teaching the French are the modern Athenians, and Paris is the modern Athens." He is perfectly unaffected with any feeling that perhaps there is fault somewhere outside the circles of workers when he brings himself to decide that the country which made its sacrifices, and showed its iron will under the leadership of his great ancestor, that Europe should not be given back to Cæsarism (as it did again in the great war against Napoleon), must now go down to posterity branded as a set of warriors fighting for no great object, that is, so far as any evidence in beauty of design left for the New Zealander to see could save them from the slur, and he never acknowledges the extreme improbability of such incapacity in a race which has produced incontestably the greatest poets the world has yet known. Surely he must see the absurdity of such a sweeping condemnation while the array of great masters England has produced in the face of the indifference of the great stand before all honest eyes, so that some even are quoted in his paper. What of use the rich have done in Art has mainly been to patronize portraiture. The result in the highest examples has been so noble that this alone has established the greatest aptitude of our race for the Art. What other modern country has come near to the greatness of our portraitists of a century since ? In other branches of the pursuit the workman has had to embrace continual poverty. Yet what Frenchman has painted a picture equal in living movement to Wilkie's "Blindman's Buff," one in sweetness like Leslie's "Mother and Babe" ? Who has done one equal in honest and dignified pathos to F. Walker's "Vale of Rest" ? Or let it be asked, what Turner have they had ? In one other interest than portraiture the rich here

have also indulged their lust for painting. Sport with us is a kind of cult. Every kind of hunting has a poetic phase, and the pastime should, and does, in many persons lead to the growth of a love of Nature, yet in sporting pictures it is astounding how rarely there was at first anything but the baldest record of some details about the shape of a horse or other animal when stretched in a position like a butterfly, in a naturalist's case, pinned out to show his points. Landseer appealed to this love of the chase more capably with Art; he had a strong, if a sinister, poetic strain in him, which at times reached great heights, but the productions of his most in favor were of scenes dwelling upon the butcher-like side of the pursuit. Hounds tearing poor deer to their death, and terriers digging their teeth into rabbits or hares, or stags standing in such a way as to be "a good shot" for a sportsman—for a whole generation these were regarded by the rich as the noblest productions of the English school, and I think they did much to lower the conception of the purpose of painting and design; perhaps, too, they led to the very sudden rush of prejudice for Continental Art as found in Rosa Bonheur, who had not any spark of the English painter's poetry, who could not draw form so well, but who never descended to the vulgarity which frequently marred our animal painters' conceptions.

The tide, once having set in, flows on with a constantly increasing rush, so that now I am not exaggerating in saying that Englishmen are being driven from the possibility of continuing this profession. If the judgment is right which says that foreigners are our superiors, then our race must bear a stigma of incompetence in one point, which is a great reversal of the judgment on its first efforts.

What is this French Art with which in the matter of design Europe is now to be Cæsarized? I have no lack of interest and admiration for it on its own ground in its highest examples. It is an expression, as all Art should be, of the nature of the race. We see the same spirit in its literature and on the stage. The *situation* is the object of aspiration. Figure-painting is used as the means of representing a dramatic situation; every point is made the most of for the case. A fact in history is chosen, it may be by a master mind; the

spectator sees the whole scene vividly as any historic penetration could present it. Every detail is accurate, costume, accessories, and architecture; every figure is in its right place and costume. I delight in conning such a tableau over, and am grateful to the painter for a most useful piece of illustrative information, yet I look in vain for the divine breath which animates the living world. When the fact is of no historic or dramatic interest, with men doing what amounts to nothing, or otherwise the intention is to excite the latent brute in man, it is ingenious and curious, but not edifying, either as Art or as information. When no play is going on the figures are only dead pawns off the board.

Constable is thought by many French painters to have been a compatriot; so entirely, since he was honored by their predecessors in 1820, have they followed him, not in spirit, but in manner. He had not a mind of the greatest range; his was an instrument with no high notes, but it was in direct resonance to Nature's lightest touch. His French followers, as all followers do, find their admirers waiting. They accept given patterns to copy more proudly than our painters of name do. A theme once found acceptable is repeated like a lesson. A moonlight under clouds, with the herding of sheep or cattle, was first etched divinely in two or three forms by our own Palmer. Then it was too new to be understood. Now it is welcomed as is a thrice-told tale by the dull. I have often read that among French landscape painters there are charms in the realism of this painter, or in the sentiment of another; but I find the first too self-asserting. There are none of Nature's surprises. She has been tamed and trained to serve the school; and the second bears reminiscence of previous favorite effects. Troyon is a manufacturer of metallicallly ever-colored foliage to give effect to some white patched cows. Israels is a man with one good undertaker's stock in trade, without any eye for the world but what is funereal. In any case, there is no painting in the sense that the work of Titian, Rembrandt, De Hoogh, Reynolds, and Turner is painting; there is no joy of thankfulness in spirit, and no subtilty and profundity of variety in the handling and the treatment of ocular impressions. There is not an example of what truly constitutes the artistic stamp, the presence of human expres-

sion and tenderness, which makes the spectator forget everything but a thrill of divine love passing through him in tacitly acknowledging a new appeal to his heart. When you have looked your best at Gerôme's gladiators, do you feel that you have singled out one of the victims to wonder about, as Byron did of the Dying Gladiator, as to his distant home and loved ones? The merit of French work commends itself greatly to the literary mind, and so all our Press praise it to the skies. The detail of Meissonier's work they can peer into and estimate; it is too perfect for human eyes. You need a magnifying glass to see its fullest beauty, but the strongest lens will bring you no nearer to the true artist's limitations. In other cases the French advocates take palpable dabs, all of one shape and size, with undisguised paint as a sign of masterliness in the school that indulges in dash. As well might the meaningless scribbling of children, done in imitation of the hasty writing of parents, be regarded as a sign of accomplishment. I know that in writing thus broadly there is some injustice done to many modest masters of France. One painting by Jules Breton of "Les Moissonneurs" is really great, poetically and artistically. I pass by some others that deserve commendation, but then how many I avoid to cite that could only be mentioned with execration. Yes! honest eyes, indeed, there are in France who look with perfect bewilderment upon the rage among young men of England to turn from the individualism of their predecessors and the exquisite taste for human beauty in English work, to acquire instead the trade of painting as it is taught in Paris. But the common critics, playing into the hands of French and Frenchified picture-dealers, are responsible, who have so cried up the *Croûtes* as to take away the fair chance of any English painter getting a living with the competition from abroad, unless he in some way will adopt the style. For this is a fact that is too much ignored, there is not demand enough in England for Art for her own sons; not now even to keep the disappointed among foreigners from taxing the funds of the Benevolent Society; and many most capable English artists are driven from the opportunity of continuing their profession by the inroad of foreigners, among whom Americans would not be classed did they not first go

to Paris and lose all the character of the common race by their training in denationalizing mannerism. The Chinese soldier, after the storming of the Tekoa forts by the English, gave as his reason for the hasty flight of the defenders, "No two people stand in one place; you come, we go." However righteous and valiant an army may be, there is no resistance possible after betrayal.

The ideals of Art are best shown by example. Men write about the matter too much without showing what they really mean, and so they darken counsel with words, like the celebrated critic Ruskin refers to, who, praising a landscape with quadrupeds in it, to justify their particular shape said they were not exactly sheep, nor cows, nor horses, but animals, as they should be. I have ventured to refer to the Duke of Marlborough's article because it so frankly and typically states his case that there could be no hesitation in the conclusion that he would be glad to have it as freely examined.

The true ideal of Art is the outcome of a spirit of love and reverence for Nature. It must be inexhaustible in its illustration of the variety and perfection of life and the world. Walt Whitman somewhat amusingly speaks of the true poet as being part of everything of vital force he meets with in his walks. He is just, for the poet must sympathize with all the earth, not like the passer-by, but as being part of himself, and he must give what his surroundings have taught him, as his own eyes show them, and as they affect the nature which with his fellows he inherits from his ancestors. Every great Art so far has been strictly national. It is by honest emulation among different races that progress and culture is obtained, and the fact forms a great reason against Caesarism in thought and invention. Every race is diverse in its nature, and each can only truly express its own. There are outside of this line large principles common to the aim of all nations. These are to be studied by the serious as of universal value, and the want of them must be condemned because no great Art has been destitute of them. If Art deals with the misfortunes and wickednesses of the human race, it must do so to illustrate the irrepressibleness of the soul of good fighting against evil, not as though it gloated over the vice. It may be humorous

and jocular in turns to any extent. It is not forbidden by any means to represent the human figure of either sex, for these are the highest developments of creation, but this must not be done without the stamp of unquestionable purity of mind. Art may be connected with religion or morality, but this is not a necessity. Yet in "the making for righteousness" of destiny

it must never work for the retarding of the onward action—for the taking us back to brutedom—under penalty of being a witness against itself when the judgment comes, showing that it never had claim to indulgence as an ennobling influence in its day. So far I would dogmatize, and no further.—*New Review*.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

I.

THAT the literary epoch now drawing to a close has been pre-eminently rich in the production of English poetry—far richer indeed than any previous epoch, save that which is illumined by the sunlight of Shakespeare's name—is an article of faith with all who nowadays love poetry, and especially with all those who write it themselves. But although the critics have not attempted to disturb that faith, yet the sourest of them try to make bitter the poet's cup of pleasure by putting forth certain uncomfortable queries—"Will the twentieth century," they ask, "sustain and carry on the poetic glories of the nineteenth? Will not the ever-increasing and ever-widening channels through which the intellectual energies of the country are now being hurried lead off into other and alien directions those forces which have hitherto expressed themselves through poetic forms? A literature of power as distinguished from a literature of knowledge there will always be (say they), but will it in the epoch before you continue to take a metrical form?"

The critics know very well how uncomfortable are such questions as these to all those to whom the enjoyment of metre, and especially of rhyme, is deeper than any other delight—men who, if they dared to confess it, could "travel from Dan to Beersheba," and, unless the journey were enlivened by a few songs, would say "it is all barren."

If the time is really approaching when the best music to be heard along the highways of life will be the hum of the manufacturer's mill, varied occasionally by the whistle of the steam-engine, those high-

ways will be to some of us as arid as the sands of Sahara.

It is, however, fortunate for the poet vexed by these queries that, as far as the poetry of England is concerned, they can only be answered by guesses. To guess with Dr. Hake that a great new school of poetry, based on that new cosmogony which has revolutionized the world, lies in the womb of time, waiting to give voice to the twentieth century, is as easy as to guess with Carlyle, that the Englishman of the future will be compelled to "say" in prose everything that the Englishman of the past would in verse have "sung."

But concerning this unknown epoch whose brow is just about to appear above the horizon, there is a second question which, to the English poet and lover of poetry, is of an interest only less intense than that I have alluded to. Supposing that English poetry will be able to resist and survive the colossal attacks of science and the literature of knowledge, what will be the relation of England to her colonies as a producer of the literature of power, and especially of poetry, at a time when perhaps the material leadership of the English speaking race will be challenged, if not seized, by the foremost of her daughters? Is it likely that the twentieth century will succeed, where the nineteenth century has failed, in giving the United States of America a body of poetry that can properly be called American?

Those transatlantic poets who have visited England in my time have as individuals exercised so great a charm over their brother and sister singers that what they, the American poets, wish in this matter we also might wish. At the very moment when the American politicians have

tracts declare the Americans to be, the Romans themselves were about as homogeneous as the Greeks.

Hence to use the word "nation" as descriptive of such a community is to give it a meaning which is new and as unscholarly as new. Etymologically the people of Australasia and especially the people of New Zealand are, if Mr. Walt Whitman's data as to American heterogeneity are to be accepted, far more like a nation than the Americans can ever be. Even in South Australia such blood as is not Anglo-Saxon is, after all, mainly Teutonic, though of course here as throughout the entire Australian continent there is the inevitable leaven of Celtism. In a word, the "facts" embodied in the above extract, if they are to be accepted, would form an admirable refutation of the argument in favor of the possibility of the American people ever developing into a nation. But writers whose quest is not the truth but the striking must never be taken too seriously. To talk about "a nation composed of forty-four nations" seemed both striking and fine, and the poet here had neither the knowledge nor the sagacity to see how these striking and fine generalizations of his told against his argument. It is interesting to observe with what very different eyes another writer—the writer of some thoughtful sentences upon the Italian Mafaites in New Orleans—reads the meaning of American heterogeneity. The "query" he puts is not, "Will there ever be an American nation?" but "Will the United States even continue to form an integral portion of the English-speaking world at all?" Arriving at the conclusion that even so much homogeneity as the preservation of a common language would imply is becoming not less but more problematical, he actually suggests, as the only means of saving the people of the United States from degenerating into a mere polyglot-amalgam of all the races of Europe, the passing of a law prohibiting the permanent settlement of Europeans in America save under the condition of their undergoing a successful examination in the English-language during their first two years of residence on American soil. In support of his theory that the very existence of the American people as a branch of the English-speaking race is in peril—in growing peril—he quotes some words from a Texan

journalist, who, after affirming that Galveston in Texas with a population of fifty thousand "cannot muster a corporal's squad of merchants of English-speaking origin," declares exultingly that "the day of the English-speaking people in the great Southern cities is gone and will never return." If this is really so, I wonder what becomes of Mr. Walt Whitman's "*Ensemble*," and "the tap-root of National Literature," and what will become of Mr. Moncure Conway's "English Variant"?

As a matter of fact, however, notwithstanding the vast immigration from European countries, it is easy to exaggerate, if not the heterogeneity of the American people, the potentiality for mischief involved in that heterogeneity. Making every allowance for even the Irish element, the non-Teutonic and non-Scandinavian blood in America will not in the long run be able to disturb the racial symmetry unless the Anglo-Saxon race should, from some climatic influence as yet undisclosed, lose that "prepotency of transmission" which has been its chief characteristic, not only from the time of the Norman Conquest, but from the semi-mythical days of Hengist and Horsa.

The motive power of modern life is commerce, and commerce between Europeans in the same country will bring miscegenation, and then the indomitable prepotency of transmission which characterizes our race will, as in the past, trample down every obstacle, unless, indeed, Humboldt should be right as to the deteriorating effect of the climate of the United States upon the Anglo-Saxon type. The failure of commerce to produce miscegenation in British America is the result not of natural laws of race, but of the artificial disturbance of natural laws of race. In order to balance one Canada against the other (for entirely mistaken political ends) William Pitt did everything possible to prevent miscegenation. Had that miscegenation taken place, no one can doubt what would have been the effect of Anglo-Saxon prepotency of transmission, for the climate of North America above the St. Lawrence on the east, and above the 49th parallel on the west, does not exhibit those attenuating qualities which attracted Humboldt's attention. In the United States, however, government influence, so far from working

against natural laws in this respect, is certain to work for them.

This is why I think that the American claim to a distinct nationality may fairly rest upon the same basis as that of the other colonies of England. "Colonies of England," I say, and say it advisedly. In the Greek sense, indeed, America is the only pure colony of England. And although other achievements of our race—such, for instance, as that of building up a colossal empire in Asia on the basis of a handful of adventurous shop-keepers who had quarrelled with their brother shop-keepers of Holland about the price of pepper; and such, again, as the building up a congeries of wealthy states upon the basis of a few shiploads of forlorn convicts—are exploits of a more dazzling kind than anything we have done in America; yet beyond doubt the chief glory of England's colonizing genius is exhibited by the United States. But he who would for one moment deny that English colonies these States are, would proclaim himself to be no scholar and no student of history. Can they ever become anything other than English colonies? Can they ever become a nation? That is the question which seems to be exercising the American mind at the very moment when they ought to be asking themselves the much deeper question, Can they, in face of the enormous disturbing influences from Continental Europe which I have glanced at—to say nothing of those deteriorating climatic influences which seem to have impressed Emerson as deeply as they impressed Humboldt—hope to remain, what it should be their chief pride to remain, colonies of the great mother of the English-speaking world? But if it should be found, on discussing this matter fully, that no colony inaugurated in stages of the world's history so late as ours can develop into a nation, how can America ever possess that "national literature" which the International Copyright Act has just been passed to foster?

In order really and truly to transmute a literature whose seeds have been imported, to transmute it, I mean, into a growth possessing indigenous qualities, is there not something more required than what individual writers, however strong, can supply? Does there not need for such an end a long period of isolation from

the mother land, a period so long as to give time for the birth of a new temper, a temper born of new customs, and, if not of a new folk-lore, of a new modification of the old folk-lore? What was the case in Europe? What was the case in Asia? The waters of civilization slowly trickling through ages upon ages on the face of the earth, gathered and settled, if such an image may be allowed, in isolated lakes and pools; from which, after ages upon ages, other streams went trickling slowly out, to gather again and settle into still other lakes and pools. But has not the time long since gone by when civilizations can thus be inaugurated? It is in the merest superficial sense that history, which often seems to try to repeat itself, ever really does so. In the deep sense it is as true of the march of Clio as of the march of Nature through all the changes of time, that there are "no returning footsteps."

The truth is that the solidarity of the modern civilizations in which we move makes the old disparate civilizations of Asia and Europe scarcely conceivable to any but systematic students of history. The story of the growth of the modern world is simply the record of the melting into each other of those lakes and pools of civilization to which I have just alluded. For instance, the small feudal centres around which European society crystallized after the death of Charlemagne were necessarily provisional merely. The seeds of dissolution were in them from the first, and, after the suzerainties merged into each other the growth of new nationalities was not long in coming to an end. This was so even before Science came, with her steam and her electricity, knitting together, if not consolidating, races that were once so wide apart that each had its own literature, more or less indigenous. If at the time when Goethe talked to Eckermann about his dream of a "world-literature" the distinctions between the literatures of Europe had already become less accentuated than theretofore, what shall be said of those distinctions now? And if those varieties of national flavor which in old days demarcated one literature from another, are, in spite of the diversities of language, becoming modified year by year, what shall be said about national distinctions among people having a common history, a common blood, and a common speech?

be as purely English as the work of Milton or Wordsworth. American poets believe that there is no delicate refinement of the most artistic of the poets of England which is not as perceptible to them as to us. If they are right as I am sure they are, how can there be a national note distinguishing an American from an English poem? In George H. Boker's sonnet, *England*, there is in intellectual substance an American quality, and a very noble one, but from the artistic point of view, where is its American accent?

"Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
Thou rock of shelter, rising from the
wave,
Sole refuge to the overwearyed brave
Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to thee,
Saved the free spirit from their country's
grave,
To rise again, and animate the slave,
When God shall ripen all things. Britons,
ye
Who guard the sacred outposts, not in vain
Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
Keep watch and ward! Let battlements
be piled
Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till
the main
Sink under them; and if your courage
wane,
Through force or fraud, look westward to
your child."

You can turn this poem into a Scotch sonnet by carefully changing the "man" into "mon" and chopping off a few of the consonants, after the fashion so dear to the Scotchman's soul. You can say,

"Stan', thou great bulwark o' mon's liberty!
Thou rock o' shelter, risin' frae the wave,"

or you can turn it into a Dorsetshire sonnet by carefully studying William Barnes's vocabulary and changing every *s* into a *z*, or you can turn it into a Lincolnshire sonnet by carefully studying the *Northern Farmer*. But not all your study of the elaborate cacography which forms so important a part of American local color will enable you to turn it into a serious American sonnet as distinguished from an English one.

II.

The fine work of the poets of America shows, not that there is any probability that a national poetry will ever be developed in America, but that English poetry can be enriched by English writers born on American soil: thus will stand the

case, I think, on the 1st of July, 1891, when the new Copyright Act, called International, is to come into operation. But could the case ever have stood otherwise? Was there ever a time in the history of America when she could have produced an independent literature of essential art? Was there ever a time when Americans could, with some show of reason, have said to each other, "Let us evolve a Variant—the difficulty of doing so under the conditions of modern civilization will be immense—but let us start a literature of our own; let us grow sprouts from our own minds upon which our future offspring may browse?" And if there ever was a time when Americans might have thus communed with themselves with a fair hope of a profitable result, when was it? Without affirming that a time ever did exist when a national American poetry might have been born, I may remind the reader that every community has a plastic period—a period when it is extremely sensitive, not only to the impact of external impressions, but to those mysterious and spontaneous inner movements of the organism which we call the forces of growth. Without such plastic periods no civilization could ever have existed; for even the now stationary civilization of China must have moved from primeval barbarism. When was the plastic period of the American people? Clearly it was when the colony broke away from English rule. In material things the energy that creates and the energy that seizes and holds showed then an activity which to the old world was astonishing. If ever a national literature was to be born this was the time. Under the conditions of imperfect communication which then existed, when steam-vessels and telegraph cables were not, the isolation of colony from mother-land might almost be compared with the isolation of country from country in ancient Europe. And after a few years there came another war with England, which aided the isolating effect of distance. From the very first the Americans had dreamed of their future greatness; from the very first they had an eye upon the prospective Variant. And what were the means they adopted in order to produce him?

No doubt after securing their independence the desire of the Colonists to become a separate nation was natural enough,

especially after having suffered as they had suffered from the blundering of King George and his ministers. But what were the means they adopted for securing this end? Well, these means, though they may no doubt be paralleled in history for unfairness, are in the matter of humor without any kind of parallel. No doubt, it may be said in a general way that if there is laughter in heaven the spectacle of national selfishness defeating its own ends at every turn must form the most exhilarating scenes of the human comedy. No student of history will deny, that communities are, except in rare cases, without conscience. It is not in man the individual, it is in man as massed in communities that the intense selfishness of his nature is most notably exhibited. The rascal of the animated kingdom (whose business it is to enslave every animal he does not find it profitable to kill), though he allows his instinct for wronging his fellow-man to be very much toned down in the intercourse of social life, toned down by another and a better instinct, that of sympathy, is pitiless when the ameliorating effect of personal impact cannot have full play, as occurs when communities are dealing with communities. No doubt all this may be said in a general way of *all* communities. And yet there was a unique quality in the selfishness of the young American community after the War of Independence—a quality which makes the story of "Freedom's Promised Land," from Washington right down to McKinley, the greatest and finest joke of Clio, whose irony, when she *does* joke, puts that of Lucian and Swift to shame. It was a double-headed selfishness. America desired to fill her limitless acres with immigrant hands to till them; but, also, she desired to encompass herself with a protective wall something like that "wall of brass" with which, according to Greene's play, two famous necromancers once tried to surround England.

Always the picture of the embryonic Variant seems to have been before her eyes. From the beginning of the Republic down to the passing of the new Copyright Act, America's interest in the gestation of this problematical babe has been as pathetic a spectacle as that of Tennyson's Queen Mary in hers. For more than a century her *accouchement* with this mythi-

cal being has been repeatedly announced, though, like that of the Catholic Queen, it always disappointed its mother and remained behind. The critics of America have sometimes asked, "What shall be the subject of the great American epic when the national poet shall come to sing it?" I think it should be the *Genesis of the Variant*. As the "heart-thought" of the Mahâbârata is the crafty devices of the Kauravas in order to keep safe their winnings, so the "heart-thought" of the epic I suggest should be America's devices, through more than a century, to hasten her *accouchement* with the Variant and keep him safe. For instance, she fraternized with France—politeness forbids me to say that she fawned upon France—because France was supposed to be the natural enemy of England, mimicking French ways (even to talking through her nose in a vain attempt to make her Anglo-Saxon organs catch the French nasal), and protesting that Paris and not London was the heaven that alone could reward her for leading a virtuous life. She sent out a certain Noah Webster of Connecticut, to find a new language for the expected Variant, which Noah, however, only returned with the old words of the mother-land wrongly spelled. With these queer-looking words she filled her school-books, and worse, she filled these same books with carefully prepared misrepresentations of the old country, in order that unwitting American children should be brought up in a permanent temper of antagonism toward the people of the mother-land. These school-books she filled with misrepresentations so impudent and so persistent that a foreigner looking into them must needs suppose that they were inspired, not by a fervid desire to prepare for a future Variant and train him up in the way he should go, but by a deep racial hatred. While every English writer eagerly did her justice—more than justice—in the matter of that old struggle, she fixed it in the brains of her little children that England was the home of all that is cruel, ruffianly, mean, and cowardly, instead of telling them that across the Atlantic was a great people whose blood flowed in American no less than in English veins, a people who through no fault of their own, but through the blundering of a stupid king and his stupid advisers, were long ago supposed to be at

the devil generally contrives to win the game.

If, in the beginning of their Republic, the Americans had been less smart—if they had dealt like honorable gentlemen with English writers, thereby protecting their own literary growths as they are at last by this Act trying to protect them, what effect would this have had upon the planting and fostering of the national literature they crave? Suppose that the young American had been developed, not only by means of numberless "vegetables in season," but also by the sprouts and flowers of America's own literary growth; suppose that, at the founding of the Republic, a rigid Copyright Act had been passed, not only in order to do justice to England, but also in order to save their own markets from being destroyed by that same injustice, would this act of honesty have so protected the literary growths of America that they would have furnished Europe not only with indigenous "pork" mentioned by Mr. Walt Whitman, but also with the indigenous poetry that a century of effort has not enabled them to produce?

If it is the fact that the protective power of such an Act operating upon the intellectual forces of the community during its most plastic stages of growth would have given America a literature which could properly have been called American, if it would really have turned a colonial poetry into a national one—then the story of America is but another illustration of the great truth that nothing is strong but justice and fair dealing. But

whether or not this would have been the case, I for one—I, who among Americans number some of my dearest friends—do not and cannot regret it; do not and cannot regret that English poetry is henceforth forever to be strengthened and enriched by American genius, and that no American can write poetry without being, for the time that he is occupied with his art, as truly an Englishman as I am.

So full is America of every kind of Anglo-Saxon force, so full of literary as well as mechanical genius, that I believe the great English writers of the twentieth century may well be born on American soil; for I dissent entirely from the American lexicographer, Mr. J. R. Bartlett, when he says that "there is in the best authors and speakers of Great Britain a variety in the choice of expression, a correctness in the use of the particles, and an idiomatic vigor and raciness of style to which few American writers or none can attain," though he tells us that "the ripest scholars in America" share his views upon the point. And this I know, that should it actually occur that the leading English writers of the twentieth century are born upon American soil, the greeting they will receive in the old home is foreshadowed as truly as pleasantly in the cordial reception that has already been given to writers like Washington Irving, Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Poe, Longfellow, Prescott, J. R. Lowell, Motley, Stedman, Wendell Holmes, Moncure Conway, and the rest.—*Fortnightly Review*.

HASISADRA'S ADVENTURE.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

SOME thousands of years ago, there was a city in Mesopotamia called Surippak. One night a strange dream came to a dweller therein, whose name, if rightly reported, was Hasisadra. The dream foretold the speedy coming of a great flood; and it warned Hasisadra to lose no time in building a ship, in which, when notice was given, he, his family and friends, with their domestic animals and a collection of the wild creatures and seed of plants of the land, might take refuge and be rescued

from destruction. Hasisadra awoke, and at once acted upon the warning. A strong decked ship was built and her sides were paid, inside and out, with the mineral pitch, or bitumen, with which the country abounded; the vessel's seaworthiness was tested, the cargo was stowed away, and a trusty pilot or steersman appointed.

The promised signal: Hasisadra, following, prudently "shut" or, as we should say, put on

Hea, the pilot, was left alone on deck to do his best for the ship. Thereupon a hurricane began to rage; rain fell in torrents; the subterranean waters burst forth; a deluge swept over the land, and the wind lashed it into waves sky high; heaven and earth became mingled in chaotic gloom. For six days and seven nights the gale raged, but the good ship held out until, on the seventh day, the storm lulled. Hasisadra ventured on deck; and, seeing nothing but a waste of waters strewn with floating corpses and wreck, wept over the destruction of his land and people. Far away, the mountains of Nizir were visible; the ship was steered for them and ran aground upon the higher land. Yet another seven days passed by. On the seventh, Hasisadra sent forth a dove, which found no resting place and returned; then he liberated a swallow, which also came back; finally, a raven was let loose, and that sagacious bird, when it found that the waters had abated, came near the ship, but refused to return to it. Upon this, Hasisadra liberated the rest of the wild animals, which immediately dispersed in all directions, while he, with his family and friends, ascending a mountain hard by, offered sacrifices upon its summit to the gods.

The story thus given in summary abstract, told in an ancient Semitic dialect, is inscribed in cuneiform characters upon a tablet of burnt clay. Many thousands of such tablets, collected by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria in the middle of the seventh century B.C., were stored in the library of his palace at Nineveh; and, though in a sadly broken and mutilated condition, they have yielded a marvellous amount of information to the patient and sagacious labor which modern scholars have bestowed upon them. Among the multitude of documents of various kinds, this narrative of Hasisadra's adventure has been found in a tolerably complete state. But Assyriologists agree that it is only a copy of a much more ancient work; and there are weighty reasons for believing that the story of Hasisadra's flood was well known in Mesopotamia before the year 2000 B.C.

No doubt, then, we are in possession of a narrative which antiquity proper to do

though it is quite as proper, and indeed necessary, to act no less respectfully toward ourselves; and, before professing to put implicit faith in it, to inquire what claim it has to be regarded as a serious account of an historical event.

It is of no use to appeal to contemporary history, although the annals of Babylonia, no less than those of Egypt, go much further back than 2000 B.C. All that can be said is, that the former are hardly consistent with the supposition that any catastrophe, competent to destroy all the population, has befallen the land since civilization began, and that the latter are notoriously silent about deluges. In such a case as this, however, the silence of history does not leave the inquirer wholly at fault. Natural science has something to say when the phenomena of nature are in question. Natural science may be able to show, from the nature of the country, either that such an event as that described in the story is impossible, or at any rate highly improbable; or, on the other hand, that it is consonant with probability. In the former case the narrative must be suspected or rejected; in the latter, no such summary verdict can be given: on the contrary, it must be admitted that the story may be true. And then, if certain strangely prevalent canons of criticism are accepted, and if the evidence that an event might have happened is to be accepted as proof that it did happen, Assyriologists will be at liberty to congratulate one another on the "confirmation by modern science" of the authority of their ancient books.

It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire how far the physical structure and the other conditions of the region in which Surippak was situated are compatible with such a flood as is described in the Assyrian record.

The scene of Hasisadra's adventure is laid in the broad valley, six or seven hundred miles long, and hardly anywhere less than a hundred miles in width, which is traversed by the lower courses of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and which is commonly known as the "Euphrates valley." Rising, at the one end, into a hill country, which gradually passes into the Alpine heights of Armenia; and, at the other, dipping beneath the shallow waters of the head of the Persian Gulf, which continues in the same direction, from northwest to

at which our ingenuous youth is instructed that the earth came into existence. For, the alluvial deposit having been brought down by the rivers, they must needs be older than the plain it forms, as navvies must needs antecede the embankment painfully built up by the contents of their wheelbarrows. For thousands of years, heat and cold, rain, snow, and frost, the scrubbing of glaciers, and the scouring of torrents laden with sand and gravel, have been wearing down the rocks of the upper basins of the rivers, over an area of many thousand square miles; and these materials, ground to fine powder in the course of their long journey, have slowly subsided, as the water which carried them spread out and lost its velocity in the sea. It is because this process is still going on that the shore of the delta constantly encroaches on the head of the gulf* into which the two rivers are constantly throwing the waste of Armenia and of Kurdistan. Hence, as might be expected, fluviatile and marine shells are common in the alluvial deposit; and Loftus found strata containing sub-fossil marine shells of species now living in the Persian gulf, at Warka, two hundred miles in a straight line from the shore of the delta.† It follows that, if a trustworthy estimate of the average rate of growth of the alluvial deposit can be formed, the lowest limit (by no means the highest limit) of age of the rivers can be determined. All such estimates are beset with sources of error of very various kinds; and the best of them can only be regarded as approximations to the truth. But I think it will be quite safe to assume a maximum rate of growth of four miles in a century for the lower half of the alluvial plain.

Now, the cycle of narratives of which Hasisadra's adventure forms a part contains allusions not only to Surippak, the exact position of which is doubtful, but to other cities, such as Erech. The vast ruins at the present village of Warka have been

carefully explored and determined to be all that remains of that once great and flourishing city, "Erech the lofty." Supposing that the two hundred miles of alluvial country, which separates them from the head of the Persian Gulf at present, have been deposited at the very high rate of four miles in a century, it will follow that 4000 years ago, or about the year 2100 B.C., the city of Erech still lay forty miles inland. Indeed, the city might have been built nearly a thousand years earlier. Moreover, there is plenty of independent archaeological and other evidence that in the whole thousand years, 2000 to 3000 B.C., the alluvial plain was inhabited by a numerous people, among whom industry, art, and literature had attained a very considerable development. And it can be shown that the physical conditions and the climate of the Euphrates valley, at that time, must have been extremely similar to what they are now.

Thus, once more, we reach the conclusion that, as a question of physical probability, there is no ground for objecting to the reality of Hasisadra's adventure. It would be unreasonable to doubt that such a flood might have happened, and that such a person might have escaped in the way described, any time during the last 5000 years. And if the postulate of loose thinkers in search of scientific "confirmations" of questionable narratives—proof that an event may have happened is evidence that it did happen—is to be accepted, surely Hasisadra's story is "confirmed by modern scientific investigation" beyond all cavil. However, it may be well to pause before adopting this conclusion, because the original story, of which I have set forth only the broad outlines, contains a great many statements which rest upon just the same foundation as those cited, and yet are hardly likely to meet with general acceptance. The account of the circumstances which led up to the flood, of those under which Hasisadra's adventure was made known to his descendant, of certain remarkable incidents before and after the flood, are inseparably bound up with the details already given. And I am unable to discover any justification for arbitrarily picking out some of these and dubbing them historical verities, while rejecting the rest as legendary fictions. They stand or fall together.

Before proceeding to the consideration

* It is probable that a slow movement of elevation of the land at one time contributed to the result—perhaps does so still.

† At a comparatively recent period, the littoral margin of the Persian Gulf extended certainly 250 miles further to the northwest than the present embouchure of the Shatt-el Arab. (Loftus, *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1853, p. 251.) The actual extent of the marine deposit inland cannot be defined, as it is covered by later fluviatile deposits.

of these less satisfactory details, it is needful to remark that Hasisadra's adventure is a mere episode in a cycle of stories of which a personage, whose name is provisionally read "Izdubar," is the centre. The nature of Izdubar hovers vaguely between the heroic and the divine; sometimes he seems a mere man, sometimes approaches so closely to the divinities of fire and of the sun as to be hardly distinguishable from them. As I have already mentioned, the tablet which sets forth Hasisadra's perils is one of twelve; and, since each of these represents a month and bears a story appropriate to the corresponding sign of the Zodiac, great weight must be attached to Sir Henry Rawlinson's suggestion that the epos of Izdubar is a poetical embodiment of solar mythology.

In the earlier books of the epos, the hero, not content with rejecting the proffered love of the Chaldæan Aphrodite, Istar, freely expresses his very low estimate of her character; and it is interesting to observe that, even in this early stage of human experience, men had reached a conception of that law of nature which expresses the inevitable consequences of an imperfect appreciation of feminine charms. The injured goddess makes Izdubar's life a burden to him, until at last, sick in body and sorry in mind, he is driven to seek aid and comfort from his forbears in the world of spirits. So this antitype of Odysseus journeys to the shore of the waters of death, and there takes ship with a Chaldæan Charon, who carries him within hail of his ancestor Hasisadra. That venerable personage not only gives Izdubar instructions how to regain his health, but tells him, somewhat *à propos des bottes* (after the manner of venerable personages), the long story of his perilous adventure; and how it befell that he, his wife, and his steersman came to dwell among the blessed gods, without passing through the portals of death like ordinary mortals.

According to the full story, the sins of mankind had become grievous; and, at a council of the gods, it was resolved to extirpate the whole race by a great flood. And, once more, let us note the uniformity of human experience. It would appear that, four thousand years ago, the obligations of confidential intercourse about matters of state were sometimes violated—of course from the best of motives. Ea, one of the three chiefs of the Chaldæan

Pantheon, the god of justice and of practical wisdom, was also the god of the sea; and, yielding to the temptation to do a friend a good turn, irresistible to kindly seafaring folk of all ranks, he warned Hasisadra of what was coming. When Bel subsequently reproached him for this breach of confidence, Ea defended himself by declaring that he did not tell Hasisadra anything; he only sent him a dream. This was undoubtedly sailing very near the wind; but the attribution of a little benevolent obliquity of conduct to one of the highest of the gods is a trifle compared with the truly Homeric anthropomorphism which characterizes other parts of the epos.

The Chaldæan deities are, in truth, extremely human; and, occasionally, the narrator does not scruple to represent them in a manner which is not only inconsistent with our idea of reverence, but is sometimes distinctly humorous.* When the storm is at its height, he exhibits them flying in a state of panic to Anu, the god of heaven, and crouching before his portal like frightened dogs. As the smoke of Hasisadra's sacrifice arises, the gods, attracted by the sweet savor, are compared to swarms of flies. I have already remarked that the lady Istar's reputation is torn to shreds; while she and Ea scold Bel handsomely for his ferocity and injustice in destroying the innocent along with the guilty. One is reminded of Here hung up with weighted heels; of misleading dreams sent by Zeus; of Ares howling as he flies from the Trojan battlefield; and of the very questionable dealings of Aphrodite with Helen and Paris.

But to return to the story. Bel was, at first, excluded from the sacrifice as the author of all the mischief, which really was somewhat hard upon him, since the other gods agreed to his proposal. But eventually a reconciliation takes place; the great bow of Anu is displayed in the heavens; Bel agrees that he will be satisfied with what war, pestilence, famine, and wild beasts can do in the way of destroying men; and that, henceforward, he will not have recourse to extraordinary measures. Finally, it is Bel himself who, by way of making amends, transports Hasisadra, his wife, and the faithful Nes-Hea to the abode of the gods.

* Tiele (*Babylonisch-Assyrische Geschichte*, pp. 572-73) has some very just remarks on this aspect of the epos.

It is as indubitable as it is incomprehensible to most of us, that, for thousands of years, a great people, quite as intelligent as we are, and living in as high a state of civilization as that which had been attained in the greater part of Europe a few centuries ago, entertained not the slightest doubt that Anu, Bel, Ea, Istar, and the rest, were real personages, possessed of boundless powers for good and evil. The sincerity of the monarchs whose inscriptions gratefully attribute their victories to Merodach, or to Assur, is as little to be questioned as that of the authors of the hymns and penitential psalms which give full expression to the heights and depths of religious devotion. An "infidel" bold enough to deny the existence, or to doubt the influence, of these deities probably did not exist in all Mesopotamia; and even constructive rebellion against their authority was apt to end in the deprivation, not merely of the good name, but of the skin of the offender. The adherents of modern theological systems dismiss these objects of the love and fear of a hundred generations of their equals, offhand, as "gods of the heathen," mere creations of a wicked and idolatrous imagination; and, along with them, they disown, as senseless, the crude theology, with its gross anthropomorphism and its low ethical conception of the divinity, which satisfied the pious souls of Chaldæa.

I imagine, though I do not presume to be sure, that any endeavor to save the intellectual and moral credit of Chaldæan religion, by suggesting the application to it of that universal solvent of absurdities, the allegorical method, would be scouted; I will not even suggest that any ingenuity can be equal to discovery of the antitypes of the personifications effected by the religious imagination of later ages, in the triad Anu, Ea, and Bel, still less in Istar. Therefore, unless some plausible reconciliatory scheme should be propounded by a Neo-Chaldæan devotee (and, with Neo-Buddhists to the fore, this supposition is not so wild as it looks), I suppose the moderns will continue to smile, in a superior way, at the grievous absurdity of the polytheistic idolatry of these ancient people.

It is probably a congenital absence of some faculty which I ought to possess which withholds me from adopting this summary procedure. But I am not

ashamed to share David Hume's want of ability to discover that polytheism is, in itself, altogether absurd. If we are bound, or permitted, to judge the government of the world by human standards, it appears to me that directorates are proved by familiar experience to conduct the largest and the most complicated concerns quite as well as solitary despots. I have never been able to see why the hypothesis of a divine syndicate should be found guilty of innate absurdity. Those Assyrians, in particular, who held Assur to be the one supreme and creative deity, to whom all the other supernal powers were subordinate, might fairly ask that the essential difference between their system and that which obtains among the great majority of their modern theological critics should be demonstrated. In my apprehension, it is not the quantity, but the quality, of the persons, among whom the attributes of divinity are distributed, which is the serious matter. If the divine might is associated with no higher ethical attributes than those which obtain among ordinary men; if the divine intelligence is supposed to be so imperfect that it cannot foresee the consequences of its own contrivances; if the supernal powers can become furiously angry with the creatures of their omnipotence, and in their senseless wrath destroy the innocent along with the guilty; or if they can show themselves to be as easily placated by presents and gross flattery as any oriental or occidental despot; if, in short, they are only stronger than mortal men and no better, as it must be admitted Hasisadra's deities proved themselves to be; then, surely, it is time for us to look somewhat closely into their credentials, and to accept none but conclusive evidence of their existence.

To the majority of my respected contemporaries this reasoning will doubtless appear feeble, if not worse. However, to my mind, such are the only arguments by which the Chaldæan theology can be satisfactorily upset. So far from there being any ground for the belief that Ea, Anu, and Bel are, or ever were, real entities, it seems to me quite infinitely more probable that they are products of the religious imagination, such as are to be found everywhere and in all ages, so long as that imagination riots uncontrolled by scientific criticism.

It is on these grounds that I venture, at

the risk of being called an atheist by the ghosts of all the principals of all the colleges of Babylonia, or by their living successors among the Neo-Chaldæans, if that sect should arise, to express my utter disbelief in the gods of Hasisadra. Hence, it follows, that I find Hasisadra's account of their share in his adventure incredible ; and, as the physical details of the flood are inseparable from its theophanic accompaniments, and are guaranteed by the same authority, I must let them go with the rest. The consistency of such details with probability counts for nothing. The inhabitants of Chaldæa must always have been familiar with inundations ; probably no generation failed to witness an inundation which rose unusually high, or was rendered serious by coincident atmospheric, or other, disturbances. And the memory of the general features of any exceptionally severe and devastating flood, would be preserved by popular tradition for long ages. What, then, could be more natural than that a Chaldæan poet should seek for the incidents of a great catastrophe among such phenomena ? In what other way than by such an appeal to their experience could he so surely awaken in his audience the tragic pity and terror ? What possible ground is there for insisting that he must have had some individual flood in view, and that his story is historical, in the sense that the account of the effects of a hurricane in the Bay of Bengal, in the year 1875, is historical ?

More than three centuries after the time of Assurbanipal, Berosus of Babylon, born in the reign of Alexander the Great, wrote an account of the history of his country in Greek. The work of Berosus has vanished ; but extracts from it—how far faithful is uncertain—have been preserved by later writers. Among these occurs the well-known story of the Deluge of Xisuthros, which is evidently built upon the same foundation as that of Hasisadra. The incidents of the divine warning, the building of the ship, the sending out of birds, the ascension of the hero, betray their common origin. But stories, like *Madeira*, acquire a heightened flavor with time and travel ; and the version of Berosus is characterized by those circumstantial improbabilities which habitually gather round the legend of a legend. The later narrator knows the exact day of the

month on which the flood began. The dimensions of the ship are stated with Munchausenian precision at five stadia by two—say, half by one-fifth of an English mile. The ship runs aground among the “Gordæan mountains” to the south of Lake Van, in Armenia, beyond the limits of any imaginable real inundation of the Euphrates valley ; and, by way of climax, we have the assertion, worthy of the sailor who said that he had brought up one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels on the fluke of his anchor in the Red Sea, that pilgrims visited the locality and made amulets of the bitumen which they scraped off from the still extant remains of the mighty ship of Xisuthros.

Suppose that some later polyhistor, as devoid of critical faculty as most of his tribe, had found the version of Berosus, as well as another much nearer the original story ; that, having too much respect for his authorities to make up a *tertium quid* of his own, out of the materials offered, he followed a practice, common enough among ancient and, particularly, among Semitic historians, of dividing both into fragments and piecing them together, without troubling himself very much about the resulting repetitions and inconsistencies ; the product of such a primitive editorial operation would be a narrative analogous to that which treats of the Noachian deluge in the book of Genesis. For the Pentateuchal story is indubitably a patchwork, composed of fragments of at least two, different and partly discrepant, narratives, quilted together in such an inartistic fashion that the seams remain conspicuous. And, in the matter of circumstantial exaggeration, it in some respects excels even the second-hand legend of Berosus.

There is a certain practicality about the notion of taking refuge from floods and storms in a ship provided with a steersman ; but, surely, no one who had ever seen more water than he could wade through would dream of facing even a moderate breeze, in a huge three-storied coffer, or box, three hundred cubits long, fifty wide and thirty high, left to drift without rudder or pilot.* Not content

* In the second volume of the *History of the Euphrates Expedition*, p. 637, Col. Chesney gives a very interesting account of the simple and rapid manner in which the people about Tekrit and in the marshes of Lemlum construct large barges, and make them watertight

trotted out ; though, even if the facts are as yet rightly interpreted, there is not a shadow of evidence that the change of sea-level in that locality was sudden, or that glacial Welshmen would have known it was taking place.* Surely it is difficult to perceive the relevancy of bringing in something that happened in the glacial epoch (if it did happen) to account for the tradition of a flood in the Euphrates valley between 2000 and 3000 B.C. But the date of the Noachian flood is solidly fixed by the sole authority for it ; no shuffling of the chronological data will carry it so far back as 3000 B.C. ; and the Hebrew epos agrees with the Chaldean in placing it after the development of a somewhat advanced civilization. The only authority for the Noachian deluge assures us that, before it visited the earth, Cain had built cities ; Jubal had invented harps and organs ; while mankind had advanced so far beyond the neolithic, nay even the bronze, stage that Tubulcain was a worker in iron. Therefore, if the Noachian legend is to be taken for the history of an event which happened in the glacial epoch, we must revise our notions of pleistocene civilization. On the other hand, if the Pentateuchal story only means something quite different, that happened somewhere else, *thousands of years earlier, dressed up, what becomes of its credit as history ? I wonder what would be said to a modern historian who asserted that Pekin was burnt down in 1886, and then tried to justify the assertion by adducing evidence of the Great Fire of London in 1666. Yet the attempt to save the credit of the Noachian story by references to something which is supposed to have happened in the far north, in the glacial epoch, is far more preposterous.

Moreover, these dust-raising dialecticians ignore some of the most important and well-known facts which bear upon the question. Anything more than a parochial acquaintance with physical geography and geology would suffer to remind its possessor that the Holy Land itself offers a standing protest against bringing such a deluge as that of Noah anywhere near it, either in historical times or in the course

of that pleistocene period, of which the "great ice age" formed a part.

Judæa and Galilee, Moab and Gilead, occupy part of that extensive tableland at the summit of the western boundary of the Euphrates valley, to which I have already referred. If that valley had ever been filled with water to a height sufficient, not indeed to cover a third of Ararat, in the north, or half some of the mountains of the Persian frontier in the east, but to reach even four or five thousand feet, it must have stood over the Palestinian hog's-back, and have filled, up to the brim, every depression on its surface. Therefore it could not have failed to fill that remarkable trench in which the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee lie, and which is known as the "Jordan-Arabah" valley.

This long and deep hollow extends more than 200 miles, from near the site of ancient Dan in the north, to the water parting at the head of the Wady Arabah in the south ; and its deepest part, at the bottom of the basin of the Dead Sea, lies 2500 feet below the surface of the adjacent Mediterranean. The lowest portion of the rim of the Jordan-Arabah valley is situated at the village of El Fuleh, 257 feet above the Mediterranean. Everywhere else the circumjacent heights rise to a very much greater altitude. Hence, of the water which stood over the Syrian tableland, when as much drained off as could run away, enough would remain to form a "Mere" without an outlet, 2757 feet deep, over the present site of the Dead Sea. From this time forth, the level of the Palestinian mere could be lowered only by evaporation. It is an extremely interesting fact, which has happily escaped capture for the purposes of the energetic misunderstanding, that the valley, at one time, was filled, certainly within 150 feet of this height—probably higher. And it is almost equally certain, that the time at which this great Jordan-Arabah mere reached its highest level coincides with the glacial epoch. But then the evidence which goes to prove this, also leads to the conclusion that this state of things obtained at a period considerably older than even 4004 B.C. when the world, according to the "Helps" (or shall we say "Hindrances") provided for the simple student of the Bible, was created ; that it was not brought about by any diluvial catas-

* The well-known difficulties connected with this case have recently been carefully discussed by Mr. Bell in the *Transactions* of the Geological Society of Glasgow.

with giving the exact year of Noah's age in which the flood began, the Pentateuchal story adds the month and the day of the month. It is the Deity himself who "shuts in" Noah. The modest week assigned to the full deluge in Hasisadra's story, becomes forty days, in one of the Pentateuchal accounts and a hundred and fifty, in the other. The flood, which, in the version of Berosus, has grown so high as to cast the ship among the mountains of Armenia, is improved upon in the Hebrew account until it covers "all the high hills that were under the whole heaven;" and, when it begins to subside, the ark is left stranded on the summit of the highest peak, commonly identified with Ararat itself.

While the details of Hasisadra's adventure are, at least, compatible with the physical conditions of the Euphrates valley; and, as we have seen, involve no catastrophe greater than such as might be brought about under those conditions, many of the very precisely stated details of Noah's flood contradict some of the best-established results of scientific inquiry.

If it is certain that the alluvium of the Mesopotamian plain has been brought down by the Tigris and the Euphrates, then it is no less certain that the physical structure of the whole valley has persisted, without material modification, for many thousand years before the date assigned to the flood. If the summits, even of the moderately elevated ridges which immediately bound the valley, still more those of the Kurdish and Armenian mountains, were ever covered by water, for even forty days, that water must have extended over the whole earth. If the earth was thus covered, anywhere between 4000 and 5000 years ago, or, at any other time, since the higher terrestrial animals came into existence, they must have been destroyed from the whole face of it, as the Pentateuchal account declares they were three several times (Genesis vii. 21, 22, 23), in language which cannot be made more emphatic, or more solemn, than it is; and the present population must consist of the descendants

with bitumen. Doubtless the practice is extremely ancient; and, as Colonel Chesney suggests, may possibly have furnished the conception of Noah's ark. But it is one thing to build a barge 44 ft. long by 11 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep in the way described; and another to get a vessel of ten times the dimensions, so constructed, to hold together.

of emigrants from the ark. And, if that is the case, then, as has often been pointed out, the sloths of the Brazilian forests, the kangaroos of Australia, the great tortoises of the Galapagos islands, must have respectively hobbled, hopped, and crawled over many thousand miles of land and sea from "Ararat" to their present habitations. Thus, the unquestionable facts of the geographical distribution of recent land animals, alone, form an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of the assertion that the kinds of animals composing the present terrestrial fauna have, at any time, been universally destroyed in the way described in the Pentateuch.

It is upon this and other unimpeachable grounds, that, as I ventured to say some time ago, persons who are duly conversant with even the elements of natural science decline to take the Noachian deluge seriously; and that, as I also pointed out, candid theologians, who, without special scientific knowledge, have appreciated the weight of scientific arguments, have long since given it up. But, as Goethe has remarked, there is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance;* and there are, even yet, very energetic people, who are neither candid, nor clear-headed, nor theologians, still less properly instructed in the elements of natural science, who make prodigious efforts to obscure the effect of these plain truths, and to conceal their real surrender of the historical character of Noah's deluge under cover of the smoke of a great discharge of pseudo-scientific artillery. They seem to imagine that the proofs which abound in all parts of the world, of large oscillations of the relative level of land and sea, combined with the probability that, when the sea-level was rising, sudden incursions of the sea, like that which broke in over Holland and formed the Zuyder Zee, may have often occurred, can be made to look like evidence that something that, by courtesy might be called a general Deluge has really taken place. Their discursive and dragged misunderstood truth into the vice; and "the glacial epoch" to crop up among them as K head in a famous memorial as much appropriateness of the

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Yet the fact remains that, while the English author addresses at first hand the largest audience in the world, fewer English authors are known outside the English-speaking people than Scandinavians or Russians. It is quite true, the names alone of a few icy peaks in our contemporary literature, now hoary with age and clogged with gathering glaciers, may be freely heard in Continental *salons*. Even Frenchmen are probably aware that we possess a Tennyson—perhaps (though there I am more doubtful) a Morris, a Meredith, a Froude, a Swinburne. But nobody on the Continent really *reads* English books (except in science and philosophy); nobody certainly ever opens an English novel. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Thompson, are names as familiar throughout Europe as in Burlington House itself. Not so our contemporary poets, romance-writers, essayists. They address at best England, America, Australia. With that magnificent audience ready-made for their effusions, not an echo of their voice ever transcends for a moment the provincial bounds of Greater Britain.

It's always a pleasure to me to agree with Mr. Stead, with whom one can so often and so amicably differ; and I agree with him cordially in his profound belief in the glorious future reserved for the Anglo-Celtic race. The world is to the young, says the Servian proverb; and England shows its perennial youth to the present day, by being fruitful and multiplying and replenishing the earth, which no effete organism, be it man or nation, ever yet through all time has succeeded in doing. The English-speaking writer ought, therefore, to have the whole world at his feet. Instead of that, he is ousted on his own ground, often enough, by the Zolas and the Gaboriaus, the Tolstois and the Ibsens. It's easier to boom a Basque poet or a Queen of Roumania than to gain attention abroad for an English writer. And why? Not surely because English writers have nothing to say: ideas spring as thick and as spontaneous on English soil, I verily believe, as on Muscovite steppes or Norwegian fiords—Britain pullulates with genius: but because that Philistine English spirit which Mr. Stead adores effectually nips those ideas in the bud, before they have ever the chance of bursting into flower and bringing forth kindly fruits in due season.

In England, indeed, literature has a strange environment. No rare plant ever throve on stonier soil. It is Bohemia in Philistia, a little archipelago of island specks that fleck a vast wide sea of stagnant indifference. The man of letters in Britain lives and moves and has his being in an alien world, that distrusts and dislikes him. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. For we English, owing in part to ethnical causes, in part to that singular isolation of our component classes which Matthew Arnold deplored—itsself, as I believe, a result of imperfect ethnical intermixture—we English consist of more sharply demarcated intellectual and æsthetic grades than any other people on earth one has seen or read of. Nobody could ever have asked about Englishmen, as the French wit asked about Germans, *si un anglais peut avoir de l'esprit*. Genius, intelligence, humor, brilliancy, cleverness, exist among us in rank abundance. But they exist for all that as comparative exceptions. No nation produces more; but no nation produces them in such strange isolation. The mass of our middle class is as dull as ditch-water or the dullest German. The exceptions are almost as sparkling as champagne or the most sparkling Frenchman. And between the two extremes there are but few gradations. What we lack, in a word, is not men of genius, but a large appreciative and critical body of the general public.

Now, English literature is all, in the main, and roughly speaking, produced in England. The thirty millions do the thinking and writing for the hundred and ten. McKinley has failed to protect occidental culture. There is an American literature, it is true; but it is relatively insignificant in amount for a population of over fifty millions, and most of it is modelled on native English forms. With few exceptions, indeed—Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman—the best of it rings but a faint echo of Britannic murmurs, thrives feebly as a Bostonian exotic, nursed with studious care in the artificial hothouses of the Back Bay and the halls of Harvard. There is even beginning to be in a certain vague and formless way, as of the evolving jelly-fish, some rudimentary foreshadowing of Australian and Canadian literature. But these formative efforts on the part of the outlying members of the

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The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It was a relief after the warm, humid air of the city. I walked towards the entrance of the building, my eyes scanning the surroundings. The architecture was a mix of modern and traditional styles, with large windows and ornate details. I felt a sense of anticipation as I approached the door.

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There is the same story that English teachers in foreign countries are now making. The sons of the English emigrants, they are better than their fathers. They are a larger and more cultivated people because their fathers were so stupid that they thought better of them the very first morning who failed in such a way as to show and shame the son. The son is at least above the law and a father is not in the feelings of the son. The English emigrants: the English want to become as much as possible part of the average stock of the people. The English side, however, their genius cannot voluntarily surrender. It is understood in some cases that the English in their commercial activity. But the industrial side doesn't accept the practical genius of the English and dislike of its own side of the thing. So they show the strength of mind and ability. They have a right to have opinions and ideas. They do not prefer to count those things and show in writing their heads in commercial enterprises. Now after, when it is their own government, they begin to show it. But scholars is experienced they can't help better. Editors want their immortal bank verse, instead: perhaps decline with thanks their personal note. They gradually they grow wise. They acquiesce in the inevitable. They bow down their heads meekly before Demand and Supply, those economic demagogues of a commercial age, and obediently produce what their public requires of them. It is Samson and the Philistines. Divine genius must needs make sport for the dauphins of the emper.

See here, then, this paradox. The public are stodgy and crave for stodginess. But no stodgy person is fitted by nature to supply what they want to them. For why? the public likes its stodgy material served up to it piping hot, with delicate sauce which may titillate its dull nerves, and make the old food seem new to its jaded palate. It says, in effect, to the would-be author—"You're a clever fellow. Come now, then, dress me up a nice tale to my fancy. Let it be stodgy, of course; let it be flat as I am; let it tell of my own commonplace uninteresting loves and hates; let it flatter my base prejudices; let it carefully avoid treading on my favorite corns: but let it also be amusing, cunningly wrought, deftly worded. Make it bloody, if you like; make it sensational, exciting; but don't for a moment intrude upon me your own singular tastes and ideas. They're not the same as mine, and therefore I don't like them. I don't understand them. They either shock me, or hurt me, or annoy me, or bore me; or else they strike me (who am confessedly less clever than you) as simply ridiculous. So absurd that any fellow should think otherwise than as I do! He can have no common-sense; he must be a wild sort of harum-scarum idiot! At the same time, I must get *you* and your likes to write for me, perforce—not others like myself, because you only, you other phrasemongers, know how to dress up these meagre and commonplace and threadbare ideas of mine in such a way as tickles my mirth and excites my sluggish liver. Go to, therefore; you have brains; exercise them to please me. Trim you my tale as the tailor trims my coat, to satisfy the customer."

And most men of letters have to submit to this hateful drudgery. They have to write things which perpetually offend their own philosophic creed, their own artistic sensibilities. They have to please the hundred-handed bourgeois Briareus, on pain of starvation. Some few of them, to be sure—some very, very few, are men of means, and can afford to write as they will, regardless of their public. Ruskin did that, from the first, very much to his advantage. So, in another way, more heroic, did Herbert Spencer. So too did George Meredith; so also did Swinburne. And they each in the end, by dint of studious interpretation at the hands of admiring disciples, succeeded at last in bringing the

public round to them. But such exceptions are rare. For the most part, our men of letters have to bend themselves from the first to the public will. Bohemians by birth, unsuited to crook the supple knee before vile conventions, and endowed with wide and comprehensive views of men and nature, they have to narrow their scope and confine their ideas, for hire, till they suit the limited purview of their Philistine paymasters.

"Come out and be a leader!" says the seer to the man who thinks. But what is the good of being a leader where no man follows? "Obey the finest intuitions of your own genius," says the critic to the neophyte. But what is the good of the intuitions of genius if the publisher returns genius its manuscript by parcel post, with a polite intimation that Mr. Mudie would refuse to circulate such stuff, and that the Right Honorable Goliath of the railway bookstalls would exercise his moral censorship to suppress it sternly?

It is on the modern novel, above all things, that this Philistine supervision weighs hardest and worst. We have no Maupassants over here, no Tolstois, no Lotis. And why? Do you really suppose all the intelligent and experienced men who dish up serial stories, hot and hot, for our periodical press—able statesmen, some of them; brilliant poets; deep thinkers—do you really suppose those tried hands of the craft *like* to write the conventional little variations upon familiar themes, the criss-cross love of two worthy young men and two amiable young women, on which they ring the changes, *sans cesse*, in magazine and newspaper? Do you really suppose none of them is capable of originating anything profounder or wiser, of revealing the abysmal depths of complex personality, of dissecting into its prime elements some genuine tragedy of the human heart? I for one will never believe it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. There are as many great souls in England as ever. It's only the latter-day dominance of the stodgy bourgeois spirit which warps them from their true bent, and sends them off on the bias to produce, against their will, insipid cakes and mild ale for the British Philistine.

Mr. W. E. Henley, that acute and clever critic, once did a minor writer (in point of fact, the present humble scribe) the

never to describe him, in dashing print, as "the man who isn't allowed." With that proviso of the keel pen, Mr. Henry made much fun of his temporary victim, for complaining of these artificial limits imposed on modern English literature by the respectable classes. But he missed that insignificant unit's point. It isn't that I am not allowed: it is that *we* are not allowed. Letters as a whole in Britain have a great injustice done them by their material environment. Men can't write as they would unless they are rich and can afford to publish, like "Orion" Horner, at a farming a copy, because the printer and its distributing agents dictate to them so absolutely how and what they are to produce that they can't escape from it. The definiteness of the demand, indeed, has become almost indistinct. Rigid contracts are nowadays signed beforehand for the production of such and such a piece of work, consisting, let us say, of three volumes, divided into twenty-six weekly parts: each part comprising two chapters, to average two thousand five hundred words apiece. Often enough, a clause is even inserted in the agreement that the work shall contain nothing that may not be read aloud in any family circle. Consider what, in the existing condition of English bourgeois opinion, that restriction means! It means that you are to follow in every particular the dissenting grocer's view of life: that you are carefully to avoid introducing anything which might, remotely or indirectly, lead man or woman to reflect about any problem whatsoever of earth or heaven, of morals, religion, cosmology, politics, philosophy, human life, or social relations. "You are an agile man," says in effect the middleman who conducts the bargain: "come, dance for us in fetters! You have wings that can fly over sea or land: come, bind them round with this stout hemp rope, and proceed to frisk like a sucking lamb on some convenient hillock. You are a man: come, write like a bread-and-butter miss. Our people object very much to flight: but it amuses my clients to see you dance in clogs like a mountebank."

English literature started fair on its path with a noble chance. The cosmopolitanization of the world, which is going on apace before our very eyes, has increased its possible field of action a thousand-fold in every direction. Regions Shakespeare

never dreamt of, our posterity may sway with pen and pencil. But at the present moment, English literature, the Cinderella of Europe, is the least cosmopolitan, the most provincial literature on the face of the earth. It stays at home, and cowers over the fire of the family circle. And why? Because it appeals to an exclusive and narrow-minded English Philistine audience. That is not the fault of the authors, but the fault of the Philistines. These narrow creatures, whether they sit under Benson or Spurgeon, will hear no gospel preached but the precise stodgy gospel that meets their own views and mirrors their own vacuity. They have been the dispensers of patronage so long, that all works of literature in Britain have been written to suit them. Of course, the exact opposite ought to be the case. The more a man's ideas and beliefs and feelings and sentiments differ from other people's—the more unusual and singular, and personal, and revolutionary they are—the more unique and disturbing—the more ought he to be encouraged to proclaim them openly, and to work them out in full to their legitimate conclusions. Original ideas, novel ideas, startling ideas, odd ideas—these are the good seed the intelligent fraction is always looking out for. But the Philistine cares for none of these things. In the simply touching words of Mr. Peter Magnus, he hates originality. What he wants is just the same old hash as ever, dished up in fresh sauce under a new-found name; nothing to shock his stodgy middle-class morals; nothing to stimulate thought in his torpid mercantile brain. Ten thousand Mr. Bultrudges, with wives and daughters to match, have given laws up till now to the distracted producer of British fiction.

A paradox is always a precious leaven in the world. Every good cause that ever flourished on earth always began as somebody's fad and somebody's paradox. No new and true thing you could possibly say can fail, at first hearing, to sound paradoxical to nine-tenths of your audience. Therefore the wise man is very tender to fads, to eccentricities, to novel ideas, even when he is least disposed himself at the outset to accept them. They have germinal energy. He knows how dangerous it is to crush new thoughts; he knows how, by befriending them in their evil days, many have entertained angels un-

awares. But the Philistine goes upon the exact opposite tack. He says, "Here's a stranger in the world of ideas. Heave half a brick at it."

And why should Mr. Bultitude so overawe our pens? Do we want obscenity? Do we want adultery? Do we want Zolaism in its ugliest developments? Not at all; but we want liberty to paint the picture we know we can paint best—to depict human life as it really is, not as the giggling schoolgirl of seventeen conceives it ought to be. We want to see English literature so written in our midst that it may spread over the earth, as smaller and newer Continental literatures are spreading at this moment. Can anybody pretend that any English work of imagination of the last thirty years has ever produced anything like the immediate sensation produced over Europe by the *Kreuzer Sonata*, by *Thermidor*, by *Les Rois en Exil*, by *Hedda Gabler*? More people on the Continent are reading Frédéric Mistral's *Mireio* in Provençal at the present moment than are reading any book in the English language, spoken by a larger number of human beings than any other civilized tongue. What a national disgrace! What a painful confession!

And English literature doesn't so spread, just because the people who produce it are compelled against their own will, and in spite of their own taste, artistic impulse, and judgment, to grovel before the dictation of the cheesemonger's wife—sometimes the glorified cheesemonger in Belgrave Square, but a cheesemonger still in heart beneath his ducal coronet. Respectability is a peculiarly British vice. It means an utter lack of moral and intellectual courage. Nowhere else in the world, save in this Britain of ours, has that odious form of low ethical sense and pig-headed stupidity succeeded in imposing itself as pure law upon the terrorized community. In Britain it has. A gentleman who wrote hymns was long the arbiter of the circulating libraries; and the First Lord of the Treasury, that decorous embodiment of the bourgeois soul, still exercises through puny subordinates a disciplinary supervision over the ethics of the bookstall.

Is there any hope that in the near future this odious tyranny of the stupid over the clever, of the dense over the enlightened, of the thick-headed over the wise, will ever be broken down? Are authors in

England to go on to all time suppressing what they really think and feel and believe, in order to accommodate the jejune social and political views of collective Podsnapdom? Or is there some loophole of escape, some chance of release in the days to come? I believe there is; and things will work it out in this way.

Podsnap, and Bultitude, and Mrs. Grundy, and the rest, are moribund relics of the state of things which came in some half century since, with the reign of capital. In the Elizabethan age they didn't exist; plays and poems were flung straight at the big heart of the people. Nobody could accuse Shakespeare and Spenser of mawkishness. In the eighteenth century they still didn't exist; novels and essays were directed point-blank at the ears of a cultivated and appreciative aristocracy. That aristocracy had many faults—heaven knows, nobody wishes to condone them less than myself; but at any rate it wasn't narrow-minded, stolid, hypocritical, squint-eyed. The gay world one gets glimpses of in Walpole's letters was neither Puritanical nor stupid, neither prejudiced nor dull. Indeed, a certain reckless, devil-may-care daring, as of Tom Jones in one direction or Dick Turpin in another, rather took that pre-revolutionary world by storm than otherwise. So long as it was amused, pricked, titillated, distracted, it asked little of the opinions or ethics of its entertainer. It concerned itself no more with Roderick Random's morals than with Polly Peacham's private life or Lucy Locket's lovers. As Fox said truly, the French Revolution spoiled conversation, for it checked this free spirit; it made men afraid to push their most pregnant ideas to legitimate conclusions.

With the rise of the British mercantile middle class, the Philistine in our midst began to assert his personality blatantly. John Bull thought himself identical with England. For I take it, the Philistine is the most purely Teutonic element in our mixed nationality; and he gets his stodginess in the main from his Saxon ancestry. Our aristocracy is largely Norman, even to the present day; and mixing freely as it has done with the noble Irish, Welsh, Cornish, and Highland Scotch families, it has infused at last a considerable mixture of good Celtic blood into its own blue veins—much to its spiritual advantage. Our laboring classes, I believe, have every-

where a notable proportion of the ancient British strain, and are still in many places much the same in race as in the days of Cæsar. But the Respectable Middle Classes, from the farmer to the financier, from the Methodist grocer to the manufacturing M.P., are mainly Saxon or Anglian, perverse narrow brains, thick skulls inflated with the conceit of their own stability, pig-headed in their devotion to a false standard of morals, and a studiously limited intellectual outlook. It is people like these who form the tribunal of public opinion in Britain at present, for the little knot of cultivated and wide minded men who have to cut blocks with a razor through life at their bidding.

Still, the reign of the bourgeoisie, thank God! is nearly over. Their epoch was short-lived; and Macaulay was their prophet. They came in about 1820; they obtained supreme political power in 1832; they reached their apotheosis in 1851, in a suitable Walhalla of glass and iron. Then the decline began. Reform bills despoiled the trading classes bit by bit of their oligarchical importance; the Education Act sapped or is sapping by degrees their social position. New Pharaohs are rising from below who know not that Joseph. New social strata are surging up in yeasty waves into unexpected importance. And here again I am wholly with Mr. Stead, the apostle of the English-speaking race, the apostle, though he know it not, of Celticism in England. Till very lately, the only thing that counted, were it in politics, in social affairs, in art, in literature, was the bourgeois or his betters, the thick-headed, pot-bellied, self-satisfied, smirking, respectable Teuton. Nowadays all that is changing fast. The School Board has educated our masses apace; and the masses are everywhere beginning to think for themselves, and are craving visibly for knowledge, for culture, for letters and art of a very high order. London and England no longer compose our whole British world. Connemara and Donegal, Caithness and the Lewis, Glamorgan and Merioneth, have taken heart of grace to assert their right to a hearing in the counsels of our complex nation. The bourgeoisie is falling, and falling fast. I don't say it isn't still very powerful, very formidable. It can kick a fellow even now, when he's down, most effectively. It gave sinister evidence of

its power the other day, when it managed almost to overthrow the strongest man in Ireland for a breach of etiquette—if I remember aright, he'd broken an egg at the little end, or got out of a house without the aid of a footman. But it's falling for all that. Its power to harm will be great, far too great, for many years to come; but it begins even now to mumble toothless at the mouth of its cave, like Bunyan's Giant Pope, and it will soon be able to grasp at few victims save those who allow themselves too readily and imprudently to fall into its clutches.

The masses, I said just now, are craving for knowledge, for culture, for letters and art of a very high order. They have none of the shallowness or the narrowness of the bourgeoisie. They love bold treatment; audacity, one of the most valuable and essential components of genius, always delights and takes them. That is the secret of their liking for men like Mr. Labouchere and Lord Randolph Churchill; that is why they swear by John Burns, by Stewart Headlam, by Bernard Shaw, by Cuninghame Graham. And in literature the same tastes are making themselves slowly felt. Periodicals like the *New Review*, *Short Cuts*, *Great Thoughts*, *Treasure Trove*, all suggest how the people are beginning to wake up to a desire for real thinking and plain speaking in science, politics, social life, religion. In some of these new penny journals, bold fresh thought is allowed to air itself far more freely than in any old-established sixpenny weekly, and readers are not disgusted; on the contrary, they admire the larger and more open utterance. Few people who read *The Fortnightly*, no doubt, ever take up these cheap sheets that lie broadcast on the bookstalls; but if they did, they would probably be astonished to find how high a level of thinking and of artistic workmanship is often attained in them. It is a real sign of the times that *Tit Bits* should have carried Mr. Newnes into Parliament; that *Short Cuts* should be now in a fair way to waft Mr. Archibald Grove into the same august assembly; that the *Strand Magazine* should be sold for sixpence; that even Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in his hopeless crusade against the rising ocean of socialism with a Partington broom, should choose a twopenny *Anti-Jacobin* as the best implement for his purpose.

The fact is, even in England itself, it was only, at the best of times, a fraction,—the inert, impenetrable, pachydermatous Saxon bourgeois fraction,—that ever imposed its Podsnappery upon art and literature. The People in England are fairly quick—receptive, unprejudiced, accessible to ideas, when once you can get at them. In London itself, the congested and snob-encumbered heart of Teutonic Britain, a popular audience will seize a point, will laugh, will melt, will thrill responsive, where a bourgeois audience would only gape open-mouthed, would draw down the shocked corners of its scandalized lips, would sit stolidly, vacantly, and woodenly unreceptive. And nowadays London and the Southeast are ceasing to be All England. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Celtic West Country, begin before our eyes to count for something. And the Celt had always a keen appetite for ideas. He was never narrow-minded. Pure at heart, and sometimes even Methodistical, he has a twinkle in his eye none the less, which allows him to appreciate at its full worth even Rabelaisian humor: he sees the wit where the stupid staring Saxon sees only the immorality, the rough edge, the coarseness. So that in proportion as the People throughout the United Kingdom assert themselves against the bourgeoisie, will literature tend to free itself by leaps and throes from its existing trammels.

All this is still more true of America, of Australia, of the Colonies. Over there, while social thought tends to be even narrower than with ourselves, there is yet a ready receptivity for fresh ideas little known in England. The initiative, to be sure, is small, but the judgment is not narrowed. Especially in the new States of the Far West thought is extremely free. "There is no God," says the American proverb, "beyond the Mississippi." In those virgin lands where the coyote roams at large and the cowboy shoots free, nobody is shocked or surprised or scandalized at anything. You may say what you think; and though you may get a bullet in your chest for your opinions from some genial dissident, you will at least escape the dead-weight of social condemnation you might receive at the stolid hands of respectable England. Bret Harte and "Jim Bludso" mark very well the reckless easy-going type of litera-

ture that the Far West affects—a type as different as possible from the Puritan respectability of half-Anglicized New Englanders like Holmes and Lowell.

Now, up to the present, viewed merely as audience, America and the Colonies have counted for nothing. Literature in England has been fired point-blank at the head of the English Philistine, and especially of Miss Podsnap. We have thought of little else save that young lady's sensibilities. In the future, it is possible that America and the Colonies may soon count for something. That will depend in part, of course, upon the settlement of the copyright question. As long as America paid the English author nothing, the English author naturally addressed himself to England only. He must consult his pocket. But it is not inconceivable that in process of time America may generously cease to rob and starve us; and if so, a new and largely unknown element will be imported into the problem. In any case, I believe the new social strata in Britain itself, with the public of Greater Britain potentially at their back, will prove too strong before long for collective Philistia. Books will be produced for them (tell it not in Gath) irrespective of the cult of the divine Mrs. Grundy: books in which the artistic temperament will have its own fling, in which bold and free thought will find untrammelled expression.

For the masses, with Ireland, Wales, Scotland, the Colonies, to boot, are not profoundly Philistine, like the bourgeois Englishman. Whenever we can tap that great reservoir of readers, whenever we can fall back upon that reserve-force of English-speaking people, we will get a new literature unrestrained by the conventionalities dear to Mr. Mudie; the artist in those days will say what he likes, and say it in his own way: and his public will applaud instead of hooting and howling.

But this good time coming will hardly affect the existing crop of men of letters at all. They have lost their elasticity. The writers over thirty in England have been trained by this time into an ingrained timidity, or second nature of self-restraint—an artificial incapacity for saying out their plain thought, unmoved by fear or favor. We are a generation sacrificed. We are the scape-goats of our own century. A contemptuous respect for Phil-

istia has warped and distorted our artistic faculties. With a few rare exceptions, like George Meredith, who never cared for any public at all, and Robert Louis Stevenson, who, divining the future, threw himself frankly from the very first on this wider public, the English *littérateurs* of our generation have sold themselves for Saxon gold to Satan. They have gained, not the whole world, but a modest competence; and they have lost their souls blithely, in exchange for the pittance. Every one of us in his turn has had to bow the knee in the temple of Rimmon—some of us submissively, some of us rebelliously and after a hard struggle—but almost all have bowed till the knees have become too supple and the back too much bent ever again to assume the upright attitude. Purveyors by appointment to Messrs. Pecksniff and Podsnap, we must go on purveying milk-and-water now to the end of the chapter. But we don't like it; oh no! we don't like it. It goes against our conscience to truckle to Miss Podsnap. Every one of us in his heart is ashamed of it and disgusted at it.

The world, however, as I said just now, is indeed to the young. The new crop of budding English writers, who will burgeon and bloom under these new conditions, need no longer roar as gently as any sucking dove to our insular Askelon, but may speak with an audible voice to the cosmopolitan assemblage. Then modern English literature will achieve a destiny worthy of the English tongue, which puts a girdle round the world in either hemisphere. As the Elizabethan expansion produced the Elizabethan outburst of song and drama, so the expansion of our own day I take it (the greatest ever known) must inevitably produce in time a corresponding outburst of fresh and vigorous thought in literature and philosophy. We shall have a new heaven and a new earth; our Parnassus will break forth into beautiful flowers that all the world will come to cull as from an open garden.

I'm aware that this humble essay of mine will provoke in certain quarters indignant criticism. It's unfortunate indeed, that if by accident one ever blurts out anything one really means, it invariably puts up the back of innumerable good souls who feel themselves aggrieved by it. That's why it's so much more comfortable in the end to stick to the

beaten path, and revel contentedly in well-worn platitudes. On the present occasion, for example, many honest and worthy critics, good citizens to a man, will no doubt object that English literature in the past produced no small store of very noble works, in spite of Philistia.—Ah me, how hard it is to get one's point seized! That objection, dear friends, is wholly beside the question. My contention is, not that English literature isn't a fine article in its way—our own preparation—but that it isn't cosmopolitan. Instead of addressing the world, it addresses nobody but the English churchwarden. It gives up to Methodism what was meant for mankind. And by narrowing itself to meet the views of a peculiarly vulgar and provincial public, it fails to produce the effect it ought upon the four quarters of the planet, from China to Peru. Shakespeare and Milton were very great men: oh, yes, we admit it. But in Shakespeare's and Milton's time such a thing as a cosmopolitan literature had never yet been dreamt of. It became possible only at the beginning of the present century, with the Goethes, the Schillers, the De Staels, the Byrons, the Scotts, the Châteaubriands. But as ill luck would have it, just about the time when it became really possible, the unclean bourgeois spirit took possession of England, body and soul, so that for fifty years Englishmen of genius were compelled to write, with their hands tied and cramped, not what they felt and believed and knew themselves, but what they thought would prove as incense in the nostrils of Dagon. They were dragged in triumph through the streets of Gath, at the chariot-wheels of the ingenuous young person from the coasts of the Philistines.

“But Dickens? But Thackeray? Well, and do you think Dickens and Thackeray loved their Philistia? Do you think they were well pleased with the censorship and the edicts of Mrs. Grundy? We know Thackeray wasn't: he kicked against the pricks very unaffectedly in many a long digression. And as for Dickens, is it conceivable that the creator of Stiggins and Chadband, of Podsnap and Pecksniff, was really enamored of the collective Podsnappery and Chadbanddom that smiled complacent all round him? No, no; incredible! English literary men have never ceased to chafe in secret under the galling strait waistcoat imposed

upon them by their Philistine audience. And their works have never achieved cosmopolitan fame because they never dared to throw off the encumbrance—to write for any but a limited section of their insular public.

Let me explain by an analogy. The Salvation Army is a peculiarly British and provincial product. It is Methodism gone mad. It represents in its crudest and rudest form the universal English philosophy of the divine economy. It takes for granted in its catechumens implicit acceptance of a whole complex system of theology and morals. This system is endemic in England and nowhere else; it has always existed there and reigned supreme in the public mind; it will continue to exist as long as any relic of Christianity survives in Britain. It is wholly independent of formularies or creeds. When England was Catholic, it existed all the same. You get it, full-fledged, in Wulfstan's Anglo-Saxon sermons, in Piers Plowman's mediæval verse, in Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, in Wesley's hymns, in Mr. Spurgeon, in Father Ignatius, in the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes, in General Booth and his roving commissioners. Briefly, it is the enchorial Britannic form of the Christian faith; and these, reduced to very simple terms, are its chief tenets—You are a lost sinner and you need salvation. You can get it by conversion, which is a sudden and definite internal act, almost as physically recognizable as baptism or vaccination. Either you are converted or you are not; if you are not, then of course you ought to be. The Salvation Army, therefore, believing—and on the whole rightly believing—that almost every Briton implicitly accepts this strange insular theology, just boards its man with the simple question, "Are you saved?" It doesn't trouble about asking him, "Do you swallow wholesale all this monstrous farrago of assumptions or not?" It goes straight to its point—"Are you saved? If you aren't, you're in a very parlous way; come to our barracks at once and get salvation!"

In Britain, I say, this procedure is perfectly effective. Nine people out of ten whom the Hallelujah Lasses assail on the public street admit, in principle, every item of their main contention. But the General and his staff are not content to

confine their operations to England, where there are millions of souls to save, and where most souls will cheerfully accept such unofficial salvation. They carry the war on to the Continent, among the Latin races, where the feelings and beliefs on which the Army bases itself are wholly unknown and seem simply ridiculous. It's no use asking the average Frenchman or Italian or Spaniard whether he's saved or not—no use inviting him to accept weak tea and the ministrations of a volunteer priesthood at the headquarters of the Army. He has no such organized body of beliefs for the captains to work upon. "Saved?" he will answer if he has any religion at all, "why that's all been done long ago. The *modus operandi* is perfectly simple. The way to get to heaven is arranged for us by authority. You communicate three times a year; you drop in to matins or vespers occasionally; you behave in most things like a good sound Catholic; and when you're dying, the priest of God gives you extreme unction. If you feel yourself a miserable sinner, the authoritative Church has an official remedy, ready provided for you—confession, penance, absolution, the priestly blessing." In short, while the Briton takes for granted the need for hysterical conversion and personal conviction of sin, the Latin races regard the plan of salvation as a matter of etiquette, duly regulated beforehand to the minutest detail by the recognized ordinances of a divine Lord Chamberlain.

Here, then, is our analogy. The Salvation Army is a means of grace for Englishmen, in Britain or over sea, which appeals in vain to the deaf ears of Continental nations, because it puts forward an essentially insular and provincial scheme of theology. Well, English literature as it exists at the present moment is, just in the same way, literature for Englishmen, and for Englishmen only, because it is produced in deference to the narrow and stupid ideas of a wooden fraction of the English people. It grovels in London fog. It can only become cosmopolitan when it consents to trust its own wings and spread its vans for wider flight in a purer æther. If ever a generation of men of letters arises in England strong enough to snap their fingers from the first at the dissenting grocer, and defy from the outset the sentimental girl of seventeen, then English lit-

... the ... of the ... time : Such things have been. The answer : Perhaps not. — S. M. ...

TO A NIGHTINGALE

AT FALLEN TOWER.

I WOULD THE SONGER FOR A CHANCE—

POET. XVII. 25

How canst thou, sweet bird, pour out thy soul among
The falling words, and float the vacant air
When thy soul wanders? Thou knowest in one
As yet no measure of these ancient wrongs
Which thou dost sing : the burning thoughts that throng
About thy heart, and prompt thy love-lay, wear
No tinge of woe as yet—thou hast laid bare
Thy heart to love, love's rapture thrills thy song.
Sweet bird, sing on ! too soon thy happy mood
Must change, thy song must fade, and thou wilt know
That love grows cold : and, voiceless, thou shalt brood
Upon that bitter past of long ago,
Till at grief's bidding thy wild song renewed
Burst forth once more—an ecstasy of woe !

—Academy.

A BASIS OF POSITIVE MORALITY.

BY P. G. HAMERTON.

(Concluded from the June number.)

II.

IDEALS of morality are interesting as evidence of the heights to which popular imagination may ascend, and it is never safe to criticize them, because they are sure to be vigorously and even indignantly defended ; but their practical interest is small until practice itself has approached within measurable distance, and this is very rarely the case. The true utility of professed ideals is that if there is a practical decline in morality, the preservation of the ideal simply as a mental conception affords a chance of recovery where such recovery might be impossible without its help. It is like losing one's way on a mountain, when to have an ideal path in the mind may help in the recovery of the real one. There can be no doubt that the continued theoretical maintenance of Christian morality at times when it was almost

entirely abandoned in practice was a most convenient help for subsequent periods of recovery. That morality was always ready, at least in theory ; there it was, still in the keeping of the Church, ready to be applied to common life whenever the world felt the need of applying it. No one who has an ideal ought ever to abandon it in despair. He may sorrowfully admit that it is not applicable now, that it may not be applicable within any future time that one can accurately foresee, yet it is always possible that a time may come when his ideal or some part of it may be within the range of improvements that begin to be practically attainable. In morals, as in politics, there are hopes and dreams of which nobody has yet seen the realization, and if ever the time were to come when men ceased to hope and to dream, that time would see the end of human advancement. The way to mend is

first to long for what ought to be, then to confess that, as a whole, it is unattainable, finally to get some part of it and be satisfied for the present, while preserving the hope of a fuller satisfaction in the future.

Ideals of morality are still for the most part, though not exclusively, guarded by different priesthoods. It would be wrong to undervalue their services even when their morality is not exactly ours. It is true that they are sometimes obliged to speak with much deference of very early conditions of morality which have now become repugnant to us and inadmissible as examples for our practice, but the more we study the subject the more we gain a spirit of tolerance for all primitive moral effort. The beginnings of human morality do at least manifest the presence of the moral sense, even when its action is but little educated and constantly liable to error. It is not so much a perfect morality that is needed as a morality of some kind, suitable to the social state, and enough at least to show that the moral sense exists, and that it is active. However, as a fact, it does unfortunately happen that priesthoods are somewhat burdened with ancient moralities that a cultivated moral sense has in our time left behind it, and this is one reason why many people are looking elsewhere. Another reason is that ecclesiastical teaching of morals is not rigorously and everywhere the same. Sometimes one virtue is insisted upon, sometimes another; and when any particular vice is ingrained in local custom, it is hard to fight against it with sustained energy; so that, by mere persistency, it wins for itself a sort of tolerance. There is less hope than ever that at some future day any one religion now known to us will be able to impose its morality as a practical rule of life on all the various populations of the world. Even in theory the agreement is never complete, and as for practice, we all know that it differs widely, not only between different localities, but between different classes and trades. As a matter of fact, each profession cultivates its own virtues, encouraging them by respect and esteem, whilst it allows itself a certain liberty and latitude with regard to some, at least, among the vices. In this way special professional moralities are established which seem perfect within the pale of the professions, but which it is extremely difficult for outsiders to appreciate

at their proper value. Knowledge of the world does not consist in knowing what is theoretically accepted, but what virtues are really esteemed, and what laxities are tolerated.

I have not space to enter into detail with regard to these special moralities, and, indeed, do not profess to understand them, but they have always this quality, that they establish a common rule by permitting some things and forbidding others, so that a man who follows them is no longer an isolated individual, but acts as a member of some social order or community. It is in this, I believe, that we find the basis of such morality as there is. Man alone, acting by private impulses, is not moral, but he becomes so by his deference to the corporate will of some association of which he forms a part. According to this view, morality is strictly a social virtue, and this may help to explain why hypocrisy is so often regarded as a moral virtue; for, in fact, hypocrisy is a form of deference to the will of a majority, though it may be practised for private ends. In religion some stigma always attaches to those who express the opinions of a minority, and the smaller the minority the deeper the stigma becomes, so that the members of very small minorities are condemned as immoral men. Their offence consists in shutting themselves off from the main current of national life, which is supposed to carry the national morality along with it.

In our own time there is a new source of anxiety. The national morality of England is connected with the belief in miracle, indirectly, through the national religion. But the belief in miracle is declining; in many minds, and those not the least cultivated, it is entirely extinct, while the number of those who no longer believe in miracle increases from day to day. For some time it was possible to refuse to see this change; but now it is no longer possible, and everybody recognizes it. The consequence is a profound anxiety for the preservation of the moderate degree of morality which has been already attained. Men say: "We can give up miracle and the supernatural; we may even resign ourselves to giving up the hope of a future state; but we cannot do without morality in this life, even if it is to end in annihilation." For those who speak of the matter in this tone, and they are neither the

least intelligent nor the least respectable members of the community, there is an irresistible temptation to look for some scientific morality, founded on what is permanent and unquestionable, that is, on what are called the laws of Nature. Morality would then become a positive science. There is, however, already a positive science of morality which is entirely different from this. It states what the various moralities have been in the past, and what the surviving moralities are in the present; but it supplies no rule for a fixed morality in the future. It says simply that at such a time, in such a country, certain actions were approved as right and others considered wrong. It studies and describes the difference between the notion of patriotism in the time of the great Condé, and the notion of patriotism in the time of Thiers and Gambetta. It observes that the notion of honor for gentlemen and officers was quite different when "Manon Lescaut" was written from the same notion when Octave Feuillet composed his novels, and, again, that Feuillet's notion of an artist's honor differed widely from any English conception of the same. This is the scientific study of morality; but when you appeal to Science for any permanent and universal rule that is to settle all moral questions whatever, her only answer can be that Nature does not supply the rule, and that morality belongs to human experience. This is the weak point of Natural Religion, which might otherwise have had a considerable success, especially in the present day, when the study of Nature has become general. The Universe is, no doubt, of inexhaustible interest as a study in mechanics, in chemistry, and in biology; but if we want to study morality we find it only in the imperfect experiments of Man. It may exist elsewhere, beyond our world, among superior races of whom nothing is known to us. The disappointment caused by the absence of morality in Nature has led some writers, especially M. Renan, to speak of her "transcendent immorality." To me it seems that the word "immorality" conveys also an erroneous impression in its application to Nature. The action of the natural forces is neither moral nor immoral; it is perfectly neutral in this respect. When the sea dashes a vessel on the rocks it does not commit murder; the wind raises the waves, the rocks are strong

enough to resist the shock, the vessel is crushed between rock and wave, the men are drowned, the causes and effects are all physical, there is really no moral aspect of the matter. It would be easy to hold up Nature as an example of everything that human beings ought to avoid. It has been said that she sets an example of incalculable waste joined to what, in human beings, would be criminal neglect. Millions of animals and thousands of poor or delicate people perish every year from cold, while at the same time there is a prodigious dissipation of solar heat, lost in infinite space, a very minute fraction of which would suffice to keep all shivering creatures in comfort. Some philosophers have written prettily about the beautiful economy of Nature, the anxious care with which everything is utilized, the merciful provision for all creatures, and other such poetical imaginings. The only rational course is simply to abstain from attributing either virtue or vice to the processes of the natural universe, as they have no connection with either. We, being human, ought not to follow Nature as a model. She has her own work to do as we have ours. We may at least admire her great forces and her regularity; but we are not called upon to imitate her indifference. It is only too much imitated already by the indifference of the conqueror, the trapper, and the vivisector. When Napoleon said to Metternich, "What do I care for the lives of a million of men?" he was going further in the imitation of Nature than any human being has a right to go. Nature never disputes the right of the cleverest and the strongest to torture and oppress the weak; but it is not a moral right. Slave-hunting in Africa is a convenient because persistent example. I need not describe the horrors of it, and indeed know them only by the reports of others; but if these reports are even partially true, slave-hunting must be a diabolical combination of many cruelties, and it has been going on from time immemorial. During all that time what has Nature done, what part has she had in the matter? The answer could be little more than an account of physical processes. After the infliction of wounds the natural processes have in some cases been followed by death, and in others by tedious sufferings and partial or complete recovery. When the slaves were put into ships some were asphyxiated by

want of oxygen in the hold, others were drowned after being flung into the sea. As for the slave-hunters they underwent fatigue; they bore hot and toilsome marches, and consequently they perspired.

These bare physical facts constitute Nature's share in the matter. An idealist anxious to prove some theory of retribution would tell us that the slave-hunters were punished by becoming coarse and brutalized as a consequence of their way of life; but men never feel it to be an inferiority in themselves to be coarse and brutal; on the contrary, they pride themselves on it as evidence of manliness, and they look down with unfeigned contempt on the gentle, the tender, and the merciful.*

The absence of a moral sanction in what we call "Nature" may be a reason for the frequently narrow and partial acknowledgment of moral obligation by mankind. It is, I believe, authoritatively taught by the Church of Rome that we have no moral obligation toward the lower animals; this is, at least, a doctrine generally accepted by Roman Catholic populations both in France and Italy, and it leads to horrible cruelty, especially in Sicily. When remonstrated with for his barbarity, the

Sicilian settles the question in his own opinion by the answer, "The beast has not been baptized, it is not a Christian." If the Church does not teach him consideration for animals (and she does not) there is nothing in Nature to remind him of any duty toward "the inferior kinds." They suffer, perish, and are replaced; these are the simple facts, and Nature has never inculcated anything beyond them.*

If it is objected that this view of Nature as morally a neutral power is degrading and discouraging, it may be answered, firstly, that it corresponds with all the facts that come within the range of observation, and, secondly, that so far as human life is concerned it is not more discouraging than the ideas about Nature that have been prevalent in the past. Ever since men have been able to perceive that natural operations are wanting in moral perfection, they have attributed many of them to maleficent powers, dangerous not only to the body but to the soul of man, and the world has seemed to them like a bewildering forest set with traps and pitfalls by the agency of evil spirits. Since man began to be intelligent and to develop his own moral sense, he has never really and heartily approved of Nature, and the small respect he has paid her is shown by his constant disregard of what seem to be her plainest intentions, as, for example, by

* An accident that happened to an acquaintance of one of my friends presents the subject of natural and human action in a concentrated form. This gentleman was crossing a railway at a place where there were points. His boot slipped into the angle of the rails, so that it was held by the sole, and he could not extricate it on the instant. A train was approaching, and before coming to a standstill the engine knocked the unfortunate gentleman down and killed him. The incident was witnessed with extreme horror by many spectators on the platform. A rational account of it is simply that a heavy body, set in motion by the expansion of steam, had acquired too much momentum for an instantaneous stoppage, and that it passed over a living obstacle too weak to offer an effectual resistance. This is a sufficient explanation, without having recourse to an imaginary justice, according to which the victim would have rightly incurred capital punishment as a suitable penalty for his carelessness in letting his boot slip between the rails. The incident was neither just nor unjust, but simply natural; nor was there any supernatural intervention to save the victim from his fate. There was ample time for a miracle, but it did not occur. We have no evidence of either cruelty or pity, except that the human spectators were shocked; the human beings behave in their own emotional way, and the natural forces with their exact regularity and their absolute indifference.

* I once knew a French veterinary surgeon who described to me the education given at Alfort which had been his own. Considered as training only, it is excellent. The pupils perform all sorts of terrible operations on living animals, the same horse undergoing as many operations as it can recover from, till at last it dies. I protested against this on behalf of the poor brutes, but my acquaintance answered, "You are quite mistaken, there is no reason for regret whatever, the animals are of very little value—fifty or sixty francs, perhaps." And I found it absolutely impossible to make him understand that my protest had no reference to money. Compassion for animals was a sentiment of which he had no knowledge or experience, yet he was accurately acquainted with the physical processes of Nature which it was his business to observe, and he found nothing in these processes to suggest compassion for the brute. My own feelings of pity would have seemed childish or womanish if he could have understood them at all, but they were completely unintelligible to him. Now, I cannot conceal from myself that he was much nearer to Nature than I was. He took no pleasure in the torture of animals, but he had no objection to it, and in both he resembled Nature.

his mutilation of animals in every civilized country. It may seem ridiculous to mention shaving, but if the intentions of Nature were regarded as sacred, people would no more venture to set up their own judgment against hers, even in minor matters, than they would alter the syllables of scriptures held to be inspired. It would be a sin to destroy the germs of life; no truly pious person would venture to boil an egg.

It does not appear, therefore, that modern opinions about Nature mark any novel opposition between what is natural and what is human; on the contrary, it might be argued that the modern acceptance of Nature's moral indifference, combined with her absolute regularity in her own order, is more favorable to a certain respect for Nature than all previous human ideas about her. The ways of the universe are not our ways, but they can be absolutely relied upon. The new element in our beliefs is not the non-human character of Nature, but the perfect trust that can be placed in her infallible regularity. If she is neither tender, nor merciful, nor just, she is never capricious.

Again, our most recent ideas about human morality are not so new as they appear. The severance of it from non-human nature is as ancient as the notion of controlling a natural instinct or denying it a satisfaction, and if we are trying now to form a morality, the main difference between us and our ancestors is that some of us are fully conscious of the process, and they were unconscious. They did, in reality, form and modify the moralities that were practically their rules of life. Religious and philosophical teachers provided them with ideal precepts, for which they professed admiration, but they themselves made and modified, from age to age, their binding codes of duty and honor. If it seems to us that those codes were imperfect, we are as free to improve upon them as they were to ameliorate those of their forefathers. And if it is asked what sanction we have to enforce our decisions, the answer is that the old sanction exists still, and that there has never been any other. The only efficacious sanction is public opinion; even the most powerful of all Churches could only punish heresy when public opinion looked upon the heretic as a criminal. After public opinion decided that the heretic ought not to be

burnt or tortured, he was burnt and tortured no longer. Then came a tedious interval, during which public opinion refused to apply physical torture to heretics, while it approved of moral inflictions in the shape of social and political disabilities; heretics were relieved from all apprehension of the rack and the stake, but they were subjected to a kind of social paralysis. They were not allowed to occupy any position of importance in the State; it was practically difficult for them even to marry and to exercise paternal authority. In our time religious disabilities are rapidly disappearing in England, while they have entirely disappeared in France, except as a matter of caste. The change has been brought about by a more enlightened public opinion, which does not approve of forcing people into falsehood. It may possibly go a step beyond that, and decide that nobody ought even to be tempted, though force is no longer exercised. It is immoral to make a will by which a large sum of money is bequeathed to some one on condition that he professes certain religious opinions. The English law of succession is immoral, because in possible cases it offers a temptation to untruth, which hardly any human being would have strength to resist. An heir to the throne has access, by his education, to books in several languages; as a private reader he may be familiar with the most advanced philosophical speculations, or the bent of his nature may lead him away from these to the poetry of a ceremonial religion. Mentally he might agree with Renan or with Cardinal Newman, but to reveal his opinions, in either case, would be to forfeit the crown of England. In other words the law, as it at present stands, would in certain cases convert the crown of England into a reward for persistent dissimulation. Men pray not to be led into temptation, yet they tempt others into certain forms of dishonesty. They would think it wrong to tempt a servant to steal, but they spread snares of temptation against the private honor and the moral dignity of the poor. So with children, if we want to educate them into habits of truthfulness, we ought not to tempt them into falsehood, merely because the truth would be unpleasant to their elders. The experiment of allowing young people to say what they really think has sometimes been tried, and it is found

to offer certain advantages, particularly this one, that as the parents do not wish to be deceived, they are not deceived, their children are really known to them. Why force upon them what Mr. James Payn calls "sham admiration in literature"? A boy dislikes the Latin poets, but enjoys Shakespeare. If we know his taste, we perceive that he does not yet appreciate the labored finish of classical workmanship, but enjoys exuberance of invention, and where is the harm of knowing so much about the boy?

The history of public opinion is briefly this. In simple conditions of society it is unconscious, and takes the form of obedience to a military chief and a sacerdotal authority. In a later stage public opinion is that of a majority powerful enough to reduce minorities to silence. In the England of Prince Albert's time public opinion was that of the partially educated middle class. It was then held to be the duty of cultivated thinkers to accept the decisions of that class on all questions of politics, theology, and morals. The complete emancipation of culture from the incubus of middle-class opinion belongs to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The consequence is that public opinion has gained by having an element of intelligence in addition to its ancient elements of experience and common-sense. So strengthened, will it be able to form a perfect morality? That is not probable; indeed, there are good reasons for believing that a perfect morality is useful only as an ideal, that its reduction to practice can never become possible, and would never be entirely desirable; but it is likely that public opinion, with the help of outspoken and honest intellectual leaders, will improve popular morality. There are two faults in the present condition of society for which it is not unreasonable to expect a continuous amendment. People may become more truthful when there are no longer any social or legal penalties against honesty, and they may live more austere when they find that simplicity of life is not attended by any loss of consideration. Many and very various moral benefits would result from these two improvements alone. The habit of truthfulness will be found, on considering its wide-reaching effects on conduct, to ensure much, though not all, of sexual morality also, for cases of seduction are almost invariably accom-

panied by false promises, and there is no accompaniment of adultery more constant, and, as it seems, more inevitable, than persistent acting and lying. If, then, it were possible to make men honest, we should, with very rare exceptions, get rid of these two forms of sexual error. As to simplicity of life, there would be good hopes for this virtue if the penalties against it were removed. The desire for luxury is not by any means universal, perhaps it is not even very common, though it certainly seems to be common. That which men do universally desire is human consideration, at least enough of it to avoid contempt, and a multitude of people are living in far more comfort and luxury than they really care about in order not to be despised. Now, it is entirely within the power of public opinion to relieve the world from the weariness of this burden. It has actually been done to a great extent with regard to the costliness of funerals, a matter in which public opinion has always been very authoritative. If it will now permit a man to be buried simply when he is dead, why cannot it allow him to exist simply while he is alive? Much progress has, in fact, already been made in this direction. A gentleman in the eighteenth century was obliged to dress in a showy and expensive manner, and to drink wine; now he may dress with extreme simplicity, and drink water if reasons of health and economy make him prefer it. Present social exigencies do not weigh heavily on a gentleman so long as he is a bachelor; they fall upon him after marriage. In England people incur ridicule and contempt if they marry upon such an income as young professional men can usually earn; even the newspapers sneer at them in articles by writers who themselves exist precariously by journalism. There is perhaps more absolute liberty to live rationally in Paris than anywhere else, but unfortunately the place itself has become expensive. The temper of public opinion that would be desirable is that of the old French aristocracy toward the poorer members of the same caste, who were allowed to live with extreme frugality without being punished for it by contempt. This, it is true, was a caste feeling, yet it is conceivable that it might be extended so as to include all men and women who are truly civilized, and whose conduct is above reproach. There ought to be liberty to

spend, and also liberty not to spend. The frugality that the vulgar sneer at may be dictated by the noblest motives. A lady may keep few servants that she may reserve a margin for her charities; a man may travel in the third-class to help a poor relation. For an artist or a writer the liberty to live simply may mean leisure to do good work; for a tradesman, it is the liberty to be honest; for a workwoman, it is permission to be chaste.

My belief is that the moralities of past ages, which were really accepted and acted upon (not those which were professed) were the changing products of a public opinion unconscious of its own force, and that we ourselves are living in a time when public opinion is passing from the unconscious state to one of lucid consciousness through the influence of its intellectual leaders. We are beginning to know that we can make our own morality, for which, of course, we shall have to take the natural consequences, whatever they may be. There are conflicts, as when the House of Commons says that a man ought to be allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister, and the House of Lords refuses him that liberty, or in France between the secular and religious spirits when one party accepts civil marriage as moral while the other describes it as concubinage, but in spite of these conflicts, or perhaps even with the help of the discussions to which they give rise, we are all working together to form the morality of the coming age. For those of us whose term of life is not likely to extend beyond the opening years of the next century, the most interesting of all subjects of observation is the germ of that morality which will govern Europe toward its close. For example, we see already a desire among a few of the best minds for honesty and integrity in dealings between nations, as in Mr. Frederic Harrison's proposal to send the Elgin marbles back to Greece, a proposal to do what would be plainly and indisputably right. The return of these treasures by a strong nation to a weak one and by an intelligent nation, fully aware of the inestimable value of what she was surrendering, would be an action as beautiful in morals as the works themselves are beautiful in art, and morally it would be as precious to the world as the marbles themselves are artistically precious. While we are still dreaming we may imagine a time when nations

will value a reputation for honesty in all their transactions as much as they now value the soundness of their credit in money matters, a time when they will no more wish to steal things or to receive stolen goods, than they now desire to withhold the interest of their borrowings. A complete international morality would also fulfil all national promises and engagements.

This is dreaming, and as the dream is pleasant we may go on with it and imagine what the world would be if men who equally believe that honesty is right could work together as heartily as those who agree about some religious dogma, such as that of transubstantiation. There are already some faint signs of concord on moral grounds in the future. On these grounds all honest and pure-minded men could meet. We have sometimes, even now, the delicate pleasure of seeing the representatives of different religions forgetting the acrimony of ancient controversies and working together for a common moral end. There are even signs and symptoms of a truce between the clergy and the philosophers. The situation is briefly this. The clergy have an influence over many men, and over a multitude of women and children, whom the philosophers cannot reach; but the philosophers have an influence over many men and a small yet increasing number of women who never hear a sermon and also over many who listen to sermons like the rest. I know that the ultimate purpose of the two classes of teachers is not the same, but the immediate purpose is very nearly identical. The clergy promise and prepare for another life, the philosophers speak exclusively of this. Nevertheless, both clergymen and philosophers do, in fact, at present live in the world together, and equally desire that present human society should be governed by righteous principles. The two are like Americans and Frenchmen travelling together from Paris to Havre, the Americans intending to go to a distant hemisphere, the Frenchmen intending to stop at the sea-side. Their ultimate hopes are different, but while they travel in the same train, it is their common interest and desire that the railway servants should do their duty, and that the passengers, during the journey, should refrain from robbery and assassination.

Since the preceding lines were written,

I have read an interesting paper by Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Forum*, bearing the interrogative title, "Will Morality Survive Religion?" He appears to think that intelligent Europe is actually now passing from sacerdotal to scientific leadership, and suggests that "society may have a bad quarter of an hour during the transition, as it has had more than once before. As the twilight of Theism and Christianity still lingers, nobody expects a sudden change. Least of all does anybody expect a sudden outbreak of immorality among philosophers whose minds are elevated by their pursuit, and in whom the coarser appetites are sure to be weak." What Mr. Goldwin Smith looks forward to with apprehension is moral relaxation among certain classes, such as young workingmen in great cities, who are very sharp and intelligent, but not disciplined by an education strong enough to enable them to appreciate what is constructive in modern philosophy, while they can see what it destroys. There may be a danger of the same kind for thoughtless women in the upper classes, if they are no longer restrained by the dread of supernatural pun-

ishments. I agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith in the belief that these dangers are real, and this is precisely the reason why all thinking men who know the value of sound morality to a community ought to help in the formation of a robust public opinion. With regard to the decay of religious systems and the replacing of them by something else, the past may throw some light upon the future, and Mr. Goldwin Smith himself refers to it. A faith that becomes extinct is always succeeded either by another faith, by a philosophy, or by anarchy. A condition of mind very unfavorable to morality, especially in the upper classes, is that of assumed or affected faith. This is only anarchy under a false name, and the more dangerous that it chills enthusiasm and discourages effort, accepting a low moral state as a necessary condition of human nature that only the simple-minded hope to alter. The well-meant discouragement of progressive morality by more sincerely religious people may become almost equally dangerous, as morality, like law, presents new difficulties in advancing states of society.—*Contemporary Review*.

A TROUBLE BEFORE AMERICA.

BY WARNEFORD MOFFATT.

If there is any part of the world which appears more suitable than another for solving successfully the problems of modern life, it would seem to be America. There, all the elements are united, out of which a new regulation or a new order of things ought to arise. Colonized in faith and hope, free from the cares of empire or the necessity for alliances, and having a population representing nearly every European nationality, no other country has its way so clear, no other can more easily set itself the task of endeavoring to perfect the happiness of humanity. To the true American, as well as to the immigrant, the possibilities are endless that cluster round the play of unfettered energy. Each sees through the vision of his fancy the power of infinite enjoyment,—that fountain of perpetual youth which the early tradition, believed by the Spaniards, placed in a land of gems and gold. Each is buoyed by the knowledge of al-

most inexhaustible resources, and of practical security against danger from without.

With all this, however, a feeling of doubt is growing among thoughtful Americans concerning the future of the nation. It is felt that democracy in its truest principle is not fulfilling the expectation of its early years. Its cosmopolitan characteristic—the good of the people—is losing itself in the parochial idea of the good of a particular people according to their voting capacity, and a corresponding selfishness is permeating the mass of society, which must rob the individual of generous instincts. The enthusiastic socialist, bent on the propagation of a new gospel, has so far taken no account of its narrowing tendency in his dreams for the renovation of the State; but under conditions of moral deterioration, such as presidential elections have latterly made apparent, it is alone sufficient to wreck all schemes of improvement whose foundation is laid on a

every one that the builders of America were men of deep conviction, and that the foundations of democracy were firmly laid. As their task proceeded, a unity of purpose grew up which embraced the immigrants flying from European tyranny, and who, according to Bancroft, "renounced their nationality to claim the rights of Englishmen." With the achievement of independence, however, and the cessation of all dread of outside interference, local interests rose in prominence till the civil war became necessary to reassert harmony of action. Since then the material progress of the country has been so abnormal, so stimulated by the Protective spirit, that internal matters have been overlooked, and, as a natural result, are once more coming to the front. They have taken their coloring from the policy of the States, which, as we have said, has pursued a course of selfishness toward the commerce of the world, but in particular to that of the United Kingdom, and are now so far developed as to render it almost certain a real source of danger is at hand. The "typical immigrant," as the author of "Our Country" remarks, "is a European peasant whose horizon has been narrow, . . . and whose ideas of life are low." He has migrated to such an extent, that there is now a large population of foreign extraction; but instead of its being the means of concentrating experience, it furnishes the greatest percentage of crime. Whole colonies of these immigrants annually go West, where, in defiance of the example of their wiser predecessors, they retain their nationalities and free themselves from American influences. Already at Chicago, we are told, the great majority of the people are foreign by birth or parentage; and even in the city of New York, if all foreigners qualified themselves for the franchise, they could easily outvote the real Americans; while numbers scattered over the country "are apparently under the impression that the ten commandments are not binding west of the Missouri." In the course of a few years, almost at present within view, as the centre of population advances, the West must dominate the East, must "elect the executive and control legislation;" for under manhood suffrage every man has an equal voting value. It is of little moment that the population of American-born persons of

American parentage may be nearly two-thirds of the whole; for the American franchise has been so easily obtained, sufficient time has not elapsed to allow of the absorption by the Anglo-Saxon American of the heterogeneous Europeans who, until that occurs, cannot be termed Americans in the sense the original owners of the country understand. The significance of all this has been so thoroughly grasped, that a new party is said to have been formed some time ago, "to uphold American ideas of law, order, and education," but into which no foreigner is admitted. What, then, is in the future for the American people, as viewed through the light of the present tendency?

The authors of the tariff are the capitalists of the East, who, having had so far the voting power in their hands, have been able to maintain exorbitant duties for their own benefit. The West was opened up at a ridiculous expense, the rate on pig-iron, an article which most directly affects the farmer, as it is the basis from which all his tools are made, has been at about \$7, or 30s. a ton. A high cost of production had therefore to be and still is supported, which, as already declared, places the Western wheat grower in difficulties that have risen out of the competition of other nations, until it is almost a matter of existence to be able to produce cheaper. He is forced, however, by the tariff to supply his wants through the Eastern manufacturer, who cannot allow duties to be effectively reduced without being satisfied to work in the light of competition at the minimum of profit, a thing he has not even brought himself to think about. The M'Kinley bill shows, too, he will not allow them to be reduced. There is therefore to be seen, in the difference between the interests of the East and the West, all the elements of political discord and disruption, so that when Congress is controlled by the West, a reversal of the policy of the East may be expected. It is true a portion of the West has lately favored the tariff, but it was only a part of the political game, which will disappear as the centre of power is transferred, and the inhabitants understand that development has been made at their expense, most notably in the matter of railway extension through the former monstrous price of steel rails. When this reversal takes place it can only lead to furious dis-

sension, and the world will see enacted over again the spectacle of an assault on vested interests. The peril of the position will then attain its height, and all will depend on the temper of the people; but the drift of things to-day does not augur well.

The folly of endeavoring to reconcile by Protection the wants of the New World is thus painfully apparent, and the false stimulation of industry for a selfish end is working on to its natural conclusion, till presidential messages to Congress call for such changes as will prevent "financial disturbance," or the formation of "schemes of public plunder." It is a curious commentary, however, upon the history of manhood suffrage, to observe how basely it has been used to subserve private interests to the detriment of the nation's, and what a capable instrument of mischief it may become when worked by a selfish democracy; while having once gone persistently wrong on a fundamental question, it cannot recover itself without giving rise to a period of even unpremeditated retaliation. As it enables the East to maintain a tariff for its sole benefit, it will hereafter be necessary for the West, by the same power, to destroy that tariff and kill off the high-priced raw material which is injurious to its development. Monopolies, cultivated by a free democracy, will meet with their reward, but the democracy that encourages them is more imbued with the spirit of the early Spaniard than with that of the Pilgrim Father. In the end, the sufferer through it all will be the Eastern working man, who upholds the present system in the belief it is his interest to do so; for when capital has retired from the condition it now occupies, as it certainly will do with the first breath of adversity, the artisan will be thrown on his resources. He does not see he is the tool of the capitalist unless the question is one of wages, and that the farmer will sacrifice him remorselessly for the profits he has taken out of the West. His notion of success is centred in himself, the advancement of his town or state, while the country at large is a geographical expression. The situation, however, having been created through the ballot-box, unity must suffer in the first instance, as Protection is the father of provincialisms, and these will be called into play from the habit, long

fostered, of dwelling on local considerations. Here, then, is the heart of the matter. Ignorance and selfishness—the characteristics as we are told of a great part of the immigrant population, who we must not forget are mainly responsible for the increase of crime—will add to the confusion of the moment, and these foreign Americans, still cherishing the traditions and the language of their native homes, will snatch at the opportunity to obtain some advantage for their communities. The stupidity of having permitted European nationalities to retain their separate existences will be acknowledged when too late to be easily remedied—the recent Italian troubles at New Orleans being a painful example; while the other interests, social and religious, will also strive for the mastery by endeavoring to guide the reins of government through the power of possessing the casting vote in Congress. In the general disorder that must everywhere follow, in the struggles for local ascendancy, the ultimate danger will be that of a federal nature, till, with the exasperation of strife, party spirit will break loose and temporarily pass beyond control, so that it would not be surprising if history should repeat itself and attempts were made to form small independent centres. Thus in a free state, selfishness, symbolized by Protection, turns on the heads of its worshippers. Without doubt the Anglo-Saxon may be trusted to secure his own salvation, as his instincts are those of a conqueror; but at the commencement he must be the chief loser from the liberty that owes its origin to him, which he alone knows how to use with moderation, and that for the want of its natural expansion has reacted on himself to his great disadvantage. When, however, he finally reasserts his principles and levels up democracy again to the point of progress, the result, it is to be feared, will only have been arrived at over misery and bloodshed, though with his victory would come that of Free Trade, and at the same time a true idea of unity.

In the present day we hear a great deal of the perfection of humanity, but little of that spirit of unselfishness which is the key-note of the Christian republic. The world, while full of experience, has hardly got beyond, in many respects, its primitive condition; for though the stronger has ceased to make war upon the weaker,

in the literal meaning of the term, he subjects him to its equivalent in an industrial bondage which saps out existence by hopeless despair. Whatever may be the military requisites of Europe, on which a justification of Protection is partially based, there is no reason why the tariff should be maintained in America, save the impossibility of reducing it without creating dissatisfaction, and, in some respects, disaster among the manufacturing classes. The evil, however, is working to the point when the heroic remedy must of necessity be soon applied or not at all. Nor, in expressing this, are we without an historical parallel, as may be seen in the secular history of the Jews just prior to the commencement of the Christian era. The nation at the epoch was as full of intelligence as the America of to-day, and the people were, according to Dr. Geikie, looking forward to a future "as gross as Mahomet's paradise." They were thirsting in the same way as nations still are, for all the blessings of material gain, to obtain which the fulfilment of the law was the ideal aim. This spiritual protection, which isolated them from the rest of mankind by drawing round Palestine a barrier as effectual as a modern tariff, was a base corruption of the Mosaic institutions, and created a spirit of hate that "embittered even private life." Not only did they hate and injure one another, but "all alike hated whole classes of their own nation and the whole heathen races." Ancient exclusivism, adopted for the sake of worldly dominion and prosperity, became the means of annihilating a race, and, whatever way we may look at it, the most important race of antiquity. Under the new conditions of modern progress the very same state of affairs is thus working up again, without, however, an atom of spirituality as a redeeming feature, and called by the name of "patriotism." America, the nineteenth century "land of promise," has consequently before her eyes the warning of the past; but where, in the recurrence of the world to heathen ideals, and worse, in its denial of God—for at least the belief in the gods was the making of Greece and Rome—will arise the Spirit that rescued mankind from the chaos of their own forming, and inaugurated a bond of union known by the name of "love"?

It is by no means, therefore, with a

selfish view that the British people advocate the extension of free exchange. It is the only thing that can reconcile the interests of humanity all over the world, by distributing the inhabitants at the places most suitable for their support, and thus deciding the position of each individual in life on the basis of an unfettered competition. In the chaining up of competition by Protection lies the secret of half the industrial troubles, as over-production in the modern sense could not otherwise take place, but would be limited by the natural operation of the laws of Free Trade, when the interests of the farmer and the artisan would remain identical.

With the destruction of Protection, therefore, in America, the condition of that country will be radically changed; and there cannot be a doubt that when it occurs, a genuine impulse must be given not only to the well-being of the people, but to the well-being of all peoples. The reason of the success so far of democracy lies in the fact that it promotes the greatest good of the greatest number; but this cardinal principle is being forgotten in America, and outside of the British Isles or in portions of the empire has only a semi-existence. The foolishness of stimulating production in the United States and excluding the competition of the world, is seen in the inability to lighten taxation by reducing the annual surplus, which curtails the operations of business by causing a constant flow of currency to the Treasury. The surplus is thus "a rock of offence" to every one engaged in agriculture and commerce, and cannot be maintained to benefit the manufacturer. Already the farmers' alliances are multiplying in every direction, all breathing bitter sectarianism and full of economical fads for the begetting of a money millennium. There are, accordingly, some hard times before democracy in the United States; but the strangest thing connected with it is the deliberate manner Americans have worked up trouble for themselves in the very spirit of that Navigation Act they once so fiercely denounced. If, in the land of its early development, democracy can make no advance on the victory of the rights of man, its day is done there, great and splendid as its service has been. The people of the United Kingdom have improved upon it by the

addition to its triumph, so far as they are concerned, of free exchange, and the hopes of the working men of all nations must henceforth rest exclusively on the unfolding of British genius. It may be that, owing to forgetfulness of her duty toward humanity, American is at the length of her tether for the present, that the impetus derived from the founders can carry her no further. She has walked on the path marked out by her early history, gathering wealth at every step, trusting to a rapidly developing continent,

and glorying in the selfishness of the moment, but without the guidance of the wise men when the way was uncertain; and as a consequence, if no halt is made, if the route is not retraced, all the magnificent possibilities before the New World may be closed indefinitely by the reaction of that very self-confidence which opened them up. This would be a great disappointment for the Americans themselves, and a sad ending to their own expectations.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

BY COLLARD J. STOCK.

WIDER the world's delights are teeming,
More deep or high they hardly seem,
Though more good folks to-day are dreaming
In pleasant guise this life's old dream.
Yet he whose day began among
The group on Plato's lips that hung,
Who saw in Phidias' studio
A godlike form from marble grow,
Heard in the theatre at even
Antigone with Greek chorus given,
And with Aspasia and her coterie
Might sup as a familiar votary,
Has writ more pleasure on life's pages
Than we have after all these ages.

—*Public Opinion*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT FICTION.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE. By Maarten Maartens.
New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. By Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," "The Reproach of Annesley." (Appleton's Town and Country Library.) New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

THE MAID OF HONOR. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Author of "Lady Grizel," "The Lords of Strogue," "Abigel Rowe," etc. (Town and Country Library.) New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

CONSEQUENCES. A Novel. By Egerton Castle.
New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT. By the Marquis of Lorne. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Maartens has been made known favorably to English and American readers in the past. His "Joost Avelingh," published in this country about two years ago, was a strong and original piece of work. The book before us has much of the same quality which distinguished the earlier novel—humor, pathos, fidelity to nature, dramatic vigor, and severe artistic taste. The story is based on the fidelity of devotion shown by a narrow-minded woman to a brilliant and delightful young scapegrace, her adopted nephew, Arnout Oostrum. Seduced from his affection for his early sweetheart by the graces of a brilliant

iant brains are entirely undiluted by any principle except that of self-love. Lewis, on the point of entering into possession of the property, receives a letter from a London law firm indicating the possession of letters on the part of Hillyard which circumstantially prove that the former was the son not of George Kerr's wife, but of his mistress, and therefore not competent to be his uncle's heir. Fergus now realizes the logic of "consequences," in the fact that his idolized son risks disinheritance on the score of illegitimacy from his own past folly, and that he, the only one who could explain the true meaning of the dangerous documents, is legally dead. All the resources of his craft and courage are, however, stimulated to the utmost by paternal love to fight a losing battle to a victory. Hillyard to his amazement, for he can discover no motive, soon learns that his true opponent in the duel is not his cousin, but his cousin's mentor. It is scarcely needful to dull the edge of the reader's curiosity by retailing the thrust and parry of two daring and well-matched fencers. Each learns to respect the other's prowess in this battle of wits, and if Colonel Fergus finally disarms his opponent without revealing his identity to the world, it is only by the accident which always justifies, in novels at least, Milton's dictum, "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." The somewhat vulgar and un-Miltonic accident in this case comes through the agency of a pretty barmaid, who had loved the sly college don "not wisely but too well."

The conception of Hillyard, the Oxford scholar, who carries parallel with his keen love of science and letters and a genuine intellectual pre-eminence the tastes of the voluptuary and the arts of the scoundrel, is a strong piece of character work, well worked out in detail and studied with notable literary art. The cynical indifference of one so well established in his own superiority that he despises the opinions of those who have learned that he is a hypocrite is warmed, too, with a touch of humanity in keeping with the cynicism. The beaten gamester at the last discovers that his plebeian mistress, she who had been the principal agent in his defeat, has a genuine hold on his corrupt heart; and he makes her an honest woman, in utter defiance of his own interests and worldly convention, because it so pleased him. An interesting minor complication of fresh fancy is that the woman beloved by Lewis Kerr had already fallen desperately in love with the

gallant ex-Confederate hero, Colonel Fergus, still a youngish man in the prime of life. But there—we have said enough. Let the reader take a taste of the pudding and find out the rest of the plums for himself.

The Marquis of Lorne possesses the merits of having husbanded an English princess, of having made a respectable Governor-General of Canada, and of being the heir of a dukedom and the future head of the Campbells. His ambition, however, leads him to crave laurels which are not accidental; and he has sought to struggle up the cliffs of Parnassus and seek fellowship with the muses with the sincere self-confidence which sometimes makes mediocrity respectable. Our noble author is fortunate in this, that he has no reputation to risk by writing poor fiction. Candor forces us to hint that, had his prefix been a plebeian title, he would have found it difficult to have found any shrewd practitioner in literary obstetrics to have presided at the birth of the infant in the case of the alleged novel before us. The book is without point, and the only feature at all interesting (something, by the way, which has only casual connection with the story) is a description of a remarkable cave on the seaboard of Northern Scotland, which is rather good. How the fair American heroine meets, loves, and espouses a youthful Scot whom she meets in California constitutes the whole of the story, which is unilluminated by any scintilla of romance or by any penetrating insight into matters which the world cares for. Why this prosaic narrative should have commended itself to the fancy of the author one seeks in vain to guess. "From Shadow to Sunlight" has at least the minor merit of being short. It was an ancient boast of the Clan Campbell, "It is a far cry to Sochow." We may say, too, that it is a long stretch from the well-marked talent of the Duke of Argyle, who has made himself honored as a scholar and thinker, to the mediocrity of his eldest son, who seeks to disport himself in the more airy and elegant fields of letters. It is, however, an infinitely better and manlier way of dispelling ennui than imposing heavy "baccarat" on his friends, as the price to be paid for the honor of his society. The public at least are not compelled to buy and read any particular book.

ON THE STAGE AND OFF. *The Brief Career of a Would-be Actor.* By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Among the recent English writers who have

risen to place among the minor notabilities, Mr. Jerome must be included. That humor of the better vein which seeks the kinship of mirth rather than that of satire, and is not devoid of sympathy with the faults at which it laughs so pleasantly, is not so common that we can afford to let it pass. Mr. Jerome is a gracious and kindly jester, and he wears the cap and bells in the exercise of a mood without the like of which the world would be a far more doleful place. He has found fitting field for the exercise of his talents in the domain of stage-land, and the pleasant little book before us shows he has plenty more to say on the same subject. The present sketches relate the common professional experiences of the actor, and are full of lively incidents and amusing pictures, some of which are as good in their way as the stage experiences of Nicholas Nickleby. The book appears to have been derived from personal history and not from observation, and of course is all the better for this reason. It does not sparkle with the strong and powerful quality of the writer's earlier writing, but it is racy and entertaining. Ulysses does not always bend his bow.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Athenæum* notices with marked approbation and with no reservation of comment a short story by Mr. Frank Harris, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, published in the last number of that periodical, entitled "A Modern Idyl." We do not propose to discuss the literary value of the story here, but only to make a passing reflection in wonder that the staid *Athenæum* should have failed to call attention to the abominable indecency and want of taste, not to use stronger terms, shown by the author. The story is simply that of an adulterous courtship between an American minister and the wife of his principal deacon. The way in which religious ecstasy and licentious passion are commingled is worthy of the most advanced disciples of the new French school. A self-respecting critic would far better run the risk of being called a Philistine than express anything but disgust at such a flagrant insult to all the established decencies. This short story contains more callous immorality than "Madame Bovary" or "Mademoiselle de Maupin." There is not a reputable magazine in the United States which would dare to publish such a story.

MANY of our readers will remember Miss

Harriet Preston's translation of "Mirèio" (Mireille) by Frédéric Mistral, the French Provençal poet, a work in a new school of French poetry, which excited at the time great enthusiasm, and from which Gounod took the theme of an opera. This Provençal renaissance, known as the *Félibrige*, "lou rièi paire de Felibre," has produced several brilliant additions to the literature of France, but he founder of it, who died recently, is less well known than some of his disciples. Joseph Roumanille died at Avignon on May 24th. He was born August 8th, 1818, at St. Remy, where his father was a gardener. Educated at Tarascon, he went to Avignon in 1845 as tutor in a school, where one of his scholars was Frédéric Mistral. His first volume of poems—a volume which dates the beginning of the movement which has added a beautiful modern literature to the beautiful early literature of the Troubadours—was "Li Margarideto" (1847). This was followed by "Li Capelan" (1851), "Li Provenzalò" (1852), "Li Souniarello" (1852), "La Part de Diéu" (1853), "La Campana Mountado" (1857), "Li Nouvè" (1865), "Li Flour de Sàuvi," "Lis Entarro-chin" (1874), and "Fau i'ana." In 1864 a collected edition of Roumanille's works in verse and prose was published in two volumes, "Lis Oubreto en Vers" and "Lis Oubreto en Proso." In 1883 a volume of tales was issued under the name of "Li Conte Prouvençau e li Cascareleto." Roumanille, who was a bookseller, was his own publisher, and the publisher of the works of Mistral and most of the other *Félibres*. The charm of Roumanille's work lies in its quaint and simple freshness, its delicious humor, its absence of literary artifice. His songs have the flavor of folk-songs, his tales the flavor of folk-tales. It is not literature that one reads, it is spoken words that one hears, it is the people singing at their work. Tales like "Lou Curat de Cucugnan" ("Le Curé de Cucugnan," well known in Daudet's French version) and "Lou Abat Tabuissoun" ("L'Abbé Tabuissoun") have the exquisite and perfectly pious irreverence of the monkish legends of the Middle Ages, with little that betrays a modern origin.

ON June 3d Messrs. Sotheby sold the autograph mss. of Wilkie Collins's plays, together with the copyright and fees accruing therefrom. Appended to the same catalogue are a number of autograph letters, chiefly of literary interest, including the original agreement

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

1911

The first of the new series of books published by the University of Chicago Press, under the title of "The Library of Theology," is a volume of essays on the history of the Christian Church, edited by the Rev. Dr. J. H. S. Burrows.

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and are from the hand of Herbert Butterfield.

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at Marbach, which is the national property of the German people. On May 9th last year the heiresses of Schiller's daughter-in-law (who died in 1869) presented twelve family portraits which she had bequeathed to them. On the same anniversary this year Dr. Steiner, of Stuttgart, presented to the Schillerhaus thirteen letters of Christophine Reinwald, the poet's sister.

Mr. Gosse has undertaken to write the article "Poetry" for the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

A GERMAN philologist of note has just passed away in the person of Dr. Karl Andresen. Born 1813, in Holstein, he occupied several distinguished posts in the scholastic world, and was in 1874 appointed "Professor Extraordinary" at Bonn. Dr. Andresen was the author of the excellent works, "*Volksetymologie*" and "*Sprachgebrauch und Sprachrichtigkeit im Deutschen*," both of which enjoy high esteem and great popularity. He was particularly distinguished by a most genial disposition, which made him a great favorite with his colleagues and his pupils.

We understand that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, the author of two well-known volumes on "Citizen Soldiers" and "The Brain of an Army," are preparing in collaboration a popular work upon National and Imperial Defence. Account will be taken of the military and naval needs of the empire, and of the extent and cost of the resources which exist to meet them, while suggestions will be made for greater efficiency and economy. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will be the publishers.

THE attempt to stop Professor Max Müller's Gifford Lectures at Glasgow has failed. In the Glasgow Presbytery the charge of heresy was defeated by seventeen to five votes, and the General Assembly dismissed the appeal made to it. Professor Max Müller will next year deliver his last course on "Psychological Religion." His third course, delivered this year, on "Anthropological Religion," is in the press.

MISCELLANY.

THE HUMOR OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.—In "Our Boys and Girls at School," Mr. Henry J. Barker has published, through Mr. Arrowsmith, another budget of the absurdities committed by boys and girls who are crammed with undigested knowledge at our elementary

schools. The mistress of a poor village school in Sussex (Mr. Barker says) was the recipient of a most remarkable piece of juvenile information. The lady had been giving the younger girls a lesson on the tenses of verbs, and, at the close of her discourse, she requested the children to write down in their exercise books a few examples of the manner in which the tenses may be changed. The mistress then walked round the desks and overlooked her pupils while they were studiously engaged with their exercises. Presently she drew near to a rustic little nymph who was intimating by her raised hand and jubilant countenance that she had completed her example of one of these tense changes. When the mistress arrived at the child's desk and looked down at what was written, her own hands immediately became elevated with astonishment as she read:—"The verb *To be*. *Past tense*—*I was* a baby. *Future tense*—*I shall have* a baby."

The following extract from an essay on "The Moon" affords—in defiance of its title—some most interesting glimpses of sublunary home-life:—"To look at the white moon shinin threw your winder at night, sitting on the edge of the bed, and lissnin to your father and mother's knives and forks rattlin on their plates while they are getting their niced suppers, is the prittist site you ever seed. When it's liver and hunyens there a having, you can smell it all the way upstairs. It looks very brite and nearly all white. Once when they was a having Fried fish and potatoes I crept out of my bedroom to the top of the stares all in the dark, just so as to have a better lissen and a nearer smell. I forget weather there was a moon that night. I dont think as there was, cose I got to the top of the stares afore I new I was there, and I tumbled right down to the bottom of the stares, a bursting open the door at the bottom, and rolling into the room nearly as far as the supper table. My father thote of giving me the stick for it, but he let my mother give me a bit of fish on some bread, and told me to skittle off to bed again. I am sure there was not no moon, else I should have seed there wasnt a top stare when I put my foot out slow. I only skrated my left eye and ear a bit with that last bump at the bottom, witch was a hard one. Stares are steeper than girls think, speshilly where the corner is."

In the course of an examination in grammar, a Surrey inspector was the privileged recipient of some most edifying (or startling) in-

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. Finally, the fifth step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
vol. LIV., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1891.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE PHYSICAL CONSCIENCE.

BY DR. ARABELLA KENEALY.

WE all recognize, more or less, the existence and *raison d'être* of the moral conscience, that factor which guides man's action, and bids him control his desires on the borderland, a little to one or other side, of his neighbor's interests. This restraining sense, which impels him to consider himself, not only in relation with his fellows, but likewise in his relation toward that higher man whom evolution sets before him as his model, and in whose shadowy presence he is ashamed, this restraining sense we allow to be a symptom of the healthy sensitiveness of the moral nature, and according to its degree of development and its condition of sensitiveness we consider the particular mind to which it belongs as being highly organized and in a state of health.

Some of us are born without any very great possession in that direction. Some of us have perverted the healthy faculty

to atrophy by long disuse of the diverse qualities of which it is composed, or we have rendered it tough and unimpressionable with the cicatrices of many wounds we have torn in its once delicate surface.

Whatsoever we may do in practice, theoretically we are all agreed as to the importance of developing to the full, and maintaining the vitality of this principle, which subtends our moral growth and progress. It is curious that equally with the existence of a moral conscience there has not also been discovered and described a physical conscience, whose duty toward the body is precisely the same as is that of the moral conscience toward the mind. The healthy moral conscience, with its vanguard the moral imagination, is ever aspiring to a higher level of action; and has not the body likewise a conscience which, in exactly the same way, strives to maintain the normal level, and, moreover,

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who, repentant of his sins, was beginning to right the wrongs he had perpetrated, so also the majesty of medicine too often lays its mighty hand upon the tardy physical conscience, soothes its remorse with sedatives, dulls its sensitiveness with opiates, demands that it fulfil its repairing contract to time, and so impels it to fill in the breach with rough, unfinished material. There is no doubt but that we do harm by our indiscriminate relief of symptoms. Pain is a symptom of the sensitiveness of the nerves on guard at the seat of disease, and this very pain, "which mislikes us much," acts as a never-failing sentinel stimulating the brain to send its armament of healthy blood, its quantum of nutritive plasma, in order that the bodily structure be rightly and properly restored, restored on the plan of its original construction, so delicately, minutely, and perfectly, that no man may detect a weakened spot.

Medicine does well when she busies herself in stimulating and assisting a tardy, inefficient physical conscience; but she must surely do injury when she opposes the operations of a conscience which is healthily sensitive and active, and knows best along which lines the reparative process should proceed. We cannot blame the doctor because his patient ignorantly appeals to his sympathies against his own interests, but we must blame the art of medicine which does not teach both patient and doctor that the temporary inconvenience of a symptom must not be considered before the permanent interests of a life. The patient's query to his physician is not "How long should I remain in bed in order to restore my health to its original integrity?" but "How long, O, you Æsculapian tyrant, do you mean to keep me here?" He will not spare time for an absolute and perfect recovery; he has so little consideration for his body, upon the condition of which his future well-being depends, that instead of gratefully and religiously regarding its needs, he requires its warning cries to be stifled in order that he may work out his own further wreckage unhindered.

The natural outcome of this demand is that the doctor must perforce use all his art in so dulling the physical conscience and so blunting its sense of duty, that it no longer cries out at its wrongs and asks for restitution. A patient so treated

thereupon experiencing no further inconvenience from its importunities, exclaims "I am well;" just as we, having drugged our war-correspondents and put our telegraphic apparatus out of order, might, on opening our morning paper, remark, "Peace is restored, I see, because there is no news from the seat of war!"

It sounds paradoxical to say that disease is a normal healthy process, but this is strictly true. The phenomena of illness are the symptoms of a struggle which the system is making in order to throw off some injurious influence, or to give rest to some disabled organ. The sufferer who, without even temporarily losing his composure, can digest the bacillus taken into his stomach, calmly converting it into his own substance, and so turning it to his own uses, or in his lungs can comfortably oxygenate it into heat-producing fuel, is in a better state of health than is he who flies into a state of excitement, loses his head, and frets and fumes himself into a fever in bringing his forces to resist the attack; but this latter is immensely superior in health to another whose physical morale is at so low an ebb that it does not object to the noxious contact, but permits the entry of disease germs into its citadel, and their free admixture with and demoralization of its citizens.

Scarlet fever is the terrified cry of the childish physical conscience at the contact of the baleful germ; the innocent composure is startled, the sensitive balance overthrown. The tender skin glows with a vivid blush at the touch of the intruder; the scarlet rash is the danger signal mounted by the sentinels of health, and at all these outposts a vigorous attempt is made to rout the foe.

Measles, diphtheria, typhoid, typhus, small-pox, all these are phenomena of resistance made by the constitution against some element of evil introduced into its midst; the various symptoms of these several affections arising from the action of the particular organs or glands to which the body deposes the task of dealing with the enemy.

In scarlet fever the skin and throat are made the points of exit of the foe, and in forcibly thrusting him through these gateways friction and congestion and damage result on the threshold. According to the speed with which he can be ejected,

is the limit of his time and opportunity to deteriorate and injure the general health ; according to the denseness and violence of his numbers is the injury done on the threshold of his expulsion. The special garrison whose duty it was to get rid of him, may do so at the expense of its own existence. The foe may be thrust forth while the garrison is left blocked by the dead and dying, whose putrefaction and disintegration may poison the city it died in defending. This is according to the force and deadliness of the enemy, according to the quick sensitiveness of the conscience in perceiving his presence, its power of promptly and properly arraying its forces against him, and, last of all, of the healthy integrity and efficiency of the forces so arrayed.

In considering the question philosophically, we can but regard a large class of diseases as symptoms of a reactionary effort of health to throw out of the system some material or element inimical to it. The capacity for sickness is, therefore, in a degree, a test of health, in that it is a measure of the sensitiveness of the physical conscience. There are, of course, persons whose health is so perfect that their physical, like their moral, conscience is able to dispose calmly of the evils which threaten it ; but there are more who only by a temporary uprising and loss of balance can so bring their strength to resist the ills that assail them. In still greater number are they whose physical, like their moral, consciences are not fastidious and do not trouble to fight the shadowy foes of ideal life, moral or physical.

Men who work in sewers but rarely suffer from typhoid fever and other similar diseases, to which noxious gases and noxious germs render other persons liable. They get used to it, and so it does not harm them, we say ; but if we properly explain ourselves, we shall say that it is not because it does not harm them, but because their physical sense is so blunted by use that it is dumb under its injuries. For there can be no doubt but that the health must suffer. It is impossible to continually breathe poison into the lungs without suffering therefrom. The negative condition of not breathing in pure fresh supplies of oxygen is perverted into an absolute injurious position of contaminating the blood with foetid gases. These men must suffer ; by the very constitution

of the body and its needs they must suffer, even though they do not complain.

A man may sin and sin again, but we cannot argue that because he feels no remorse, because his blunted moral sense has ceased to warn him of and struggle against his soul's contamination, that therefore his evil-doing does not harm him. On the contrary, we look upon him as in a far lower depth of moral ill-health than is he who sins and repents, and sins and repents, even though he sin unto seventy times seven.

Hospital nurses, just after return from a holiday, more frequently than any other time succumb to infectious disease. So long as they remain in the germ-laden, depressing hospital air, they are far less liable to infection. A rest and change to fresh, pure atmosphere raises the tone of the physical consciousness, makes it more appreciative of unwholesome influences, and it rises at once in healthy rebellion against these ; whereas, in the deteriorated condition which hospitalism induces, the system tolerates and makes no protest against the germs which assail it. Such possibilities of tolerance are, of course, a sacrifice of individual welfare to general expediency, but let us recognize them as being only this ; do not let us flatter ourselves that the victims of such necessities enjoy all life's advantages, and let us in justice to them lessen to the utmost the disadvantages of such necessitous circumstances.

Taking into consideration these facts, we cannot but wonder if the "protection" offered us by the inoculators is not obtained by destroying the healthy innocence of the physical conscience. We must remember that the inoculator cannot offer us freedom from attack ; he promises only to blunt the conscience so that its composure shall not be disturbed when the attack is made. We must remember also that the reason for such disturbance of our composure, the reason we are so prostrated that we must take to our beds and suffer pain and thirst and fever, is because our forces are being used to vanquish a foe, because there is a struggle going on within us, real and intense, in order that this foe shall not injure the perfect citadel of our health.

But if no cry warn us that the invasion is made, if no gathering of our forces drain our strength, if no prostration allow

these forces to be drawn off to the scene of action, it is no proof that the foe is not equally harmful; on the contrary, the very fact that he is not met and opposed, but is permitted free entry, only makes our graver danger. It is our very health that kills us, we may say; we die in a smart struggle for the integrity of our empire. Nature maintains her level of excellence by pitting us against a vigorous foe; but if we will not fight, if we decline the contest, and servilely submit to the smiter, if we are too base to struggle for ideals, what can she do with her degenerate sons? If we decline and elude the means by which she tests us, she must perforce let us go our way and degenerate still further into the outer darkness.

We recognize in medicine a line of treatment known as a levelling-down process. That is, having tried in vain to raise the level of health at which an individual lives, having found that he cannot be placed in possession of the energies of health without rousing the tell-tale cry of old sins committed against his constitution, without his physical conscience raising the spectre of remorse and repining so wofully as to make life intolerable, our only expedient is to systematically lower the standard of health, to deaden the healthy consciousness, so that instead of reaching up in remorseful imaginings it shall content itself with a mean of lower levels. We give, therefore, nerve depressants, and limit the food supplies until the energies are so lowered that they cannot afford the luxury of aspiration, and so no further remorseful regrets are awakened. We have no alternative than this. Our patient must live, and if he cannot live luxuriously and as a gentleman, with an honorable competency, a constitutional inheritance which furnishes him with life's luxuries and enjoyments, he must needs live as a day-laborer, from hand to mouth, with his mental as well as his physical possibilities degraded to a lower plane.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; a man is no stronger than his weakest organ. If he have, for example, wilfully spoiled his digestive capacity by alcoholic or food excess, all his powers must henceforward be measured by the degree of this incapacity, all his forces must be readjusted to the weakness of this one.

We can imagine a physical conscience which, healthily aspiring and efficient,

would, on the removal of injurious influences, gradually restore the weakened organs to their former state of health, the ideal of health permeating the system and rousing the degenerated cells to a sense of former excellence and capability. Such recuperative power should be possible to all; it, however, exists but rarely, and in those only whose consciousness is sensitive and quick, and will not rest until the lowered standard is raised to its previous height. Having but few such fine consciences to deal with, treatment lies usually in the direction of lowering the general forces to the inefficiency of one.

In recognizing that science has been compelled to give way to popular feeling, and to sacrifice occasionally human interests to expediency, we must not lose sight of the fact that medicine is only one of many means we use to destroy our bodily sense of rectitude. The greater number of us start in life with this object set before us as a duty. We do not look upon our body's sensitiveness as something which subtends our body's health, and therefore something to be as carefully preserved as is our love of truth and honor.

We regard it rather as a weakness to be overcome, an element of self-indulgence which relaxes the tone of our physique. And this it may be if over-cultivated, but, in fear of erring, we generally spoil the delicate elasticity of this bond whose power of recoil is the measure of health. The Spartans systematically lowered the temperature of their emotional sense, and regarding the condition of ice as the highest form of the current of feeling, chilled and repressed it until all tender human affection was frozen at its source.

In very similar fashion do we regard and maltreat the natural physical sensitiveness of the body. We enforce hard studies and long hours of application and athletics upon delicate, highly-strung boys and girls, whose bodily conscience cries out in weariness and anæmia and disease at the strain which is put upon it. We know better than to expose the unformed ignorant moral nature of the child to temptation it knows not how to resist; we first strengthen in gentleness its quiet delicate growth, nurturing and cherishing it according to its needs, as a higher part which must not be rudely dealt with and blighted. Were we to do likewise with the body, we should soon attain what is

so vital a need of to-day, something which at least approximates to a standard of health.

"I train my child to do without flannels, to wear the same clothing winter and summer, and to go about with so much length of bare leg, bare arm, and bare throat and chest. It hardens him so that he does not feel the cold," we hear our neighbor say, which translated reads, "I so accustom the child to being constantly cold, I by use so harden the sensitiveness of his nervous system, that it no longer complains because the limbs are chilled and ill-nourished, the blood stagnant, and the general vitality depressed;" his physical conscience has become blunted in the same way that the fine delicacy of his skin has become coarsened by exposure, and it will, without protest, endure a degree of temperature which is distinctly injurious to health.

Where, in the name of all that is interrogative, is the advantage? The deteriorating effect of constant cold is not avoided; the system must suffer though it is voiceless, in exactly the same manner that the child's moral development would suffer by relation with constant falsehood even though his sense of right and wrong were so spoiled by custom that he did not falter and cry out "I am a liar and must suffer for my sins."

We over-walk and over-work our children till, tired of emitting its dumb protest of pallid lips and weary eyes, the system at last breaks down in illness, which is a louder, more indignant rebellion against its ill-usage. But it is of no use; the prostration is not rightly understood as a withdrawal of the forces from their normal distribution, in order that they may be devoted to the recuperation of some one or other exhausted faculty; we continue our *régime* of depressing and dulling the physical conscience till this barometer of health no longer responds to the influence it is its duty to notify, no longer registers the degree of injuriousness of such influences.

"I can walk from morning till night without tiring; I can bicycle or play cricket all day long and never feel it!" your friend will tell you, glorying in these unnatural powers of his constitution. His face is sallow and drawn, and marked with nervous, anxious lines; his lips are white and heavy; his frame is emaciated; his

shoulders bent. If you have formed an ideal of physical excellence and comely health, he stands before you its striking antithesis. Yet he can, as he tells you, perform great feats of endurance; he seems almost tireless in his energy. How can this be? Whatsoever may be his characteristics, no one with a soul for physiology can suspect them of being anything but morbid. And that they are.

His physical sensitiveness is dulled and does not cry out in healthy reactive energy; it does not even quietly tell its truth of the body's utter weariness and reduction to the lowest ebb. It is a dull brutish conscience which does not even mumble in revolt. But the informed eye can see what his conscience's eye should be the first to perceive. It seems a beautiful piece of living sensitiveness reduced to a thing of mechanical action and automatism; of senses dulled, and cells deteriorated, of elastic fibre rendered rigid; of springy cartilages calcified; of delicate nervous tissue, which was meant to thrill and throb with the subtle joy of life, degraded into mere telegraph wires for the transmission of muscle-messages; of eyes that were made beautiful with feeling and sympathetic to the loveliness they saw, degenerated into mere organs of vision; of lips which were modelled in nature's workroom, curved with fine feeling and sweet human dignity, marvellously formed alike for strong and tender speech, converted into mere gateways for the ingestion of material to be manufactured into muscularity; of a frame which was intended to express the strength and gracefulness and subtlety of evolved man, degenerated into a system of motor levers; of sensitive nervous fingers transformed into mere instruments of utility; of the hardening of tender hands, hands that were made tender to touch the world's wounds. All this is apparent to him who reads truly; but the conscience whose duty it is to arrest the downward progress lies blind and dumb before it, blighted in its early growth, stunted in its later development.

All conditions of nerve-exhaustion result from a dull unspeaking conscience which allows this rapid constitutional disturbance to be a *facilis descensus*. Many persons would have been saved from such a state of constitutional bankruptcy had a healthy (!) illness stayed their downward

progress ; insisted upon rest for the recruiting of their energies, called for a halt that the health standard might be raised.

It is the ranks of nerve-exhaustion which furnish the above-described type of untiring energy ; his energy is nerve-irritability, not nerve force ; his endurance is not patience, but callous physical insensibility. The degenerative excesses to which he subjects himself act none the less surely because they act insidiously, unperceived, and unresisted. He glories in the license possible to his unrestrained, unmentored powers, revelling in the immunity permitted him by his renegade conscience ; but the gradual and sure demoralization of his constitution, the degeneration of his health possibilities, and the devolution in him of the human health-standard, are the terrible price of his prodigality.

The superhuman muscular strength which exists among the insane is a striking proof that the loss of the healthy balance, mental and physical, is attended by a loss of the healthy sensitiveness which controls and moderates the bodily powers. The madman is immensely strong ; not because his nervous forces are greater, his muscles better developed, but because the natural measure of the powers, the degree to which strength may be put forth without injuring the general welfare, is not registered in the physical consciousness. Degrees of such insensibility are characteristic of the neurotic temperament at the extreme point of which the madman stands ; and ere we vaunt our endurance, let us first be sure that it is a healthy tolerance rather than a morbid insensibility.

Dr. Koch's inoculations are a striking example of the action and decline of the physical conscience. The first injection of the tuberculous lymph meets with an indignant protest. The patient becomes feverish ; there are swelling and redness of the parts tuberculously diseased, headache, thirst, and general constitutional disturbance. In some cases the reactionary protest is so great that the patients die. But in the larger number the recovery from the first injection has been followed by a second and a third, and further injections still, "until the reaction ceases," which may be interpreted as meaning that the forces are so lowered that they will not resist ; the conscience is so deadened that it does not answer to the stimulus. What

then results it is difficult to say. Dr. Koch promises us a return to health. But can we say a man is in health whose system does not resist injections of tuberculous material ; whose blood-corpuscles are content to circulate side by side with this base coinage.

When a man takes poison (for example, if he takes a dose of antimony or arsenic) the revolt of his system and its attempt to throw out the alien is shown by violent sickness and purgation. According to the amount taken, unless this be so great as to completely incapacitate the system, are the violent attempts of the digestive mucous membranes to get rid of it. The very vigor of the effort to expel the foe is often the cause of death—the outraged system fumes and frets in its frantic haste to throw off the malign presence, and the sufferer dies from the exhaustion resulting from his brave resistance.

We may be quite sure the healthy system is affrighted in proportion to the power of the poison to harm it. The sharp, short contest in which the terrified nervous forces meet the foe is evidence of the value it places upon the jewel of health the poison seeks to capture. Some innate vital principle is in danger, subtly and surely sought by the intruder, or the system would not be so violently affected.

It is impossible for us to believe but that this malign factor, in whose presence life flies affrighted, must threaten some most vital principle, and that it is only in those whose conscience no longer recognizes the essential value of this principle, and so is careless to guard it, that the spoiler is not resisted to the uttermost.

If this be true of mineral and vegetable poisons, is it not equally true of those more highly potent and evolved animal poisons which we call bacilli ? The terror of the body when the spectre of cholera crosses its threshold is graphically and painfully exhibited. There is a sudden and entire collapse. The skin breaks out in a cold, copious sweat ; the knees tremble, and the bones wax like water. The hollow eyes glance fearfully from their sockets ; the blue, cold hands hang lifeless and without grasp. Meantime the forces rouse, and, ill-regulated and disordered in a paroxysm of convulsive fear which rends the body with pain, attempt by sickness and purging to clear the blood

of the foe. The intestinal muscles, no longer acting in concert but striving the one against the other, give rise to agonizing cramps and contortions. The pale lips of the sufferer, through which the breath comes cold and faint, are rigid and wrung with pain; the veins pour out their waters, until the stagnant blood no longer circulates and the powers flee into death's shadow-valley before this fiend of dissolution.

Can we believe that this germ, rather than harbor which the pure conscience rushes into the arms of death, could, under any circumstances of habit and use, be harmless to the body.

The arsenic-eaters of Styria may be arrayed against me as proof that the system can become accustomed to, and even benefit by, the ingestion of poison; and these may be cited in support of the practice of inoculation, though its supporters may not have the hardihood to assert that inoculations improve the nutrition of the body. But the fact that discontinuing suddenly the use of the drug shows itself at once in symptoms, more or less intense, of arsenical poisoning, disproves the condition of health. That body cannot be healthy which is capable of converting an innocent negative condition into a positive lethal influence. Ere this can be, its principles must have become radically perverted. We know well the baneful effect upon the constitution which results from an opium, chloral, antipyrin, or alcohol habit. We know too well the effect of exposure to mercurial lead and arsenical poisoning to question but that the individual, whose conscience is so insensitive that it accommodates itself without complaint to these injurious agents, suffers for his immunity from immediate revolt in an absolute chronic degeneration of his tissues and destruction of his vital forces.

It is the physical conscience whose duty it is to govern all the processes of life. It is this which controls the efficient working of the body, regulates the blood-supply to the various organs and members, governs respiration, digestion, and nutrition, and maintains in all ways the healthy integrity and tone of the system. And, moreover, according to its powers, does it seek finer ideals and endeavor to reach still higher planes of health by the budding and branching of its evolutionary forces. It should go hand-in-hand with

the higher moral consciousness evolving in the body those faculties which are the need of the advancing higher nature.

The greater range and breadth of the growing mind must be met by the expansion of physical forces fitted for the satisfaction and expression of the far-reaching faculties. The bodily conscience must put forth the feathers of those wings on which the soul desires to fly. The bodily conscience must quicken the powers of the feet to the higher nature's pace; it must make the tenderer and more delicate hands wherewith to feel for nature's subtler secrets.

Let us not in ignorance spend all the body's forces to our use. Let us nurture and give rein to the spontaneous teaching and efforts of this mentor which will lead us aright. Nowadays we are so proud of our intellectual attainments; so eager to use them to our material renown and advancement, that we leave no store for the supply of that unconscious celebration, the moral imagination, which paints the image of this day's man over the portrait of the man of yesterday.

We are so proud of our athletic achievements, so strong to press forward in the market-place, that we leave no energizing power in our limbs to wing them for higher flight.

This man works hard and strives all his life that he may have the means wherewith to engage at his wife's receptions violinists and singers finer than the artistes who perform for his neighbors. At the same time that he so devotes his mental powers to mere money-getting, he so exhausts his physical forces that the delicate auditory apparatus which should thrill in delightful vibration to the song of the singer, degenerates so that it makes no music in its soul; the silver sound rings dull on the leaden sense of his materialism. He is a Midas, but has only ass's ears!

The poor, ill-used physical conscience doubtless has warned him by local pain and discomfort of the degeneration of the marvellous organ of hearing, has protested against the local atrophy which has resulted from the nutritive force intended for the general supply being devoted to single special faculties, because these are more remunerative; but the cry has been lost in the tumult of the Stock Exchange; the delicate protest has been disregarded, or it may be the conscience has been mur-

dered with an opiate, and the beautiful, wonderful possibilities of hearing have degenerated into so many dead, inarticulate cells, which, able perhaps to distinguish gross sound, cannot appreciate the infinitesimal vibrations and harmonies, the subtle rise and fall of those ether-waves which make joyful, stirring music in the souls of other men.

And what a cruel irony it is that the man has exchanged for the hire of the singer, his beautiful power of hearing her!

The keen ecstasy felt by the artist in the play of light and shadow, his joy in the blending and contrast of color, his appreciation of form and grouping, all this perceptiveness which makes so potently for his greater enjoyment of life, is a function of higher vision which is added on to mere sight, an evolution and expansion to their fuller measure of the visual powers. Science has not sufficiently advanced that she can recognize a degree of perfection in the cells specially organized for sight, hearing, touch, and taste, but we may be sure these differ in their perfectness and complexity as do the brain convolutions respectively of the savage and the savant.

I may be accused of materialism when I attribute to these specialized cells any share of the artistic perception which it is the custom to regard as essentially a mental function. But the mind and body must be in accordance; the physical faculties must correspond with the brain whose operations and perceptions they subtend. I do not seek to materialize the mental powers; it is rather that I urge the spiritualized possibilities of those elements which are commonly regarded as being merely material.

As the moral nature has ever a struggle to maintain life at its most honorable levels, so also the body has ever a struggle to keep up the nutrition of its many and marvellous elements so that they shall retain their sensitiveness and highly vitalized potentiality.

What multitudes of us are there not who are blind so far as any higher artistic vision is concerned! what myriads deaf as regards the higher sense of hearing! Further degrees of incapacity, when the specialized cells are absolutely functionless, when the cells of sight and hearing are mere protoplasmic masses which have

no power of transmitting to the brain nature's messages of light and sound, when absolute blindness and deafness show the degeneration of tissues which progress had developed and specialized, the decay of faculties which it has taken more than the lifetime of humanity to unfold: these are the lowest rung of the ladder of devolution down which we, with dumb physical consciences, are slipping.

The fact that in the blind the powers of hearing and touch become more sensitized, shows that a redistribution of our forces is possible, that power unable to find exit at one avenue of consciousness seeks expression elsewhere. It also shows us that which has an important bearing on the subject of this paper, that it is possible to draw off the forces in one so that they may be absorbed in some other direction.

The physical conscience seeks to divide fairly its forces, distributing the nutrition evenly over the body, supplying deficiencies and favoring the weakly faculty in order to keep up the healthy equilibrium, in order to preserve that all-round development which makes for perfection.

But Fashion, whom we follow, passes all men through the same mould, takes no count of the special weaknesses of individuality, and, sacrificing the intrinsic welfare on the altar of commercial success, stops out the halting faculty in order that its force may be used elsewhere. Like the bird-fancier, she blinds the eyes in order that her victim may sing the more charmingly; for his song is a remunerative quantity. The poor murdered eyes are dumb and can but weep in the dark night of the lifetime before them, unless the physical conscience, in mourning for the loss of its sweet faculty, lets fall the other strands of life and dies despairing. But we, the scions of civilization, know better than to rouse the conscience in such fashion. We dull its sensitiveness slowly in the routine of education, we smooth it and soothe it; then stifle it, and are happy in its after silence.

We forget that the dead faculty, in addition to being a closed gateway of joy, is a constant menace to the living forces. We forget that the degenerated cells are stones of a ruined structure, which may at any moment rise in judgment against us.

The dead inert tissue, degenerating

further still, may form a cancer-nest for our destruction. The weakened spot at which the equilibrium is lost, may form a point of exit whence the health forces rush forth. No man is safe who harbors within him a plague-spot which his conscience has abandoned.

In many cases, of course, the inert spoilt cells remain inert, and only take up the negative position of not ministering to those needs they were specially told off to supply. Loss of pleasure in life, loss of that healthy sensuousness which smells sweet perfume in the morning air, thrills to the touch of the wind and the sunshine, makes out fine harmonies and soothing melodies in the hum of the insect-multitude, the song of birds, gladdens and sorrows in answer to the earth's shadow and light, triumphs in the buoyant tread of life across the world : all these powers of expanded and elastic consciousness are lost when the buoyancy and elasticity of health are precipitated into dense dull strata of material utility.

Ah ! this joyousness and enthusiasm and sensitive thrill are possible only to youth, we assure ourselves ; but they are in truth natural to all healthy ages, they are only a question of years in so far as we spend our years in blunting the sensitive perceptiveness and spoiling the delicate development and nutrition of the elements of which we are composed.

To humanity's great majority, the development of the body to its highest possibilities, the cultivation of its perceptiveness, its innocent sensuousness and capacity for healthy joy, is a perfect impossibility. All its highest potentialities are worn down in the routine of an existence which makes for bread and butter, and we must not complain if its pleasures are consequently coarse and degraded, its senses too dulled and stupid to respond to the better and ennobling influences of life. The healthy sensitive palate pleases itself with wholesome innocent tastes ; the undeveloped like the sated palate demands unwholesome meats and fiery drinks.

Our young men and young women of to-day, partly from hereditary but largely from educational causes, succeed in blunting early their conscience and degenerating their nerve-cells. Their minds are devoid of faith and imagination, as their nervous systems are without the fine

highly-organized perceptiveness which is the body's æsthetic relaxation. The song which should move them to tears or to laughter strikes on the morbidly-strung sense as upon so many wooden laths ; or, worse still, not only is it not transmuted to pleasure, but gives rise to pain : music gives them a headache ! Their nerves of taste, the stimulus to healthy digestion, require to be roused by strong flavors ; they despise the diet of their childhood before they leave the nursery. The natural delight of being does not exist, and its absence is made up for by a fever of doing.

The girl's fingers will not thrill to her lover's clasp, because they have lost their magnetic tenderness in an over-use of the tennis-racket ; his caress fidgets her hyper-æsthetic nerves !

Without at all entering into the political and social principles involved, it may be safely advanced that the terrible struggle for daily bread is slowly and surely stifling the body's as it is stifling the mind's conscience.

Man must live, and if he cannot procure wholesome food he must needs be content with that which is unwholesome. But though he be hardened by necessity to digest and assimilate this, though his aspiring needs are blighted, no power will prevent the certain health-deterioration and degeneration of the tissues which must result from the starved ideals and chronic mal nutrition. This mal-nutrition, despite our advancing sanitation, asserts itself vigorously. Nervous disease, lunacy, cancer, phthisis, and rheumatism are rapidly increasing ; for though we have lowered the death-rate, we have by no means raised the standard of health. Is it not rather that we have degraded the ideal of the physical conscience, so that, no longer aspiring to so high a level, life is possible on much lower terms than formerly ?

It is only exceptional men who would not love life so well, loved they not honor more. Nature craves for existence ; starvation succeeds in draining the source of higher faculties in order that those essential to mere existence may be fed.

The honorable dignity of the mind, the beautiful health of the body, are luxurious exotics which are sacrificed to the needs of an all-devouring hunger. **Life's**

exigencies demand this sacrifice ; such luxuries are for the privileged few, they are impossible to mankind at large.

We need but look in our neighbors' and their children's faces for the dumb mouths of those wounds which are doing the beautiful human body to death.

Nowhere are health and strength and joyful vigor in life. Everywhere are incapacity and invalidism, and a cynical conviction that life is but little worth having. But so long as our idea of the body is of a more or less automatic machine to be devoted to the commercial aims of the possessor, and not as a vitalized sensitive thing with spontaneous aspirations and sensibilities, self-knowledge and ideals ;

a highly developed growth which holds within itself the leavening expansive evolutionary forces of its perfection, these in subtle and wonderful co-relation with the expansion and evolution of the mind ; so long as we so mistake the body's nature and inherent possibilities, so long will the methods of our treatment of it retard its free development, and limit the reach of its soaring powers, and, in limiting these, cramp the growth of that inner nature for whose development and expression it seeks to advance ; and so long will the greatest goods which life can give us lie within, yet ever escape, our hands.—*National Review*.

A GREAT ENGLISH PRELATE.*

BY REV. CANON BENHAM.

THOUGH Dr. Magee sprang into general fame almost suddenly, those who had an intimate knowledge of what was going on in the religious world knew his great ability. Many church-going men, thirty years ago, who were in the habit of looking at announcements of preachers, and who found the name of the Dean of Cork on the placards, settled the next Sunday's movements for themselves by arranging to go and hear him. He preached one night at one of the special services at St. Paul's from the text—"They say of me, Ah Lord God, doth he not speak parables?" The congregation was one of the largest that had ever been seen there—such an one is not an uncommon sight now—and many who came away declared that they had never heard so magnificent a sermon. It was a characteristic one ; quite extempore ; and an uncompromising assertion of received Christian doctrine, the central idea of the sermon being that it was the preaching of mystery and of the supernatural power of God which angered unbelieving Israel. If the prophet, so the preacher contended, had watered down his teaching into the general philanthropy

and unsectarian generalities which many were crying out for now, no objection would have been taken to him. I mention this sermon at the outset, not merely because it was a very brilliant piece of declamation, but because it was a characteristic example of his preaching. You might agree or disagree with Dr. Magee's theology, but certainly he knew what he meant, and was never nebulous. An oration of similar substance, but not, in my judgment, so happy, was delivered by him on a memorable occasion fifteen years later, after he had become Bishop of Peterborough. When his name appeared at the beginning of the month of July, 1881, as the preacher selected for the Westminster Abbey evening sermon on the 24th, any one might have foretold a large congregation. As it was, every available foot of the Abbey was filled an hour and a half before the service began. There had been crowds at the two preceding services when Farrar and Dean Vaughan preached. For Dean Stanley was to be buried on the morrow, and thousands who admired and loved him came to hear the funeral sermons, but all expected that Bishop Magee would carry off the palm. They were so that evening not only well, but a multitude of whom Stanley and reckoned leading

* This article, which is only a selection from the fulness of the original, appeared under the title of "Archbishop Magee." Many of Dr. Magee's contributions appeared in THE ECLECTIC when he was Bishop of Peterborough.

Positivists and Agnostics. Two of the best known sat immediately under the pulpit. Stanley himself might have said smooth things to them ; at least, he would have endeavored to find some common ground ; but Bishop Magee had no tenderness in this direction. His sermon was as uncompromising a manifesto of mingled invective and sarcasm as ever had been heard within the walls of the Abbey. The impugnors of the Pentateuch were smitten hip and thigh ; but it may be doubted whether the effect went beyond intense irritation in those who felt themselves attacked. The Bishop had, no doubt, anticipated the opportunity, and he used it with a vengeance. His sermon lasted just an hour, but the *Guardian*, while printing the other two sermons verbatim, gave the Bishop some twenty lines only, called it "eloquent," and merely quoted the eulogium on Stanley.

As uniformly consistent was another conservative line on which the Bishop steadily moved. During his tenure of the Rectory of Enniskillen,* he published a pamphlet, which in later editions grew into a little volume, in favor of Church Establishment. Like everything which he wrote, it is racy reading. For example, after urging that the "voluntary system" so called is viewed by its advocates in an ideal state which never has been or can be realized, while the same controversialists magnify and distort the evils in the Establishment, he applies his tests to a pamphlet of Mr. Miall's, says that this is so conspicuously unfair that Mr. Miall is obliged to shift his ground half way through, and to change his standpoint altogether, and then compares him to Balak. "Some men love to choose their standing point for the survey of any system to which they are opposed, as Balak advised Balaam to choose his long ago : 'Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place, from whence thou mayest see them : thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and

shalt not see them all ; and curse me them from thence.' " A few pages further on, another passage in the same pamphlet is thus described : "We have a long string of concordance-gathered texts commanding Christians to 'give freely,' to be 'ready to give and glad to distribute,' and so on ; which, with many references to the great success of our voluntary societies are urged as overwhelming proof of the scriptural inconsistency of those who, with such texts in their Bibles, venture to defend an Establishment. As if, forsooth, any one denied that voluntary effort was a Christian duty, as if we did not quote and enforce these texts in every charity sermon that we preach." Again, the term voluntary system is applied, he says, to chapels with pew rents. "The minister on this system first buys or hires a chapel, duly provided with comfortable accommodation, pewed, cushioned, lighted, heated, and beaded ; and he proceeds to let out this accommodation, and his own ministry, and the ordinances of the Gospel with it, to those who can afford to pay for them. Terms cash. If this be voluntaryism, it certainly is not the voluntaryism of the New Testament, to which our opponents are so fond of appealing. The primitive Church, we are told, had no tithes and no church rates. Had it any pew rents ? Do we read that Paul was appointed by the elders to a fashionable church at Ephesus, or that James possessed an eligible proprietary chapel at Jerusalem ? Does the pew-rent system provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor ?" He taunts his opponents with having their minister at their mercy and keeping him so. "They treat him like a wild beast who is kept humble by being kept poor. They pray for a blessing upon his basket and his store, while they take care that his basket shall be empty and his store nothingness itself." It had been argued that you secure more spirituality by means of the poverty of your ministers. "You do not ; you only obtain your supply of ministers from a lower class of men. . . . Your only difference will be that you will have ignorant and ill-bred worldliness. . . . Some men would fain treat their ministers as the Brazilian ladies treat the fireflies, which they impale upon pins and fasten to their dresses, that the struggles and flutterings of the dying insect may

* The following are the chief dates in his life :—Born December 17, 1821 ; Ordained, 1844 ; C. of St. Thomas's, Dublin, 1844–1846 ; St. Saviour's, Bath, 1847–1850 ; Min. of Octagon Chapel, Bath, 1851–1856 ; Inc. of Quebec Chapel, 1856–1864 ; R. of Enniskillen, 1860–1864 ; Dean of Cork, 1864–1868 ; Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin, 1866–1869 ; Bishop of Peterborough, 1868–1891 ; Archbishop of York, 1891 ; died May 5, 1891.

give out sparks of light for their adornment. . . . I once heard of an ill-paid minister who went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon, 'I thought you worked for souls?' 'So I do,' replied the poor man, 'but I cannot eat souls; and if I could, it would take a good many souls of your size to make a dish!'"

I cannot give more of these quotations, but have taken so many because they make up a good specimen of Magee's early utterances on this subject. His great effort came in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill on the 15th of June, 1869, a speech still talked of with enthusiasm by those who heard it, and of which the late Lord Derby, then within a year of his end, said that it surpassed in eloquence any that he had heard in that House. He had been selected for the see of Peterborough by Disraeli, who was delighted with his sermon on the meeting of the Church Congress at Dublin, when Mr. Gladstone had declared for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The elections had not yet come off, Disraeli was still Premier, and he took the opportunity of making Magee an English bishop. The choice was abundantly approved when he stood up next year in the House of Lords on behalf of the doomed Church. It is curious in reading that great speech to note that much of it, both as to arguments and incisive illustrations, is taken from the early work from which I have quoted, but the style is more finished, and each argument is driven home. There are two passages only which space will allow me to quote. The first has reference to Mr. Gladstone's peroration, in which he spoke of the Bill as an act of justice and reparation to Ireland.

"What a magnanimous sight! The first thing that this magnanimous British nation does in the performance of this act of justice and penitence is to put into her pocket the annual sum she has been in the habit of paying to Maynooth, and to compensate Maynooth out of the funds of the Irish Church. The Presbyterian members for Scotland, while joining in this exercise of magnanimity, forget that horror of Popery which was so largely relied on and so loudly expressed at the last elections in Scotland. They have changed their mind, on a theory that a bribe to

Popery is nothing if preceded by plunder of the Protestant Episcopacy. Putting two sins together, they make one good action. Throughout its provisions this Bill is characterized by a hard and niggardly spirit. I am surprised by the injustice and impolicy of the measure, but I am still more astonished at its intense shabbiness. It is a small and pitiful Bill. It is not worthy of a great nation. This great nation, in its act of magnanimity and penitence, has done the talking, but has put the sackcloth and ashes on the Irish Church, and made the fasting be performed by the poor vergers and organists."

The other passage is from his peroration. Menaces had been uttered against the House of Lords should the Bill be thrown out by them. The Bishop's reply is the following:—"My lords, as far as menaces go, I do not think that it is necessary that I should say one word by way of inducing your lordships—even if I could hope to induce you to do anything by words of mine—to resist these menaces. I believe that not merely the spirit of your lordships, but your lordships' high sense of the duty you owe to the country, would lead you to resist any such intolerant and overbearing menaces as those which have been uttered toward you. I believe that if any one of your lordships were capable of yielding to those menaces, you would be possessed of sufficient intelligence to know how utterly useless any such humiliation would be in the way of prolonging your lordships' existence as an institution, because it would be exactly the case of those who for the sake of preserving life lose all that makes life worth living for—it would be an abnegation of all your lordships' duties for the purpose of preserving those powers which a few years hence would be taken from you. Your lordships would then be standing in this position in the face of the roused and angry democracy of the country, with which you have been so loudly menaced out of doors, and so gently and tenderly warned within these doors. You would then be standing in the face of that fierce and angry democracy with these words on your lips—'Spare us, we entreat and beseech you! spare us to live a little longer, as an order is all that we ask, so that we may play at being statesmen, that we may sit upon red benches in a gilded house,

and affect and pretend to guide the destinies of the nation and play at legislation. Spare us for this reason—that we are utterly contemptible, and that we are entirely contented with our ignoble position! Spare us for this reason—that we have never failed in any case of danger to spare ourselves! Spare us because we have lost the power to hurt any one! Spare us because we have now become the mere subservient tools in the hands of the Minister of the day—the mere armorial bearings on the seal that he may take in his hands to stamp any deed however foolish and however mischievous! And this is all we have to say by way of plea for the continuance of our order.’ My lords, I do not believe that there is a peer in your lordships’ house, or any one who is worthy of finding a place in it, who could use such language or think such thoughts, and therefore I will put aside all the menaces to which I have referred. For myself, and as regards my own vote, if I were to allow myself to give a thought to consequences, much might be said as to the consequences of your lordships’ vote to your lordships’ house and to the Church which I so dearly love; and I, a young member of your lordships’ house, fully understand the gravity of the course I am about to adopt, and the serious consequences that may attach to that vote; but, on the other hand, I feel that I have no choice in the matter—that I dare not allow myself a choice as to the vote that I must give upon this measure. My lords, I hear a great deal about the verdict of the nation on this question, but, without presuming to judge the conscience or the wisdom of others, and speaking wholly and entirely for myself, I desire to remember, and I cannot help remembering, this, that there are other and more distant verdicts than the verdict even of this nation—and of this moment—which we must, every one of us, face at one time or another, and which I myself am thinking of while I am speaking and in determining upon the vote I am about to give. There is the verdict of the English nation in its calmer hours, when it may have recovered from its fear and its panic, and when it may be disposed to judge those who too hastily yielded to its passions; there is the verdict of after history, which we are making even as we speak and act in this place, and which is

hereafter to judge us for our speeches and for our deeds: and, my lords, there is that other more solemn and more awful verdict which we shall have to face: and I feel that I shall be then judged not for the consequences of my having made a mistake, but for the spirit in which I have acted, and for the purposes with which I have acted.” In the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* it is implied, on the part of the Bishop or his biographer, that Bishop Magee was insincere in this speech, the ground of the charge being that he had already expressed his opinion that it was of no use fighting a losing battle (iii. 283). Among Bishop Wilberforce’s great qualities, freedom from jealousy was never conspicuous. I have two remarks only to make on the condemnation of Magee. (1) Reports of Bishops’ confidential meetings had always been held absolutely sacred until that biography published some of them, and this, too, in a manner of which the accuracy in several cases has been strongly denied. (2) There was no inconsistency in Bishop Magee’s conduct. He said in substance, “I feel that I am bound to support the Irish bishops. My personal opinion is that this is a bad Bill which we may as well pass and then amend it; but if the Irish bishops think otherwise, it is our duty to accept their view” (p. 287). That the Bishop’s speech did not convince the House of Lords need not be added, but it is worth while for any one, reading his speech at length, to see how many of his prognostications have proved true.

In turning to a different subject we see the same principle at the bottom of Bishop Magee’s action. In doctrine and practice he was all his life through a strong Conservative, yet one who keenly watched the signs of the times and the methods open to him to preserve all that he could. He had been an “Evangelical,” as the phrase goes, at Bath and as Dean of Cork, and his convictions remained steadfast to the end. But he was too wise and too earnest a man not to recognize the good that was being done by the High Churchmen, and these always gave him their confidence and grateful love. Two of his charges administered sharp rebukes to the Ritualists, and warned of the mischief which they were in danger of causing, but he was like a faithful husband who admonishes his wife when she deserves it, but

allows nobody else to speak harshly to her. Perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever made in Parliament was his motion for the rejection of Lord Shaftesbury's Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, in which that peer made the memorable proposal that three persons in any diocese might institute proceedings against a clergyman for alleged violation of rubrics. In a speech full of Irish humor, and delivered (so Archbishop Tait averred in conversation) in a rich Cork brogue, the Bishop so pelted the Bill with satire and indignant denunciation, that it was thrown out by nearly two to one the same night, in spite of the Primate's support.

"To any three persons in the diocese," he said, "who may be the greatest fools in it, is to be given the power of deciding whether the parish, or the diocese, or the Church at large is to be set in a blaze because they choose to club together their little money and their large spite to set a prosecution going. I cannot thank the noble earl for the compliment that he pays the Bench of Bishops when he thus proposes to hand over their discretion to this self-elected triumvirate of fools. Three persons! Why, my lords, three old women in the Channel Islands would have the right to prosecute for any minute violation of the rubric—say, for turning east at the Creed—any clergyman in a district within sight of your lordships' House [the Surrey side was then in the Winchester Diocese, as were the Channel Islands]. . . . About two years ago one of these disputes came before me for settlement, the clergyman and the parishioners having agreed to refer to my decision a question as to the service of the church. I believe I settled it to the satisfaction of everybody, with the exception of a Wesleyan preacher, who objected *in limine* to the reference, because he doubted whether the Bishop's principles were sufficiently Evangelical; that is, he was not quite sure that the Bishop would decide in his favor. Well, if he could only have found in the large diocese of Peterborough two other persons who were as great fools as himself, and that, by the way, would have been a most serious preliminary difficulty, he might, under this Bill, have burdened the Church with a wretched lawsuit which the Bishop amicably settled."

This was the speech in which he tick-

eted the Church Association with the nickname of "The Joint-Stock Persecution Company, with Limited Liability," a *sobriquet* which the Ritualists have not forgotten nor suffered to die. One after another his sallies so convulsed the House with laughter that Lord Granville is said to have nearly rolled off his seat, and Archbishop Tait was very little better. Lord Shaftesbury alone sat grim, and never once smiled.

Nine years later he administered a yet more unsparing castigation to Lord Oranmore on the same lines. Archbishop Tait, in consequence of the strenuous objections of the High Churchmen to the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Constitution of the Privy Council, moved for a Royal Commission on these Courts. Lord Oranmore opposed on behalf of the Church Association, and was made an example of by the eloquent denunciation of Bishop Magee (see *Guardian*, February, 1881).

The Bishop evidently had a rooted antipathy to the Church Association, and during the days of the Ritual debates in Convocation and Parliament, he lost no opportunity of showing it. Thus, in July, 1873, he published a damaging correspondence convicting them of inaccuracy, and in the following December he sent them a cruelly polite letter, inviting them to draw up a canon "which, while respecting the sacred right of every sin-burdened penitent to open his grief to his pastor, would nevertheless enable a bishop to prevent that penitent from making and his pastor from receiving—in the necessarily impenetrable secrecy of such an interview—that kind of confession which should go beyond either the letter or the spirit of the teaching of our Church."

He supported Archbishop Tait's Public Worship Act, making a great stand, as did the Primate himself, on behalf of the power of the Episcopal veto for the stopping of prosecutions. When some violent opponents of the Act declared that they would not obey it, that if their Bishop sent them a monition they would send it on to their lawyers, and that all that was needed was fatherly conduct on the Bishop's part, his comment was, "I honestly desire, as far as I can, to be fatherly toward these men, but when I hear this sort of advice given to us, I am reminded of the solitary instance in which

a ruler attempted to govern in this fatherly fashion, and that his name was Eli, while his sons were Hophni and Phineas."

On the Burials Bill he was true to his Conservative ideas, and opposed the concession to Dissenters. In the course of one of the discussions in Parliament he came into angry conflict with Archbishop Tait. The affectionate reconciliation of the two prelates is related in Archbishop Tait's life (vol. II. p. 400), but Bishop Magee stuck to his opinions, though it is fair to add that after the Act passed he loyally accepted it, and gave his clergy wise advice upon it.

Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that the Bishop, besides being a shrewd politician, was a wise and fatherly prelate, a man of broad views, of great and generous heart: for many of his speeches have had the best of results; namely, sound practical improvements in our moral and social condition. His efforts on behalf of personal purity are well known: so, too, are his endeavors to strengthen the efficiency of his clergy, to abolish abuses in Church patronage, to spread education, to promote thrift. His life was, in fact, sacrificed to his zeal on behalf of the work for prevention of cruelty to children. One famous epigram of his gave immense offence to the teetotalers, viz., that he "would rather see England free than sober;" but no man strove more sincerely, or more successfully, than he, to encourage temperance. All who knew him recognized in him the spirit of transparent truthfulness: in fact, the hatred of all humbug was such a passion with him as sometimes to get him into scrapes. But then the same manifest sincerity dragged him out again. Take the following witty bit from his address at the Working Men's Meeting at the Church Congress at Leicester in 1880:

"When I hear men producing their little scraps of compliments to the working men in the same way as a cunning trader produces little bits of cloth and glass beads when he goes among a set of savages, I don't quite believe in it. When I hear persons trying to pet and coax working men, they remind me of the very timid groom who goes into the stall of a very spirited horse that he is afraid is rather vicious; he goes up to him timidly and tries to pat him here and stroke him there, and all the while he has his eyes be-

tween the horse's ears to see if he turns them back: to see if he is going to be, as the Irishman said of his horse, very handy with his hoofs. I will tell you why he does so. It is, first, because the man is a coward; secondly, because he don't know his business as a groom; and thirdly, because he don't know the nature of the animal he has to do with. Then there is another class of men who proceed in another way. I have seen them go to the working man as if he were a horse in a field. I dare say you have seen a groom go up to the horse with a sieve full of oats in his left hand while behind him he has a bit and a bridle in the other. Now there are men who come to the working classes with great promises of the oats they are going to feed them with, which, by the way, are not their own oats but their neighbor's, and if the noble quadruped had a few of the grains of sense that are scattered about, he would sniff the bridle and the bit, and say—I would rather not have the oats. Then, occasionally, you see a stout man approach the horse with a heavy whip, but he never gets near him—hasn't a chance. Those who are about to address the working man to-night are not going to approach him as if he were a horse at all: they are going to speak to him as a man."

As I have said, his outspokenness sometimes got for him hard words. Thus, he angered the Leicestershire Nonconformists not very long after the Congress by saying that the Liberation Society would evidently prefer a gin-shop to a Church. And the Mayor who had welcomed him to Leicester at the Congress signified his displeasure by sending £50 to the Liberation Society. But in the long run nobody ever got on better with the Nonconformists than the Bishop. Witness their affectionate farewell to him.

A whole volume could be filled with witty sayings of his which came in pat to the purpose when wisdom was wanted to shut up some mischievous speaker or correspondent. The Bishop was generally happy when such persons tried to "draw" him. Thus a foolish man in Torquay, who was angry with the Burials Bill, got up a memorial and sent it to the Bishops requesting to know what they were going to do and proposing to publish their replies. Bishop Magee, after objecting to being publicly catechised by a man that

he had nothing to do with, went on gravely to say, "In this as in every other matter concerning the interests of the Church and of religion in this country in which it may be my duty to act, I propose to take such steps as after careful consideration may appear right and wise to take." The gentleman would hardly have kept his word as to publication, but the Bishop published it himself. Another foolish fellow was good enough to tell him that he highly approved some views the Bishop had expressed in his sermons at Bath about the Ordination Service, and wished him to explain how they could be reconciled with the views of Dr. Pusey. The Bishop in reply referred him to the sermon, and begged him to try to understand it for himself. "Whether you find my statements satisfactory or the reverse—or whether they can be reconciled with certain statements made by Dr. Pusey or by any other person, are questions on which you are, I presume, capable of forming your own judgment."

Presiding on the 17th of May, 1879, at the festival of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, he made two of his happiest after-dinner speeches. Here is a delicious paragraph from one of them: "It is some years since I carried off from the walls of your Academy, in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a domestic rebuke—what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream, and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his Bishop—or, perhaps, by a question of the color of some vestment worn by one who has an artistic eye—I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully toward its evening. There is something in it that rests and soothes me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with ———."

Not less felicitous was a speech which he made on the day of the consecration of St. Mary's, in (1879). He had

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sermons in the morning, and at the dinner which followed, gave equal delight to his audience. Scotchmen, as everybody knows, are specially proud of a brother Scot who has distinguished himself outside their native land, and they can also enjoy a gentle joke against themselves for a small weakness of which they are not unconscious—namely, the inclination to discover some trace of Scotch blood in celebrated people. The Bishop found his opportunity of humoring them, when Lord Mar gave as a toast "The Churches of England, Ireland, America, and the Colonies." The Bishop in responding said, that in selecting him to reply to the toast, there was certainly one point in favor of the selection. They had chosen to speak to this composite toast of theirs one who occupied an English see but was an Irishman, and who had the honor and happiness of having some Scotch blood in his veins. He remembered some years ago when the eminent Scotchman who now occupies so worthily the chair of Canterbury—(loud cheers)—heard from him a sermon which his Grace was kind enough to think of in a favorable manner, the Archbishop expressed his approval with his usual graceful humor. He asked him when he came out of the Cathedral "Bishop, was not your mother a Scotchwoman?" He answered, "No, your Grace, she wasn't; but I believe her grandmother was." (Great laughter.)

Archbishop Magee's *bon mots* were almost as many as Sydney Smith's. It is to be hoped they will be collected, and enshrined in a biography the staple of which will be, after all, the record of the work not of a mere brilliant humorist, but of a great and good man. I can only jot down a few which I have heard from friends; one or two from his own lips. It is well known that he disliked being solicited for preferment. He prided himself on doing his best to find the right men for himself. One applicant not only badgered him unmercifully but came up to London, and caught him at the Athenæum. "Mr. ———," said the Bishop, "if it rained livings, I would offer you—an umbrella." Another patronage story which perhaps straitlaced people will think requires a little kindly allowance—and only it adds only a very little—is the one which solicited the Bishop parish, and

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. Finally, the fifth step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the project and identify areas for improvement.

[illegible][illegible]

his art, and the greatest leader the Commons ever had or ever will have."

If the volumes which tell Lord Houghton's Life and his Friendships contained the record of his father's life alone, they would be welcome. The picture of Mr. Pemberton Milnes is very striking, and the extraordinary dissimilarity between father and son heightens the interest of the picture.

Lord Leven was wont to speak of Pemberton Milnes as "the handsomest man he had ever seen; his small head and the expression of his countenance being quite unequalled, and bearing such a stamp of genius and high breeding." He was a man of fastidious taste, of retiring shy manners, and of a high standard of political conduct. To such a man the compromises of Party must have been distasteful.

"Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," and in this honorable characteristic his son to some extent shared, for he showed a certain independence throughout his political career.

Pemberton Milnes, though brought up in the Whig traditions, was driven to be a Tory by his observation of the conduct of the Whigs during the great war.

"My own politics," he says, "owed their first direction to having observed at the school I was sent to, and at Brooks's Club where I was a member at nineteen, that all their wish and hope was against their own country. Years afterward there would have been pæans at Brooks's if the Duke had been taken prisoner."

The country now is beginning to outlive the worship of Fox, and as memoirs succeed one another without revealing one useful work he did, we see how a man may be a great orator and yet a great danger to his country. Fox was, as has been said of another and later orator, "a sophistical rhetorician," though Fox certainly had the merit of conveying to his audience what he really did mean.

And so it came to pass that Pemberton Milnes settled down into a country gentleman.

"I have my apprehensions," he remarks in his journal of travel, "for my own rank, that of a country gentleman—an order which no sovereign but ours has, and which kings and princes have no conception of—its supporters the horse and fox; its crest, my own, the wheatsheaf; its motto 'Hospitality.'"

At the fall of Napoleon in 1814, "Lord

Lowther and Mr. Milnes were the first Englishmen who landed at Boulogne after the war," and Mr. Milnes bears testimony to the great works executed by Buonaparte, and says that had he been Emperor for another half-dozen years he would have rendered Paris more magnificent than Rome in her best days.

Mr. Milnes went again to France in 1815, and afterward visited the field of Waterloo. He saw Wellington, and heard many stories of him, and how, after Waterloo was over, Wellington "talked it over as he would a fox-chase."

Nothing tempted Mr. Milnes from Thorne, where he long resided, and where he remained the critic of the situation, without participating in public affairs. His ambition henceforth rested in his son.

It is apparent that the differences between them were vital, but there is nothing to show that the critical attitude he took up in reference to his son was not inspired by the sincerest desire for his welfare. He found it difficult to satisfy his own high standard for himself, and he was equally dissatisfied when applying it to his son. Yet this had no depressing effect on Monckton Milnes, the buoyancy of whose nature was irrepressible.

Later in life, in 1856, Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Pemberton Milnes a peerage, which he declined. "It is my wish," he wrote on a sheet of paper which was discovered after his death, "(I know it to be otherwise with Richard) that my son, if he lives should be a Commoner. With no disrespect to the House of Lords, I consider there is no position higher than that of an English country gentleman."

And so, with the exception of one last glimpse of him in 1856, he passes away out of sight. In that year the offer of a peerage had been made to him and respectfully declined. It was his duty to pay his respects to the Queen and to Lord Palmerston, and with this view he came up to the Levée, and was presented by his own son. Lord Palmerston owed his first office to the refusal of Mr. Pemberton Milnes to take it, who therefore may be said to have opened the door of office for that great statesman. In London he was viewed with mingled curiosity and interest, when society recalled that he was a person of importance before the battle of Waterloo, and had witnessed the conflict of Pitt and Fox. He lived two years

longer, and then passed away in the peace which had been always dear to him.

The scene changes, and his son Richard Monckton Milnes comes on the stage. To the shy man who courted retirement succeeded one who lived in the very heart of the world, who knew everybody who had any history about him, and who delighted to assemble at his breakfasts every one who was talked about. During a long life Monckton Milnes may be said to have very much lived. "J'ai trop vécu," said Georges Sand, and a constant career of excitement, a continuous indulgence of society, a perpetual mental intoxication, require a constitution and body which he scarcely possessed. Such a life was hardly favorable to the full development of any of his talents, and one feels in reading the memoirs something of the breathless rapidity of his life.

"Without a moment's time for standing still,
Where every step accelerates the pace,
More and more rapid till we reach the base."

That he has left behind him so little to retain his name in history is owing, no doubt, to this desire to do and know everything. He passed from this clever man to that clever woman, from a book of poems to Thirlwall on the Athanasian Creed, from airing paradoxes with Carlyle to an interview with the Orleans family at Claremont, from the Athenæum Club to the streets of Cairo or New York. He was all movement in mind and body, his nerves always on the thrill, his intellect always to the fore.

He was one of the kindest of men and one of the most saucy; with a great deal of real judgment, he was full of paradox; though he brimmed over with audacious fun, he had a strong vein of feeling and frequent periods of melancholy. "I have many friends," said W. E. Forster of Monckton Milnes to Lord Dalhousie, "who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace." Surely such a quality, "the quality of mercy" which "is not strained," should secure a kindly remembrance for this unique man.

The friendships of Lord Houghton were numerous. It is not likely that they attained the depth of the few friendships of Edward Fitzgerald, but he held place in the goodwill of Carlyle, of Sterling and Tennyson, and Thirlwall and Arthur Hallam. He numbered these among his

friends, while he also belonged to the celebrated club of "The Apostles," which included, besides those able men just enumerated, Venables and Trench, Frederick Maurice, Blakesley and Merivale.

The biographer speaks of Milnes's enthusiasm for Fanny Kemble's acting, and seems bound to excuse it, "the frivolous side of life," by telling us that it did not absorb his leisure moments, some of which he gave to Edward Irving. Whether it was the religious teaching of Irving which attracted him, or the eloquence and originality with which Irving enforced his teaching, must be left in doubt; but to speak of the frivolity of a stage, on which a Kemble recited from Shakespeare, is an unhappy slip of the able writer of these memoirs.

Of Disraeli there is a great deal in these volumes. Lord Houghton seems to have been as little prescient as many others of the future of that singular man. There is something approaching to contempt in his remark in 1864: "Disraeli was in the grand style, and not very pleasant." How amusing it is, by the light of recent events and political *mésalliances*, to read this note to his wife from Lord Houghton:—

"I met Gladstone at breakfast. He seems quite awed by the diabolical cleverness of Dizzy, who, he says, is gradually driving all ideas of political honor out of the House, and accustoming it to the most revolting cynicism."

This is delicious!

The character of Disraeli is doubtless very difficult to fathom. He was a man of ambition, but it was no selfish ambition. Neither he nor his great rival will ever be accused of having cared for wealth. Disraeli had really high aims—aims at which those who speak through the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily News* sneer. His masterly stroke of policy in the purchase of Suez Canal shares laid a base of Egyptian policy, which without that base must have been as shifting as the sands which border on the Canal. When Disraeli had carried out his Suez Canal arrangement, all sorts of prophecies were uttered against it. It would soon be silted up, said some. It will share the fate of Alexander the Great's canal across the Isthmus, said another. It is worth while to correct a popular error in reference to it which still holds. It is said Lord Pal-

merston opposed the Canal. What Lord Palmerston really did oppose was the French scheme of a slice of territory for themselves alongside the Canal.

Lord Beaconsfield's settlement of a possible Russian War by the Berlin Treaty, rendered so doubly difficult by the unpatriotic aid given in this country to Russia, rescued us from a perilous situation. What is so attractive in him is the tenacity with which he clung to his friends. He, at least, has no record of men thrown over, no scapegoats sent into the wilderness.

In Disraeli's novels, full as they are of wit, there is something tinselly, something at least out of harmony with the more sober Western mind. Brilliant they are, undoubtedly, but one gets tired of perpetual sparkle. Their place in literature is, we think, temporary and insecure; they may live by virtue of his high position in history, and for their portraits of public men, which, though always keen and intelligent, are not always truthful. No one would recognize more than one phase of the character as being true in some of them, and that would be the aspect which most admitted of praise or censure, as Disraeli desired.

There are many good things about Disraeli in these volumes, happily preserved in Lord Houghton's letters to his wife. Here is one of them, written from Tedworth in 1864 :—

"Disraeli was in the grand style, and not very pleasant. We had low whist, which suited my intelligence. Mrs. Carleton asked Dizzy what he would like to do to amuse himself. 'LET ME EXIST,' he answered."

What splendid material exists for a future English Plutarch in the contrasted characters of Gladstone and Disraeli. Each was necessary to the other's fame. Each drew the best out of his opponent. The raillery of Disraeli drew the scathing sarcasm of Gladstone, and the terrible earnestness of the Member for Midlothian was met by the imperturbable spirit of the Tory leader. Greek met Greek, but each fought with different arms. No man ever met misfortune (and misfortune so completely unmerited) better than Disraeli. He seemed to wrap his mantle around him, and quit a scene on which he felt there was no more place for him, with serenity and dignity.

These volumes are so full of good mat-

ter that it is a case of *embarras de richesse* to select from them. We have letters of Tennyson and Carlyle and Gladstone abounding in interest. There are two of Tennyson's in reference to a request of Lord Houghton's for a poem from the "Keepsake," which are full of point, and aid toward understanding the mind of our great poet. We shall not give them, for they should be read with all the circumstances which gave birth to them.

But the most notable friend of Monckton Milnes was Carlyle. The friendship was undoubtedly sincere and mutual. The odd and paradoxical talk of Milnes pleased Carlyle, and gave him matter to deal with. Milnes was not afraid of him, nor, for the matter of that, of any one. He rushed in where angels feared to tread, and dared the great man, bearding him in his den. His sunny disposition probably supplied Carlyle with many happy hours, and Monckton Milnes was to Carlyle much what Hervey was to Dr. Johnson. W. E. Forster, writing to Barclay Fox, gives an interesting picture of the two friends who met at his house at Rawdon.

"Monckton Milnes came yesterday, and left this morning—a pleasant companionable little man, well fed and fattening, with some small remnant of poetry in his eyes and nowhere else; delighting in paradoxes, but good-humored ones, defending all manner of people and principles, in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he must have succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy rubbing a cat's tail backward, and getting in between furious growls and fiery sparks. He managed to avoid the threatened scratches."

It was no doubt to some strong assertion of Milnes, in favor of Keats, that Carlyle replied, "Keats is a miserable creature, hungering after sweets which he can't get; going about saying, 'I am so hungry, I should so like something pleasant.'" Many of Carlyle's sayings will not bear a close investigation, and it should be remembered that most of them were uttered in evening conversation, not deliberately, but in the humor of the moment, a paradox to fight a paradox. What he says of Shelley seems more nearly his true opinion of him when he speaks of "mistaking spasmodic violence for strength." "It is like the writing of a ghost, uttering infinite wail into the night."

How humorous is Carlyle's description of Cobden as "an inspired bagman who believes in a calico millennium. He is always praising America to me. I said to him, 'What have the Americans done but beget, with unexampled rapidity, twenty millions of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?'"

There is some interesting light thrown in these volumes on the great conflict to preserve the Union in America. Monckton Milnes took the side of the North in that struggle, and separated himself from his order, which on the whole favored the cause of the South. Here, as in other cases, especially in Church matters, he showed his independency of thought. In matters ecclesiastical he was a fair representative of lay opinion. He was a good Church of England man, in the sense of his not being willing to side with her enemies. He was opposed to the exertions of her power, when she showed disposition to persecute, and he manfully stood by the writers of "Essays and Reviews," when the Church suffered that singular panic which for a brief space lifted her out of her generous largeness and catholic comprehensiveness.

He was at once a Liberal-Conservative and a Conservative-Liberal, by nature opposed to extremes on either side. Thus he was not a successful politician, which, as politicians go since 1876, is not to his discredit. Yet he desired to do the State service, and endured severe mortification when he found that his claims were not taken in earnest. Both Peel and Palmerston turned aside from him, enjoyed his wit and his society, but refused to trust him with office. We cannot question the wisdom of their decision, probably they thought that they could not restrain so buoyant and cork-like a man, and feared lest he should discover eccentricities in office.

Lord Houghton was no friend to the Ritualists. In writing to his friend Henry Bright, he observes :

"It is curious to see how more and more anti-national—more and more Anglo-Fenian—the Ritualists are becoming."

And he watched the secessions to Rome, secessions the natural and logical conclusion of Ritualism, with anxiety and dislike. When Venables told him that the same house, a house in Bolton Row, witnessed the death of Frederick Maurice and

the reception of Manning into the Catholic Church, Lord Houghton improvised an inscription for the door of that house :—

EX HAC DOMO
FREDERICUS MAURICE
AD SUPEROS,
HENRICUS MANNING
AD INFEROS
TRANSIBUNT.

He had a natural instinct which led him to see that an age of carelessness about religion and about the responsibilities of life, an age which was shirking the burden of seeking a reason for the faith that was in it, an age of Agnosticism, strengthened the priestly power. He was far too keen a man not to feel the breath of sacerdotalism tainting and enfeebling modern life. He knew that civil and religious liberties were so interwoven that the loss of one was the loss of both, and he prized and practised the right of private judgment. No doubt he was imbued largely with the opinions of Carlyle, and we have equally no doubt that he thought with the Chelsea sage, that "Voltaire's 'Écrasez l'Infâme' had more religious earnestness in it than all the religions of nowadays put together." Not that he went so far as the writer who said that Egypt had given to the world two evils, priests and crocodiles. He was much too many-sided and too genial for that. The friend of Thirlwall and Wilberforce, of Frederick Maurice and Sydney Smith, saw every side of the relation of man to man, but he dreaded the sapping of the liberty gained at the Reformation, and set his face against it.

As a consequence of reading these most amusing volumes, we have once more taken up the volume of Monographs written by Lord Houghton and dedicated by him to George Stovin Venables. They well repay perusal. Perhaps the best of these monographs are those on Sydney Smith, the Misses Berry, and Walter Savage Landor. Something of the rivalry of wits is apparent in Lord Houghton's treatment of Sydney Smith, while nothing can be more tender and appreciative than his tribute to Walpole's fair friends. In his sketch of the Canon of St. Paul's he seems as if he had winced occasionally under a telling retort, or felt conscious of playing second fiddle in the game of repartee. Clever and ready as Lord Houghton was, we presume he was no match for Sydney Smith.

Whether Lord Houghton was a happy man we do not know. His mind was probably too volatile to permit of that restful view of life which is the product of a deeper nature. There would seem to have been a vein of melancholy in him, a feeling perhaps hardly defined to himself

of the weariness of a life ever in public. It is to his credit that being always in and of the world, he retained so much that was kindly, and that he died sincerely regretted by so many friends.—*Temple Bar*.

SOME TRANSLATIONS OF HEINE, BY THE LATE LADY DUFF GORDON (LUCIE).

IN August, 1833, Heinrich Heine was at Boulogne, and at the table-d'hôte of the hotel sat next to a child of twelve, with long plaits of hair down her back, who spoke German perfectly. The child was my mother, Lucie Austin, and the friendship between the great poet and the little English girl began by his saying that when she went to England she could tell her friends she had seen Heinrich Heine. Whereupon she answered, "And

who is Heinrich Heine?" which amused him.

The poet and the child passed long hours on the pier together, she singing old English ballads to him, he telling her wild tales about the watersprites who brought him greetings from the North Sea, the mermaids and the fish, all quaintly mixed up with an old French fiddler, who had a black poodle and was diligently taking three baths a day.

The poem,

" ' Wenn ich an deinem Hause
Des morgens vorüber geh',
So freut's mich, du liebe Kleine,
Wenn ich dich am Fenster seh'.

Mit deinen schwarzbraunen Augen
Siehst du mich forschend an :
Wer bist du, und was fehlt dir,
Du kranker, fremder Mann ? '

' Ich bin ein deutscher Dichter,
Bekannt im deutschen Land ;
Nennt man die besten Namen,
So wird auch der meine genannt.

Und was mir fehlt, du Kleine,
Fehlt Manchem im deutschen Land ;
Nennt man die schlimmsten Schmerzen,
So wird auch der meine genannt, ' "

was written for his child-friend, whose magnificent hazel eyes we shall see the poet did not forget.

Eighteen years passed ere they met again. In 1851 M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent his apartment in Paris to my parents, and they heard by chance that Heine was living close by, in the Rue Amsterdam ; that he was poor and very ill. Lady Duff Gordon sent to ask if he remembered the little girl to whom he had told fairy tales at Boulogne many years before, and whether he would go to see her. He begged to see her, and when she entered his room he

with his thin white fingers and said, " Ja, die Lucie hat noch dieselben grosse Augen" (Yes, Lucie has still the same large eyes).

In 1855 my mother was in Paris for two months and went to see the unfortunate poet every other day. He welcomed her as " a beautiful, kindly angel of death," * and evidently enjoyed talking German to her. M. Léon de Wailly had told him that Lady Duff Gordon's admirable translation of his novel " Stella and

* See " Three Generations of English Women," p. 223, *et seqq.*

Donna Clara and Almanzor
Now are left alone together,
And the last expiring taper
Sheds its feeble glimmer o'er them.

'The lady in her chair is seated,
At her feet the knight reclining
Rests his head with sleep o'erpowered
On the lap of his beloved.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Sprinkles precious oil of roses
On the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But he sighs like one heart-broken.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly presses silent kisses
On the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But his brow grows stern and gloomy.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly bends, with hot tears streaming
O'er the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But his closed lips fiercely quiver.

And he dreams he still is standing
With his head bent low and dripping
In Cordova's great cathedral,
While mysterious voices murmur.

Yes ! he hears the giant pillars
Muttering in indignation
That they'll bear the shame no longer.
Presently they rock and tremble,

And they wildly burst asunder
O'er the pallid priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome in ruins
On the wailing Christian idols.

Nay, make no vows, but only kiss—
No woman's vows can I believe ;
Thy words sound sweet, but real's the bliss
Of one sweet kiss I now receive ;
The kiss I've had, and 'tis my own
When words and vows away have flown.

Nay, plight me, love, thy faith and troth,
And let me sink upon thy breast,
For I will trust each word and oath
And quite believe that I am blest ;—
For evermore and many a year
Beside, I know thou'lt love me, dear !

Lyr

mezzo, XIII.

SORELY they have teased me
And vexed me early and late,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

They poisoned the drink in my cup,
They poisoned the bread I ate,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

But she who most has grieved me,
Who saddened and changed my fate,
Alas ! she never loved me,
She did not even hate.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, XLVII.

I NEEDED rest and comfort
And came to seek them with you ;
You hastened away and left me,
You had so much to do !

I swore that my soul was wholly
Devoted to you, my dear ;
You answered with a curtesy
And laughter loud and clear.

You did all you could to vex me,
You went so far as this :
When I took leave you even
Denied me a parting kiss.

Don't fancy I'll blow my brains out,
Howe'er ill things may go ;
All that sort of thing, my beauty,
I once did—long ago.

Heimkehr, LIII.

At first I sank in wild despair
Beneath the grief I feel e'en now ;
That grief at length I've learnt to bear,
But ah ! in pity ask not how.

Buch der Lieder, VIII.

I WEPT in my dream, for I fancied
You lay in the grave so cold.
I woke, and I knew you were living,
But the tears from my eyelids rolled.

I wept in my dream, for I fancied
That you had forsaken me.
I woke, and all night I lay weeping
Till morning, bitterly.

I wept in my dream, for I fancied
You loved me as before.
I woke, and I still am weeping,
And shall weep, evermore.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LV.

EACH night in my dreams I behold thee
 With a smile so soft and sweet,
 And I weep aloud, and wildly
 I throw myself at thy feet.

Sadly thou gazest upon me,
 Sadly thine eyes meet mine,
 And down thy soft cheeks slowly
 Steal pearly drops of brine.

Thou giv'st me a wreath of cypress
 With one word, whispered low.
 I wake, and the cypress I find not,
 And the word I do not know.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LVI.

FEAR not, my sweet, I should betray
 The love I bear thee in my lays,
 Howe'er my lips may overflow
 With thy matchless beauty's praise.

Beneath a thicket all of flowers,
 Hidden from all envious blame,
 Lies, my love, that burning secret,
 Burns, my love, that secret flame.

Fear nought, though some suspicious flash
 Burst wildly forth from time to time :
 The world knows nothing of such fires
 And takes them all for merely rhyme.

Neue Gedichte, XXXV.

FRAGMENTS.

My heart is sad and heavy
 In this merry month of May,
 As I stand beneath the lime-tree
 On the bastion old and gray.

Beneath my feet the water
 Flows gently in the moat,
 A boy sits idly fishing
 And whistling in his boat.

"If all the mountains were of gold
 And all the seas of wine,
 I'd rather have thee than them all,
 Sweet maiden, treasure mine."

"If thou dost love me best of all,
 As I would fain believe,
 Go stand before my father's face
 And ask my father's leave."

"I stood before thy father's face
 And he did say me nay ;
 Take leave then of thyself,
 And come with me away."

I never shall forsake thee, love,
 Until that I be dead ;
 Thou art the daughter of a King,
 A rosebud blushing red."

" If I'm the daughter of a King
 Thou art an Earl so free."
 He led her by the snow-white hand
 Beneath the Linden tree.

He led her from the Linden tree
 Away by the snow-white hand.
 In time she bore the knight a child
 Far in a distant land.

—Murray's Magazine.

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

BY MRS. ANNIE REICHARDT.

It is startling to any one who has lived in Mohammedan countries to know that here, in free, Christian, hitherto happy England, the dark shadow of the false prophet is finding a footing. Those who know the private, real, every-day life of the Mohammedan woman know also that her faults grow out of the system to which she belongs, which certainly does not hold up any high and noble aim for her to reach after.

It is a fundamental point of the Mohammedan religion that women should be secluded from and always veiled before strangers, and upon this axis their education turns. It is implanted into them with their mothers' milk.

I have seen many a bright little girl of two years old, riding astride on her mother's shoulder, her little fat rounded limbs in all their brown beauty, clothed only in a pair of anklets, a little sleeveless jacket reaching to the hips, and half a yard of muslin covering her head. One of the first things she is taught is to put up the little dimpled fingers and draw this bit of muslin across her face at the sight of a man, for whatever else a Mohammedan girl does not learn, she certainly does learn very perfectly the lesson that she must cover her face from the gaze of any strange man.

The Koran says, "The women shall be unveiled only before their husbands, fathers, fathers-in-law, brothers, and children." I will relate which

took place in Damascus, in a family with which I was well acquainted.

Lateefa Khanoom was the daughter of Z. Pasha. Her father was dead, and had died very soon after her birth, since which time she and her mother had lived in the house of Tewfik Bey. This latter had married Lateefa Khanoom's elder sister, and on the death of his father-in-law had taken the widow and the little Lateefa under his protection, treating them in every way as his own mother and sister. In fact, the little Lateefa was to him, as to her mother and sister, the petted and spoiled darling.

Djevdar Bey, a handsome young Turkish officer stationed at Damascus, wanting a wife, set to work to find out where he could meet with a Turkish girl of good birth, and through the usual means (the women who visit the different harems and report on the charms of the girls who are found there) he made his choice of Lateefa Khanoom. His proposals were accepted by the three persons who alone formed her family, being her mother, sister, and brother-in-law. She was barely twelve ! As a matter of form her consent was asked, and having seen from the latticed window the suitor chosen for her, she made no objection but silently assented to become his wife. The ring and other presents sent by the bridegroom as sealing the contract arrived in due course, and with them the command to his bride-elect to veil herself, and keep her person sacred from the eyes of every man, even her

Cairo to go back to her husband and continue to be an obedient, loving wife, notwithstanding previous cruelty and desertion on his part. She was a mere child in years—sixteen or seventeen—hardly more.

Poor Mabrooka ! Those who talk and write so glibly of the "laudable Moslem religion" ought to have seen this poor creature, as I told her that my religion taught me that it would be a sin on my part to keep her from her husband, and that she must try to forgive and forget, and go back and live with him.

She had been his wife for a couple or more of years, when he went away and left her with a young child in her arms—both wholly unprovided for ! The infant died of starvation, and she was brought to me by the Sheikh El Mukhadameen (the chief of those who procure servants). She was very frightened when she came to me, for she had never spoken to Europeans, or indeed to Christians at all, and cried much the first few days ; but it was a case of starving or going back to utter starvation. Good food had its due effect, and the fact that a young child very near the age of her own was to be her chief care soon reconciled her to living with me, child-mother though she was.

She was with me for eleven months. A more simple-hearted, docile, sweet-tempered creature I never had in my house. She was so attached to me and to my children that, as she was an orphan and had no relations, I hoped that I might be able to keep her always ; but my wishes were frustrated.

One day a Fellah was announced from Upper Egypt. It was her husband ! He said he wanted his wife. Of course he had heard that she had been cared for and was looking well, and also that she had a nice little wardrobe, and a sum of money which in Cairo at that time was considered very substantial, and his fingers itched to have the despoiling of so many good things.

Mabrooka wept bitterly, and throwing herself at my feet begged me to keep her, saying she would be my slave all through life if I would only prevent her going back. We did all we could to persuade her husband to divorce her, promising him all her little possessions and a sum of money besides.

"She is my wife ! I want my wife !"

he kept on repeating doggedly, and I was obliged to make her go with him. With choking sobs and eyes filled with tears, she said : "I will go, *ya sitti* (my lady), because you tell me that God and your religion say I must ; but, oh ! you do not know to what you send me !"

A few months after she came back, but so changed that it was difficult for me to recognize her. Cruelty and starvation had had their effect, and now he had again deserted her on the eve of again becoming a mother !

It may be said by Philo-Mohammedans, and I know it is said by Mohammedans themselves, that such things happen in Christian England. Yes ! With grief and shame I grant it, but am thankful to add that the religion of Christian England does *not* abet or permit it, and this, thank God, makes a very wide difference.

One argument often brought forward by Philo-Mohammedans is that the marriage relation remains undissolved much oftener than otherwise. Such may be the case, for among the higher classes divorce is considered somewhat disreputable ; not from any higher sense of its sinfulness, or any greater degree of affection on the husband's part, but because men of any position or standing are unwilling that their own particular daughter should have such a slight put upon them—that anything belonging to *them* should be obliged to submit to such a degradation at the bare caprice of another. Thus it happens that we never hear of the daughters of sultans, pashas, or any wealthy or influential people being divorced. I have heard it averred over and over again as a well-substantiated fact that the Sultan has at least one new wife every year besides innumerable concubines. What becomes of the old ones ? Surely they must be divorced, for the law of El Islam will not permit of more than four wives, nor can a legally married wife become a concubine. There is therefore the always existing possibility of divorce for no reason at all, save a groundless and capricious whim on the part of the husband.

A Mohammedan girl is brought up with the idea that she has nothing to do with love. It is *ayib* (shame) for her to love her husband. She dares not do it if she would. What he asks and expects of her is to tremble before him and yield him unquestioning obedience. I have seen a

husband look pleased and complacent when his wife looked afraid to lift up her eyes even when visitors were present.

Still, with all this, I have known of cases where the wife, being married young, and treated fairly well, really grew to love her husband, and I am sure it would oftener be the case but for the baneful effect of the example of their prophet and the permission of their Koran to bring in a second wife, or a "white slave," after a decade of years has passed away.

There are some men among them, but I think they are rare, who boast that they marry a new wife every month. "It is so easy," say they, "to divorce a wife when one is tired of her!" And such is the fact! At any unexpected moment the fatal words, "You are divorced," may be uttered, and an utter wrenching of home ties, perhaps of many years' existence, takes place. The wife must veil herself, and never again let her husband see her. She takes with her any property that has been given to her by her husband, parents, or any other person, this being always entirely her own, and not in any way subject to her husband's will, and she leaves her husband's house, and her children.

A woman cannot, of herself, separate from her husband without his consent. If she is clever, however, she will take him by surprise at an unguarded moment, and contrive to do or say something which will make him so angry that before he can exercise sufficient self-control to stop himself, he has uttered the wished-for words.

Aysha, a servant of mine in Cairo, told me she had done it in this way. Her story was this. She was married at the age of nine years and grew up knowing no one and caring for no one but her husband. To see that his clothes were of a snowy whiteness, and his stews and pilauks carefully cooked with the full modicum of rich spices and savory herbs, the rice of a golden color imparted by the saffron, and the meat of an appetizing tenderness, and all ready prepared at the moment of his arrival from the sook, was the sole object of her existence, and she was contented and happy, for he always spoke as if he loved her, and said "he would never marry again, but that she should be the companion of his whole life." She was in

time the mother of three children, who all died in infancy, but her life was bound up in her husband, and as long as she had him she did not care.

One day he came in bringing with him a little girl and said that he had married again!

"Ya Madamtce!" (Oh my misfortune!) screeched Aysha, who was herself barely twenty. "What have I done that you should hate me all at once, and bring this strange woman between us? May your shadow never grow less; may your father find mercy; may you have length of days given you: send her back to her friends, and be not so cruel to me. Or else—why should I be in your way? divorce me since you no longer care for me."

"No," said her husband, "I do not hate you, and will not divorce you. According to our prophet's words (on him be peace) we, the believers, may have more wives than one, and what you ask is impossible."

The days went on, and Aysha found herself become the drudge and servant, and no appeals for divorce were listened to; so one day, just as it was about the usual time for him to come home, she got together all her things and put them behind the door, with her *milayeh* (large veil for covering the figure) and *boorka* (nose veil). She then set upon the new wife, beating her, and scratching her, and tearing out her hair at such a rate, that when her husband came in his rage knew no bounds and he screamed out, "Talika bitalata!" (divorced the third time!). She had not been divorced before, but the phrase means divorced without hope of return.

In this way she got free, and catching up her bundle and veil with cat-like agility, she was out of the house before he could touch her.

This is one case out of thousands which are daily occurring, and proves what I said before, that it is the religion of the false prophet, the tenet of the Koran, to which are attributable all the faults of Mohammedan women. And can it be possible that the enlightened daughters of Christian England knowingly and willingly ally themselves to such a system by marriage with Mohammedans?

No amount of education or civilization or public opinion can give the wife of a

Mohammedan any security in the marriage tie.

More has been said lately about the rights of woman. The gospel of Jesus Christ—the old and New Covenant which form the basis of the religion of hitherto happy England—has given woman the right to be *queen* and sovereign of the home where she reigns as wife. As yet, and long may it remain so, her chief right and glory is to be the safe deposit of her husband's confidence, the guiding star of his existence, one "in whom the heart of her husband findeth safety, trust, who openeth her mouth with wisdom, whose children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

If things turn out otherwise—and it is sad that the weakness and sinfulness of human nature should often cause it to be so—yet it is not the Christian religion that is to blame.

I feel compelled to give one more example of what the Mohammedan can do, and what his religion sanctions.

It was a sad case which happened while I was at Damascus, and took place among the better class of Mohammedans.

Zeynab K. was married to a very wealthy man who was very much older than her father: but as he was of very high standing in Moslem society, her father congratulated himself on having secured him as a husband for his child. Zeynab was only about ten years old when she was taken to her husband's house, dressed out like a doll in all the finery and jewels which he had, in accordance with Moslem rules, sent with a lavish hand before the wedding.

Years passed away before she again crossed her husband's threshold.

Once behind the "*burdayeh*" or "*starr*" (for both these names are given to the thick heavy curtain which shuts out the women's apartments from the rest of the world) a young girl-wife is literally buried alive, and her horizon is limited by her husband, his wives, and his slaves.

Until she becomes a mother herself she may not even think of seeing her own mother, and if, as in the case of Zeynab, by means of wealth or position her husband stands a little higher than her friends, years may pass away before she crosses her mother's threshold again.

A harem is a world in itself. The husband is the autocrat, and the larger the

amount of his wealth, so much larger his harem. What passes there is never known or commented on in the outer world.

It is contrary to all Moslem ideas and Moslem etiquette for any man to make inquiries about any female that lives in the house of another.

It is but natural to suppose that among the many human beings, wives, concubines, and slaves, who compose a harem—with the head eunuch, who ostentatiously keeps them in order, but is really a little king among them—there are strong wills and fierce passions, commanding intellects and unwearied energies, which, could they be rightly guided, might be of benefit to the world: but, being wholly without vent save among themselves, turn their little world into a perfect pandemonium.

I will not harrow the feelings of the reader by relating the cruelties perpetrated in the utter oblivion of the harem between themselves, as described to me by one of their own number, for they know that no law can reach them.

"Oh! it is only women among themselves—who can expect women to be reasonable! It is best to turn a deaf ear to what goes on in the women's apartments," say the men with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder.

The husband and autocrat, caring but for his own self-indulgence, one day lavishes caresses and loads with presents some, for the time, favored one, and the next gives her up to all that the fury and jealousy of those who are less favored can invent.

Zeynab became, in the course of time, the mother of two sons, but unkindness and cruelty had pulled down her constitution. Her mind seemed to give way at the hopelessness of her life. Worn to a shadow and mad with despair, she at last succeeded one day in eluding discovery by putting on the dress of a slave, and, slipping past the great *burdayeh* and the guardian *bowab* (the gate-keeper), fled to her father's house.

Her father had not seen her since she had left his house on her wedding day! True, rumors were whispered about, and had been brought to him by elderly women who frequent the harems as peddlers and hawkers, but he had shrugged his shoulders and merely said "it would not be seemly to quarrel with a man of such standing as his son-in-law for the sake of

a woman." Now that he saw the change in her he was startled and shocked as she threw herself at his feet and begged him to put an end to her life if he would, but not to send her back.

The father's heart was awakened, and she was tenderly cared for, but a long and severe illness followed, in which all hope of life was given up by the doctors.

Her father took into consultation men learned in Moslem law, and sent deputation after deputation to his son-in-law entreating him to divorce her, and saying how utterly incapable she was of returning to be his wife. The unhappy father offered not only to remit her dowry and give up all claims to any property which she had left in the harem, but to pay any sum of money demanded within reason.

Again and again the same answer came back, "I will not divorce her; she is my wife and must come back." Cadis and moollahs were sent to expostulate with him, but he laughed at all they said. "He wanted her back, sick or well, and he would have her; not because he loved her, but to show her the consequences of trying to escape him. He was a Moslem, and would brook no interference between himself and the inmates of his harem. *Mashalla!* They would laugh at his beard if they could get off so easily."

His fiendish looks as he said this frightened even those hardened men, and they advised her father to keep her carefully hidden, lest she should fall a victim to her husband's cruelty.

Shall I—dare I—put on paper what his next message was? I did not see it done myself. I was told—yes, I was told on good authority and in bated whispers—what it was. He took her two sons, who were also his sons—those little darling boys—he took them, wrung their necks, and sent their dead bodies still palpitating to show her what he had in store for *her!*

The young mother, not yet twenty, never raised her head after the one wild shriek she gave, and in a few days she too died, the victim of despair.

This is no exaggerated tale, no piece of sensational fiction. If I dared give names and dates, I am not sure but what now at the present moment there are some in England who could corroborate my statement. But what need have I of witnesses? Every Moslem knows that his religion gives him supreme control in his

harem, and that neither law nor public opinion can touch him there. I have known English women married to Moslems who, having in their own persons experienced the reality of such a life, have made it the one object of their lives to get their daughters out of the clutches of that religion, so baneful to women, before they reached the age considered marriageable among Moslems. I could call witnesses to the bitter tears and restless, sleepless anxiety with which an English mother watched the innocent gambols of her infant daughter, although her own husband was a man of education, of great wealth, and of a most influential position. He had been often in England and France, and spoke the languages of both those countries with ease. He was as good a husband as his religion would allow him to be, and after years of continued tears and entreaty on the part of his wife he actually was bold enough to wink at the mother's fleeing with the child to a place of refuge. For this amount of kindness he was called to account by the ulemas and learned men of his religion, on the plea that it was a heinous sin against the Koran to keep his daughter where she could not be married to a Moslem. He was ordered to command her return, but her mother hid her and changed her own name. This was some years ago, and I do not know what the sequel has been.

Having given an instance of a husband's cruelty as shielded by the Koran and the Mohammedan religion, I will now proceed to show how a naturally amiable and good hearted man is bid to look upon his wife by the light of that same Koran.

On an Austrian steamer I met an Egyptian Effendi who seemed a man of intelligence and wealth. He had his wife with him, and had secured the ladies' cabin for her. There she remained with her three little children and a black slave, never coming out once for a breath of fresh air during the whole voyage.

The Effendi spoke of her in a very patronizing, good-natured sort of way. He told me that he was just returning from Europe, and that, having been obliged to go there on business, he had taken his wife with him, to have an operation performed on her eyes for cataract, she being perfectly blind through that disease.

On my showing some surprise at his incurring so much trouble and expense for

communicating door opens and a cheery voice invites him to pass. After the usual handshake M. Stamboloff subsides into a rocking chair, and if in a happy mood, talks and rocks indefinitely till disturbed by a fresh call. The study where he receives is the cosy room of a worker. One angle is crossed by the writing table under which a magnificent bearskin carpets the floor, and a repeating rifle leans against the wall ready to hand. The plain deal boards on trestles which take up another side of the room are littered with maps and plans for the ports of Varna and Bourgas, and various municipal schemes, together with a heterogeneous pile of the day's letters and telegrams, which arrive every few moments. A huge cupboard full of State papers and surmounted by a stuffed owl completes the furniture. In personal appearance M. Stamboloff is short and thick-set, with a rapidly growing tendency to stoutness. He was once very thin: "before he married," as he remarks with a twinkle in his eyes; but marriage and the quiet of home, in exchange for the somewhat riotous living of his youth, have marvellously agreed with him. His hair is thinning over his capacious forehead and is clipped close on his cheeks, leaving a small imperial, and mustache not thick enough to hide the mouth. His eyes are small and set deep under heavy brows, while he has a habit of half closing them, which makes them look smaller still. It is only when angered that they open fully and blaze like dame. His voice is low but clear, and his usual delivery rapid. In ordinary talk, he seldom raises his monotone, but in public speaking, or when animated, his organ is flexible, and, aided by look and gesture, very expressive.

Such is a rough sketch of the outer man on whose energy and self-control the fate of the Balkan Peninsula has really depended for several years past. Any swerving from the policy he has upheld would quickly embroil Bulgaria with her neighbors: any false step toward the Powers might bring about a general war. It requires inexhaustible patience to deal with provocations from Bulgaria's equals among the nations, and no common firmness to resist alike threats and promises from her superiors. These qualities M. Stamboloff possesses to an extraordinary degree, all the more extraordinary when

we consider that the earlier years of his life were passed as an artisan and an exile, and that they were called into requisition and put to the supremest tests before he had reached the age when most of our European statesmen had only begun their training. Even now he is only five-and-thirty, having already been in possession of almost dictatorial powers for three years.

For M. Stamboloff's policy and manner of carrying it out, I cannot do better than quote his own words from my note-book, where I find him saying on March 1st, 1890:—

"The story of our trying to dissemble Russian participation in the Panitza plot is most ridiculous. Indeed I do not know what we could do that we have not done, and that we are not doing, to show our contempt for Russia, and our resolve not to be bullied by her. We are a little State, but we form an impenetrable barrier, so long as we subsist, to Russian advance. My own idea was, long before I came to power, and will be to the end, though I may never see its realization, a Confederation of the Balkan States. Singly, it seems to me, they must inevitably fall, and when they are out of the way Russia can do what she likes with Constantinople. And just as we are necessary to Constantinople, so are the Turks necessary to us. Another power at Stamboul, Russia, England, Germany—any other,—would mean the end of Balkan nationalities. We are anxious to keep up the bond with Turkey if she will only for once shake off her lethargy and indecision and help us. We want no material help, but merely the moral support of her recognition of our *status*. It has cost us enough to arrive at what we are, and it has cost Turkey nothing. I am urged to declare the independence at once, but I may tell you that we have appealed to the Porte lately, within the last fortnight, to recognize the Prince. We have no answer: I do not suppose we shall get one. It is the eternal silly snail of Stamboul which ruins them and us. If, however, the Porte refuses, I do not say that we shall not be forced to declare ourselves free. How would it be done? Not openly at first, but merely by omitting to pay the tribute. This would open the door to official explanations and we could, and should, say that if the parent threw off the child, the child would decline any longer

Berlin—viz., a discontented Eastern Roumelia, which would inevitably wait and watch for the day when it could once more unite with us in a Bulgaria which would never again be content to remain as it began first. In other words, the Porte would re-enter into the enjoyment of its tribute of three millions (which would be paid much more regularly if it recognized the Prince), and which, in any case, are of no personal value to the Sultan, since they go direct to the pockets of foreign bondholders. Putting aside, for argument's sake, the easy alternative of recognition, and supposing the case of our throwing off the suzerainty, would it be worth while for the Porte to make war for its miserable three millions, which are all that it would lose, and to really advance Russia to a hundred kilometres of Constantinople? And would the other Powers permit her to declare war for such an object? I will even allow, if you like, that the Powers will be furious with us, and leave us to fight it out with Turkey. There are precedents which show that tens of thousands have beaten hundreds of thousands. Take Shahin Pasha, with his ten thousand men at Adrianople, who utterly routed the hundred thousand opposed to him, and pursued them to Philippopolis. Still I do not say that we should beat the Turks, but our army would give them a great deal of trouble, and we should fight it out to the bitter end if it came to an invasion. And if we were conquered we should not be worse off than before—that is, we should immediately find ourselves in the predicament we are now struggling to avoid: a Russian occupation, for that is what would ensue very quickly if the Turks attacked us. I need not go on with this side of the question. The *pros* and *cons* are as plain to you as to me. In imagining the possibility of a war with Turkey, I am stretching my fancy a long way, for I do not believe it could ever happen. We are destined to be friends, and I am confident that we shall become so." And later, on the same subject, "*Ceteris paribus*, Bulgaria will prefer the risk of war to the risk of a Russian occupation, the more so as the latter is approaching within measurable distance, and I am not at all sure that the proclamation of independence would bring about war. At least not with Turkey. With Serbia? Yes. I am tolerably sure that as soon as

we proclaimed we should be attacked by Serbia, urged on by Russia, *unless*, and it is a big *unless*, Austria threatened Belgrade. You can understand that Austria could hardly look on with indifference at a Russian Serbia conquering Bulgaria. I believe Passitch is now arranging for some such eventuality at St. Petersburg. We shall at any rate not make any decisive move without being well prepared. As for Passitch, I have a great contempt for him. I expelled him once from Bulgaria as a vagabond, and last summer he came here without any official character, not then being even President of the Skupshtina, as he is now. He called on me, and proposed to me to act with Serbia in seizing Macedonia, and dividing it between us. I replied that before dividing other countries, it behooved us to look to our own, that at present neither did Serbia belong to the Serbs, nor Bulgaria to the Bulgars. At this he stared open-mouthed. I added that it might be pleasant enough to make an excursion into Macedonia, but simultaneously Russia might make her appearance at Varna, and Austria at Belgrade, and therefore for the present, instead of tearing each other's crests like fighting cocks, for the amusement of the Great Powers, or making bootless filibustering expeditions, we had better take more care at home. For the rest I bade him note that whereas I was a minister he was nobody, and I declined to discuss the field of general politics with him. He then asked what message he was to take back to General Griutch, and I replied to give him my best wishes and advice above all things to restrain his ardor. That sort of unaccredited, irresponsible agent is a very dangerous instrument to meddle with. I remember when Kaulbars was here that he sent me a message that I was to receive a certain Bogdanoff, and make future arrangements with him. At that time I was lodged at the telegraph office from morning till night, and I answered that not only would I not treat with him, but I refused to have any intercourse with such a scoundrel, and I gave strict orders he should not be allowed inside the office."

Again during the progress of the Panitzin trial, which was a most anxious time for the Government, M. Stamboloff, referring to the machinations of Russia and the masterly inaction of the Powers, who

seemed to take it all as a matter of course, put forth his reasons for decisive action as follows :—

“ I have been waiting for the great European war for five years now, knowing that it will settle once and for all the Eastern Question. Ever since 1876 we have been told that it is imminent, and I have been holding on, but I do not really see that it is much nearer now than then. There are no tangible signs given by the Great Powers of anything but an immense desire for peace at any price—the price to be paid by the small fry ! They can afford to wait and sacrifice us while they are getting ready ; but our point of view is different. It is for this reason that I foresee that if nobody will help us we shall be forced to make a bid for our independence, for we cannot continue the game of patience much longer, with our hands tied, while Russia is actively undermining the roots of our national liberty. . . . I shall not tell anybody exactly when I shall take the step. It will not be this year, except under unbearable pressure. We can resist for three years longer, perhaps even for five, without recognition of the Prince or independence, but it would be a perpetual struggle and watch. You must understand that it is not for the Prince, nor the Government, nor the people that I must declare. It is for the army. Prince Alexander fell through shutting his eyes to the possibility of treason. Two months before his abdication I was with him at Tirnovo, and he expressed his fears of a revolt among the population of Eastern Roumelia. ‘ Sire,’ I answered, ‘ there neither is, nor ever will be, danger from the *people*. It is from the army that you may look for it.’ He turned his back upon me in anger, declaring ‘ his children ’ would never be false to him. He was always repeating his faith in his ‘ children.’ Afterward, when we two were seated in the victoria which was conveying him on his last journey out of Bulgaria, I reminded him of our talk. He hid his face in his hands, and muttered : ‘ Ah ! yes, you were right, and knew them better than I did ; but I could never have believed it.’ ”

Continuing from my notes I find him saying, in discussing the evidence brought to light at the Panitza trial : “ The first thing I heard on my return from Philipopolis was that a letter from Zankoff had

been found among the papers of the old man Kissimoff, Chancellor of the Red Cross Society. It is curious how he could keep such a compromising document, after the arrest of his son only four or five days previously. It reminds me of the time when I was an exile in Roumania, and I knew a notorious bandit who had committed numberless murders. He always carried about him, in a back pocket, a dagger with which he had killed fourteen people. I once asked him what was the good of doing so, as it might serve as evidence against him some day. He answered that truly it was no good to him, but it brought him good luck. Just so, also, the other day we found a heap of Russian correspondence, neatly tied up and docketed, at Ozunoff’s. When interrogated how he could be such a fool, he explained that he had thought perhaps the Russians might come some day, and they would prove how he had served them. Talking of Roumania brings back to me a comical scene which I once had in the Café Salis, at Bucharest. I was, with many other Bulgarians at that time, a political refugee, and one of the local papers published an article saying that all of us were either fugitives from motives of cowardice, or else traitors working against our country. This was exactly the opposite of the truth, as we had come there in order to work the better, as the result proved. At any rate, I demanded from the editor the name of the writer of the article in question, and he said he would give it me that evening at seven o’clock in the café. When he came though he refused to tell me, so I said : ‘ Then you are responsible, and as I know if I challenged you to a duel you would not accept, I will force you to challenge me,’ and struck him several times, ending up by spitting in his face. The orchestra stopped playing, and there was a great hubbub in the café, but I never heard any more from my editor. There are some affairs which need quicker reparation than any tribunals can give. I myself have four times challenged men to a duel, and each time publicly chastised them on their refusal.”

With two more characteristic little speeches I will leave M. Stamboloff. The first was at the close of the Court Martial :—

“ I am vexed at the result of the Court

Martial. I myself went over all the papers, and know the *dossier* by heart, better than any of the lawyers or members of the court. If the men had done nothing I should not have sent them for trial. And then the Procureur coolly gets up and withdraws the charges against half of the prisoners. It is not his business to withdraw charges, forsooth! He has an indictment given to him by the War Minister, and he has to support it. He has no authority to withdraw accusations his Minister has made. And then the court, having before them a crew who openly avow that they intended to betray their oath and dethrone their Prince, condemn only one to death, and recommend a commutation of his sentence. They allow themselves to be moved to pity by the thought of Panitza's wife and children, and past services. But I, too, have services, and a wife and children! Am I for that reason to attempt to assassinate my superiors, to violate my oath, to risk throwing my country into a state of civil war, or into the arms of a foreign Power, and then, when I am found out just in time to stop me, to get up in public and say that 'I think I was right, but that if you want to punish me you must remember my family'?"

And the second was the day after Sir W. White passed through Sofia on leave of absence, and it was not deemed judicious for M. Stamboloff to meet him and travel in the same train:—

"So your Ambassador is not allowed to speak to me. It is only another mark of the pariah brand Europe has set upon us. But it is about time to finish the play. I, for one, have had enough, and have just sent off our last Note to Turkey. She can do what she likes, but if she refuses to fulfil her duties toward us she will never see a penny of the next instalment of tribute. It is ridiculous that Russia's veto should be able to frighten all the Powers out of their senses, and prevent the recognition of our rights. At any rate I am not afraid—I never have been yet in my life—to do what I thought I had a right to do. I am certain the Porte will never move actively against us. It would be very foolish if she did. She might suppress our first attempt at independence, but she could only do so at the alternative cost of throwing the country either more under the influence of the

Prince, or of Russia, probably the latter, and what would she gain by that?"

It was this Note, despatched in the middle of June, against the strong remonstrances of most of the foreign diplomatic agents, and under a temporary impulse of anger, which has brought about the vastly improved relations which now exist with the Ottoman Porte. M. Stamboloff had always insisted on the expediency of some such quasi-ultimatum, but he had been held back by the counsels of the Powers, who feared the consequences of forcing Turkey's hand. It was only when he decided to act upon his own initiative that he proved how rightly he had judged the situation. As all the world knows, the Note was followed by the granting of *Berats* to the Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia, and an immense increase, not easily calculated, of Bulgarian prestige, not only in that province but throughout the Balkans. Since that triumph all opposition to M. Stamboloff and his policy has practically ceased, and with the exception of occasional fretful Notes from Russia the political affairs of the Principality have progressed with excellent smoothness. As long as Bulgaria retains her remarkable Premier there is little fear for her future, but a larger measure of support from friendly Powers in the just, and truly Homeric, combat he sustains would render his task lighter, and go far toward postponing the prophesied Armageddon.

Two other well-known figures in Sofia are those of M. Isanoff and Dr. Strausky, both ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs. I have already mentioned the former's visit to the Russian Legation on the day of the battle of Slivnitza. He has himself confirmed to me the story, and added that the perturbation which reigned that day was indescribable. There was some interruption in the telegraph service and no news had come in since noon. The Minister climbed the tower which stood by the office, and anxiously watched the cannon smoke rolling thickly over the plain. "At last," he said, "I could stand it no longer, and called the chief clerk, telling him that if he failed to get me news in a quarter of an hour he would be dismissed and punished. The fault was really not his, but he saw I was in no humor to be answered. Ten minutes later, however, came the message of victory from M. Stamboloff, and my clerk got a present

instead of punishment." Talking on another occasion of Prince Alexander's devotion to his army, M. Isanoff remarked, "It was always the Prince's weak point to trust too wholly those whom he believed to be his friends. Just before the Servian War I used to hold long conversations with him through the telegraph, and I was continually warning him of Servian preparations. His invariable reply was that it was all a '*blague*' and that '*son cher ami*' Milan could never be thinking of attacking him." M. Isanoff lives a quiet retired life, as in fact do all the ex-Ministers in Bulgaria, in this respect differing considerably from their fellows of other countries, who as soon as they are out of office generally devote their energies to attempting to regain it. Dr. Strausky, who resigned last year, was for some time Agent at Belgrade, and for three years all but a day or two held the Foreign Affairs portfolio, thus being, at the time of his retirement, the Minister who had longest kept his seat in this country of changes and revolutions. He is a man of taciturn disposition, but a close acquaintance with him always dispelled the unfavorable impression he was wont to create at first, and I believe everybody was sorry when he exchanged the cares of State for his favorite pursuit of horticulture, and his ministerial chair for the corner in the Café Panachoff where he is to be regularly seen at noon. One of his *bon-mots* will long be remembered at Sofia. It was when a Foreign Agent complained to him of the want of politeness of the Bulgarian Palace officials who had not returned his visit. Dr. Strausky pondered for an instant, stroking his long whiskers before replying, "*Que voulez-vous, monsieur! ce sont des Français!*" In this connection I may remark, *en passant*, that the progress of years has brought no improvement, and that the household of Prince Ferdinand, who presumably exist for no other purpose than to be courteous and to teach the refinements of civilized society to the new Court, and through it to the people, are the most flagrant transgressors against the elementary usages of society. I refer principally to their almost invariable rule of neglecting to return visits, which is a small thing in itself, but which has gone very far to raise ill-feeling and damage the reputation of the Palace. Probably the Prince is unaware

of their shortcomings, which contrast so unfavorably with the punctiliousness of Bucharest, and should these lines lead to a reformation, they will have rendered a signal service to His Royal Highness.

Turning now from Sofia to Belgrade, I may also begin my recollections with the street in which I lived. It leads from the Prince Michael street down to the Save, and is designated by position for one of the principal thoroughfares. It is, however, so abominably paved and so feebly lighted that few who are not forced to take that route ever enter upon its perils. As an instance of what its inhabitants were exposed to, I may relate the following anecdote. I had been passing the evening with some friends, among others being the Belgian Attaché. About midnight we were returning when we heard shots fired in the distance, but thought little of the fact. Ten minutes after I had entered, M. B. rushed into my room crying that murder was being committed outside, and related that as he had turned the corner he had heard a hue and cry, and had commenced to run in the darkness. A bullet soon whistled past him, but he managed to gain our door, which luckily happened to be open. We both went into the front room overlooking the street, and saw a small knot of men standing round the opposite doorway. One of the doors was open inward. After a short consultation, they knocked at the window, and an old woman handed them out a candle. One of the men then held the candle behind the door while a second coolly thrust the muzzle of his rifle in and fired. The shot was followed by a groan, and then a body was dragged out, heels first, and deposited with ribald jests in the road. It proved to be that of an Austrian subject, a harmless, inoffensive individual who was drunk, and had lain down to sleep in the first shelter he had found. There is very little doubt that had M. B. found our door shut and hidden himself as he first intended behind the opposite door, he would have met the same fate. No satisfaction was ever given, and in spite of our combined testimony and that of other eye-witnesses, the local papers appeared with an account of the capture of a desperate brigand who had been killed while defending himself against the police, whose courage and vigilance were highly extolled. Such were the delights

of residence in the Balkanska Ulitza, a predestined lair for cut-throats and excuse for murder. The principal personages in Serbia, apart from the royal family, are of necessity the Regents and Ministers. The first Regent, M. Lovan Ristitch, has a great reputation for statesmanship and is commonly known as the Little Bismarck. At least he possesses what most of his colleagues and subordinates lack, namely, a certain amount of experience. He had already directed the destinies of Serbia for thirteen years as Regent during King Milan's minority, and as his Prime Minister, before being again called to the Regency. On the whole he directed them well, and the lesson he seems to have learned best is that of keeping himself as much as possible in the background, except on great emergencies. Being in receipt of what for Serbia is an enormous salary, and endowed with a thrifty not to say avaricious temperament, he is scarcely likely to endanger a comfortable position by any too vigorous initiative.

General Belimarkovitch has held ministerial portfolios before with varying degrees of credit and otherwise, having once been impeached before the Skupshtina for malversation as Minister of War. He is a *bon vivant*, and fond of such inferior public amusements as Belgrade affords, so that anybody who can face the stifling atmosphere of a café where a strolling company may happen to be performing, is tolerably sure of finding the Regent, with a pot of beer before him, enjoying the play and ogling the players. His amorous propensities have occasionally given rise to public scandals, but the poplance of Belgrade are indulgent to vice in high places, and such incidents create only fleeting impressions which are quickly forgotten.

The third Regent, General Protitch, is best known through his wife, to whose fascinations, and his own easy and accommodating temper, rumor ascribes his rapid advancement in rank and his present position. Of the Ministers I might write much, having been in frequent contact with most of the Cabinet, but refrain from saying more than that they are on the whole well-meaning and honest, but with a general want of experience and tact which reacts unfavorably on their relations with the outside world, and which leaves them too open to more or sudden impulses, either self-born or implanted by

interested third parties. They have little dignity or sense of responsibility, and allow themselves to be swayed by the mob in a way which was neatly put to me once by a diplomatist who knows them well. I was searching for an article in the Constitution when he came up and laughingly cried, "My dear fellow, do not trouble your head about it: it is very simple. There are only three articles. Article I. The Regents do what the Ministers please; Article II. The Ministers do what the Skupshtina pleases; and Article III. The Skupshtina does what it pleases. There you have the whole Law and the Prophets." And since the abdication of King Milan the above represents the fashion in which Serbia is governed accurately enough.

In common with the Bulgars, the Serbs have a rooted mistrust, generally amounting to dislike, of foreigners. But while in the case of the former it arises rather from a shyness of displaying inferiority, with the latter it springs from a defiant spirit of at least equality. I have heard a learned and cultured Bulgar modestly say, "We are not so intelligent and quick-witted as the Serbs, but we reflect more, and we are always ready to listen and learn." I have never heard even the most ignorant Serb confess his inferiority to any man living. It will naturally be understood that I am speaking of the masses of middle class society. In the higher classes, both at Sofia and Belgrade, foreigners are made welcome, and will often find their hosts better informed than themselves. It is in the houses of these leaders of progress that a stranger will experience the freest and pleasantest hospitality, a mixture of the desert welcome of the Bedouin with the comfort and refinement of Europe. The pity is that there are so few of them. The majority of the population of Belgrade appear to pass their lives in the innumerable cafés which line the streets, going from one to the other at stated times, and with such regularity that it is much surer to seek an individual at his favorite haunt than at his office or his home. As a logical consequence it may be imagined that the vice of drunkenness is very rife. In Bulgaria no one is allowed to intoxicate himself till entering upon old age, and any young man who should transgress this tradition would be seriously disgraced. As a mat-

ter of fact it is only once a week, after market, that one may find a few old peasants incapable on the high roads, whereas the streets of Belgrade resound with shouts and brawling every evening up till midnight; and as long as the offenders are Serbs, and not foreigners, the police are extremely indulgent. For the latter, however, no pity is shown if he is in the wrong, and scant sympathy if he has cause of complaint. Indeed, it is scarcely advisable for him to go abroad alone at night, or to resort to any place of public amusement except in company of friends. Should he attempt it, the exuberant patri-

otism of the Serbs would be tolerably sure to find vent in insulting epithets, if not in more active aggression.

Time, however, and a little more friction with the rest of the world will smooth down many of the angularities of these young nations which are apt to strike a visitor with unpleasant and, perhaps, undue force. On the whole, if the reader never carries away more disagreeable recollections from the places of his sojourn than does the writer from the Balkans, he may be congratulated on his good fortune. —*Fortnightly Review*.

TSAR v. JEW.

BY THE COUNTESS OF DESART.

"Now there arose a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph; and he said to his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us: come let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war they also join themselves unto our enemies. . . . And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve them with rigor." So said Pharaoh in the first chapter of Exodus, and so quotes an anti-Semitic writer as one of the reasons for the improvement of the Jews off the face of Russia; a second reason being that though a large number of Slavs try their utmost to avoid fulfilling their soldiering duties, twenty-three out of twenty-eight per cent. of those who shirk the conscription are Jews.

It is useless to try and discuss any proposition with such a logician; but the two points above mentioned are half-a-dozen pages apart, and the casual reader may easily miss their curious connection, and be carried away by the plausible arguments in between to imagine that the essayist has proved his case against the race he sweepingly condemns. But the question of the Russian Jew, not as connected with Lord Mayor's meetings, past or present, but as concerning the pauper immigration into the East End of London, has become one of such burning interest to millions of human beings that it is well worth careful sifting and elucidation, and

is no longer one between the Tsar and his Semitic subjects only.

The Jewish question is emphatically not a religious question. Except in Spain and, to a slighter extent, in Italy, it never has been a religious question. The Inquisition persecuted the Jew, as it persecuted the Mussulman and the Protestant—as the "Ingoldsby Legend" has it:—

Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers and Jews.

No one else ever did in the narrow sense of the word. The Romans tolerated him; Charlemagne and his successors placed him under a spiritual ban and left him severely alone, and we find no traces of persecution in the early centuries of the Christian era.

And why? The reason is not very reccondite or far to seek.

If Front de Bœuf had been placed in the Palace of Truth instead of the Castle of Torquilstone, would he have suggested heretical doctrines as the reason for making Isaac of York acquainted with the gridiron in his dungeon?

Did King John draw the teeth of his Semitic subjects because they had not submitted to the rites of baptism?

It took some time after the lawless period that followed the disintegration of the Roman Empire for wealth once more to accumulate in the hands of individuals; and the knights and soldiers of fortune acquired it quicker than the slow-working and much-harassed trader. But unpleas-

ant consequences might have followed had John's and Front de Bœuf's victims been christened Norman or Saxon. He whom the Church had placed outside the pale of justice and charity had alone no defenders.

It was power trading on the superstition of its neighbors. Have motives so very much altered since those days? Human nature is unfortunately the same all the world over, whether Saxon or Gael, Teuton or Celt, Slav or Semite. When a crowd of ill-fed, ill-housed, uneducated and moneyless folk see a minority in their midst possessed of luxuries they yearn for yet cannot obtain, it takes little eloquence to persuade them that, as that minority is outside the pale of spiritual welfare, it ought also to be placed outside that of temporal welfare and its goods given over to those whom Providence and the executive Government consider more deserving. "Heaven helps those that help themselves" is a proverb liable to more than one interpretation.

The Gordon riots were not accepted in England as a reason for turning all the Roman Catholics out of Great Britain; yet it is now seriously argued that the anti-Semitic risings justify the removal of the Jews from Russia.

As far as I can make out, the Russians object to the Jews:—

1. Because they increase rapidly and their infant mortality is a tenth smaller than that of the Christian Russians.
2. Because they do not amalgamate with and become lost in the Slav races.
3. Because they are not agriculturists and show no desire to till the soil.
4. Because they are principally middlemen, and belong to no guild.
5. Because they shirk soldiering.
6. Because they evade the laws made against them.

Reason Number 1 may surely be left to take care of itself; or perchance many curates of the Anglican Church with small salaries and large families may explain.

Number 2 is essentially a religious, or rather sectarian, complaint up to a certain point; and beyond that point only proves the condition artificially produced by one of those laws which the Russians declare are simply maintained for self-defence. That is to say, a Jewish parent naturally prefers to see his children marry into Jewish families, just as the Roman Catholic

prefers to mate with the Roman Catholic and the Protestant with the Protestant. Therefore, the Jewish community remains dogmatically the Jewish community all the world over, though its numbers increase. But in Russia only is it also linguistically a Jewish community. The Russian Jew is a legacy from the partition of Poland, and, like the rest of the country, knew not Russian when he was forcibly annexed. The wealthy Jew can of course easily learn the language; but how is the poor one to do so when the native holds aloof from him save for the necessities of business; and the law steps in to forbid the attendance of more than a certain percentage of Jewish children in the national schools, a percentage calculated, not on the number of Jewish, but of Christian children.

When equal facilities of education are given to both in Russia, the Jew and the *moujik* will talk the same tongue, and "Yiddish" (the Polish dialect of Hebrew*) will disappear from that country as it is disappearing from Whitechapel or the Ghettos of Frankfort and Rome.

3. Why are the Jews not agriculturists? The Russians say because they are physically and intellectually incapable of the pursuit. If so, whose fault is that? They were not created so. In the Old Testament there is much description of certain kingdoms of Judah and Israel whose exports consisted almost exclusively of corn and wine, and whose towns were few and far between. But the conqueror overwhelmed and dispersed them to the four corners of the earth: and the Jews perforce turned to other means of livelihood.

It would indeed have been marvellous had the agricultural instinct remained in the Jew during the seventeen and a half centuries in which, whatever privileges were given to or withheld from him, all nations alike were agreed as to this—that the Jew, as a Jew, could not and should not hold land. It is curious that most of the Judophobes in this country should belong to the party that asserts that an Irish tenant, notwithstanding fixity of tenure and compensation for disturbance, cannot possibly succeed in the struggle

* "Yiddish" is merely the phonetic spelling of the German word "Jüdisch," as pronounced by the German Polish Jew.

for life unless he is given the fee simple of the acres he farms ; and at the same time agrees with the Russian that the Jew is unfit to be a landowner because, when he was not even allowed to become the leaseholder of the house he dwelt in, he did not devote his energies to tilling the soil in which he was by law forbidden to hold the slightest interest. Till the beginning of this century such a law existed all over Europe. It remained the law of Austria till after 1848 ; it is to this day the law in Russia.

It surely does not require any deep scientific knowledge in this century to recognize that heredity is a fact to be reckoned with. We acknowledge it in cows, in horses, in dogs ; why, or rather how, deny it in man ? Does the Russian believe that the Orloff trotter is a creature radically different from the common horse ; or does he admit that the speed and form of that valuable breed are the result of careful selection and training through many generations ? Are not the Barzois—those marvellous hounds of which any two will master the fiercest wolf—carefully mated according to quality and ferocity as well as strength and color ? Yet he insists that, after seventeen hundred years of forcible divorce from land, fifty years should have sufficed to reintroduce into the Jewish nature the old love of vineyard and cornfield which, since A.D. 70, Roman and Teuton, Celt and Slav, have so determinedly and impartially striven to wean him from.

4. But it was not only from the possession of land that the Jew was everywhere excluded in the good old days, and is now excluded in Russia. The guilds were not in the habit of opening their portals to the Hebrew dogs ; nor do they do so now in Russia. What would the patron saint have said to the confraternity that brought so vile an outcast under his sacred banner ? Yet most of the trades allowed no one to practise their particular craft unless that person was possessed of the freedom of the guilds. Wherefore it is evident that Jews could not follow those trades. They might be workmen ; they could never be master joiners or builders, turners or carpenters, tailors or boot-makers, armorers or upholsterers ; or in fact become independent professors of any handicraft that had grown lucrative

enough and powerful enough to form itself into a monopoly.

What remained, then, for the Jew to do ? He might be a jeweller, since such a trade required no shop-front to reveal the profession to the casual passer-by, in spite of guild or livery, if he had capital. But if he had no capital ? There was evidently nothing left but "trade" in its original and simplest form ; the which is still exemplified in the present day by the clothes merchant and the *bric-à-brac* seller—that "trade" which begins and is developed by the middleman.

When the full development of a country has made such progress that the market is brought virtually to every man's door it is possible to do without the middleman, and to save the pocket of the purchaser while giving more to the producer, as Lord Dunraven and his committee have been trying to prove in England. But in an immense empire, sparsely populated, and not as yet well provided with railways and other means of locomotion, I fail to see how the producer and purchaser are to get on without an intermediary to bring them together. How is the small farmer, trader, or even workman, to sell his commodities where the expenses of transit are enormous, unless the middleman is ready to take the commodities and the expenses together off his hands ? If the middleman gives as little and asks as much as he can, he is only acting on what Adam Smith has laid down as one of the bases of sound political economy—buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market ; and it is surely better for the petty producer to sell for a very tiny profit than not to sell at all.

But, argues the anti-Semite, we do not want the Jew for that : the Slav *koulak* will do as well, and him no one minds. Now *koulak* does not mean middleman at all, but usurer ; and though we know that in all languages usurer and Jew are looked upon as convertible terms, it does not follow that middleman and usurer are synonymous. Nor are they really so in Russia ; for the first quality the anti-Semitic critic ascribes to the *koulak* is that he never moves from the village he is born in, and does not, like the Jew, carry his disagreeable calling from place to place. So, unless the Russian peasant, the *moujik*, conducts his business on lines similar to

those of Messrs. Dillon and Sheehy in the late Sigo election—who, while residing under the same roof, communicated with each other through the London newspapers. It is hard to see how the *koulak* can act as middleman.

The usurer has no reason or motive for wandering. Probably he begins by lending his stray pennies at interest to his school or playfellows; and his neighbors are the clients nature has supplied him with. He has no need to look further afield; and his business increases or decreases according to the circumstances of those about him. Neither is usury necessarily his only occupation; it is but a comfortable little extra way of adding to his income. When the *moujik* has successfully sold his small crop of grain to the middleman, he no longer requires the help of the *koulak* to pay his score at the publican's. The *koulak*, who was at first simply the *moujik* who had the half-crown ready to help the poor debtor to whom the publican threatened to supply no more vodka till the score was wiped out, once more becomes the *moujik*.

There are, however, heavier debts than the bill for vodka to be met, whether convenient or not; and the saving and thrifty neighbor round the corner has not enough spare cash for the rates and taxes of his friend as well as his own. So the Jewish *midkhamer* is appealed to, who is presumably, rather, the essence of whose trade is to *mediate among small and poor communities and purchase the fruits of their labor for larger and richer ones*. Thus circumstances lead to the middleman becoming *murge* as well, though to those familiar with the ways of the *murge* of the Western world, I would recommend the perusal of the *Western Herald*. "Russia comes Jew!" or *How a Fair of the East* of April. What they say will soon become the *murge* who dominates "the Jew."

Still the fact remains that in Russia the middleman generally is also a money-lender, and that in the other countries of Europe the Jewish trader has largely discredited any notion but a money-lender. In Russia now and elsewhere in the Asiatic Kossaks were created as a means of increasing the government revenue, and are who had the money could buy immunities from them, and that were only enforced against the poor to show the poor

that they must buy themselves off. This principle was allowed to influence all officials, and was invariably put in force against the hated and despised Jew, to whom wealth meant home and protection for wife and children, and poverty misery without hope or redress. What wonder, then, that the whole mental energy of the race should be turned toward solving the one pressing question of existence—how to get rich quickest? What wonder that, after the lapse of centuries, none should be so proficient in that particular branch of human industry?

Another fact made much of is that the *moujiks* have often risen in riot against the Jews, but never against the *koulaks*. Naturally. Even the most illiterate peasant will think twice before he is persuaded to run the risk of being hanged or transported for the sake of saving his neighbor from being distrained upon for a few kopecks. But the temptation is very different when the neighbor pleads: "If you will help me to rid myself of my debt to my Jewish creditor by joining in an attack on the Jews, you will be amply repaid for your trouble by what you can plunder from their houses during the riot, and you know that no punishment to speak of will follow even if we should be individually found out." The Jew who can be robbed in a pardonable anti-Semitic riot is a less dangerous victim than the Russian creditor who can have the righteously indignant borrower and rioter sent to jail.

Finally, let those who believe the absence of the Jew trader will so vastly benefit the Russian farmer examine the last reports of the tax-gatherers for the winter quarter just gone by, and those of the Nizhny-Novgorod Fair of 1891, when, for the first time, no Jew was allowed to attend.

3. The Jew is by his nature to be a soldier, and these characters of the *tsaritsa* who shock their teeth at *serfage* are Jews. A brief observation of what goes on in the Russian army may convince the able fact without necessarily implying that the Jew objects to soldiering and soldiering. The *army* of the Russian army are the Jews are, for example, that their Christian comrades shot their *domination*, and are allowed to bear witness and indignity or then persecuted. Then, no matter what his conduct, his *galantry*,

his talent, his merit, *the Jew cannot rise from the ranks.*

In the second of two articles that have appeared in *Vanity Fair* on the 4th and 11th of last April respectively on this subject—articles written by a hand very easy to recognize—this very important grievance is met by the airy remark, “The Russian must also serve and is very seldom promoted!” I should like to know what the inventor of the conscription would have said to this sentiment, and how it would have tallied with his justification of the system—that a marshal’s baton is hid in every recruit’s knapsack. But then the misogynist of Austerlitz would not have admitted “O. K.’s,” right to argue on any subject.

Nor is this law against the possible rise of the Jewish conscript one of those where the exception proves the rule. There is no possibility of exception, and the Jew is fully aware of this. I myself happen to know of a curious illustration of what a Jew may expect in the army of the Tsar. My authority for it is the late Chancellor, the famous Prince Gortchacow, who told it to prove that his Government was helpless to relax the law.

In the Russian army, during the Turco-Russian war, was a young Jew who distinguished himself to such an extent that his General actually petitioned the Tsar to grant him a commission. The Tsar did so, and the commission arrived. Thereupon all the officers in the regiment to which the young man was appointed resigned in a body: although they had been eye-witnesses of the exploits that had led to the promotion, and knew all the circumstances. The commission was cancelled. Comment is needless.

In the rest of Europe, since the embargo was removed—and the Western nations were at least logical in holding that the man who could not be an officer could not be a soldier either—there are plenty of Jewish soldiers. There are few, perhaps, in England; but a goodly number in France and Germany, where the conscription has given the young Jew the taste for soldiering, which he not unnaturally had lost during centuries in which the necessity for self-preservation created the hereditary instinct for the avoiding of physical danger.

6. Finally, the Russian Jew is reproached with a constant and systematic evasion of

the law. For example, many houses os-

tensibly owned by Christians belong to Jews; they live in places outside the Pale of Settlement; they cause themselves to be registered as clerks of certain merchants simply to obtain the right of living in certain towns, when they are not, and never intend to be, clerks to those merchants. This simply means that the Pale of Settlement, large enough in the time of its founder, the Empress Catherine the Second, became too small for its population as the generations increased; and, when the Jews found that it was easy to obtain all sorts of concessions by paying for them, it was natural they should put their earnings to such a use. They are perpetually being blamed for only pursuing one profession, and outnumbering the Orthodox population in the towns where they reside; yet when they try, by the only means in their power, to practise other trades, or disseminate themselves more widely, they are at once denounced as law breakers.

As to the crime of holding land and houses in other names than their own, this accusation turns, boomerang-like, on the accusers: for to deny to solvent citizens the rights of citizenship is in itself a proof of “something rotten” in the State: while the fact that good Orthodox Russians aid and abet the very transparent and much-winked-at fraud shows the feeling of the country on the subject.

“The Jew must be got rid of at any price—as one would get rid of microbes,” cries Prince Metchersky.

“He must be shown,” says Mr. Skalkoffsky, “that his halcyon days in Russia have gone by.”

Therefore the penal laws against him are enforced, say they; and these laws the Jew can easily avoid by leaving the country.

This sounds very reasonable and plausible; but let the reader take a map of Russia and look out on it the south-west provinces and the fifteen governments that comprise the “Pale of Settlement.” Perhaps it may astonish him to find that its boundaries do not at any one point “march” with the confines of the empire, but are well inland—one of the laws being that no Jew may settle within a certain number of miles of the frontier. Therefore, the first step the Russian Government takes for enabling the Jew to rid

the country of his presence is to send him well inland!

Now it also happens that not only is emigration strictly forbidden in Russia, but that no one may leave the country, even for a short time, from the Grand Dukes downward, without special permission from the Government. Of course this means a passport and the spending of money. Are any facilities given to the Jews to obtain their passports? Far from it. To any one of them the cost is much greater than to any Christian; and, when the document is obtained, there are still all the frontier officials to be met and propitiated—no easy task. What is the result? The rich Jew buys his passport from the minister in Petersburg, paves his way with gold, and settles in other countries where he is looked upon as a fellow-creature, and his tenets are not inquired into. The "middle-class" Jew spends his savings in wandering off to freer regions; the small trader and publican realizes what he can as best he can, and comes penniless to England, ignorant of the language, ignorant of any handicraft, inured to all sorts of misery and hardship, to swell the already overgrown number of the unskilled unemployed: having spent his little all in getting out of the country where he was born and could earn a competency, if a modest one. The only Jews who remain in Russia are the very poor, the weak and helpless in mind or body. These the Russian Government, which is so anxious to get rid of the Jews, compels to stay; and not only compels to stay, but herds together forcibly in such numbers that not only do they prevent each other from earning what they earned before, but they are bound by every law that modern hygiene has discovered to generate every kind of loathsome and contagious disease.

And the rest of the civilized world is to look on at this, and not to raise a word of protest, but to shrug its shoulders and echo the parrot-cry of the writer I have before quoted:—"the Russian Jew is like no other Jew." If the native of the gloomiest slum of Bethnal Green were pointed out to the world as the type of John Bull, would any one accept it? Let "O. K." build a high wall round a certain portion of Whitechapel; let her be enabled to enforce that no Jew in the home counties shall be allowed to reside

anywhere but within that wall; that no Jew shall follow any trade or any profession requiring a legal apprenticeship; that only a percentage of the children shall be taught in the schools, the rest depending on any training their toiling parents can find time to give them, and I will undertake in twenty years' time to turn out from within that limit as perfect a specimen of the Russian Jew as can be found at the present day in the Pale of Settlement.

Let the Russian authorities say to the Jews, "We do not want you; we will give you so much time in which to realize your assets, and shake the dust of our country off your feet: here are your passports; whoever remains beyond the stipulated period, or ever returns, does so at his peril." *Provided the given time be ample*, though people may differ as to the wisdom of the step, no one will be able to blame the Government that chooses to think it will prosper more without a certain fragment of its population, or find fault with it for acting up to its lights.

But as long as a Government heaps cruelty and outrage on a helpless crowd of people, and only lets them go in such guise as to force other nations either in genuine self-defence to shut them out, or else allow them to flood their markets—as they have done those of England—with masses of unskilled labor and absolute poverty which reduce the rate of wages and increase the misery of the poor native population, it becomes not only the right but the duty of those other nations to lift up their voices in indignant protest; to try and shame authorities that call themselves civilized from pursuing the path of barbarism they have marked out for themselves; to bring to the knowledge of the Tsar laments that, for humanity's sake if for no other, the Englishman trusts can never have reached that august ear before.

It has been said that England should abolish the opium trade and put an end to the trading companies of Africa before remonstrating about the treatment of Russian Jews. What similarity is there between the cases? Because no English ministry has brought in or passed a law to prevent the growing or selling of opium, but says "no one but the Government shall grow it," * can England be likened

* Since this was written the House of Com-

to a country which proclaims "A certain number of Jews own distilleries, and the country is flooded with poisoned spirits—therefore we will exterminate all the Jews"? Or, because England does not prevent any trading company from exploring and settling Africa, and since in all companies there are certain numbers of men who do not know how to manage uncivilized natures without ill-treating, is she to have no right to remonstrate against a Government that commands its subordinates to treat a section of its subjects with as much cruelty as can be found by oppressive ingenuity within the four corners of a cruel and unjust law?

In the name of civilization and justice

I claim the right—a right shared by all honest men and women—to appeal to public opinion on behalf of the victims of a relentless persecution, alien alike to Christian precept and modern morality. England, that ruined the slave trade, sheltered the Huguenots, and raved at Bulgarian atrocities—remembering her Disraelis, Jessels, Montefiores, Herschells, and many others—surely has some claim to make the voice of her citizens heard in protest against a revival of mediæval barbarism directed against the more helpless members of a race which has given her many worthy and useful sons.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF GAMBLING.

BY ERNEST BOWEN-ROWLANDS.

AT the present time, the subject of gambling is receiving much attention from the religious as well as from the severely Utilitarian sections of Society.

It has been debated with astonishing vigor and still more astonishing unanimity of opinion by clergy and ministers of different denominations, assembled in their respective congresses; and it has been discussed, now coldly, now enthusiastically, by those who, taking *salus populi* as their motto, do not concern themselves with questions of conscience, or intuitive moral principles. This general interest in the subject justifies us in presenting the following sketch of its main features. Indeed, with the scanty materials available, it is impossible for us to do more than briefly exhibit the outlines of the subject, and even to do that is no easy matter, as the authorities are few and far between, and often unsatisfactory. With the single exception of Rome, all information must be sought in poems and biographies, and, consequently, detailed historical statements are not forthcoming.

Before commencing to deal with the question, we must point out that in this essay the only object aimed at is a true, though necessarily incomplete, account of

the history of gambling; the moral and politico-economic aspect of the question must be left to be dealt with on a future occasion, as also must the description of how the practice of gambling is regarded by the law of England. But although it is not within the province of this Article to urge or decry legislative restrictions on betting and games of chance, still, in so far as reason founded on fact is able to influence the human mind, it may be hoped that the following sketch will assist the perplexed to arrive at a proper judgment on the question.

The first point to be considered is, "What is gambling?" Is playing "snap" *en famille* on Christmas Eve for nuts, gambling? Is buying with a penny the millionth chance of obtaining a gilt threepenny piece in a prize packet, gambling? Is diving for half-crowns gambling? With due respect for those who differ from us, we say, it is not. But, it is retorted, the element of chance enters into all operations. That is so, but chance is a very wide term, and means, popularly, a variety of things. If you crush in at the pit door, you take the risk of obtaining a seat; and, especially, if many have preceded you, you, in popular language, put down your money and take your "chance," which, after all, means that you will see what happens, hoping the event will be favorable to you.

mons has passed a resolution vindicating its own virtue in the matter of opium at the expense (should the resolution pass into anything more important) of the Indian taxpayer.

Again, your friend calls on you, he explains, "It was chance that directed me to your house;" there he means that for his coming there is an absence of assignable cause. Again it means an opportunity. "This is my chance," and again, a something which may be termed "luck," the "Fortuna" to which weak mankind clings. To condemn a game or action as a "gambling transaction" because it rests on chance, is as foolish as to say that Mr. Micawber, who was always waiting for something to turn up, was an inveterate gambler.

No; gambling means something more than staking on chance, and this fact Dr. Johnson partially grasped when he defined it as "playing extravagantly for money," partially, because something is omitted, and that is, that the money stake is the one end desired. With this addition the definition would be correct, but it would not, unless words were violently strained, include "betting," which is now the most important mode of gambling. From the earliest times down to the present day, the essence of gambling has been considered to be the playing for a stake, the acquisition of which is the sole end of play. If the game is indulged in to promote health, acquire honor, or obtain pleasure, no matter whether the stake is there or not, it is not "gambling;" the one aim, the sole inducement, must consist of money, or things the only value of which is their monetary worth.

In ancient times people frequently played for trinkets, dress, and even eatables; this was true gambling, provided that the players desired the possession of the things as valuable property, i.e., property having a money value and considered in that light only. It was said recently that running for a prize is "gambling." Well, if it is thought to be so in 1890, it will be for the first time in the world's history; the aim of running is the promotion of health, physical activity, and, although there may be some who run for the purpose of winning money, can any one, with a trustworthy dictionary before him, say that they gamble, or that even in such a case the one end of running the race is money? The athlete who was crowned with the Olympian laurel, the Nemean parsley chaplet, the Isthmian wreath of pine, or the Pythian palm, had fought for glory, which was the direct object,

and manly vigor the indirect. Was this, we wonder, gambling? To put down races on account of the tendency of mankind to bet on them is one thing; because they are themselves of the nature of "gambling transactions" is another and a totally different thing.

The following definition brings out the foregoing points. "Gaming" is the playing for a money stake, a game completely or almost completely dependent on accident; betting is the staking of money against the money of another or others on the happening or non happening of an uncertain event; in both cases, the sole aim, end, and object of the game, or staking, being the acquisition of money belonging to another, no other inducement entering either directly or indirectly into consideration. This, as will be seen, excludes contests of endurance or of powers in which so called professional runners take part. Betting, which is included, appears to be a product of latter-day civilization, as one hears nothing of it until very recent times, but gaming is probably contemporaneous with written history.

The origin of "gambling" is peculiar; an account of it, as credible as it is probable, has been given by Dr. Tyler in his work on *Primitive Culture*. Dr. Tyler writes, "To a modern educated man, drawing lots or throwing up a coin is an appeal to chance, that is to ignorance; it is committing the decision of a question to a mechanical process, itself in no way unnatural or even extraordinary, but merely so difficult to follow that no one can say beforehand what will come of it. But we also know that this scientific doctrine of chance is not that of early civilization, which has little in common with the mathematician's theory of probabilities, but much in common with such sacred divination as the choice of Matthias by lot as a twelfth apostle." Thus, the origin of gaming and betting was religious. It can clearly be referred to the appeal to the friendly deity to aid the appellant through the medium in the first instance of the "lot" enclosed in the Chief's helmet.

In national affairs we first see an example of this. Homer, in *Iliad*, vii. 171, tells how the Greeks pray with uplifted hands, when the heroes cast lots in the cap of Agamemnon to ascertain who is appointed by the gods to war with Trojan Hector.

Ὡς ἔφαθ' οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἕκαστοι
 Ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνέη Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαι
 Λαοὶ δ' ἤρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον
 Ὡδὲ δὲ τις εἶπεσκεν, ἰδὼν εἰς κρᾶνον εὐρύν
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ Αἰάντα λαχεῖν, ἦ Τυδεΐδης υἱόν,
 Ἢ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.

The ordeal of the Saxons is another case in point, and endless instances could be given of this appeal to the deity to speak favorably, and direct Chance. Naturally, we find the gods being invoked in private matters, and the especial deity asked to assist his or her humble votary in his trifling with the unknown. Then we perceive springing up an idea that one particular goddess patronized the invokers of the dice or lottery box, and to her all eyes are turned. Fortuna, by the Romans, and Tyche by the Greeks, were thus honored, and save in that they belonged to the nation, they represented the "luck" of the modern gambler. By this time the truly religious stage had been passed (Fortuna was invoked, but only to assist the gambler, he wished money; before, the object was the decision of the gods); and then the history of gambling proper begins; the desire of gain became the important factor, and has been ever since.

Nowadays, gambling is supposed by many to be in direct contravention of the will of God, and indeed Jeremy Taylor went so far as to say that it was an invention of the "Evil One." The transition is remarkable, but not surprising. The ancients regarded the hazard of the lottery as an excellent medium through which a beneficent deity could act; Jeremy Taylor looked at the evil the dice brought in their train. The points of view were different, the views were consequently different. Although even at the present day a large number of people hold the advanced puritanical view that gambling is sin, yet it may be said that, generally speaking, opposition to gambling proceeds on other grounds. What these are it is not my purpose now to discuss. Wherever we go we find that this process of evolution has been undergone by gambling.

First, descended from its immediate ancestor, the religious ceremony, gambling is closely connected with religion; then religion is transformed into superstition, and the Evil One is its patron, its overseer; finally, science, with its "doctrine of chances" and more or less "infallible

systems," swoops down, and begins a fight with the latter which it has not as yet concluded. Betting appears later on the scene, and so for a short time we shall speak of gaming only. "Gaming" has ever been a most fashionable form of dissipation, and it seems also to have been the subject of the censure of every wise and moral man. Even the sober Jews, whose amusements were for the most part song and music, occasionally threw the dice, and brought on themselves the denunciations of the Talmudic Doctors. We have seen it stated that a Jew who was convicted of dicing was not allowed to give evidence (which implied great degradation), but we have not been able to find any passage bearing the statement out either in the Pentateuch or Talmud, therefore we give it for what it is worth. Games of chance were prohibited by Mahomet, and in the Koran were placed as sins in the same category as wine-drinking. Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians were dicers, but whether they were gamblers is not stated. Their favorite game was one played with draughtsmen, and there is good evidence to believe that this is, if not the most ancient game, at least one of the most ancient. Dice were introduced perhaps in much later times by the Romans. To the Greeks belong the credit or discredit of being the inventors of dice. Tradition has it that Palamedes, who lived at the time of the Trojan war, introduced them into Greece, and it is certain that the Greeks imported into Rome the three most popular games. As the authorities on gaming at Rome are numerous and satisfactory, and as the Greek and Roman games of chance were identical, we shall deal with the subject at length when we come to touch on Rome. Suffice it to say that the *κύβος* and *ἀσπράγαλος* were the exact prototypes of and similar to the tessera and talus. The rules of the game were the same, but the Greeks never used more than three dice. The highest throw, "Venus," of the Romans, was the *Ἀφροδίτη* of the Greeks; canis, the *κύων* of the Greeks. As in Rome, the game depended on combinations, but when numbers only were desired, the Greeks termed it *πλειστοβολύνδα*, as did the Romans, who adopted Greek terms—compare *écarté*, *rouge et noir*. The mixed game of chance and skill resembling our backgammon was played in both countries, but

the Greek name for it is not clear ; the *tabula lusoria*, and the *πλινθιον* were names for the same ruled board, which answers in some degree to our backgammon board.

Whether the laws prohibited gaming is, unfortunately, not clear ; but it is tolerably certain that habitual gaming was looked on with disfavor. That there were gaming houses, we know by the existence of the word *κυβευτήριον*, but little more can be ascertained on the point. One can, however, imagine the æsthetic Athenians, in spite of Draco and Solon, tolerating the game, and, indeed, the "superb Corinthians" also ; but it would require a stretch of imagination to regard the patriotic, austere, and gloomy Spartans as triflers with the *πύργος* (or dice box). One thing only is certain, and that is the fact that the Greeks were addicted to gaming.

When we come to Rome, we stand on firmer ground ; we are face to face with an abundance of evidence on the point. The games of chance most in vogue with the Romans were those which were played with dice, and of these the two principal games differed according to the form of the dice employed. In one, the *tessera* was used, in the other the *talus* ; and first as to the former. The *tessera*, *tesella*, or *tesserula*, was a six-sided solid square of ivory or bone, or close-grained wood (e.g., *privet* "*ligustra tesseris utilissima*," Pliny), and every side bore a number. The six numbers were styled, *unio*, *binio*, *trio*, *quaternio*, *quinio*, *senio*. Three *tesserae* were used, and in later times, two only. The mode of playing was as follows : The *tesserae* were put into a box termed *Fritillus-Pyrgus Turris* ; *Turricula*, *Phimus*, and shaken up and thrown on to a table, and the player who threw the highest won the stake. Any number of players might take part. The highest throw possible was three sixes, which was called *Jactus Veneris* ; *Venus* ; *Basilicus* (since the "*arbiter bibendi*" of a symposium was he who threw first the maximum). The lowest throw was three aces, *Jactus pessimus* ; *Jactus damnosus* ; *Canis* ; *Canicula* ; *Vulturius* ; *Unio* ; thus giving rise to the phrase "*Ἡ τρὶς ἐξ, ἡ τρεῖς κύβοι*" ("everything or nothing").

The scoring generally seems to have depended on "combinations," and, as in the *alea* played with the *talus*, there were

thirty-five different combinations, when the *tessera* was used there must have been considerably more. But as has been stated, sometimes the game was to throw the highest numbers only. The *talus* was an oblong die, differing from the *tessera*, in that two of its six sides were slightly curved. Four sides only were numbered, thus on one side *unio*, on the opposite *senio* ; on one side *ternio* or *trio*, on the opposite *quatrio*. The mode of playing was the same as when the *tessera* was used, but when the *talus* fell on the curved side it was said "*cadere rectus*" or *assistere*, and the throw was repeated. It could therefore either fall "*rectus*" or "*pronus*." Four *tali* were always used. The highest throw was when the four *tali* turned up with different numbers uppermost, the sum not exceeding fourteen, and the lowest, when four aces were turned up. There was another favorite game, which was played with dice and "*latrunculi*" or draughtsmen, in which a board divided by twelve straight lines was used. This board was variously termed "*Tabula lusoria*," *Alveus* ; *Alveolus* ; *Abacus*. The game was popular, as it combined chance with skill ; but it is very doubtful if it could be termed a "gambling game." It seems to have been very similar to our backgammon. The game itself was known as "*duodecim scripta*." With these few remarks on the nature of the games themselves, we proceed to instance the main points of interest in connection with them.

Gambling was universally indulged in by the Roman people ; the earliest form of action at law we know of was the action by wager, *Legis actio sacramenti*. In that we see how disputants about property settled their dispute ; one challenged the other to stake so much money that he was in the right, the other did so ; the *Prætor*, the representative of the law, noted the proceeding, and finally decided the question on its merits. The stake originally went to the victor but afterward to the State. This cannot be properly denominated gambling, but it shows how prone early society was to stake money on chance. Indeed, in this case the transaction might almost be termed a betting one. Sir Henry Maine has said that "gambling" is instinctive in the human breast, and, taken subject to the foregoing explanation as to the origin of

games of chance, it seems to be a correct opinion.

The Romans were great gamblers in the proper sense of the word, and being a nation of soldiers and road makers, whose ability lay in the direction of overcoming physical rather than mental difficulties, it is in the highest degree likely that they generally whiled away their leisure time at the gaming table. But, although generally indulged in, "gaming" was held to be a vice, and restrained both by popular opinion and laws, and this would seem odd, if it were not for the fact that it plainly appears that the gambling prohibited by opinion and law was public gaming. The public gamester was a nuisance, distracting people from their work; a trifler, and by the energetic Romans disliked. Still, gaming was a common vice, a national fault. Even before the time of Sulla, statutes had prohibited it. Sulla by a *lex Cornelia* had struck at it, and a *senatus consultum* and *Prætorian edict* had condemned it. But all these restrictions seem to have only aimed at suppressing public gaming, whether in the forum or in the common gaming house—*aleatorium*—kept by a *susceptor*. What the penalty was cannot be definitely stated, but Cicero in the *Philippics* says: "*Licinium Denticulam, de alea condemnatum collusorem sum restituit . . . hominem vero omnium nequissimum non dubitaret vel in foro ludere alea lege quæ est de alea condemnatum qui integrum resituit.*"

This proves that during the republic there was at all events one prohibitive "lex," and that a man convicted of gaming—public, we presume—suffered a "*capitis deminutio*"—but whether it was of the first, second, or third degree is not stated by Cicero. However, if it were only "*capitis minutio minima*," it was a severe blow, but there is good reason for believing that the "minor" class was meant, and that, therefore, a man thus convicted could neither vote at the elections nor offer himself as a candidate for civil honors. It is clear that one convicted of gaming became "*famosus*"—that is, he suffered "*infamia*"—in our words, became a "marked man," and labored under many civil disadvantages. The *Ædile* was the officer who punished gaming, and this fact is a support to my

view that only public gaming was prohibited. Martial says:

"Et blando male proditus fritillo
Arcana modo raptus e popina.
Ædilem rogat nudus aleator."

However, during the *Saturnalia*, which occurred in December, gaming was permitted, and in the universal topsy-turvydom of that season, when masters waited upon their slaves, every one could play as he liked, and do pretty much as he desired. As an instance of the disrepute in which habitual gamesters were held in Rome, Cicero may be quoted when, in denouncing Catiline, he draws attention to his comrades, and says of them, "*In his gregibus, omnes aleatores, omnes adulteri, omnes impuri, impudicique versantur.*" Thus, gaming in Republican Rome. Under the Second Empire it was more restrained, and the *Digest* tells us of the efforts of Paul and Ulpian, etc., etc., to put it down. Horace speaks, "*sive malis vetita legibus alea*," but, although prohibited even in the early time of the Empire, the Emperors themselves complacently and persistently broke the law.

Suetonius dealing with Augustus, "*alea rumore nullo modo expavit, lusitque simpliciter et palam, oblectamenti causa etiam senex, ac præterquam Decembri mensi, aliis quoque festis profestis diebus.*" But, although he played "for pleasure," Augustus invariably had a good stake on the event, and the "pleasure" was the excitement which attends the thought of probable victory. The same author says of Claudius, "*Aleam studiosissime lusit, de cujus arte librum quoque emisit, solibus etiam in gestatione ludere, ita essedo alveoque adaptatis ne lusus confunderetur.*" Again, of Domitian, "*Quoties otium esset, alea se oblectabat, etiam profestis diebus, matutinisque horis.*"

That gaming had obtained the position of a science, we find recorded in Martial and other writers. Books were written on the subject, and chances were nicely calculated. Old men were allowed to dice for money, on account of their physical infirmities, which rendered it impossible for them to take part in martial exercise. Besides, the old must have some privileges! When Justinian became Emperor, he attempted to stop it altogether, and in his *Digest* of A.D. 529 forbade gaming,

but the penalty is not mentioned. He was especially hard—following the edict of Ulpian, we believe—on the gaming housekeeper, and practically put him without the pale of the law, so far as he and his property were concerned. He did not legalize his murder, and that is about all that he refrained from doing.

The Code prohibited gaming both public and *private*, but with this exception, which is noteworthy:—"In convivio vescendi causa ponitur in eam rem familia ludere permittitur," and he allowed the man who had lost money in gaming to recover it back by the aid of the law. Of course, Justinian did not make it illegal to run, box, jump, hurl the quoit, and engage in other physical exercises for a money prize. He struck at what was then and is now understood as gaming.

To sum up. Public gaming was always regarded with disfavor at Rome, and in the latter days of the Republic punished by law. In Imperial Rome, although it was forbidden, it was practised openly by even the Emperors themselves, until Justinian reigned, and, acting on the principle established by former subordinate magistrates, made it an offence to game either in public or in private.

We will now glance briefly at the practice of gaming in the Middle Ages and modern times; but before doing so, we shall, for a moment, consider gambling from another point of view—viz., the magnitude of its power. In what, it may be asked, lies the potent attraction of gambling? The origin has already been stated, but it remains to attempt to define the causes which have made the staking of money on chance so irresistibly pleasing to intellectual and highly civilized beings. What effected the change of the old Grecian game played by indolent women and unschooled children and known as *oi πεντέλιθοι* (which consisted in throwing bones or stones of an oblong shape into the air and catching them on the back of the hand), into the money game played with dice? what transferred the scientific game of "draughts" of the Egyptians into the game of the abacus and *tabula lusoria*, in which money was generally staked? And to come to more recent times. Wherein lies the charm of roulette, baccarat, écarté, poker? Why are chess and cribbage voted slow? Why does the most righteous—save the follow-

ers of the New Methodist movement—desire to play for something more than "fun"? Why? The answer which is invariably given is, "To give the players an interest in the game." "To make it exciting." True, but that answer is a mere *petitio principii*, for unless selfishness, using the term in its proper meaning, were at the bottom, no change would have been brought about. That is a truism, and needs no arguments in support of it. The point is, why money or money's worth should be necessary, speaking generally, to make a game of chance exciting.

The reason, although not complimentary to the virtuous man, is evident, and consists of the all fascinating and universal desire, be the subject poor or rich, to obtain something which belongs to another, to get the better of another, and to walk away with the result in your pockets. The richest man will play night after night at games in which there is no element of skill, and is happy if he wins a few pounds from A., who cannot afford to lose it, and whose object in playing is gain, and is sad and bitterly querulous about his "luck" if he loses what he cannot possibly need, and so on. Should gambling be condemned then? If so, let us be consistent and abolish every trade and profession except that of the religious recluse, and let us think well before we allow that to be an exception. It is asserted that gambling never does good, but always does harm, inasmuch as it brings along with it a host of evil passions. We shall not examine that assertion now, but hope to do so in another article on the question.

We may, however, say now, that it is since the introduction of Christianity that that idea has grown up.

But "gaming" was never approved by ante-Christian era philosophers and statesmen, and a gamester was generally disliked, and not we think because gaming was in itself bad, but because he was a nuisance, a ne'er-do-weel; a man who sells sarsaparilla or other soothing mixture at the street corner in a crowded thoroughfare, is not what the Romans would term a "vir improbus," or we, a "scoundrel," but nevertheless he is "moved on," and frequently obduracy leads to the Police Court. This gives an idea of the old world notion that a public gamester was a nuisance, a burden to the com-

munity, a useless lounge; and that this was the ground of the popular dislike of gaming, philosophic condemnation and finally legislative restriction, seems to be a tenable deduction from the history of the Past.

The first ruler that acknowledged that gaming was bad in itself was the Christian Justinian, who lived in the sixth century A.D.; and at the present day we have a small body of people who have advanced on the "old immoral idea," and boldly maintain that to game is to steal, and therefore directly forbidden by the word of God. The power of the Church was ever exerted to suppress gambling, and canons and decrees of Councils innumerable have attacked the vicious pastime. To give an example: the Council of Eliberis, A.D. 305, forbade any of the faithful to play "at dice" for money, under penalty of excommunication. But in all these cases, the reason was the attendant evils of gambling. It was immoral, and therefore opposed to the unwritten law of God, and the Utilitarian would have added, as his more exact antitype does now, "It is bad, because it affects prejudicially the temporal weal of the people," the tendency of the aleator to become *vir nequissimus* of the *κυβευτής* to develop into the *φηλητής*, the joueur into the "chevalier d'industrie," the gamester into the cheat, are sufficient grounds on which to base legislative interference. To examine critically these so-called "grounds" would be outside the limits of this essay, but it is necessary to state them for the proper understanding of the subject.

During the Middle Ages, gaming became a more and more fashionable form of amusement, and we find in the records that the vice (*sic*) was greatly indulged in by the clergy. Not only that, but in the fifteenth century we read of an abbess being tried by the ecclesiastical authorities for having systematically "gamed" in her convent; she pleaded—it is curious to note—guilty to the fact, but demurred that neither the law nor the rules of the sisterhood obliged her to abstain from her favorite pleasure. She was, however, only acquitted on giving a promise that she would game no more. In England, we find that in the fourteenth century, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave two dicing entertainments, when they, in their high official capacity, held the tables

against all comers. The latter-day holders of those offices will not improbably be surprised to hear this. Gaming was more extensively carried on in that early period in England, France, and Italy, and the dice were in constant requisition. In the fourteenth century a great fillip was given to gaming by the introduction into Europe of playing-cards. The exact date of the importation is not known, but the earliest unquestionable evidence of their European existence is to be found in the "Diary of Accounts of Charbot Poupert," who was the treasurer of the household of Charles VI of France. The diary is for 1392 or 1393, and the entry runs as follows:—"Donne a Jacquemin Gringonneur, peintre pour trois jeux de cartes, à or et à diverses couleurs, ornés de plusieurs devises, pour porter devers de Seigneur Roi, pour son ébatement, cinquante six sols parisis." This refers to painting, or as it is termed, "illuminating" cards, and not to their introduction.

Cards came into general use in England and Europe at the end of the fourteenth century, and there is fairly satisfactory evidence to warrant the belief that they were brought from Arabia into Viterbo in 1379; the date of their invention is not even approximately known, but Indians, French, Germans, and Chinese have *inter alios* been credited as the inventors. The English have never attained that distinction. Whatever their origin, cards became speedily very popular in Europe, and the demand for them was so great that card-making became established as an important trade in France and the Netherlands. We also find that in the reign of Edward IV. a law was enacted forbidding the importation into England of playing-cards, on the ground of the decay of the card-making trade in this country. This was protection with a vengeance, but it failed to accomplish its object, as cards kept coming in in thicker shoals every year.

But France is the home of "cards;" the French have always been gamblers, and are the proud inventors of many games, whose only merit is the absence of the element of skill. What we think may be rightly termed the national game is "écarté." Here, indeed, we are face to face with a game which only "Frenchmen can . . ." "It is a game of skill." "I know when to 'pro-

pose.''' This is what is said ; but it seems to us that an infant could turn up the "king" and score one out of the five points required, and a tyro in card-gaming, provided he knew the value of the pips, could count his chances of defeating his opponent as well in "écarté" as in Napoleon, euchre, baccarat, and poker, all of which are "unlawful" games. The English have the one game in which cards count little and skill everything. Whist is a thoroughly intellectual game, in which proficiency demands something more than guesswork and physical action. It is in every respect an English game, whether we know it as triumph, trumps, ruff and honors, whisk (which name was given it in the seventeenth century) or whist, it is a home-grown product. Although money stakes are played for, and those stakes are somewhat large at times, it cannot properly be styled a "gaming medium." Minerva and not Fortuna is its patron goddess. It is a game of chance, of course, speaking strictly, but in the popular acceptance of the words it would be correct to call it a science, and, finally, it should be said that it is a game which has never found favor with gamblers. The other pre-eminent game of skill, and skill only, is chess, which is the most ancient game known—save draughts, out of which it appears to have grown—being of Egyptian origin. Backgammon, another ancient game, was probably derived from the Greek game played with the *αστραγαλός* and the *πλινθίον*.

In modern Europe gaming has lost its once high position, and is being rapidly supplanted by "betting." In ancient times, the Middle Ages, and the modern world, gaming was scouted by practical statesmen, philosophers, politico-economists, moralists, and finally by the religious on account of its intrinsic badness ; and now we have arrived at a time when in France, Germany, and, we believe, Italy, and certainly in England, public gaming is a penal offence ; when in all probability private gaming will be soon a crime, and when the brains of many are at work to secure the suppression of betting. Gambling is now not only a vice but a sin. Whether human nature will give up gambling is problematical, but assuredly in the halcyon days of the Socialist paradise on earth, people will abolish a form of amusement which might by chance—to say the

least of it—temporarily annoy a fellow-creature.

Monte Carlo is the last refuge of public gaming, but it is likely that it will, with the other European gaming resorts now defunct, be able to date its extinction in the nineteenth century. Germany, whose natives have never been heavy gamblers, has started on its "Horse-racing," and consequently "betting" career, and it will be interesting to note how the phlegmatic and steady-going Germans will endure this assault on their moral nature. They have resisted the gaming table with its allurements. Systems are not sufficiently infallible for the German, who is either practical to a fault or transcendental to the last degree ; they have spent their force and in vain. We wonder how the Fatherland will fare with the Bookmakers ! In Russia the "higher class" is addicted to gaming, but the mass of the people know nothing of it.

Until recently, gambling in England was almost exclusively the sport of the wealthy, but now it has, through the instrumentality of horse-racing, become a popular passion. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we maintain that the people of this country look upon gambling with no aversion. There are, it is true, a large section of the community who detest it, and ask the aid of the legislature to put it down entirely, but they are in a large minority. Gamblers increase their numbers daily, and are a large and vigorous body ; they are not composed of the members of one particular class, but include the richest and the poorest. It has been said that no Londoner is so poor as to be unable to pay for admission to a theatre, and it may with even more truth be stated that no man is too poor to bet. This fact has served the economist as a text for a long time, and in another article we hope to be able to examine the arguments on which he relies to prove the case for "Legislative Interference." We have now to state the facts, and not to discuss the bearing of these facts on the inner life of the people.

We are told by competent authorities that "heavy betting," by which is meant the staking of large sums of money against the money of another on an uncertain event, generally the result of a horse race, is a thing of the past, but also, that with the quality of the transaction the quantity

has changed. Thousands of small bets take the place of the large wager of fifty years ago.

It would be interesting to know how many people paid or received money over a race like the Derby or Cesarewitch. Perhaps some day the National Vigilance Society will apply for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter, and then we shall know something more of the exact state of things. In the meantime we must be content to obtain our knowledge from any trustworthy authority, and in consequence obtain but little. One fact only is certain, and that is, that gambling is largely on the increase.

A word on the English law affecting gambling. In the reign of Henry VIII. an Act of Parliament was passed which subjected to penalties any one keeping, and any one resorting to, a house at which unlawful games are played. Another clause forbids laborers, artificers, *et hoc genus omne*, to play at unlawful games *anywhere*. Among the games prohibited are tennis and bowls. This was the most important statute, which practically consolidated preceding statutes. In this Act is found in plain colors a mention of the distinction which Parliament has ever made in dealing with this subject between rich and poor. The object of the statute was not the elevation and conservation of public morality, but the "maintenance of archery." Soldiers must be obtained, the duty of the poor is to learn to fight. The rich can do what they wish, provided that they do not indulge in practices which amount to a public nuisance. It was not until the time of the Georges that the public health was advanced as the reason for the prohibition of gambling. On this ground "common betting houses" are denounced and threatened with "the law,"

but clubs such as Tattersalls proudly repose under the protection of legislative enactment. Again, this is the reason why the boy who plays pitch and-toss in the street is treated as a rogue and imprisoned, but the layer of the odds "to a thousand" is respected and held harmless.

Very lately, an attempt has been made without success to suppress the gaming saloons of the wealthy and powerful; but the law has been invoked only to discover that it is at present totally unable to cope with the situation. This will suffice to give a general idea of the genius of our law affecting gamblers. The New Morality (which has been termed by a well-known minister who so unfortunately therein betrayed his ignorance of the history of morals "the old morality also") movement is approaching the gambler, and sooner or later a desperate battle will be waged; which party will emerge from the contest victorious is not for any one man to suggest without adducing valid reasons, but we may remind the apostles of that movement, that in order to accomplish their desired end, namely, the extinction of gambling, they will be compelled to make horse-racing a penal offence, gaming a heavily punished felony, and also will be bound to turn their attention to the Stock Exchange.

Horse-racing without betting is impossible, for if betting is not the *causa causans* of horse-racing, it undoubtedly is, the *causa sine qua non*, and if it be sought to suppress betting, leaving horse-racing untouched, England will be unable to supply the numerous spies and informers necessary, and the limited extent of land which is called the "United Kingdom," will groan beneath the weight of prisons.—*Westminster Review*.

MOLTKE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY HAROLD A. PERRY.

THE life and labors of Count Moltke will provide themes for writers of many nationalities for a long time to come. Characters of such various excellence are rare indeed. In him met the patriot, the soldier, the traveller, the omnivorous reader, the untiring student, the master

of literary style, the devoted husband, the simple and high-minded gentleman. The peculiar circumstances of his country have naturally brought his military genius into a prominence greater than that vouchsafed to his other qualities. Yet every side of his character contributed its own share to

the singular completeness of his public services. To have shattered the bullying militarism of France was to Moltke no mere strategical triumph. It was the end of German servitude, the end of divided counsels, the end of a situation in which one German prince made mean bargains with the common enemy, while another was consumed with patriotic shame. Englishmen above all, despite the lessons of five hundred years' war with France, need to be reminded of these facts. The silver streak of the Channel, as yet unbridged and untunnelled, has, no doubt, proved a safer defence than the Rhine. Yet throughout the world, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, England is beset by French "claims" which generally derive peculiar acidity from their connection with some ancient French defeat. To Moltke, who was born in the days of Germany's shame, her emancipation was a high and holy work. The native of a country which centuries of French aggression had covered with ruins, and whose people long subjection to the will of France had largely denationalized, could have but small occasion to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Here lies perhaps the secret both of Moltke's modesty and of his silent concentration on the task before him. It is true that recent French commentators see in this side of his character little beyond "the ferocity of a pietist who looks on war as a divine institution." * We see in it rather a recognition that the highest human gifts, the rarest professional skill, were but the means of securing the emancipation of Germany from a yoke as unnatural as it was ancient and strong. A mind so disciplined would regard success as matter not for offensive jubilation but for heartfelt gratitude. And so we learn without surprise that when the white flag appeared on the walls of Sedan, Moltke exclaimed that now perhaps the Reichstag would vote adequate supplies for the national defence. It would argue small knowledge of French ways of thought to marvel at the writer in the *République Française* who censures Moltke's "ignorance of the poetry of war." Had a French marshal had the chance of standing under similar conditions before Mainz or Ehrenbreitstein his comments would, no

doubt, have been of a highly poetical nature.

Moltke's military work and his general labors in the cause of German unity will, we repeat, be amply dealt with by soldiers and politicians. At the date of his death half a dozen accounts of his life were already in existence. In time to come the history of his campaigns will long form a subject for elaborate technical comment. His own laborious methods are open to every soldier, though in other hands they may compass but a modest share of his practical success. His political work, again, is likely to retain an enduring interest for the patriots of every country. His deep study of the national needs, his untiring advocacy of every measure, however unpopular, which tended to the strength and independence of Germany, the humble devotion of his great genius to the public service—these are examples for imitation by Englishmen as well as Germans. In these few pages neither the soldier nor the statesman will be discussed, but the man as he showed himself in days of comparative obscurity to the readers of his inimitable letters from foreign countries. These writings are insufficiently known in England, owing as well to the lateness of their appearance in an English dress as to the concentration of public interest on his triumphs in the field. We find in them the same combination of serious matter with humorous comment which delights us in the pages of *Eothen*. His power of seizing the features of a new city or country, or of explaining the circumstances of a people by a rapid mental retrospect of their history, is supplemented by a power of expression which is no less remarkable. His private letters, like his military treatises, abound with descriptive paragraphs which present the results of study and experience in a form lucid, concentrated, and clear-cut as a cameo. Be the subject grave or gay, lively or severe, the reader is left under the double charm of matter and manner. Moltke's personal character stands out from every page of these confidential utterances. Here are displayed his unchanging love for friends and relations, his sympathy with distress, his worship of duty, his contempt of ostentation, his deep consciousness of the painful inequalities of human life. Here also we recognize the militant side of a character which, with

* *République Française*, April 26th, 1891.

just a tinge of insular prejudice, we have set up as peculiarly English. Moltke appears as the quick determined man of action, full of resource in difficulty, and alive to the ridiculous side even of a loss or failure.

The German officer, with all his undeniable bravery, self-control, and industry, is not a popular person in this country. The ordinary British civilian knows him, or rather imagines him, as a stiff, narrow pedant, filled with a belated feudal arrogance and with contempt for the humbler classes of his own and every other country. Notions such as these may perhaps be modified by study of the mind of one who was for a whole generation greatest among these decried warriors. "It is impossible," said *The Times*, when commenting on Moltke's death, "that a mind and a character of this kind should have been so long dominant in the German army, and so long respected among the German people, without leaving a deep mark on the rising generation."

Moltke's Letters from foreign countries belong to three periods of time. His *Letters from Turkey* were written during the years 1835 to 1839 to his sister, Mrs. Burt. In the last of these years he joined the staff of the Turkish army opposed to the forces of Mehemet Ali the rebel Viceroy of Egypt, and his valiant son Ibrahim Pasha. Second in order come his *Wanderings about Rome*, which he wrote while holding the position of Adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia from 1845 to 1846. On the Prince's death in 1846 he paid a flying visit to Spain and wrote his *Spanish Diary*, which records the disgust inspired in him by the only bull-fight that he ever witnessed. The third division of his Letters belongs to the year 1856, the year of the Peace of Paris. In the month of August he attended Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the late Emperor Frederick III.) to the Coronation of the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg. The *Letters from Russia* which described his experiences, were addressed to his English wife, Mrs. Burt's step-daughter, to whom he had been married since 1842. He next visited England with the Prince, who was, two years later, to become our Queen's son-in-law. In 1858 and 1861 he was again in England. No student of Moltke's works can have failed to observe the frequency of

his references to the history and political and social conditions of our country. In Asiatic Turkey he praises Colonel Chesney for his "glorious failure" to establish steam-communication with India by the Euphrates Valley, and he announces to his wife that his own surveys now form a continuation of those made by that illustrious officer. In discussing the Turkish views of Western dress he quotes Morier's *Hajji Baba*. From Malatiah, which possessed no carriage, he writes that the most wretched vehicle would be here "like Queen Victoria's coronation coach." In Russia, the architecture of English manor-houses, the dome of St. Paul's, the drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace, the "natural velvet of the Windsor turf," the origin and national position of the English nobility, the wages of English laborers, are among the parallels which he employs in the relation of the motley sights and circumstances surrounding him.

From England he accompanied his Prince to Paris, where he spent ten days. Brief as are the comments of his *Letters from Paris* on a sojourn mainly occupied in pleasure, it is abundantly clear that he doubted the stability of the Second Empire. "You must read between the lines of my letters," he tells his correspondent. "Matters here are not in a normal condition. But it would be difficult to specify anything that needs amendment in the actual circumstances. Nobody can be his own grandson, and the position of the founder of a new dynasty differs much from that of the heir of an array of legitimate predecessors. One has only to keep to the old course; the other has to open out new paths, and infinitely more depends on his personality." Such are the sources whence we propose to draw our illustrations of some points in Moltke's mind and character. His own words, though in an English dress, will best attest his humor, his good feeling, his powers of perception and description, and his large share of that knowledge of the Asiatic character with which Englishmen have achieved such marvels throughout the East.

Here is a description of the Roman Campagna in 1846:—"This waste Campagna has an indescribable charm of its own. It is the home of contrasts, of a past filled with the richest life, and of a present buried in the deepest silence.

The castle of the Gaetani cleaves to Metella's grave, and the dome of Michael Angelo rises above Nero's Circus. The graves of Christian martyrs lie side by side with heathen columbaria, and modern high-roads pass through the arches of ancient aqueducts. The thunder-stricken oak of Tasso looks down from yonder hills where Pyrrhus encamped. Steamers cut the flood of yellow Tiber, and soon railway trains will rush through the fields which once bore triumphal cars." In the same year Moltke visited La Carolina, near Cordova, where he found a German colony which aroused in him some bitter reflections. "It was like passing suddenly into a different country, for the people had fair hair and honest square German faces. This is a colony of Swabians which Olivarez, the best of Spanish statesmen, settled here last century to increase the population of the Sierra Morena. Not a soul of them had retained a word of German, for our people are everywhere the best of settlers, the quietest of subjects, the most industrious of laborers, but they cease to be Germans. They are Frenchmen in Alsace, Russians in Courland, Americans on the Mississippi, and Spaniards in the Sierra Morena. Yes! they are ashamed of their own dismembered and impotent country!"

Moltke's Russian visit gave ample scope to his powers of description. Here is a portrait of Alexander II., then the centre of a gorgeous ceremonial, and whose mangled remains Moltke was to see committed to the grave in 1881. "The Czar made a very pleasant impression on me. He possesses neither the classic beauty nor the marble severity of his father, Nicholas, but he is a singularly handsome man with a majestic bearing. He looks somewhat worn, and one is tempted to believe that events have marked his noble features with that gravity which conflicts with the benevolent expression of his great eyes. . . . Upon his accession he found Europe in arms against him, and within his own boundless empire he has yet to carry out reforms which need the firmest of hands. Could he then meet his mighty task otherwise than seriously?"

In a few lines he sketches the history of the growth of St. Petersburg:—"Two centuries ago no inhabitant of Europe had ever heard of the Neva. The river had flowed for thousands of years through un-

trodden forests. It bore no vessel on its back, the Finnish hunters alone ranged now and then along its banks. Now, the Neva is famous throughout the world, it is one of the main arteries of the Russian empire, it bears fleets of merchantmen, and provides half a million of human beings with their daily drinking water. It yields the only available clear water, that of all the wells is brown and unfit to drink. It is true that the river also constitutes a permanent danger to the city. The Gulf of Finland narrows like a funnel in the direction of St. Petersburg. A strong west wind drives the sea violently into this gut, the river water is forced back and the course of the Neva is reversed. If this happens when the ice is in motion the danger is increased. The islands are flooded first of all, then the water pours over the breastwork of the walled embankments and everything is submerged, as the highest point of the city is only fifteen feet above sea-level. In 1824 the floods reached the second stories of the houses. Many people were drowned, and the epidemics, caused by a dampness which nothing could remove, raged for a very long time. No town with a historical development would have been built in so defenceless a position. But the iron-willed Czar wished it to be there, and so succeeding generations had to bear the consequences." With still fewer touches Moscow is thus brought before us. "When from the lofty terrace of the Kremlin I survey this enormous city, the white houses with roofs of bright green, and surrounded by dark trees, the high towers and innumerable churches with gilded domes, I think of the views of Prague from the Hradschin, of Pesth from Buda, or of Palermo from Monte Reale. Yet here everything is different, and as for the Kremlin, the centre of all this world, there is nothing with which you could compare it. These white battlemented walls, fifty or sixty feet high, the huge towered gates, the mighty palace of the old Czars, the palace of the Patriarch, the bell-tower of Ivan Veliki, and the many quaint churches—these form a whole which cannot be found elsewhere in the world."

Here again is a dip into the past days of Russian subjection to the Tartars:—"In the evening I drove to Petroskoi. . . . This fortress, painted red and white, with its lights falling through lofty win-

dows on the dark forest below, is like some fabulous structure in the *Arabian Nights*. In this country every monastery and castle is fortified. They constituted the only points which could be held when the Golden Horde came rushing on with its twenty or thirty thousand horsemen and devastated all the flat country. Long after their yoke had been broken, the Tartars in their Khanate of the Crimea were terrible enemies. The watchmen gazed unceasingly from the summit of the Kremlin toward the wide plain to the south, and when the dust-clouds arose there and the great bell of Ivan Veliki sounded the alarm, then every human being fled behind the walls of the Kremlin or of the monasteries, against which the fury of the mounted hordes dashed fruitlessly and broke. In the monasteries the Christianity, the learning, and the civilization of Russia found safety, and from them in later times proceeded her liberation from the rule of Mongols and Poles."

Nothing in Russia impressed Moltke more strongly than the devoted submissiveness of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes, "must positively have a master; if he has none, he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its *Starost*, or elder, from its white-haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian commons to Rurik the Varangian. . . . And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him, or punish him? His captain may possibly defraud him of his due or ill-treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punishments are just and well-considered. If a European soldier were to see his non-commissioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible; but the Russian puts him to bed, wipes him clean, and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over."

The following extract deals with a humble personage whose lot remained unaffected by the glories of his Czar's coronation. On entering the army he had ceased to be a serf and so lost forever the right to be maintained by his owner. He had now been discharged without a pen-

sion:—"To-day a discharged soldier, crippled at Sebastopol, asked me for alms. . . . Here was a man who, but a few months back, had bled for his country, and was now begging—begging in full sight of the Kremlin, the heart of this empire which owes its very existence to its faithful, God-fearing, brave, and patient soldiers. Surely these devoted sufferers must be heirs of Paradise. The newly-made freeman with his long gray cloak and humbly bared head went off into the wide world of Holy Russia, and we—drove in the Czar's carriage to a magnificent dinner." A similar passage occurs in Moltke's description of the Kurdish campaign of 1838:—"At the gate of the captured fort I met a Kurd who was carrying his wounded brother. The poor fellow had been shot in the leg, and his bearer told me that his agony had already lasted a week. I sent for the surgeon, who said, 'Why, the man is only a Kurd!' He repeated this remark several times and with a raised voice, as though to say, 'Don't you see that your request is mere folly?' Now it is simply disgraceful to send 3,000 men into the field attended by one ignorant barber. One of our gunners was run over eight days ago, and even to-day not a soul knows whether his leg is broken or merely contused. Meanwhile the man lies helpless in his tent. This condition of the surgical service will, I hope, make Hafiz Pasha apply to the Seraskier. . . . Before the Turks have instituted their botanical garden and their high school at Galata Serai they will have lost hundreds of their best and most willing soldiers."

Most of the subsequent passages illustrate Moltke's singular appreciation of a humorous speech or situation:—"The common Turk cannot imagine why his Sultan should take the trouble to turn himself into a Giaour, and still cherishes the belief that the Elchis, or foreign ambassadors, have only come to beg the Padishah to confer a crown on their kings. 'Why,' said a mollah in the meeting at Biredjik, 'should not ten thousand Osmanlis mount their horses to-day and ride to Moscow with a firm trust in Allah and their sharp swords?' 'Why not, indeed?' answered a Turkish officer, 'so long as their passports are countersigned at the Russian Embassy.' This officer was Reshid Bey, who was educated in

Europe, but he spoke in French—a language in which he could say anything, for not a soul understood him.”

Moltke was terribly hampered in one of his journeys by the slowness and indolence of the Turkish official who accompanied him. “Without your champagne,” he writes, “I should never have towed my fat Effendi so fast from Samsun to Karput. I always held out to him the prospect of a *Gumushbashi*, or ‘Silver-Head,’ if he rode well and we reached our quarters for the night. On a starry night,” he continues, “I was standing on the ruins of the old Roman fortress of Zeugma. Deep down in a rocky ravine below me glittered the Euphrates, and the sound of its waters filled the peaceful evening. There did I see Cyrus and Alexander, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Julian pass by me in the moonlight; from this very point had they seen the empire of Chosroes’ dynasty across the river, and seen it exactly as I saw it, for here nature is of stone and unchangeable. So I determined to sacrifice to the memory of the great Roman people those golden grapes which they first introduced into Gaul, and which I had carried from the western to the eastern frontier of their broad empire. I hurled down the bottle which dived, danced, and slipped down the stream toward the Indian Ocean. You will be right, however, in surmising that I had first—emptied it. . . . That bottle had only one fault—it was the last I had.”

The following conversation will remind many of the interview between Kinglake’s British traveller and the Pasha:—“ . . . The next night I slept in the tent of a Turcoman chief. . . . After I had made myself as comfortable as I could, the chief, Osman Bey, came in and gave me a friendly greeting. When the influence of coffee and pipes had dispelled the silence in which such visits always begin, he asked for news from my Cimmerian home, much as we should question an inhabitant of the moon were he to fall like an aerolite on our planet. ‘Had we got the sea with us?’ ‘Yes, and we take walks on it in the winter.’ ‘Did we grow much tobacco?’ ‘We fetched most of it from the New World.’ ‘Was it true that we cut off the ears and tails of our horses?’ ‘No, we only cut their tails.’ ‘Had we springs of flowing water?’ ‘Yes, except during a frost.’

‘Had we any camels?’ ‘Yes, but they were only shown for money.’ ‘Did we grow lemons?’ ‘No.’ ‘Had we many buffaloes?’ ‘No.’ He was nearly asking me whether the sun shone with us or whether we had nothing but gas. Meanwhile, and with a muttered ‘Allah! Allah!’ he suppressed the remark that my country must have been originally meant for polar bears.”

At Nevsher, on the Kizil-Irmak, a personage named Kara Jehenna, or Black Hell, who had taken a leading part in the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826, refused either to receive Moltke or to give him horses. “I settled matters by walking straight up into his room, where his Hellish Majesty and I met like two men who are equally anxious to surrender no part of their dignity. . . . I took no notice of his presence, had my heavy boots pulled off by my servants, and then, covered as I was with every variety of soil, I marched up to the best seat in the room. It was only then that I saluted my host who, in order to give me a taste of his European manners, answered ‘Addio!’ . . . ‘What have you heard about me?’ said he. ‘That you are a good gunner and are called Black Hell.’ It is not every one who would have taken this infernal sobriquet as a compliment, but it won my friend’s heart. Breakfast and coffee were at once provided, and, in addition, most excellent horses, to the great delight of my Tartar.” At Constantinople Moltke overheard some Turkish ladies criticising a party of Jewesses sitting near them in the Valley of Sweet Waters. “ . . . The ladies were much shocked by the indecent exposure permitted by the Jewish veils, which actually showed the face from the eyebrows to the upper lip, and also by the fact that the she-infidels were drinking brandy. ‘Is that propriety?’ asked a broad dame. ‘Any decent woman would confine herself to a cup of coffee, a pipe of tobacco, *et voilà tout!*’ I mention this for the information of ladies at home.”

There were comic points even in the magnificent ceremonials of the Russian coronation:—“ . . . After the Great bell of Ivan had recorded the hour, two richly-dressed heralds, with golden staves, tabards and helmets, issued from the Gate of the Redeemer. . . . it was a great pity that one of them wore spectacles on his

nose." Again at a service in the Chapel of Peterhof :—"The choir chanted a piece of the most impressive kind with a skill that was matchless. Composition and execution were alike unsurpassable. To my abject despair, a venerable Excellency behind me joined in the singing and was always out of tune, *sotto voce* it is true, but quite loud enough for my ears." A little later :—"We drove to the beautiful Smolnoi Church . . . near it are several palatial buildings for the reception of spinsters of noble birth. As, however, the youngest of them is, and indeed must be, forty years we did not stay there very long. . . ." Again :—"The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is said to contain the huge cash reserves which form the security for the paper money in circulation. . . . But I did not count them."

It is difficult to part from Moltke's Letters without citing the passage which he devotes to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and with which I shall conclude. Here again Kinglake's immortal description of the Sphinx presents a singular parallel in spirit and dignity :—"Memories cluster thick-

est about the temple which Constantine erected to the Divine Wisdom, and which still raises its limestone walls and leaden domes high above the last hill between the Propontis and the Golden Horn. There she still stands, the ancient Sophia. Like a venerable dame in a white robe and with her gray head resting on her mighty crutches, she gazes over the crowds that throng about her in the present, away to the land and sea in the distance. Deserted by her champions and her children, this Christian of a thousand years was forcibly converted to Islam. But she turns away from the grave of the Prophet and looks to the east at the face of the rising sun, to the south toward Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, and the Redeemer's Grave, to the west which deserted her, and to the north whence she expects her deliverance. Fire and siege, riot, civil war and fanatical destruction, earthquakes, storms, and tempests have broken their strength against these walls which have received Christian, Heathen, and Mohammedan emperors beneath their arches." —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

JENNY LIND.*

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

A LIFE of more ideal completeness than that of Jenny Lind it is hardly possible to imagine. All its aims were worthy ; all were achieved ; rise, development, progress, culmination, immense gifts, numerous opportunities, a great example of honest work and spotless integrity, and a splendid legacy of benefactions innumerable, in the shape of hospitals, schools, and institutes, founded by her own unaided efforts, in addition to unknown and unnumbered private bounties ;—such is the record of Jenny Lind's life, and it has assuredly not been written in vain.

The phases of this unique career seem to follow each other with an almost dramatic propriety and scenic completeness. She appears to us on her way attended by the clamor, and heat, and vociferous applause of the surging multitude. But she moves like one all robed in white—a

saintly presence, inspired, somnambulist, and unconscious of the lower world—with eyes raised heavenward, absorbed only in her most perfect and all-purifying work ; passing through a troubled and polluted world of chicanery and lust—as a beam of sunlight passes into the depths of foul and noisome caverns, yet without contracting any stain. She seems to me at once the most real and the most ideal creature ever born. I can see the little plain girl of nine years old, with her sensitive face and spare figure—shrinking, suspicious, not kindly treated at home, but ever singing to herself and her cat "with the blue ribbon," both seated in the deep window niche. The passers-by stop to listen ; the good Herr Crælius, Court singing-master, is attracted, will have her officially trained. Behold, the incredulous and severe Herr Puke, who will hardly consent to listen to the little girl, and then bursts out crying at the exquisite pathos of the child's voice. What a gift of tears, what

* An excerpt from the original article, the unessential portions having been omitted by the editor of THE ECLECTIC.

lani? Little did Signor Garcia, when at last he consented to hear her, and she broke down in an aria from "Der Freyschütz," dream that this plain, trembling girl was destined to outshine all these stars. She came to Paris tired. She had oversung herself in her money-getting tour. She had a bad method; her voice was worn, and some notes very seriously injured.

"Mademoiselle," said the terrible Garcia, "it is useless for me to teach you; you have no voice left,"—not as is currently reported, "*vous n'avez pas de voix*," but "*vous n'avez plus de voix*."

But Jenny knew. She went back to Garcia again and again. He was moved by her earnestness. She became a docile slave. She learned to submit. She consented to rest absolutely, to study a new method, then to unlearn all the singing she knew. She filled reams of copybooks, followed out all Garcia's mandates to the letter, and thus he consented to do for her what he could.

She was satisfied. More than ever now she felt her defects, but she learned how to remove them. Not a touch of jealousy in her nature meanwhile. Inferior but better taught women took the lead of her. She admitted their right, rejoiced especially in the success of one such—"a sweet girl." She said, "I can learn all she knows, but she can never learn what I know." That again was Jenny all over: absolute consciousness of inborn power. "No one acts as I act," she said quite unaffectedly to an intimate friend. Of Garcia, after nine months of incessant work and personal obscurity, she says, "By Garcia alone have I been taught *a few important things*," but she added, "I sing after no one's method—the greater part of what I can do in my art I have myself acquired by incredible labor in spite of astonishing difficulties." In acting she neither sought nor required any instruction. Her acting was a kind of inspired second nature to her—*no one acts as I act*—and the age quite agreed with her.

Was Paris a disappointment to Jenny? Perhaps—yes and no? The fact that she was heard privately by Meyerbeer and one or two others on the grand Paris stage without appearing to be quite adequate, and that her occasional private singing in that spoiled capital does not at this period seem to have excited much enthusiasm,

would certainly have justified some disappointment; but the Paris atmosphere stifled her, the moral tone displeased her. "What is wanted here is *admirers*," she writes home with a sort of chaste scorn; "there I say *stop!*" "The sacrifice of honor and reputation" was too great a price to pay for operatic success in Paris, and Jenny turned away sickened from the spectacle of frivolity, greed, and corruption, and longed to get home. How she bore herself in Paris is tenderly recorded with admiration by Madame Ruffiaques, with whom she lodged. "I could scarcely have believed," said that lady with evident emotion, "such dignity of conduct possible in a young person coming to Paris alone." But a change was at hand. Jenny was now pressed to go back and accept an engagement at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm—a modest engagement of only £150 a year. But the management who had trained her from childhood had already made proof of her surprising gifts, and expected a quick return, and they got it. She gave herself joyfully, ungrudgingly, gratefully—besides, was not Stockholm her home, and was not "Home, Home, Sweet Home!"—throughout life to be to her the most sacred of all words. "Land of my birth," she exclaimed; "oh! that I could one day show how dear thou art to me." According to a custom not uncommon in Sweden, she now assumed the position of a young girl acting on her own responsibility, and adopted a state guardian in the person of that excellent counsellor, Herr Munthe, who advised her wisely as long as he lived, and kept all her precious letters, which were found in a packet after his death, labelled "The Mirror of a Noble Soul."

After a steady round of operas at Stockholm, which served to settle her style, and fully proved the extent of her obligations to Garcia, who had helped her to add to the high priesthood of Nature the high priesthood of Art, Jenny made a triumphant tour through Denmark—meeting among other celebrities Hans Andersen and Geiger, the poet, who continually urged her to seek a wider field—"he kicked me out into the world," she used to say laughingly. She listened ever with reluctance to the voices beyond the sea, but was at last persuaded to go to Berlin. The offers made her were splendid. Meyerbeer was her enthusiastic sponsor. She

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Bunn offered her £250 a year, which seemed to her a great remuneration, as he had paid Mantuan £125 a year, and had given her £100 a day for nights in 1830. Bunn's proposal, however, failed, whose attraction proved to be greater than Malibran's, was far from correct, although she did not desire that account, but simply because she had a rooted objection to London, and found it impossible to learn English in the time. In 1830 Jenny Lind first met our Queen and Prince Albert at the Bonn Beethoven festival. The Queen was instantly struck with her supreme talent, and expressed a wish to see her in England. Jenny's progress through Germany was everywhere accompanied by the most singular demonstrations of people hung about the streets to catch a sight of her. Wherever she said the prices went up, her progress was impeded, the horses were killed, the carriage, and she was obliged to be dragged in state. The Queen, on her return to the country, had to be accompanied on the occasion, she had to be accompanied at the theatre, because there were always waiting outside to see her. The streets were dangerous, and she was surrounded by a force of police. What a spectacle. What a triumph! The Queen of Europe as the Queen of the world.

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even broke off her engagement with a young man whose family prejudices seemed to her to cast a slur upon her profession as an actress—but the actual environments of the theatre, the low moral tone, the intrigue, the jealousies of stage life, were profoundly distasteful to her, and the downright exhaustion from excitement, late hours, stifling atmosphere, and long rehearsals tried her abnormally sensitive nervous system severely. She did not like crowds, she did not care for applause; she loved woods and water, and the quiet peace of country life. To wander among the hills, hand in hand with some friend—that was her paradise. She dreamed of a home of her own, too, sometimes. She called her stage life “roofless and lonely.” She was domestic and simple in her real tastes, ate and drank sparingly, took no wine, and at one time neither tea nor coffee. She had her own definite ideas about her future. She would get together a little money, enough to keep herself and her mother in comfort at Stockholm, and then enjoy the luxury of singing for charities, and helping the suffering and forlorn for the rest of her life. Her genius she fully recognized as a sacred trust—something that had been given her by God, to be used for His glory and the good of man. But to London she would not go, on that she was determined. She was sure they would not like her, and she did not want a new sphere even if they did. It was in 1846 that, after being besieged in vain by Lumley, of Her Majesty’s Theatre, and promised even higher terms than Grisi, Mendelssohn, who had been adored in England, and who brought out his “Elijah” there at the Birmingham (1846) Festival, succeeded in overcoming Jenny’s scruples. “I am going to London,” she writes, “and Mendelssohn alone was able to induce me to do so.”

Everything combined to make Jenny Lind’s appearance in London truly sensational, without the least effort on her part. For ten years Sweden and Germany had been singing her praises, and the galaxy of operatic stars—Grisi, Tamburini, Sontag, Lablache, and Gardoni, who had for some time ruled managers with a rod of iron—had not prevented the fame of the Swedish nightingale from reaching our shores. Even the Bunn controversy had raised expectation to the highest pitch.

At the same time, the fortunes of Her Majesty’s, Covent Garden, were down. All the stars except Lablache had quarrelled with Lumley and gone over to Drury Lane. Lumley was on the brink of ruin. Where was the counterpoise to balance the attractions of Grisi, Mario, Alboni, and Tamburini? Lumley believed that the incomparable Jenny alone was equal to the task. At last, after endless delays and hesitations—weeks of mental agony to poor Lumley, who was organizing performances to empty houses—at last she was coming. It is useless to try and picture her in words as she appeared to the critics of the period; to say she was “rather above the middle height, slender, but peculiarly graceful in figure and action; very fair, with a profusion of beautiful auburn tresses; the expression of the eyes, etc.”—all this sort of talk is futile. Her own description of herself as “broad-nosed, ugly, and *gauche*” is scarcely more helpful. When we look at her early portraits the problem seems to grow no clearer. Besides a remarkable daguerreotype in the possession of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, there are only two portraits—one by Magnus of Berlin, in 1846, and another by Södermark of Stockholm, in 1861—which make the Jenny Lind who was just then turning all the world crazy in the least intelligible. The quiet, intelligent eyes seem, indeed, capable of a world of meaning; the very sweet and delicately pencilled mouth is of extreme beauty; nothing can make the nose good, nor is the forehead high, though the head is finely moulded. The arms and neck are well rounded, the pose exceedingly graceful, and every line of the body, as far as it can be defined, is harmonious; but all that is not Jenny Lind.

To characterize her voice is equally impossible. Mendelssohn, who had heard everybody, said she was the greatest artist he had ever known. Sontag, whose voice was said to be naturally rounder and fuller, praised her to the skies. Lablache thought her incomparable. In listening to one of her wonderful cadenzas on a certain occasion, the open-mouthed band were so electrified that they forgot to come in, and Mendelssohn, who was wielding the *bâton*, instead of getting into a rage, burst out laughing. The hardened old maestro, Guhr, at the close of a scene in “Sonnambula,” threw away

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Journal of Management Education 30(6)p.789-804
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graphs of Jenny Lind, in the low-neck dress and deep lace "Bertha" of the period. The artisans turned out in crowds to catch a glimpse of her, though they knew they could never hear her voice. Her route was telegraphed all along the lines, and crowds waited for her at the stations, as they have waited since for Garibaldi or Mr. Gladstone.

The famous Norwich episode has been immortalized by the pen of Arthur Stanley, late Dean of Westminster, who was then a youth. Stanley, his father, was the Bishop of Norwich, and had invited Jenny to stay at the Palace,—in those days an unprecedented and even risky compliment for a prelate to pay to an actress.

On the day of her arrival Mrs. Stanley writes: "The bells were rung, and the whole town was in an uproar. After her arrival at the Palace, I went to her room and found a poor creature in the last stage of exhaustion, looking ready to sink into the earth with fatigue; and no wonder—she had sung at Edinburgh till 3, then got into the train and travelled all night." The excitement at St. Andrew's Hall next day is thus described: "She looked very nervous at first, but I never saw anything so beautiful as her manner in coming forward on the orchestra, and receiving the thunders of welcome—a mixture of modesty, dignity, grateful feeling, yet perfectly unruffled—her voice was more wonderful than ever, like the warbling of birds. 'Was she always received with such transports?' I ventured to ask. 'Ah, Madame,—je suis gaté,' she replied. Her face at times wore an expression of deep thought and melancholy, yet she says, how happy she is, what a 'carrière' God has enabled her to go through. I alluded to the good effects of her example on others. '*Voilà ce que j'espere!*' she said simply." I should like to extract the whole of Mrs. Stanley's charming letter. Still more graphic, if possible, is that of A. P. Stanley, who was completely smitten with the Lind fever, and dwells on "the grace, the dignity, the joyousness and touching pathos of her entrance on the platform—the manner of a Princess, the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel." "Coming back from the concert," writes Stanley, "I rode on the outside of the second carriage, in which sat the wonderful creature

herself—the crowd rushing after with enthusiastic cheers." I cannot omit adding the touch of anticlimax which is quite in Stanley's best manner. He called it, "*Her opinion of me!*" Stanley was notoriously insensible to the attractions of music, which made his idolatry of the Lind all the more remarkable. "On the last day I told her that there was '*quelque chose d'extraordinaire dans sa voix,*' but that otherwise her singing in itself produced no impression whatever upon me. This she said was by far the most amusing thing she had heard and that she should never forget it!"

And now the rest must be very briefly told.

After a season of unparalleled success (1847) she left England in response to the imperious calls of Germany. Her dislike of stage life seemed to grow steadily upon her, and she was firmly resolved to retire, though only twenty-seven years old. We know how her resolution broke down for the last time when, on her return to England, she found her generous friend and admirer Mr. Lumley again on the brink of ruin, and consented to re-establish his fortune by a farewell series of performances. But these were positively her last appearances on the stage, and no bribes or entreaties ever shook her resolution again. How Mr. Barnum then stepped in, and induced her to visit America; how Otto Goldschmidt—most graceful of pianists, and a perfect accompanist, whom she had known and respected for some years—played for her throughout her Transatlantic tour, and had the good fortune to woo and to win her for his own; how she took the whole of America by storm—as much as £130 being given for a single ticket at Richmond; and how she devoted the whole of her American gains, £30,000, to the institutions and charities of her native land; how, on her return, she devoted herself in like manner to English charities on a colossal scale, built a hospital at Liverpool, a new wing to the Brompton Hospital, an infirmary at Norwich, and so forth; all these things have now become parts of nineteenth-century history which can never be forgotten, on account of their deep spiritual significance as well as their material splendor.

Her dramatic success as an oratorio singer was equal to her supremacy on the

shire as Ireland. The other is different and is highly characteristic, but its characteristicness is not due to anything specially erratic in its architecture or pretensions in its intention, but simply to the depth of decay, a decay long-continued and melancholy even for Ireland, which has overtaken it, and to an even greater extent the house up to which it leads : a house which we approach along an avenue greener than many grass fields, green with that peculiarly clinging vegetation which grows upon deserted roadways, and where in spring-time certain delicate flowering weeds, otherwise rare in the district, may be found by the curious in such matters.

Sir Thomas and Lady Barrington are at present the occupants of the larger and more prosperous of these two houses, but they have nothing to say to my story. The Barringtons are, in fact, quite newcomers into the county of C—, Ballybrophy House having been only bought by Sir Thomas's father at the death of the late Lord Ballybrophy, who died here a bachelor, and at whose death the title accordingly became extinct.

Mount Kennedy, the other and dilapidated house, belongs also to Sir Thomas Barrington, and it has often been a matter of wonder, especially to strangers, why he should like to keep anything so forlorn and eye-afflicting in its ruinousness so close to his own, rather noticeably spick-and-span abode. Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that, being uninhabited for nearly a century, it had long before his time reached a stage of dilapidation which rendered any hope of letting or otherwise disposing of it hopeless ; while, on the other hand, there is a well-understood reluctance, strongly felt in Ireland, against pulling down and so utterly abolishing and rooting out the memory of those who have once lived and "reigned" on any given spot, a reluctance naturally increased by the peculiar circumstances under which this house of Mount Kennedy passed out of the hands of its former owner.

A small but delightful little stream, rapid, babbling, confidential, ending in a dancing, tossing imp of a waterfall, is only to be reached down this green approach and through a portion of the neglected shrubberies which cover this part of the Barrington property, and this circumstance has several times lately brought me

within sight of the derelict house. Last time it did so I was alone, and curiosity induced me to approach nearer to it than I had ever hitherto done. On doing so I discovered that a piece of one side of the once solid entrance-porch had, apparently recently, fallen in, doubtless from the sudden rotting of some of the timbers beneath, and that though the front door still remained rigidly bolted and barred, one could now easily peep in, and little by little distinguish nearly the whole of the entrance hall, from one of the mouldering walls of which a couple of huge elks' horns still branched colossally ; while beyond, through a half-open door, I could see a corner of what had evidently been one of the living rooms, with part of an enormous fireplace, black, or rather greenish gray, with that insidious mouldiness which in this climate inevitably overtakes and makes its own everything that has been submitted to it. There was something, I thought, peculiarly piteous in the suggestion thus called up of what had doubtless once been a warm hearth, lit as Irish hearths in this neighborhood are wont to be, by a mountain of red glowing turf, warmed, too, as I could not doubt, with other cheering elements, such as friendship, hospitality, family love and jollity, now forever blackened and extinguished, given over to darkness, emptiness, and the gloom of a long dead, nay, almost forgotten and abolished past. Where I stood the air was warm and comforting ; the trees, just beginning to change color, were soft with greenish yellows and dusky reds ; an old disused graveyard a little way below the house sent up its quota of appropriate melancholy to the scene, and I lingered a little while, supping, half-luxuriously as one sometimes does, upon that sense of all-pervading decay which, when it does not come home too pressingly to one's self and is not too intrusive in its moralizing, is rarely without charm. That there were deeper chords than such mild moralizings to be touched in connection with this scene I was, however, aware, though my impressions as to what those chords were had grown not a little vague and blurred ; and this sense of an exceptional gloom and tragedy was naturally deepened by the tale told at my request in ampler detail than I had before heard it, by my hosts the same evening over the dinner table. I will take it up for

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plorably lax ; "lax"—as his friend had more than once told him in the measured language of the day—"to the verge of licentiousness." He was emphatically what we call "easy going." No doubt he had always been so, but it was only when he became a neighboring proprietor that the trait revealed itself to Lord Ballybrophy in all its heinousness. Not being a game preserver, for instance, he did not sufficiently concern himself with the game rights of others. In this and in all respects he allowed the Mount Kennedy property to drift along in a comfortable, happy-go-lucky time-immemorial fashion. His tenants did as they liked ; their rents were never raised ; their wives might rear as many chickens and pigs as they chose ; their children were allowed to pick sticks through all the Kennedy woods, and if a stout *gossoon* knocked over a hare or a rabbit, and carried it home under his rags to his mother's pot, Eustace Kennedy was quite capable of winking hard, and declining to prosecute the offender, even if the deed was brought home to him in the clearest and the most unmistakable light.

Now all this was acutely painful to his friend, the rather that—owing to the position of the two properties, especially owing to the position of that unlucky little Naboth's vineyard—the Kennedy belongings, their wives, children, chickens, pigs and families generally, were continually trespassing upon the Ballybrophy property. No matter what leg-breaking man-traps, no matter what hand, knee or foot-destroying fences were put up, under, over, or round those fences, the Kennedy "tinints" would manage to crawl or otherwise get. Walking across his fields, or strolling in his woods, Lord Ballybrophy would continually come upon a hundred traces of recent depredations ; the marks of bare feet upon the poached mud of a gap would stare him in the face ; broken twigs from his young plantations would litter the ground ; worse still, there had been yet darker suspicions, in the form of rabbits or hares believed to have been trapped, and always, as his gamekeepers were ready to take oath, by "thim owdacious divils" from the other side of the fence !

At last the fire, long smouldering, burst into open flame. A boy was caught red-handed with a rabbit in his possession

which he was taking home to his grandmother. He was not actually captured upon the Ballybrophy estate, but upon the limit of that wood and graveyard which, as already explained, broke like a splinter through the centre of it and grievously marred its symmetry. This being the case, it was clear as the sun in the sky that the rabbit in question was a Ballybrophy rabbit, and as such Lord Ballybrophy was only within his rights in demanding, nay peremptorily insisting, that his friend Eustace Kennedy should prosecute the offender.

This Eustace Kennedy equally peremptorily declined to do. As it happened, the boy was the grandson of an old pensioner and former servant of the Kennedy's, one Thaddeus or Thady O'Roon, a privileged old being, united to his master by one of those odd ties, half-feudal, half-personal, of which our more advanced civilization has well-nigh forgotten the existence. With that disproportionate vehemence which was one of his failings, Eustace Kennedy swore, and swore moreover before witnesses, that rather than break old Thady's heart by sending his grandson to jail, possibly to the gallows—for the game laws were no joke in those days—every rabbit in the county of C—— might, for aught he cared, be killed and eaten.

Lord Ballybrophy's patience, long tried, fairly broke down under this unexpectedly unneighborly conduct. Mr. Kennedy, he retorted with that formality which characterized him in moments of displeasure, must choose between the O'Roon family and himself. If his regard for those interesting persons was of so excessively tender a nature that he preferred it to his duties as a landlord and the ordinary courtesies of a neighbor and a gentleman, Lord Ballybrophy regretted the circumstances, but could not, in duty to himself, continue to hold further friendly relations with one whose views of the becoming stood in such painful and diametrical contrast to his own. He repeated that he regretted the matter, but at the same time that his decision was irrevocable.

The quarrel, thus handsomely inaugurated, grew and deepened as it is the custom of quarrels to do. Eustace Kennedy made one or two efforts at a reconciliation, but since nothing would induce him to yield in the main point, his efforts

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
VOLUME 18
PART 1
1888
LONDON
PUBLISHED BY THE
Royal Society of London
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naturally selected by the rebels as their camping-ground. The owner's leave was not asked, so that his participation in the arrangement was a purely negative one. Next morning the unwelcome visitors departed, smashing fences and out-houses, breaking down gates, and generally destroying everything on which they could lay hands, but giving—so it was subsequently sworn at the trial—three cheers for their unwilling entertainer as they went.

Those three cheers were Eustace Kennedy's death-warrant! On the ragged host poured; shouting, gesticulating, yelling. The attack was intended, it may be observed, to be a surprise! The result was what was to be expected. The suburbs of the town were taken with yells of triumph and tipsy enthusiasm; a little further on the rebels were met by a steady fire of musketry, before which the wretched undisciplined force collapsed like a pricked balloon. The slaughter was considerable; many of the unfortunate rebels tried to take refuge in the houses, but the houses were set on fire by the soldiery, and . . . in short one is not called upon by the necessities of one's tale to go further in this direction, and any reader who has the recollection of Cruikshank's prints before his eyes will be thankful for the forbearance! Punishment by the sword over judicial punishment followed. A former sergeant, believed to have taken part with the rebels, was the first arrest made; the second was Mr. Eustace Kennedy, of Mount Kennedy, who was triumphantly captured the next afternoon in his dining-room, while sitting quietly at dinner there with his family.

The news of this successful arrest was brought to Ballybrophy House the following morning by the officers quartered there, two of whom, a captain and a cornet, had already been named as among those who were to sit upon the court-martial appointed to try the culprit.

"Gad! the fellow has done for himself *now* and no mistake!" Captain Bullock, the captain in question, exclaimed gleefully. "Couldn't have managed it better if he had tried for a century, d—him! None of your half measures, praise the stars! Court-martial to-day, sentence to-morrow, hanged and—the rest of it the day after! That's your style, gentlemen, and I only wish we

could rattle off the rest of the rascals in the same fashion!"

"But, my goodness! goodness gracious me! Do I understand you, Captain Bullock?" Lady Ballybrophy exclaimed, dropping her egg-spoon in her consternation. "Mr. Kennedy of Mount Kennedy—Mr. Kennedy, our nearest neighbor!—our— Me lord, me lord, d'ye hear?—hanged and, and—the rest of it! Oh my gracious goodness! Me lord, me lord! Are you listening, me lord?"

"'Pon honor, your la'ship. 'Pon my soul and honor, if I'd ha' guessed your la'ship ud ha' taken it so, 'pon my soul and honor I'd ha' held my tongue about the matter, I would, indeed," Captain Bullock replied in rather crestfallen tones. "But I never for a moment dreamt your la'ship would interest yourself in such a fellow. Why, he's known and cited all over the county of C—for a common firebrand! Every one has heard of the way he spoke of Colonel B—; your la'ship sure knows all about *that*? And think too of the example! Why, d— it all—begging your la'ship's pardon for swearing—those other turf-and-buttermilk rascals would never have had the impudence to lift their noses if 't hadn't been for fellows like this Kennedy—a gentleman born, curse him!—condoling with them, and talking up and down the country about their treatment. Their *treatment*! God bless my soul, the very expression is treasonable, and so I'm sure my lord there will say!"

But Lord Ballybrophy said absolutely nothing. The news had shocked him horribly, literally, unspeakably. With that rapid revulsion to some half forgotten sentiment of which even well-balanced minds are capable of under strong emotion, he suddenly felt all his old affection for his former friend spring up again within him at the news of his appalling peril. Making an excuse for leaving the room, he spent the whole of the rest of that day pacing to and fro his study, a prey to the liveliest anxiety, now and then sending to T— Courthouse to find out how the case was proceeding, and what the chances were of a favorable verdict.

He was not long kept in suspense. The next day but one came the news that the court-martial's proceedings had been quite as rapid and unhesitating as Captain Bul-

Whether upon reconsidering the matter he discovered it would be ungentlemanly to "go behind" his subordinates, or whether it was that time pressed and it was too troublesome to go over the same ground twice, or whether the crowning necessity of an "example" forced his hand, whatever the cause may have been, certain it is that no delay *did* take place. On the contrary, the sentence was rigorously carried out the very next day, down to its last grim detail, at the termination of which ceremonial Eustace Kennedy's head was set up upon the spikes of T— jail almost within view of his own drawing-room windows. One relaxation must indeed be recorded. By a special act of grace Lord Camden desired that what remained of the criminal—not his head, that is to say, which was otherwise required—should be restored to the widow, to be interred as she thought fit, provided, indeed, she could discover any clergyman bold enough to utter Christian rites over so scandalous an offender.

Lord Ballybrophy took the matter very badly. He could not get it out of his head. Day and night, night and day, he was haunted by the thought of Eustace Kennedy. Now he reproached himself that he had not flung aside all decorum and openly taken his place beside his poor friend in the dock; again, that he had ever allowed that foolish quarrel to grow up, which had robbed the latter at a critical time of his own priceless aid and advice; again, with that he had not at least exchanged a last melancholy handshake with poor Eustace in T— jail. No amount of self-argument, no amount of knowledge that the deceased had brought it upon himself—if not by what he was actually accused of, at least by a reckless disregard of his own interests which amounted to a crime—all this and much more was of no avail. The sight of the officers quartered in his house, especially of the two who had served upon the court-martial, became as poison to him. He could not eat with their detested faces opposite. His food did him no good. Even steady drinking—that great and inexhaustible refuge of the age—brought him no perceptible comfort. He wandered incessantly through his grounds and about the deer-park, now upon Mount Kenn— upon its churchyard, he distant

landscape, at which point he would suddenly avert his eyes with a horribly vivid realization of what at that moment was to be seen upon the top of T— jail, whose walls were even at this distance perceptible between the last pair of big oaks, the broad, lichen-covered branches of which waved low down over the grass and feathery bracken.

It was in this uncomfortable and for him highly unaccustomed mood that we found him upon the evening selected to take up this little history, an evening only separated by a few days from the events above recorded. Ever since dinner Lord Ballybrophy had been wandering aimlessly about—he knew not himself why or whither—only feeling that it was utterly impossible for him to return to the house and to take up his own ordinary, dignified rôle in life. The sun sank below the horizon; the night fell; a moon began to twinkle upon the grass and illuminate the sundial; but still he lingered. His thoughts were in the past: his mind against his own will kept going over and over again scenes in which he and Eustace Kennedy had shared. Even his friend's faults; even that unfortunate "laxity" of his; even the ridiculous indulgence he had always shown his inferiors; all these were forgotten; irradiated by that light which Death is apt to confer upon those who have passed beyond the reach of even our most vigilant criticism.

Suddenly, as he stood there, looking across the park, now whitened by the moonlight, a figure crossed the plain of his vision. An odd-looking figure—odd enough to have caused a superstitious mind to take it for one of those familiar gnomes or elderly pixies called "cluricans," famous in Irish fairy lore as the bearers of bags or purses which, if seized dexterously at the right moment, will render their captor rich beyond the dreams of avarice ever after. Like the clurican too, the figure in question carried a bag which it seemed anxious to conceal from observation, for every now and then it paused, peered cautiously round it, and again proceeded slowly and laboriously on its way.

Lord Ballybrophy was not superstitious—certainly not in so ignorant a fashion as this—and it did not therefore occur to him to suspect the figure he was looking at of being anything so vulgar as a fairy.

A sharp shot followed with a considerable amount of explosion, as was indeed to be expected, being so sure of killing the man, and the lighted fuse of the bomb was seen as they passed the bushes in the park.

Sooner than he could get to the fence he was hit by a bullet in the chest, and he fell on his back, his arms outstretched, and his head thrown back. He was dead before he could get to the fence.

The man who was with him, and who was also hit by a bullet in the chest, fell on his back, his arms outstretched, and his head thrown back. He was dead before he could get to the fence.

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ready clambering out over the fence at the further end, which led, it may be remembered, to the Mount Kennedy churchyard. The man who followed, carrying his gun as he did so upon his back, went into the churchyard, and there he was hit and wounded. He was hit in the chest, and he fell on his back, his arms outstretched, and his head thrown back. He was dead before he could get to the fence.

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head with apprehension. In short it is impossible to imagine a more ridiculous and at the same time suspicious looking figure.

Meanwhile the bag, which was the most important element in the matter, was reposing quietly behind the tombstone where it had been left by its bearer. Lord Ballybrophy promptly picked it up, and, still retaining his grasp upon old Thady, turned to leave the churchyard. His first impulse was to march both culprits up to the "great house," but on second thought it seemed better to burden himself only with the live one, leaving the other where it was, since it could be sent for at any moment.

The flat-topped slab of another tombstone caught his eye at this juncture, and suggested itself as a suitable place upon which to institute a sort of preliminary examination. If the contents of the bag proved, as he felt certain they would prove, to be a hare or a rabbit, worse still a pheasant, in that case he would simply pack old Thady off that very night without further formalities to G— jail, there to await his turn at the next assizes.

It was not without some sense of derogation that he decided to institute this preliminary examination with his own hands. Still having achieved the whole affair single-handed so far, he felt a natural pride in bringing it single-handed to a conclusion. Accordingly he picked up the bag and carried it to the tombstone, retaining his hold upon old Thady, who indeed offered no resistance, but allowed himself to be dragged like a piece of inert matter in the grip of his capturer. Evidently something very hard and solid was at the bottom of the bag; harder and more solid than Lord Ballybrophy could account for under the circumstances. An indescribable reluctance overtook him as he was about to plunge his hand into it; instead therefore of doing so, he simply lifted the weighted end, and tilted it a little forward so as to allow the contents to roll over on to the smooth flat surface of the tombstone.

Over they rolled sure enough; further; further still; over and over—certainly something very round and very hard was in that bag! Something too—very—very— "Why?—What? What? What?" Lord Ballybrophy's eyes began to start out of their sockets; his hair to rise up

stiff and bristling under his wig; his blood, to first coagulate and then seem to be bursting like a tide of red-hot lava through his veins. The next moment a succession of piercing shrieks startled the card-players at the other end of the park. Pell-mell, out they rushed; the officers first, the chaplain next, the ladies last, the latter gathering their skirts around them. Once in the moonlight they stared helplessly here and there, not knowing in the least where to turn, or in what direction to look for the cause of their alarm. They were guided at last to the right place by the apparition of a little old man, leaping, gesticulating, and running wildly to and fro like a clurican in front of the churchyard. There, flat upon the grass, apparently in some sort of swoon, they found Lord Ballybrophy. His hat had fallen in one direction, his wig in another, his sword was doubled up under him, and immediately above him, upon the smooth flat slab of the tombstone, and looking as white and placid in the moonlight as if it had been merely part of some monumental effigy accidentally broken from its context, lay—the head of Eustace Kennedy!

How had it got there? and what under all the circumstances of the case was now to be done with it? were two questions, which—the first attentions to the sick man having been paid—not a little exercised the minds of those who were the witnesses of the foregoing rather singular scene. As regards the first it was easily answered, old Thady O'Roon making no secret of having himself stolen it that very afternoon from off the spikes of T— jail, where the majesty of the law had impaled it. He thought—"maybe the poor mhaister might slape aisier t'home," was the only explanation he seemed capable of giving when called upon to account for the startling piece of larceny of which he had been guilty. As to the second question—well, in the end the poor head was allowed to rest peacefully enough not far from where it then lay, with the remainder of the clay thereto appertaining. The truth was, once the first blush and enthusiasm of their zeal was a little abated, the authorities, civil as well as military, were not eager to allow too dazzling a blaze of publicity to fall upon all their recent proceedings. So successful indeed were they in this administrative modesty, that to this day the foregoing transaction is rarely

bankers can be made to accumulate. This means that he who has to preach must be of studious habits, and that in regard to his sermon he must spare no time and grudge no pains. He must treat his discourse as the artist will treat his picture. He must study for it and he must make studies of it; he must consider detail and composition; he must ruthlessly sacrifice the over-splendid detail which would disturb the harmony of the composition. He must be careful in the use of color, and while seeking to give freshness he must avoid vulgarity or loudness of tone. That is vulgar which so intrudes itself as to weaken the sense of general purpose. If "this one thing I do" is the word of the Apostle, it may serve as a motto for the preacher whose wisdom will be to teach one thing at a time, and whose desire will be to make that one thing plain.

The duty of making a thing plain is the first duty of the public speaker. Everything else—ornament, elocution, passion, persuasion—must be considered subordinate to this. The man has a message to deliver: he must take care that he delivers it so that it may be understood. He has a truth which burns for utterance in his breast: he must seek to make people see and feel this truth. How can they feel unless they understand what the truth is? The noise and clamor of wordy nothings may produce hysterical results; but these can never come within the preacher's aim. He reverences truth too highly to seek to produce unintelligent emotions. He seeks to commend himself, rather, to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

This should be done in the most natural way possible. The sermon may be likened to a syllogism. The truth to be taught is the major premise. The correlative human experience is the minor premise. From these two the conviction of personal duty and responsibility should follow. The sermon should be the attempt to bring the divine truth or thought alongside man's experience and life, so that some help and hope, some aspiration or regret, may fall like the invigorating touch of divine strength upon the faltering minds of human weakness. It is the blending of these two things which every sermon needs.

The sermon which is merely a setting forth of some theological proposition in

relation to established Christian doctrines may be excellent, but ineffective. It is a treatise rather than a sermon. The sermon must enter into life. It must not only thrill with Heaven, it must throb with earth. It must, like its Divine Master, reach humanity by becoming human. "What is beyond all humanity ever fails to move it; it is the reason why all the religions of the earth are things of the lip, which scarcely influence the life; it is what remains human, yet is human only in the highest sense and by the deepest woe, that can sway your hearts as the winds the reeds."

And as he must thus be human so must his humanity be as the human nature of his own times. The preacher must not let his sermon be the reverberation of the thunder of yesterday. He may be acquainted with yesterday's story of storm. This is right; for he should study the lore of the past and make the treasures of things old his own. But he should speak his message in the language of his own day. The phrases of yesterday, like the thunder of yesterday, carry the memory of power rather than the reality. The man who thinks to influence the men of the nineteenth century by repeating the phrases of the sixteenth or the eleventh centuries will hardly stir the hearts of his contemporaries.

Yet let not the preacher be too modern either. The "magazine"-fed preacher will not go deep enough to reach the heart of humanity. The man who watches the waves will not know the true set of the tide. The currents lie below the surface. We need to go deeper than the surface if we are to be wise and understanding men, knowing how to act and to speak to the times. The acquaintance which the preacher should have with human nature should be wide and deep. Let him speak of the things which are before yesterday and yet of to-day, and let him speak of them in words which the men of to-day will understand. To this end let him read what is written to-day and also what was written in the days of old. Robert Hall said that it was well for the man whose work was preaching "to make himself intimately acquainted with an older writer, Barrow, Tillotson, Hooker, Milton, Chillingworth, Pearson, etc., of whom, in comparison with later writers" (I still quote Robert Hall), "I should be disposed

The subject range of the sermon is very great. Judged by the vast variety of topics which have been treated of in the pulpit we might conclude that any defini-

Here we may, perhaps, reach what may pass for a definition. The scope of the

preacher's work is to bring the Heavenly into the earthly—to bring the divine near to the human. He thus can bring back what is better than romance to human life. The world may be too much with us, but on the Sunday at least the preacher will remind us of the light which never was yet always is on sea and land. The path we tread may be dark and our prospects gloomy and cloudy, but the preacher will point out the bow in the cloud—the token of changeless and faithful love—eternal in the heavens. The complications of modern questions may be perplexing and bewildering, the changes around too rapid and alarming, but the quiet hours of the Sunday will bring to us the remembrance of how God fulfils Himself in many ways, and how all things may be working around for good toward that one divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves.

To fail to put this divine touch upon the wearied and wandering lives of men is to fail in preaching. To send people home amused and interested is not a worthy aim. Instruct and teach, if you will. Interest them if you can. Beguile them from the overmuch sadness of life, if you think well. But strive above all to let them return to their toil with the deeper conviction of the eternal realities, a profounder sense of the spiritual education of this life, and a more tender and unwavering persuasion of the nearness of Him in Whose presence is fulness of joy, and in the knowledge of Whom is eternal life. The highest influence of this kind is expressed in Jean Ingelow's poem, "Brothers and a Sermon." When the hearer leaves the church he leaves it with such a vivid sense of the near presence of the Lord that he is prepared to find Him everywhere :

"I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to Heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher-folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of
moss,
And heard, but did not see the passing beck.
Ah, graceless heart, would that it could re-
gain
From the dim storehouse of sensations past
The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell on me! It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from Heaven to track
us home,
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been His."

W. B. RIPPON.

II.

It is with considerable hesitation that I sit down to write on the subject of preaching. I am very far indeed from regarding myself as an authority on the subject. To preach aright has always seemed to me a serious problem, and to preach at all involves an immense responsibility. If there are any who can contemplate the duty with a light heart, I am not one of them. To see before you the faces of hundreds, sometimes even of thousands, of men and women; to know that some of them at least are hungering and thirsting after righteousness; to know that the multitude is composed of men, women, and the youth of both sexes, and that the word spoken may prove to be for some of them a message from God and the turning-point of a life; to know something of the struggles, the doubts, the difficulties, the temptations, the deadly perils, by which they are variously beset; to fear lest we should incur the reproach due to those whose

"Lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scranell pipes of wretched
straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread"—

all this is, to a serious man, a very serious matter. "When I walk up the aisle of Westminster Abbey," said Canon Kingsley to a friend, "and see those gathered thousands, I wish myself dead; and when I walk back again after the sermon I wish myself more dead."

Sermons are, and for the last two centuries have been, a common butt for the scorn of wits and men of the world. I attribute this in part to the depth of inanity, dulness, and artificiality to which, with a few brilliant exceptions, they fell at the Restoration, and throughout the eighteenth century. I do not think it would be fair to say that the general run of average preaching in these days is at all contemptible. I hear many sermons, preached by curates and by clergymen entirely unknown, and am constantly struck with the fact that if there be in one's self the least trace of "meek heart and due reverence," the sermons are few indeed which may not produce at least their passing and infinitesimal effect for good. It is true that many sermons—one's own

and others'—are trite, feeble, commonplace; it cannot possibly be otherwise. There are twenty thousand clergy in the English Church, and many of us are very ordinary and every-day persons, who have not the faintest pretence to profoundness or eloquence. But then we share these limitations of faculty with our lay critics. We find the tedious and the platitudinous quite as much in books, newspapers, law courts, Parliamentary debates, and magazines as in sermons. Sermons would be just as bad if you turned out all the clergy to-morrow and put twenty thousand of their most disdainful and self-satisfied critics in their place. The clergy possess no monopoly of dulness or patent of unprofitableness. If very few of us are great, or wise, or clever, we at least stand intellectually on a level with the mass of our hearers. To most men God does not give ten talents, but only one; and that only in an earthen vessel. It is impossible to expect an endless succession of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" from a preacher whose powers at the best are but ordinary; who may be suffering at any moment from sickness of body or depression of spirits; who is, in very many instances, involved in endless work and unceasing worry; whose heart may be aching with anxiety, and whose life may be burdened by poverty and all the sordid cares which it inevitably brings. And when we remember that most clergymen, in the midst of heavy parochial burdens, have to produce—not rare and splendid *conférences* at Advent or Easter like some of the great French preachers—but two sermons, or more, regularly every week, besides various addresses, we shall, I think, be struck with the general excellence of sermons; at any rate we shall be less impatient of their many defects.

"The worst speak something good; if all want
sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

There are, I frankly admit, some sermons which are simply detestable. When the preacher is conceited, affected, and manifestly unreal; when he betrays his ignorance while he is pretending to a knowledge and authority which he does not possess; when he is insinuating some disputed and paltry party dogma, instead of pressing home the great, broad, simple truths of the Gospel; when he is indulg-

ing in "loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms" instead of "preaching simple Christ to simple men;" when he is abusing the coward's castle of his pulpit to slander his betters, and to teach the sham science of castes and the sham theology of cliques, or to air the cut and dried snippings of the formulæ with which he has been assiduously crammed at his party training place; when he is doing anything but

"Preach as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men"—

all hearers are free to turn their thoughts to something else with such charity for the preacher as they may. But so long as he is evidently and transparently sincere; so long as he confines himself to preaching the plain eternal truths of the Gospel of Christ; so long as he insists on the fundamental and primary truth that "what that supreme and sacred Majesty requires of us is Innocence alone," I think that the most critical of hearers ought to bear with his limitations of power, or his ineradicable defects of manner and style. After all, the *lowest* claim which any sermon could put forward would be a claim to rhetorical skill, or literary finish. If a sermon attempts to charm the ear or the mind, it should only be as a means of moving the heart. Moral and spiritual edification is the humble yet lofty aim of every true Christian pulpit. It is as St. Augustine said, *docere, flectere, movere*,—to arrest the careless, to strengthen the weak, to lift up the fallen, to bring the wanderer home.

This is the deeper aspect of preaching, and a clergyman must indeed have been indifferent or unfortunate if, during his ministry, abundant proofs have not come to him that even the ministrations which he himself, as well as many of his hearers, regarded as so feeble and imperfect have yet fallen as with dews of blessing on many souls.

But I must turn to questions of voice and gesture.

1. Most Englishmen have a just horror of the word "elocution," because they think that it means something histrionic and artificial, which in the pulpit is more offensive than any other fault. For if a preacher gives himself any airs and graces, or indulges in theatrical tones or studied gesticulations, if he thinks of himself at all, and so ceases to be his own natural and

manly self, he at once becomes as insufferable as Cowper's Sir Smug or Thackeray's Mr. Honeyman. But confining the word "elocution" to the right management of the voice and the correction of awkward mannerisms, it has been a great misfortune to the majority of living clergymen that they have entered, as I did, upon the important task of addressing their fellow men without one hour of training. In this respect the Americans are much more wise than we are. At all their schools and colleges they have rhetoric and elocution classes. The teachers study the mechanism of the vocal organs, and teach their pupils how to articulate clearly, and how to bring out their voices so as to make themselves heard. Boys and youths, by going through five or six years of this training, are effectually cured of distressing nervous peculiarities, and are taught to express themselves in public with force and ease. Good speaking, so far as these qualities are concerned, is far more common in America than in England.

2. As for "action," it comes naturally to the Greek, the Italian, and the Irishman, but to very few men of our cold English temperament. It is, indeed, said of Whitefield that when he slowly uplifted his arms in pronouncing the words, "If I take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea," a lady who was present declared that nothing would have surprised her less than to see him soar bodily to Heaven. Demosthenes said that the three requisites of the orator were "Action, Action, Action;" but there is scarcely one of our own great orators or preachers who has used much action. I do not think that action can be taught, though we might be taught to *avoid* actions which are ungraceful and distressing.

3. What shall we say of humor? Is it admissible in the pulpit? I should say very rarely, and only if it be a natural gift. Some eminent modern preachers, among whom I may mention Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Ward Beecher, and, in the English Church, Archbishop Magee and the Bishop of Derry, have made humor the instrument of the most searching insight, and (in the latter instances) of the most refined beauty. The mediæval preachers made free use of humor in their sermons, and sometimes abused the privilege. But we know from the sermons of the great and saintly Chrysostom that he, too, frequently made

his vast audience laugh. To quote but one instance, when he was preaching against the extravagant Byzantine fashion of bejewelled and gorgeously embroidered boots, he described the dandies who wore them delicately picking their way to church. "If you don't want to soil your boots," he said, "I recommend you to take them off your feet and wear them on your heads. You laugh," he cried, "but I rather weep for your follies."

4. It seems to me to be altogether a mistake to be too stereotyped in our notions of "the dignity of the pulpit." The illustrations of the Hebrew prophets, of the great Apostles, of Christ Himself, were incessantly drawn from the commonest objects and the most familiar incidents of daily life. Room should be left for the greatest variety of topic and abundance of illustration. An illustration in a modern sermon may take the place of those parables, the Divine secret of which was absolutely unique. An illustration, and the lesson which it carries with it, may often be remembered for years, when the very same thing expressed conventionally and in the abstract might be forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The preacher might say, like the poet :

"From Art, from Nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools :
The lightest wave of thought shall lisp
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp."

5. But what is needed in the pulpit most of all is simplicity and sincerity. What American writers call "personal magnetism" is that impressiveness of the individuality of which Aristotle describes the most commanding element under the head of *ἦθος*. It is this which makes some men take an audience by storm before they have spoken a single sentence. If a speaker be manly, straightforward, earnest, sincere—he cannot possibly fail. This simplicity and sincerity are compatible with styles and methods which, if they were not part of the writer's whole self, and the result of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon him, might not be so described. Sincerity and simplicity of heart may wear the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton's prose, and yet give us no sense of unreality ; and,

on the other hand, unreality may clothe itself in a style of ostentatious commonplace and monosyllabic baldness. The passionate earnestness of Burke burns through the periods so stiff with golden embroidery. South alluded with scathing contempt to the imagery of Jeremy Taylor. Nevertheless, Jeremy Taylor's style came to him as naturally as Milton's, or Carlyle's, or Wordsworth's, or Ruskin's, or that of any other great writer who has been received at first by all the professional critics with shouts of ignorant disdain. I should recommend every preacher to amend such faults in his style as he sees, and as he *can* amend, but otherwise never to think of his style at all, and simply to say what he has to say as naturally as he can; to say nothing that he does not mean, and to mean nothing which he does not say. If he does this he will be thoroughly well understood by all, for heart will speak to heart, and whether his style be as plainly Saxon as John Bunyan's, or as full of long Latin words as some passages of Shakespeare, will make no difference. "Preach so that the very servant-maids will understand you," was the advice given by a prelate to a young deacon; and the maid-servants, yes, and even street Arabs, will understand any man who speaks to them with real feeling on human subjects and in a human way. Let a man but speak that of which he is heart and soul convinced, and the poorest sermon will do some good.

Posturing assumption, artificial saint-hood will avail no one long, and even eloquence and learning without sincerity will produce no real effect. "Why to thee? why to thee?" said the burly and handsome Fra Masseo to poor ragged, emaciated Francis of Assisi. "I say why should all the word come after thee, and every one desire to see and hear and obey thee? Thou art not handsome, thou art not learned, thou art not noble; therefore why to thee? why does all the world run after thee?" But even as he spoke the words the good-humored brother knew that the answer was not far to seek. It lay in the personality, the intensity of devotion, the depth of self-sacrifice which were the secrets of the age-long influence of the sweet saint who took forsaken Poverty to be his bride.

Dean Hook was always regarded as an effective preacher at Leeds by the multi-

tudes who thronged the great parish church. He gave the secret of his success in these words:—

"I am convinced that one of the things which makes my ordinary sermons tell from the pulpit is this very circumstance that I write precisely as I would talk, and that my sermons are as nearly as possible extemporaneous effusions."

The reason why the plain "extemporaneous effusions" told was because "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

F. W. FARRAR.

III.

THERE could be no greater delusion than to imagine that the influence and attractiveness of the Christian pulpit have gone. There never was in all Christian history a preacher who enjoyed a greater or more lasting popularity than Mr. Spurgeon enjoys to-day. The crowds that used to throng St. Paul's Cathedral when Canon Liddon preached there have never been surpassed. The Pulpit, instead of being weaker, is really growing stronger and stronger. The impression to the contrary is probably due to the fact that, for reasons into which I need not enter now, the average newspaper reporter has not hitherto been friendly to the pulpit, and has not been in the habit of regarding sermons as "good copy." No class of public speakers in this country have been so persistently boycotted or disparaged by the Press as preachers. But there are signs that this state of affairs is passing away, and that the Press and the Pulpit are beginning to realize the advantage of an honorable alliance in the interests of justice and humanity.

The Press, consciously or unconsciously, has exerted a very beneficent influence over the Pulpit. It has influenced preachers, for one thing, to talk English and to make themselves intelligible. It has been even more beneficial in dragging them down from the clouds where they had been too apt to sail in metaphysical balloons. It has mightily influenced them to deal with the plain practical interests of actual men and women. Many readers will recall the language in which Sir James Stephen referred to preachers whose abstractions had no reference whatever to the living men and women upon whom they were poured. That kind of preaching has to a great extent passed away. All sorts of

subjects, at which our grandfathers would not have dared to hint in the pulpit, are now discussed there. Preachers do not hesitate now to use illustrations drawn from real life. I need scarcely add that this is exactly what their Master did two thousand years ago. His illustrations were taken from the men and women of His own time, and from the phenomena of nature with which His hearers were familiar. But a sort of pulpit style had grown up which was exceedingly artificial, stilted, and unreal. One small but significant symptom of the change in the direction of simplicity and genuineness which has come over the pulpit is the fact that the preacher of our own day does not speak of himself as "we" and "us," but simply as "I" and "me." I can well remember the horror of some members of my own congregations when I first substituted the singular pronoun for the royal "we" in which I had been trained. Another remarkable symptom of the age is the fact that the old, artificial, elaborate, and exceedingly florid rhetorical style is at a great discount. At one time ministers of religion used to prepare elaborate and brilliant sentences worked up into climaxes which produced a great impression upon half-educated audiences. But the age has become so much more earnest that it will not stand that sort of thing except occasionally.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the new method of preaching is its intensely ethical character. George Eliot would no longer be able to accuse Christian preachers of "other-worldliness." They trouble themselves less and less about the other world, and they take more and more to heart the sufferings and the needs of this. It is one of the most curious phenomena of history that what I may call the intensely secular character of Christ's teaching should have been so long overlooked. The idea arose very early in our era that Christianity was too good for this world; and men consequently thought they could attain its ideals only by living artificial lives apart from their fellows in monasteries or even by going to the further extreme of taking up their abode in some solitary cave in an African desert or elsewhere. At the era of the Reformation the whole civilized world was well aware that neither the monastic nor the solitary life was morally one bit better than the

ordinary life of society, that in some respects it was very much worse. But the idea that Christianity was too good for this world still clung even to the Reformers, so they transplanted the fulfilment of the Christian idea to another world altogether. I need scarcely say that this notion is flatly contradicted in every part of the New Testament. The angels who saluted the Nativity of our Lord sang of peace on earth and goodwill among men. In the same way our Lord Himself taught us to pray that the will of God might be done by men on earth as angels do it in Heaven. In fact the whole of the Lord's Prayer refers to this world and to this life. When St. John closed the volume of Revelation with a glowing picture of the ideal city of God he was not referring, as is so strangely imagined, to Heaven but to earth. He tells us expressly he saw "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God."

All this is becoming more evident to the preacher of to-day, and is giving his teaching an ethical flavor which has never been so conspicuous before. We hear a great deal in the pulpit now about the evils of drunkenness, sexual vice, gambling, and war. The sweating system is denounced, and the overcrowding of the poor is deplored. We have entered, in fact, upon the Johannine period, and all the most characteristic religious teachers of our day are disciples of St. John. They realize with him that the very essence of real Christianity is brotherliness, and that we are to prove our love to God by our love to one another. The result is that the modern pulpit deals very much less with metaphysical questions and protests loudly against the purely artificial distinctions that have too long been made between what is called "religious" and what is called "secular." This new development of teaching is what has given rise to the present strange dislocation of political parties, and to the much discussed "Non-conformist conscience." Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, with only too much truth, that at present we have two religions in this country: one which we derive from the Greek and Latin authors and the other from the Old and New Testaments; one which we profess on Sunday and the other which we practise during the remaining days of the week. Mr. Spencer imagines that both of these re-

ligions must exist for a time, but significantly enough prophesies the ultimate triumph of the Sunday religion. The modern pulpit is increasingly alive to the calamitous contradictions and inconsistencies of nineteenth-century Christianity; and it is strenuously endeavoring so to enlighten and strengthen the Christian conscience that twentieth-century Christianity may be of a piece and that men may apply the same moral principles to all the events of life, to business and civic duty and social intercourse as well as to so-called religious functions.

This has led to the development in the modern pulpit of what has come to be known as Christian Socialism, or as I prefer to designate it, Social Christianity. In a word, the modern teacher of Christianity believes that Christ came not merely to save individual souls—he believes that intensely—but also to reconstruct human society upon a Christian basis. The Kingdom of God occupies a place in Christian thought that it has scarcely received before except in the teaching of some great Catholic preachers. We realize more and more how dependent the individual is upon his environment. We are not less conscious of the importance of individual regeneration, holding, indeed, with Horace Bushnell that “the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.” But on the other hand the very highest improvement of the soul is scarcely possible except in a favorable social environment. Hitherto the laws and customs even of so-called Christian countries have to a very great extent sacrificed the many to the few and made it quite unnecessarily difficult for men to live virtuous lives. But, as Mr. Gladstone once said, the ideal of the Christian statesman is to make it easy for people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.

There is one other feature of present-day preaching which ought to be named: it has become less and less abstract and more and more concrete. In other words, instead of setting before men certain qualities and virtues as commendable, it has presented the human life of Jesus Christ as the example we should follow. No doubt we are greatly indebted to the noblest Unitarian teachers for reminding

us of this partially forgotten duty; just as, I might add, Mr. George Holyoake taught us many years ago those truths of Secularism which are, happily, no longer neglected by Christian teachers. In the present day the tendency of the pulpit is more and more to teach that the true Christian is the Christ-like Christian, and to repeat everywhere, with John Stuart Mill, that there is no better rule of conduct than this: What would Jesus of Nazareth have done if He had been in my place? Men are becoming more and more impatient of mere controversy, and perhaps even perilously disposed to accept any kind of doctrine if it is associated with a good and unmistakably beneficent life. We are somewhat apt to overlook the fact that false teaching, even if associated with a beautiful career, may still ultimately do irreparable mischief. But in the present reaction from the ecclesiastical and theological bitterness of the past, and in an intense realization of the magnitude of the problem of sin and misery with which we have to struggle, men are very indifferent to doctrinal truth, and greatly appreciative of ethical service.

I have not ventured in this hasty paper, written under circumstances of great difficulty, to express opinions with respect to the merits or demerits of the most characteristic features of present-day preaching. I have simply appeared as an observant witness, to tell what I know. It will, of course, be understood that I am speaking of those preachers in all churches who are most typical of the time in which we live, and who have the ear of the public. Moreover, the various characteristics that have been enumerated are distributed among many men in the various branches of the Church of God. I have not been thinking of any particular preachers or school of preachers. At the same time I am persuaded that the general conception of modern day preaching which I have given—which I apprehend is what I have been asked to give—is descriptive of the type of preaching which differentiates us from the past, and is becoming more and more predominant in all the churches.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

—*New Review.*

LESSONS, MY DEARS!

BY MRS. WALFORD.

A FAMILIAR figure of the present day is the pale-faced, lanky, all-shoulder and-elbow school-girl just entering her teens. Her frocks are in a chronic state of requiring new "false hems"—the modern substitute for the tucks to be let down, which were the bane of the last generation—and between her faintly-discernible waist and obtrusive waistband there exists a vast and hopeless gulf. She is tolerably sure to have cold feet and hands. She almost invariably runs to a pink nose, if not to pink eyelids. Usually, she is rather silent. If not haunted by the ghosts of Lessons past, she is brooding over the looming shadows of Lessons to come; if not chewing the cud of good or bad marks already received, she ponders deeply over what of these the future may have in store. Away from the desk or the piano she has no real existence.

Moreover, as her mind seldom wanders outside the narrow precincts which bound her own little world, she is—unless possessed of an exceptionally forcible character—still less of a listener than a talker.

See her at the luncheon table, for instance. At luncheon she appears; it is her dinner, and too often her one solid meal in the day—but it is not honest hunger—would it were!—which prevents her finding anything worthy of her attention in the conversation held by her elders. We will suppose—it is rather a wild supposition, but still it does sometimes happen that the luncheon table is the centre of really interesting talk on notable topics—we will suppose that it has chanced to become so on an occasion; does our solemn-visaged little wiseacre pay any heed to what is being said? Not a bit of her. It is not her business. She has not been given that conversation to learn; and she is stolidly averse toward acquiring knowledge in any other form than through the legitimate channel of her daily tasks. Those she has got to worry through, and that is enough for her.

Enough? It is a vast deal too much, and that is the simple truth about the matter. The poor little head and brain are already fully charged to the brim—the intelligence as it were met and provided for.

The girl is being "taught" everything, and nothing is left for her to learn of herself. Is it likely that she can manifest the slightest desire to put forth hand or foot in devising paths on her own account, when she is being made to march in the regulation step from morn to night along the hard highway?

She is "being educated"—that is to say, she has been put into a mortar and is being pestled into shape. From that shape every original bias has to be eliminated. It is like the gristle which the careful cook picks out and throws away when mincing her beef; your true-born *chef* wants none of it, neither does the parent nor guardian want any girl-gristle; they want a nicely minced-up young lady, moulded to pattern. All extraneous interests, all curiosity regarding the great world or its ways, all unorthodox sympathies, all special yearnings and aspirations, come under the head of "gristle" in the process now being gone through—in the drone, drone, drone of "Lessons" from one hour to another.

"Lessons, my dears," is read in the eye of the governess, as morning by morning she sails out of the dining-room at the conclusion of family prayers; and "Lessons, my dears," the same eye announces again in the first pause at the close of the luncheon-dinner. Meekly the poor preceptress departs, and meekly follow the little flock. *They* have no digestions to be considered; no pause for health's or pleasure's sake need be thought of for *them*.

• Oh yes; they have their daily walk—an hour in the morning, an hour in the afternoon; perhaps in the summer-time they may even stroll outside again in the cool of the evening. But Lessons must be *first*, of course. So says mamma, with calm unconscious air. Your British matron is so very unconscious, so absolutely innocent of committing the very slightest offence against her own flesh and blood, nay, she is so entirely convinced that she is doing the very best she can for them in every possible way, by thus ordaining and inculcating the doctrine that "Lessons must be *first*, of course," that it is almost

a hopeless task to endeavor to undeceive her.

Lessons must be first—before everything. Well, perhaps not before religion; but certainly before food, exercise, fresh air, sleep. The drowsy head must be shaken up from the pillow at an early hour—long before papa, or mamma, or any elder folks in the house are astir; and the fretful, shivering, starved, and only half-roused schoolgirl set to practise in a room in which, if it be midwinter, a fire has just been lighted, or at other seasons has not been lit at all! In some exceptionally careful households there may be accorded before this ordeal a glass of milk—cold and heavy on the stomach at that hour; but the good, warm, nourishing breakfast which should always precede brain-work in the case of every growing girl, is either delayed until she has accomplished her hour's study, or not given at all. The mind is gorged—the body is starved.

And so on throughout the day. The parent who considers that during the brief hours of winter sunshine it is as well to curtail the morning tasks to a single hour or so, and postpone the principal tuition to the afternoon, by which time the sky is apt to cloud over and raw mists to steal over the face of the land, has, in the eyes of her acquaintances who are *educationists* proper, a very poor idea of developing mental culture. They "wonder at her"—behind backs. They consider she "does not do her daughters justice." And one speaker will narrate how many hours a day her dear girls are closeted with their "Fräulein;" and another will cap the recital with the extra dose administered by her "Mademoiselle;" while the pale drawn faces and the round stooping backs of the unfortunate objects of their tenderness, count for nothing as compared with Adela's proficiency in music, or Ethel's fluency in French.

The doctor, he knows. He knows the meaning of those listless movements and lack-lustre eyes. But of what avail is his knowledge? He may gently hint at the necessity of the chest expanding and the muscles developing; but he will be met by the cold rejoinder, "My daughters have abundance of exercise; they have a backboard in the schoolroom: they are not great eaters by nature!"

It is hard in the teeth of "Lessons, my dears," which is written on every line

of the matron's visage, to insist on it that the slow, formal walk is *not* exercise, that the backboard is *not* rest, that healthy hunger has to be inaugurated—sown, as it were—and is not a genuine product of poor enfeebled soil.

Now, that the girl in her teens has much to learn, and that she has arrived at the age for receiving instruction, no one will think of denying. She ought undoubtedly to get rid of a certain amount of ignorance through the direct medium of schoolroom routine; but may a word be here put forth to suggest that it is but a very small portion of knowledge which can be deliberately, as it were, injected into the young, and that the real, the useful, the principal lessons they need, and by which their future lives will be guided, are not to be found under the head of "Lessons, my dears"?

A girl ought to be taught to think, to observe, to reflect; but if she is given no time wherein to exercise these powers, if every day and every hour is so filled up, so portioned out, and so settled for her by authority, how is she ever, in homely phrase, to "feel her feet"? Her powers both of mind and of body are undermined by the constant wear and tear of endless tasks. She is enfeebled and incapacitated. Her faculties are warped. Intelligence itself, when driven between the shafts unceasingly along one beaten track, will cease to gaze with any interest elsewhere. Turned loose upon a common full of flowers and grasses, the same becomes straightway no better than a wilderness.

Holidays bring but a partial benefit in the above cases. The body may recuperate itself, but the mind cannot. What is the little maid to do? How shall she pass the time? She cannot be always at play; she wearies of doing nothing; yet she has no energy for doing anything. To read would be purest drudgery: to draw, to sing, to cultivate a single accomplishment would all savor of the hated "Lesson" hours. She can fancy nothing—settle to nothing.

Hard-worked and hard-driven as she has been throughout her young career, she has never been taught one thing, and that is to *employ herself*; with her it has ever been either "Lessons, my dears," or else—idleness.

Is there anything to be done? There is this. Curtail the hours during which

schoolroom rule is all in all. Permit some intervals of real leisure—not enforcing *anything* to be done in these. Leave them to be dealt with by their owner herself. Surely she has a right to own some little bits of her own life here and there. When not worn out by ceaseless tasks, she will fill them sensibly enough, if she is a sensible child; and if not, she will at least fill them as well as you, her guardian, could do in such a case. Don't take all the "go" out of her with endless supervision. She wants to go her own way and follow her own bent, at times. Consider that the time will come when she will *have* to do this, and why not prepare and train for such a time? You will not always be at her elbow; draw away from it once in a while, now.

And as for that eternal "practising," can anything be said to check or moderate this pest? In how few cases is there any real result; how few are musicians by nature.

It may of course be replied to this that even a little musical ability may be useful in after life, may cultivate the ear, and teach appreciation, if nothing else. Granted, but that is not the point. Enough musical tuition to acquire these can be surely gained without hours and hours spent in drumming scales, and rendering and re-rendering difficult passages of "pieces" never destined to delight any mortal ear. It makes one's heart ache to see the victim to these going through her daily drudgery, and to know how valueless it is.

As for the hideous folly of enacting that it shall be gone through fasting, and at an hour of the day when Nature is at her lowest ebb, requiring a fillip instead of a drain, this is a matter which requires stronger language and more eloquent denunciation than the present writer dares to give.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MONA LISA—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

(*The Louvre.*)

HISTORIC, sidelong, implicating eyes;
Smile on the velvet cushion of the cheek;
Calm lips the smile leads upward; hand that lies
Glowing and soft, the patience in its rest
Of cruelty that waits and doth not seek
For prey; a dusky forehead and a breast
Where twilight touches ripeness amorously;
Behind her, crystal rocks, a sea and skies
Of evanescent blue on cloud and creek;
Landscape that shines suppressive of its zest
For those vicissitudes by which men die.

—*Academy*.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.*

(*Rescued from a Batch.*)

It is seldom that the reviewer of "contemptuous," or contemptible, "batches" of novels finds himself so puzzled as by a new sixpenny story, styled *The Heart of Midlothian*. The author's name, Sir Wal-

ter Scott, Bart., is entirely new to us. Meredith we know, and Besant we know; but who is Sir Walter Scott? A baronetage throws no light on what we must assume to be a *nom de guerre*; but we confess that, unfamiliar as is the author, we do not care how soon we meet him again. His work has, indeed, the fault of youth,

* *The Heart of Midlothian*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London: Black. 1891.

inexperience, and a kind of laborious jocularity. The construction of the tale is chiefly conspicuous in the usually quoted manner. There is an almost unintelligible preface by one Jedediah Cleishbotham, and much of the conversation is written in dialect. The tale is historical, which is usually a kind way of saying that it is tedious; but we confess that we have read with great interest the description of the Porteous Riots and that we do not think them unworthy of the author of *Micah Clarke*, nor even of Mr. Stevenson himself, whom our author seems, at some distance, to imitate. The imitation, however, is not often servile, and people who can endure dialect will find some pleasure in the character of an old belated Covenanter, Davie Deans. The figure of that dilatory lover, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, has also touches of agreeable, though far from subtle, caricature. We are somewhat puzzled by a personage named Madge Wildfire, who distinctly verges on the sensational, but sings some not unmelodious verses, whether original or derived from tradition. We shall not defy the editor of *The Author*, that fiery journal, by giving a *précis* of the plot of the *Heart of Midlothian*. Suffice it to say that circumstances not unconnected with the Scotch law of concealment of birth enable the daughter of the old Puritan, Jeanie Deans, to display singular qualities of modesty, courage, and truthfulness. It is a pity that our author should put such unmaidenly and, indeed, unintelligible language in her mouth as "The deil's in the daidling body; wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" The author himself "daikers" out to a length which we end by finding tedious. The tale should have closed with chapter xli.; the subsequent fortunes of the characters are dreary where they are not melodramatic. The writer ends with the copy-

book sentiment that "the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace." Here we find, and in capital letters, the didactic heresy, and this is the more surprising as "Sir Walter Scott" has inklings of a more artistic method. Let him shun the paths of the historical novel; let him, above all, retrench or wholly abandon his dialect; let him make up his mind not to be humorous out of season, let him carefully plan and construct his plot beforehand, and we shall look with some confidence to his taking a position not far below that of Mr. Barrie. The style is, unhappily, very lax, the sentences meander tardily through boulders of "which's." Mrs. Poyser has obviously been a favorite character of our author's, and he has endeavored to copy some of her pregnant sayings. "Certainly the gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock" (dunghill cock) "on pattens." This is like Mrs. Poyser's observation that the bird thought the sun had risen on purpose to hear him crow. Other examples might be chosen; but we have no sympathy with the foolish cry of plagiarism. We repeat, not unconscious of the energy of our eulogy, that this new author has points about him which deserve to be studied and improved. He can never be a Howells or a Meredith; except when he writes in dialect he is always intelligible, and his judgment of human affairs appears to lack neither sagacity nor benevolence. Often trite and even languid, he rises in description of passion, and, though occasionally he labors at a jest, we admit that, for a Scot, he is not destitute of humor. We look forward to meeting him again in a tale of modern manners and south of his favorite Tweed. —*Saturday Review*.

THE WOMAN'S ROSE.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER, AUTHOR OF "AN AFRICAN FARM."

"And I saw that the women also held each other's hands."—*DREAMS*.

I HAVE an old brown carved box; the lid is broken and tied with a string. In it I keep little squares of paper, with hair inside, and a little picture which hung over

my brother's bed when we were children, and other things as small. I have in it a rose. Other women also have such boxes where they keep such trifles, but no one has my rose.

When my eye is dim, and my heart

grows faint, and my faith in woman flickers, and her present is an agony to me, and her future a despair, the scent of that dead rose, withered for twelve years, comes back to me. I know there will be spring; as surely as the birds know it when they see above the snow two tiny, quivering green leaves. Spring cannot fail us.

There were other flowers in the box once; a bunch of white acacia flowers, gathered by the strong hand of a man as we passed down a village street on a sultry afternoon, when it had rained, and the drops fell on us from the leaves of the acacia trees. The flowers were damp; they made mildew marks on the paper I folded them in. After many years I threw them away. There is nothing of them left in the box now, but a faint, strong smell of dried acacia, that recalls that sultry summer afternoon; but the rose is in the box still.

It is many years ago now; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small up-country town. It was young in those days, and two days' journey from the nearest village; the population consisted mainly of men. A few were married, and had their wives and children, but most were single. There was only one young girl there when I came. She was about seventeen, fair, and rather fully-fleshed; she had large dreamy blue eyes, and wavy light hair; full, rather heavy lips, until she smiled; then her face broke into dimples, and all her white teeth shone. The hotel-keeper may have had a daughter, and the farmer in the outskirts had two, but we never saw them. She reigned alone. All the men worshipped her. She was the only woman they had to think of. They talked of her on the "stoep," at the market, at the hotel; they watched for her at street corners; they hated the man she bowed to or walked with down the street. They brought flowers to the front door; they offered her their horses; they begged her to marry them when they dared. Partly, there was something noble and heroic in this devotion of men to the best woman they knew; partly there was something natural in it, that these men, shut off from the world, should pour at the feet of one woman the worship that otherwise would have been given to twenty; and partly, there was something mean in their envy of one another. If she had raised her little finger, I suppose,

she might have married any one out of twenty of them.

Then I came. I do not think I was prettier; I do not think I was so pretty as she was. I was certainly not as handsome. But I was vital, and I was new, and she was old—they all forsook her and followed me. They worshipped me. It was to my door that the flowers came; it was I had twenty horses offered me when I could only ride one; it was for me they waited at street corners; it was what I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived alone all my life; no one ever had told me I was beautiful and a woman. I believed them. I did not know it was simply a fashion, which one man had set, and the rest followed unreasoningly. I liked them to ask me to marry them, and to say, No. I despised them. The mother heart had not swelled in me yet; I did not know all men were my children, as the large woman knows when her heart is grown. I was too small to be tender. I liked my power. I was like a child with a new whip, which it goes about cracking everywhere, not caring against what. I could not wind it up and put it away. Men were curious creatures, who liked me, I could never tell why. Only one thing took from my pleasure; I could not bear that they had deserted her for me. I liked her great dreamy blue eyes, I liked her slow walk and drawl; when I saw her sitting among men, she seemed to me much too good to be among them; I would have given all their compliments if she would once have smiled at me as she smiled at them, with all her face breaking into radiance, with her dimples and flashing teeth. But I knew it never could be; I felt sure she hated me; that she wished I was dead; that she wished I had never come to the village. She did not know, when we went out riding, and a man who had always ridden beside her came to ride beside me, that I sent him away; that once when a man thought to win my favor by ridiculing her slow drawl before me I turned on him so fiercely that he never dared come before me again. I knew she knew that at the hotel men had made a bet as to which was the prettier, she or I, and had asked each man who came in, and that the one who had staked on me won. I hated them for it, but I would not let her see that I cared about what she felt toward me.

vençal society, is so plainly ironical, that we rather suspect that it must have given offence to all the genuine Christians, if there were any, among "the *Félibres* of Paris." It was like suggesting that the soul should live forever in the perception of a sweet scent, or a rich tone, or a graceful group, or a fair flower. That is a great descent even from the conception of worth by which M. Renan measures the present life of man. "Every one," he says, "is worth more or less in proportion to the joys which he has tasted in the beginning of life, to the share of goodness which he has experienced from those round him." But the share of goodness which men have experienced in the early part of their life from those round them, involves elements a vast deal richer and deeper than the contemplation of the gayeties of a Provençal celebration; and one perceives, therefore, that M. Renan thinks the sweet thoughts of the eternal life are likely to be made up of material much more trivial and evanescent than the experiences upon which the worth of human character depends. That is one way in which he trains his hearers to depreciate the prospect of immortality. The worth of human life, he says, is to be measured by the share it has had in the goodness of those by whom the period of childhood has been surrounded; but the worth of immortality is to be measured by the worth of the pleasurable images which happen to be uppermost in the mind at the close of the human career. Tenderness, goodness, human affections of the highest order, enter into the substance of the one; the capricious amusements which most impress themselves on old men's memory will determine the value of the other. In both cases alike it is the amount of joyous experience which measures the worth of the

result; but the joyous experiences of age being to the joyous experiences of youth as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine, the long immortality of those at least who die in old age, will necessarily be somewhat *fâde* and tedious, if there is an immortality at all. That is what M. Renan's language suggests, though he does not say it plainly out.

What M. Renan ignores is, that all serious belief in immortality is founded on the conviction that the human heart craves rest on an eternal righteousness and blessedness the communion with which is by no manner of means a light pleasure of that butterfly order to which he chooses to attribute all the significance of finite immortality. The "beatific vision" is a vision for which finite minds can only be prepared by suffering or willingness to suffer,—indeed, by the kind of suffering or willingness to suffer of which we have had a divine example. The only preparation for immortality is experience of a diametrically opposite kind from that on which M. Renan dilates with a sort of epicurish cynicism as the possible amusement of a wearisome eternity. To learn to fathom the depth of even the deeper human characters is a process which involves a great capacity for voluntary suffering. But to learn to grow up from the human standard of righteousness to the divine, is a process which involves the willing carrying of a cross in the infinite agony and blessedness of which M. Renan has long ago ceased to believe. Of course, having once reduced our nature to the level in which the capacity for ephemeral gayety is all in all, he finds no difficulty in making the prospect of immortality look as absurd for man as it would be for the butterfly itself.—*Spectator*.

THE BALLAD OF MELICERTES.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN MEMORY OF THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

DEATH, a light outshining life, bids heaven resume
 Star by star the souls whose light made earth divine.
 Death, a night outshining day, sees burn and bloom
 Flower by flower, and sun by sun, the fames that shine
 Deathless, higher than life beheld their sovereign sign.



GENERAL INFORMATION OF THE INSTITUTE

1978

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Olga, and the impressions, then and subsequently, which he made upon me were those of a singularly well informed mind, widely awake to the political and social movements of the world at large, and eagerly active in the pursuit of information from all with whom he came in contact. Free from the slightest shadow of hauteur ; dignified, yet familiar, with all whom he cared to converse with ; inquisitive, at times jocose ; full of information, and ready to impart it beyond the verge of strict diplomatic reticence, I always looked forward to a meeting with His Highness, well assured that I should gain something from the interview beyond the empty banalities which generally form the subject of conversation between high personages and their inferiors in position. I also felt, that whether the interview was to be a mere exchange of daily compliments or the expression of views upon current topics, I must keep my wits about me, so sudden and unexpectedly might be the question or the remark to which I was called upon to respond.

As an example of this, His Highness on one occasion abruptly turned from the subject under discussion and asked where a certain vessel of the United States navy was then stationed. I could not at the moment answer the question, but promised to consult the last naval report and let him know. The vessel in question was not in the European squadron, and I had not heard of her movements for a long time. He was greatly surprised at my want of information on the subject, and declared that, with that one exception, he could name the whereabouts of every vessel in the American and European service. I ventured to put his statement to the test ; whereupon His Highness called off on his fingers vessel after vessel, their respective sizes, armaments and present stations, until, no longer incredulous, I cried, "enough." He seemed equally conversant with matters totally disconnected with those under his especial charge, and at the mention of a name prominent in diplomacy or in letters would pronounce an acute criticism upon, or give an apt illustration of the individual named, as if he had made his characteristics a profound study.

That a man of such diversified resources could turn with facility from the grave occupations of his official position to the

childish amusements of life, when such diversions were appropriate to the occasion, is not astonishing. I remember at a country picnic given by their Majesties to the members of the Court and diplomatic circle who were passing the summer at the Island of Corfu, the Grand Duke Constantin, leaving his official dignity to take care of itself at St. Petersburg, was the leading spirit in the romping games on that summer afternoon in a lovely and secluded spot a few miles from the town. He had a pleasant word and a quiet little joke for everybody, and when he engaged in a race or paid his penalty in a game of forfeits, one might have supposed him, from his dexterity and agility, to be one of the youngest, instead of one of the oldest of the party. During a pause in the amusements, His Highness proposed to run up to the top of a steep little peak of rock in the vicinity to see the view, and called to the King, and myself who chanced to be near him, to follow. This we did, and in a few minutes we were upon the summit ; but, the space being too limited for three to stand at a time, we were obliged to cling to each other to maintain our equilibrium. "Never mind," said the Grand Duke, "here we stand, the representatives of three nations, and from this eminence we can defy the world." Scarcely were the words uttered than we illustrated the fallacy of "ambition's boast," for the foot of one of the party slipped, and the triple alliance came to an abrupt dissolution, the *sauve qui peut* movement backward down the declivity being accentuated by the ludicrous attempts of each to save his dignity and his nose from falling on the slippery rock.

His brother, the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaïévitch, presented a somewhat different type of character. Without the excitable and nervous temperament of Constantin, genial but grave in his deportment, soldierly in bearing, as befits the position he held, he inspired in his intercourse with others a feeling of deference and dignified regard. Born in 1831, he was four years the junior of his brother. His principal titles were General of Engineers, Aide-de-Camp, Inspector-General of the Army, and President of the *Comité Suprême d'Organisation*. Of late years his name has come prominently forward as Commander-in-Chief during the Russo-Turkish war.

It was at Constantinople in 1879 that, being engaged in the prosecution of an important matter of business with the Ottoman Government, it became necessary for me to have an interview with the Grand Duke. The Russo-Turkish war was over; the city of the Sultan lay weakened and humiliated at the feet of her great Northern conqueror, and the streets of Pera, the Christian quarter of the city, were gay with the uniforms of Russian officers, who enlivened the Grand Rue with their presence and enriched the shopkeepers at the Bazaar in Stamboul with Russian articles in exchange for Arabic, Turkish carpets, and Oriental embroideries. One hundred and twenty thousand Russian troops were encamped at San Stefano, a Turkish village an hour's distance by rail from Stamboul, and the English fleet of observation, despatched to meet to prevent, if need be, the occupation of the capital by the Russian army, lay at anchor in Bosacka Bay, at relative to the same distance from Stamboul as were the Russian troops. In the Bosporus, midway between the European and Asiatic shores, the *Lavadia*, a magnificent yacht flying the imperial flag of Russia, lay peacefully at her anchorage. On board of her was the Grand Duke Nicholas, then in command of the Russian army in Turkey.

Ascertaining that H. I. H. generally anchored on board his yacht at noon, I proceeded thither in a *cunco*, an hour later, bearing a letter of introduction to him from Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador. As I stepped on deck I thought I had never seen a more elegant specimen of the yacht class of naval architecture and appointments than the *Lavadia* presented. Everything, of course, was spick and span, from topmast to water's edge, but the broad sweep of the main deck, the oiled and shining spars, the ivory-white panelling and the burnished brass mountings on cannon, capstan and railing, presented an *ensemble* which could not be well surpassed. The officer at the gangway stated that the lunch party were still at table, but that, the repast being over, he thought the Grand Duke would see me, and he took my letter and card to the cabin. Almost immediately he returned with a message from His Highness inviting me to join him at table. This I declined, with thanks, send-

ing him word that, as my business was of a private character, I would be pleased to know when it would perfectly suit his convenience for me to call again. This was answered by the Grand Duke in person who, greeting me with extreme cordiality, renewed his invitation to go down with him below, saying that no one but his staff officers were present and that we could converse at our ease. As I was disinclined to do so, he said:—"All right: let us sit down here, then," namely on the raised edge of the poop deck, our feet resting on the deck below. "Here we shall be entirely uninterrupted," he continued, "and I've nothing to do for an hour to come. I am always glad to see one of your countrymen. Now, what can I do for you?" Then he ordered coffee and cigars and awaited my communication.

This all looked very encouraging, but I was by no means sure that he would be inclined to afford me the information I desired: first, because it related to the disposition of certain Turkish territory acquired by the Russians among the spoils of war, and which, not being fully determined upon, it might not be prudent to divulge: and, secondly, because the business I had in hand concerned *English* interests, and it was hardly presumable that, under the then strained relations between the two countries, Russia would care to show her hand until the political arrangements in view were fully matured. In this opinion,—so far as the Grand Duke's revelations to myself were concerned,—I was altogether mistaken. With perfect frankness he answered my questions, fully and without reserve, simply making it a condition that until the arrangements were made public I would consider his communication as strictly confidential. When this matter was disposed of, I rose to leave, but at H. H.'s request, I remained for another half hour, the conversation drifting into matters concerning the late war and the present condition of political affairs. It would appear as if,—glad to be free for a few moments from the restraint of official routine, and the conventional intercourse imposed upon him by the foreign and uncongenial elements by which he was surrounded,—he welcomed and unrestrained conversation which he was so entirely independent of.

national questions such as then formed the chief topic of interest, in Constantinople, from the Sultan's palace to the booth of the humblest shopkeeper. He seemed annoyed that he was not receiving from the English colony at Pera that official attention which his position deserved, and especially at the cold shoulder turned to him by the British Ambassador.

"Why does he not call upon me?" he asked, in an irritable tone. "Is Russia at war with England? Did we not enter upon this campaign only after every effort on the part of the Conference of the Powers failed to bring Turkey to accept a single proposition which would have averted it? It was perfectly well known that the folly and obstinacy of the Turks would result in war, and that not a single Power would come to her aid. We have conducted the war with the greatest moderation and prudence, being careful not to wound the susceptibilities of England. Are we here with sinister intentions, or as a victorious army making peace on honorable terms?"

I asked him why he did not enter Stamboul and make his terms there; he had the precedent of the Prussian occupation of Paris.

"Oh, we had precedent enough," he replied, "but it would have set all Europe in a blaze."

I asked the Grand Duke if it were true that but for the approach of the English fleet to Constantinople, the treaty of peace would have been made at Adrianople.

"Not at Adrianople, but near there, where the army halted. When the news reached us of the approach of the fleet, we met this menace on the part of a friendly Power by advancing the troops; and should have entered Stamboul, had not the fleet withdrawn, by arrangement, to its present position at Bessika Bay."*

I referred to the prevalent notion that Russia is aiming at the possession of Constantinople. His Highness smiled, and asked:

"Are the United States aiming at the possession of Cuba?"

"No."

"Would they willingly allow any other Power to hold it?"

* This statement was made by the Russian Ambassador, and by General Skobeleff, when questioned on the subject.

"Certainly not."

"Very well; that is precisely our position with respect to Constantinople. While things remain as they are—save and excepting the closure of the Dardanelles to the passage of our naval vessels—a condition which no other nation similarly situated would endure, Russia is satisfied. If Constantinople is destined, like an over-ripe pear, to fall into somebody's lap, both the geographical and physical conditions of Russia forbid that, in such an event, it should belong to any other Power. There is of course a party in Russia favorable to the acquisition of Constantinople, as in your slavery days there was a party anxious for the possession of Cuba, but it is not an influential party. Constantinople could not become the southern capital of Russia without causing an immense depreciation of values in the north; a fact which the land and property owners there would view with the greatest alarm."

"How about the claims of Greece to her ancient domain?" I ventured to ask.

"They are more sentimental than practical. Greece deserves, and will doubtless obtain in time, an extension of territory. We feel a good deal of sympathy with Greece, apart from the fact of the Greeks being our co-religionists."

I turned the conversation to India.

"India? There is another popular fallacy, giving rise to the most absurd *espionage* on the part of England, and affording the opportunity from Members of Parliament down to newspaper scribblers, to indulge in speculations and in warnings as to the supposed aggressive movements of Russia in that direction. This causes a good deal of amusement to our people; but unfortunately it goes beyond this and excites retaliation—and so the breach widens. India! What do we want of that enormous empire of Hindoos and Mussulmans, and which would require a standing army of Russians to keep them from revolt? No; our line of advance is in a different direction, and then only so far as our political interests demand it. The Russian Empire is large enough, and no English statesman, whose judgment is not blinded by prejudice, sincerely believes that Russian ambition seeks the acquisition of India."

When I took my leave of the Grand Duke it was with the conviction that his

observations were never made with the conscious purpose of their being repeated for political effect and that they reflected the opinions of the governing classes in Russia. I have often conversed with leading Russians introducing myself into these topics and have found similar views expressed in all quarters.

Sitting at breakfast one morning in the Club House at Peta, I noticed another name Mr. Macbrayn, the well-known American newspaper correspondent, who had accompanied the Russian army through the campaign and had achieved a high reputation for personal valor as well as for temperate ability as a graphic description of events. His companion at table was a military officer in uniform, who, when I exchanged views with Macbrayn, turned toward him as if asking who I was. In a few moments both gentlemen rose, and, coming to my table, Macbrayn presented me to General Skobelev. He was a man I greatly desired to meet. The valor and splendid military renown of the hero of Plevna were in everybody's mouth, and he possessed a personal magnetism that won for him the friendship of friend and foe alike. A thorough soldier, his face informed one at the first glance that he was open as the day in his sentiments and democratic in his instincts. As to the men under his command, it would be difficult to say whether military respect or personal love for their commander proved the stronger motive for their admiration of him. A strict disciplinarian in camp, he had a friendly word or grasp of the hand for each and all of them. He did not talk to his men of personal bravery, but he set so conspicuous an example of it in his own fearless exposure to danger, that his officers were more nervously anxious for his safety than for their own.

A few days after, we met again by chance at the club house, and Skobelev, being alone, insisted upon my breakfasting with him, and ordered two or three bottles of champagne. In vain I protested that at that early hour I never drank champagne, but he would have it, and drank it like water, without the slightest perceptible effect. This is a Russian habit, and in Skobelev's case, I fear, led to excesses not altogether disconnected with his untimely death after his return to Russia. Like all his countrymen whom I have known, he talked with the utmost

freedom in military and political affairs he gave his opinions without reserve, and censured certain high officials among his countrymen to an imprudent degree. But even his censorious remarks left the impression on my mind that he spoke from conviction and not from personal feeling. He pressed me to visit him in camp at his residence, and offered to send a mounted escort and horses to meet me on my arrival at the railway station.

This honor I declined; but I went down to see him in the course of the week, and was treated with great hospitality. I arrived in the afternoon, and just before nightfall he took me over the camp. The men were preparing their evening meal around huge smoking cauldrons; others were lying about at ease on the turf or in the tents. At the General's approach they started to their feet and stood at "salute," motionless as statues. With a pleasant word to them, he passed on to show me the arrangements for the night. I expressed my surprise at the height of many of the men.

"Oh, these are nothing," he replied: "come this way," and we advanced to a group of men sitting in a tent. These he called out by name—"Strogenoff," "Polinoff," and so on—to stand up; and a file of men stood before us, not one of whom was less than six feet two. The appearance of this vast camp of soldiers "off duty," lying, standing, sitting about in groups, some sleeping in the oddest attitudes, or stretched out on their backs, open-mouthed and snoring, in their war-stained and weather-beaten uniforms, their sun-browned faces giving evidence of the toil and hardships of the campaign, was in some respects more impressive than when, a few days after this visit in the lurid light of the evening, I saw them in the blaze of noonday pass in review in all the perfection of thorough equipment and discipline.

The last communication I had with Skobelev was a note in Paris, regretting that he could not dine with me as he had been suddenly summoned to St. Petersburg. On his arrival he was called to account for his "imprudent if not dangerous pro-Slavic speeches" at public assemblies. Skobelev was of so frank and honest a nature, so utterly indifferent to public

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restraints of diplomatic reticence. What he felt to be a private or public injustice to others, cost what the avowal might to himself, he felt bound to declare and denounce.

There is a good deal of mystery concerning his death. It has been attributed to natural causes, but Madame Adam, the well-known French *feuilletoniste*, in her monograph of Skobelev declares that there exists evidence to prove that he was garrotted by German enemies.

The most notable diplomatist during my sojourn at Constantinople was General Count Ignatieff, a man of surprising acuteness of mind, a keen observer of events before and behind the political curtain, and who concealed his wonderful sagacity under an open frankness of speech which led to the universal opinion that he was totally unreliable for any statement he made on political affairs. The opinion generally held was that what he said might be perfectly true or utterly false, certainly the latter if it related to any matter in which Russia was practically concerned. The consequence was, that the gravest blunders were frequently made by those who acted on this principle. Ignatieff was perfectly aware of the reputation he bore in this respect, and pretended to be excessively amused at it. He always asserted that he had no secrets, and was as candid and outspoken as a child. "My fault is," he once said to me, "that I speak too plainly, and my excellent colleagues do not like it and so do not believe it. But the Turks believe me and know that I tell them the truth."

Ignatieff was so wonderfully in advance of his colleagues in obtaining "State secrets" at the Sublime Porte, and profiting therefrom, that he excited no little jealousy in political circles. He was never, I believe, caught napping but once, and then the whole diplomatic body, as well as the public at large, were in the same oblivious condition. That was when the populations of Stamboul and Pera were suddenly aroused one morning at daybreak by the firing of signal-guns in front of the Sultan's palace at Dolma-Baghtchi, announcing the fact to the world at large that, during the night, Abdul Aziz had been deposed by the Grand Vizir and his son Murad enthroned in his place. So very and expeditiously was the coup d'état carried out and con-

summated the plot, that none were more profoundly astonished and mystified at this grand political *coup* than the Foreign Ambassadors, from whom all knowledge of the design had been dexterously concealed.

Being on excellent personal terms with the Russian Ambassador, and outside the circle of diplomatic intrigue, I was often indebted to him for very early and sometimes very interesting information. One day, as I was passing by the gate of the Embassy, I met Ignatieff coming out.

"What do you think," he asked, "of the condition of the Turkish finances?"

"As bad as can be," I replied.

"No; they can be worse. Come in, and I will explain."

Taking me into his sanctum, he sat down at his writing-table, and with pencil and paper proceeded to prove by figures that the treasury could not possibly provide for the overdue payments to the army, navy, and civil service, letting alone the interest on the foreign debt. Assuming the revenue to be sixteen million of Turkish pounds and the indebtedness to be twenty-six million, he asked how the deficiency was to be made up. I reminded His Excellency that this was an old story, and that the depleted condition of the treasury was the normal state of affairs, but that, by hook or by crook, the Government at the eleventh hour had always been able to tide over its embarrassments by a recourse to temporary loans.

"From whom?" he asked. "England has been duped long enough, and will not lend another shilling, and there is not a security left to obtain a loan upon from Jew or Greek in Constantinople. Do you know what will happen? The Turks will repudiate the next six months' interest on the foreign bonded debt."

The impressive tone in which he made this announcement inclined me to believe that it was not a calculation on paper upon which he founded this alarming prophecy, and that he knew more than he chose to reveal. I asked if he were stating an opinion or a fact.

"It is my opinion," he answered, "but you will find that I am right."

I then asked if I might communicate his opinion to others.

"To any one you choose; but I tell you beforehand that nobody will believe me."

And nobody did. Of the two individuals to whom I thought the matter worth repeating, one, an ambassador, expressed surprise that I should attach any importance to information from such a source; the other, a prominent banker who negotiated an enormous amount of Turkish bonds, laughed in derision, and remarked that my informant's chief characteristic was mendacity. "As to the bonded interest, it would be punctually paid, as it always had been and always would be."

In less than the time mentioned by Ignatieff, the Government declared its inability to pay the semi-annual interest, and down went the market value of all Turkish "securities."

"What did I tell you?" said Ignatieff, pulling up his horse as I met him on the road between Therapia and Buyukdera. "Was I not right? Now I will tell you another thing. They will not pay the other half! You will see—you will see!" and off rode the Ambassador, chuckling with satisfaction at the success of his prophecy, or the discomfiture of the bondholders, or both.

I informed my two incredulous friends of this second "opinion" of the astute diplomatist, but they indignantly refused to believe in the "other half." They had come to the conclusion that Ignatieff himself had persuaded the Government to this suicidal course in order to give an other shake to the rickety throne of the Sultan, and that he was probably speculating in the funds. As to the crisis, they believed it would be temporary, and that the public credit would soon be restored.

In due time the repudiation—for such it amounted to—of the second half-year's interest followed, and down to lower depths than ever went the Turkish bonds. The blind belief in the good faith of the Government was never more rudely dispelled, nor the ignorance of credulous bondholders more severely exposed. To use the words of a certain Turkish Pasha, who was discussing with me the situation of affairs—one of the few who spoke English and who had acquired in England some practical acquaintance with the principles of political economy—"The Turks have sucked the English orange dry, and have thrown the skin in their faces."

Many anecdotes of General Ignatieff's

cunning in diplomacy were current in Constantinople. I am not sure that I did not have the following from his own lips. The late Sultan Abdul Aziz, if not absolutely mad was sufficiently eccentric to cause constant irritation, not only to his ministers but to the Foreign Ambassadors. At one time he refused absolutely to grant an audience to any of the members of the diplomatic body, and this at a time when many of them, including the Russian Ambassador, were waiting anxiously for interviews. Ignatieff ascertained that, under the plea of official occupation, the Sultan was spending the greater part of his time in cock-fighting, an amusement which he greatly relished. He further ascertained that His Imperial Majesty was in want of fresh birds to supply the places of those killed in fight. Thereupon Ignatieff procured a fine-looking white fowl of the farmyard species, had it trimmed and spurred to resemble a game-cock, and sent it in a richly decorated cage to the Sultan, with the respectful compliments of the Russian Ambassador. The ruse was successful. His Majesty, who at first was delighted with the gift, soon sent for the Ambassador to present himself at the palace, and explain, if he could, why the bird had no fight in him. Ignatieff went, and in the presence of the Sultan examined the bird, and with, of course, immense astonishment and regret, acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with His Majesty's superior gamecocks. A conference followed on the subject of gamecocks in general and this one in particular, and when the diplomatist had succeeded in drawing the Sultan into a conversational mood, he adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to bring before His Majesty. Ignatieff returned to his embassy triumphant over his colleagues, who were left out in the cold.

This reference to the late Sultan Abdul Aziz recalls an amusing incident, with which I will close these off-hand recollections. During a "Grand Council" of ministers at the Sublime Porte, and in the midst of the discussion on a subject of vital importance, a mounted messenger from the palace arrived, bearing an imperial order to the Grand Vizir to wait upon His Majesty without an instant's delay. The council broke up, and the

Grand Vizir proceeded to the palace in hot haste. There he was informed that the Sultan was in the garden impatiently awaiting his arrival. As he entered, he saw His Majesty standing with a few attendants intently watching a fight between two gamecocks. The Grand Vizir, following the custom of all Turkish subjects when approaching the august presence, stopped at a respectful distance and commenced the series of salaams with down-

cast eyes and shrinking attitude appropriate to the occasion.

"Never mind that now," exclaimed His Majesty excitedly, "but come here directly. Look—see—what did I tell you? Did I not say that *Acmet*"—pointing to one of the cocks—"would whip *Assam*? Look, he is doing it!"

And this was what, and all, the Sultan had to communicate to his Grand Vizir.—*Murray's Magazine.*

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

IF Mrs. Oliphant had ventured to portray in one of her novels such a career as that which she has described in her *Memoir of Laurence Oliphant*, she would doubtless have had some difficulty in replying to critical objections as to probabilities overstepped, unities outraged, and ideals pushed to absurdity. And, in good sooth, nothing but the constant assurance that we have along with us the vouchers of authenticated truth, enables us to read this record as one of fact and not of imagination. To those even who knew him best, Laurence Oliphant's life presented features that were strange and inexplicable; and now that the veil which covered it has been raised, it will still appear scarcely less singular and unintelligible. In Oliphant's case the difficulty is, and was, to refer him to any recognized human standard, and to get at his gauge by comparison therewith. We could never reduce his mind, as it seems, to its lowest terms, and thus get at the ultimate facts which formed the basis of his inner life. A puzzle and a problem while he lived, a mystery scarcely less intense, even when his life has passed through the ordeal of strict scrutiny and study, must yet continue to envelop his memory.

It is no blame to Mrs. Oliphant that she has not solved the insoluble. She has brought qualifications to bear upon her work which no contemporary writer is possessed of. Her "*Life of Edward Irving*" proved how adapted she was to trace

with sympathetic skill eccentric genius in all its phases of health and disease; and to some extent the life of Laurence Oliphant suggests parallel lines of inquiry. Of her knowledge of human nature and firm grasp of the human mind, the number and diversity of additions to the environing world of fiction, its most living and life-like inhabitants, which out of these resources have been fashioned by her genius, are sufficient attestation. She had also the advantages of personal acquaintance; of a sympathy which could readily appreciate Oliphant's remarkable powers, and accompany him a certain length in his aspirations; and of confidential intercourse which brought Oliphant's mind under the analysis of a shrewd and friendly investigator. And yet when she has done her best—when she has probed Oliphant's nature as deep as human penetration can go, when she has examined all the circumstances and influences amid which his life was spent—his biographer will not scruple to admit that there are occult impulses in his conduct which baffle explanation, and latent forces in his personality indescribable by her, as they are incomprehensible to us.

When Laurence Oliphant's singular career was under discussion, there were always two explanations of his conduct ready enough to hand, but neither of these could for one moment be entertained by any one who had come within the circle of his acquaintance. One theory was that Oliphant's desire for notoriety was so strong as to lead him to make the most costly sacrifices for its gratification; that he was posing before the public when he took the decisive step which changed the

* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. Fourth Edition. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1891.

life, an impossible conception in fiction, and difficult of realization in the still stranger truth.

And yet all this romance starts with a very sober foundation. The father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a man of sound, homely, prosaic virtues, cast in an austere Scotch mould; the mother a more imaginative character, but chastened with pietism, and with a propensity for running riot in religious speculation. The mother exercises a marked influence throughout Laurence Oliphant's career, and she must have been a woman of singular influence to have carried with her the sober sense of her husband and the genius of her gifted son. If we could completely recover her, we might find the ultimate explanation of Laurence's mental idiosyncrasies; but, unfortunately, most of her letters that have been recovered chiefly illustrate the domestic love of a beautiful and pious soul.

Born at Cape Town, where his father was a judge, in 1829, Laurence Oliphant was sent to England as a child, and in due course went to school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, and afterward at Preston, where he remained until he was twelve or thirteen years old. Then at an age when most boys are beginning to settle down to their books, he entered upon his pilgrimage. His devoted parents sent for him to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony was now Chief-Justice; and accompanied by a tutor, he set out upon the then formidable journey in the winter of 1841, travelling through France to Marseilles, where they embarked. Egypt had to be traversed, and accident opened up to him a visit to Mocha, a pleasure which, even to this day, is rarely available for the overland traveller; and in three months' time Laurence reached Ceylon, not then, as now, an Anglicized colony, but still an integral part of the old East, with the religion and manners of the Singhalese still flourishing in all their pristine purity. In Colombo, and at Sir Anthony's farm on the Kandyan hills, Laurence Oliphant's education was carried on by his tutor, under his parents' supervision; but it must have lacked the method, the restraint, and, above all, the discipline of a scholastic training.

"He was in no way the creation of school or college. When, as happens now and then, an education so desultory, so little consecutive or steady as his, produces a brilliant man or woman, we are apt to think that the acci-

dental system must be on the whole the best, and education a delusion, like so many other cherished things; but the conclusion is a rash one, and it is perhaps safest in this, as in so many other directions, to follow the beaten way."

So it would have been in the case of Laurence Oliphant, for his irregular training and youthful wanderings must have been answerable to no small extent for the errant habits of mind and body that characterized his after-life. He had again a short period of study at home under a private tutor; but Sir Anthony's arrival in England on a two years' furlough put an end to his education, as well as to his prospects of a university training. The Oliphants were going to travel on the Continent, and "I represented," says Laurence, "so strongly the superior advantages, from an educational point of view, of European travel over ordinary scholastic training, and my arguments were so urgently backed by my mother, that I found myself, to my great delight, transferred from the quiet of a Warwickshire vicarage to the Champs Elysées in Paris." Germany, Italy, and Switzerland were visited by the party. Among the superior advantages of this educational course appears to have been an opportunity of participating in a political *émeute* in the Piazza del Popolo, under the auspices of a demagogic wood merchant, which ended in burning the Austrian arms, and compelling the Princess Pamphili Doria to set fire to the pile,—"in all of which I took an active part, feeling that somehow or other I had deserved well of my country." This was in 1847, the beginning of the era of revolutions, and scenes of political excitement were rife. Young Oliphant dashed into the midst of them with boyish delight, rather than with definite enthusiasm, when he could get the chance. He joined a mob that broke into the Propaganda, and was present on the steps of St. Peter's when Pio Nono blessed the volunteers departing to encounter the Austrians. These stirring experiences must have been more to the relish of Laurence than of his anxious parents. As for the staid and sober Sir Anthony, his situation must have resembled that of the proverbial hen who sees the duckling she has unconsciously hatched take to water.

Next year they were all back in Ceylon; Laurence was admitted to the local Bar, and became his father's private secretary.

After such an experience, it was scarcely to be expected that Oliphant would have long settled down to his legal duties in Colombo. After the boundless elbow-room of the Indian empire, with its great cities, its Maharajahs and Sultans, and its barbaric pearl and gold, Ceylon is a very small microcosm indeed, and Oliphant and his mother were soon on the way to England. Here he brought out his book, settled himself down to a fashion of legal studies, now aiming at the Scots Bar, now at the English one—sometimes plunging into the pleasures of society, at others taking a turn at “slumming,” and reading John Foster the Baptist essayist, a writer much affected by the intellectually spiritual of the day. He got much enjoyment—he always contrived to get enjoyment wherever he was, and under whatever circumstances—and may have done some good, but he was doing nothing to lay the foundations of a solid professional career. His book was a very clever one, and thought highly of by all Anglo-Indians, among whom it excited an interest in Laurence Oliphant which lasted throughout his whole career, and served to crystallize many recollections of the brilliant young man who had flitted across the orbit of Anglo-Indian society for a brief season.

Oliphant's next expedition was one which, though commonplace enough in our days, deserved to be regarded as an adventurous undertaking in the 'Fifties. Accompanied by a friend—Mr. Oswald Smith—he set out for Russia, and after visiting the capital and the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, formed the plan—wild enough it must have seemed to those to whom he communicated it—of making his way southward to the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea. They travelled by water down the Volga and the Don, and after getting constantly grounded on *pericartes* or sand-banks, they reached Taganrog, “having accomplished in five days and nights one of the most wild, uncouth, and unfrequented journeys that even Russia can boast of.” They visited the Crimea and Sebastopol, the fortifications of which were even then attracting European attention, and thus became possessed of information which in a short time was destined to make Oliphant the confidential adviser of Ministers and commanders-in-chief, and to open up to him,

had he been so disposed, prospects of a high career in the service of the State. His “Journey to Khatmandhu” had made Oliphant's name familiar to publishers; and during his stay in Edinburgh for the purpose of studying Scots law, he had made the acquaintance of the editor of “Maga,” Mr. John Blackwood, who promptly recognized the possibilities of a valuable contributor in the remarkable young man; and a connection, valued by both sides, was then formed, which remained unbroken through the varying changes of Oliphant's future career. About a year after his return from Russia, he put into Mr. Blackwood's hands “The Russian Shores of the Black Sea,” which, immediately meeting the desire that existed for information upon the Eastern question, quickly ran through a number of editions. Nor was it merely literary distinction that was brought by the journey and the book. Soon after a mounted orderly startled Half-Moon Street by riding up to the door of Oliphant's lodgings, and summoning him to an immediate interview with Lord Raglan.

“I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found not Lord Raglan, but Lord de Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterward identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord de Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his private secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord de Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself—be able to answer the lash, as you always say.”

It is difficult to see how, in a military expedition, this ambition could have been gratified, and nothing came of these interviews with the army authorities, although Oliphant was able to turn his special information to good account in writing for the press. It was in a sphere very different from the Crimea that Oliphant first found official employment. Lord Elgin, with whose family Oliphant's had some friendship, invited Laurence to accompany him as secretary on his special mission to

Washington, and having by that in effect of Mr. Elgin to go to the aid of war as "Times" correspondent, and continuing, every promise of Lord Clarendon to go seconded by him. In the last, he started on the first of many momentous journeys to America. Lord Elgin's object was to make a commercial arrangement with the United States, and the presence of Canada, of which he was then Governor-General, and a treaty was signed through his management, as was a railway and at the same time secured a settlement to the land for a good deal of a portion of the system. In the last part of Washington, however, to pass was to his element, making friends everywhere and revealing in the gay society which gathered together in the Capital at this time. The treaty effected, he accompanied his staff back to Canada. He was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, "having as my subordinates two councils, two captains (all of militia), and some English gentlemen who have been long in the service, and who must look rather suspiciously at the *Oriental Traveller's* interposition." It is not so long ago since he himself gave an account of his Western adventures while occupying this post in the *Magazine*, that we need dwell upon them here again; and indeed his real work seems to have lain in the immediate vicinity of the Governor-General. A picture of his life in his letters at this time is however so lively, that we must give a brief quotation from it:

"My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossip to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interview. Then he walks out with an A. D. C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the opposition, and on confidential terms with the

Ministerialists. If I am present in the galleries with my friends it must be galleries are always full, I go up there and receive members and draw circumstances of them, which they drive down and members begin nearly faded with pass them in the original,—by which time I have regained my seat, and the den my secretary remains perpetually political and unsuspicious. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity and when a Bishop or a Cardinal Minister calls, I take them aside for the purpose of as if I was doing them a favor. I am afraid of humbling a peer whom I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Elgin that they are sustained by a lucky young man like me."

No one who has met the writer will have any difficulty in appreciating the fidelity of this portrait which the young secretary has drawn of himself. It is Laurence Oliphant down to the heels. It was characteristic of the man that he took in situations of life, which to most people would have presented grave and formal aspects, with a light-hearted volatility; while others, which to the majority of us would be fraught with supreme absurdity, were treated as of the utmost moment and seriousness. With all the *nonchalance* and frivolity with which he credits himself, Oliphant, however, must have done useful work to secure the continuance of Lord Elgin's favor in other scenes of statesmanship. It is not one of the least puzzling enigmas in this perplexing career how a chief of the "can't-you-let-it-alone" Melbourne school of statesmen, and an impulsive secretary who was always brimming over with energy, should have rowed so long and so well together.

The official career in Canada which lay open before him was not for Laurence Oliphant. He was offered to have his secretaryship continued by Sir Edmund Head, who was Lord Elgin's successor, and he still had his native superintendentship in his hands, but all these were thrown over, and he was back again in England in 1855. It was then he published "*Minnesota and the Far West*;" and while he was bringing out the book, he was also doing his best to induce Lord Clarendon to send him as an envoy to Schamyl to concert a general rising of Circassia and the Caucasus against Russia. Lord Clarendon was unable to comply, or perhaps feared to commit himself to a spirit so forward and adventurous, but he referred him to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; and Oliphant, with his father Sir

Anthony, who had now retired from the Colonial Bench, was soon on his way to the East. But the Great Elchi was not more amenable than the Foreign Office, and nothing came of Oliphant's recommendations. Oliphant, however, was allowed to accompany Mr. Alison of the Constantinople embassy on a mission to gather information along the Circassian coast, and he spent some time with Omar Pasha's force, and joined in the action on the Ingour, and some other engagements of the campaign. In the Magazine, Oliphant, after his return, gave a very graphic account of his Circassian travels; but from a letter which Mrs. Oliphant gives we may take the following characteristic anecdote:

"By the by, I never told you I had made a battery. Skender Pasha, the officer in command, thought I was an officer from my having a regimental Turkish fez cap on, and asked me if I knew where a battery was to be made about which he had orders. It so happened that I did, because I had been walking over the ground with Simmons [now General Sir Lintorn Simmons] in the morning; so Skender told off a working party of two hundred men, with two companies of infantry and two field-pieces, put them under my command, and sent me off to make the battery. It was about the middle of a pitch-dark night, slap under the Russian guns, about two hundred yards from them. Luckily they never found us out, we worked so quietly. I had to do everything,—line the wood with sharpshooters, put the field-pieces in position, and place the gabions. Everybody came to me for orders in the humblest way. In about three hours I had run up no end of a battery, without having a shot fired at me, while Simmons, who was throwing up a battery a few hundred yards lower down, had a man killed. Both these batteries did good service two days after. The difficulty was, none of the officers with me could speak anything but Turkish. Afterward Skender Pasha was speaking to Simmons about it, complaining of the want of interpreters, and instancing the English officer who made the battery not having an interpreter; so Simmons said, 'Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage,' which rather astonished old Skender. I think Simmons looks on the 'Times' correspondent with a more favorable eye since that experience."

In addition to his communications to the "Times," and his contributions to "Blackwood," Oliphant described his Circassian experiences in the "Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army," which was published soon after his return to England. The next adventure in which he signaled himself was a still more sin-

gular one. He accompanied Mr. Delane of the "Times" to America upon some journalistic enterprise, the object of which can only be guessed. While in the Southern States, he chanced to hear of the expedition which Walker, "the filibuster," was fitting out for Nicaragua. The temptation was too strong for Oliphant, and he at once enrolled himself in the number of Walker's followers. We cannot suppose that he had any enthusiasm in the enterprise, or set any store by the prospects held out to the adventurers; but the expedition was risky, daring, and novel; it would supply an excellent subject to write about; and that was enough for Laurence Oliphant. The expedition was a failure so far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, and it would have been well for his chief in the end had it proved equally abortive for himself. A British squadron lay across the mouth of the San Juan river; and when the filibustering vessels were boarded in search of Englishmen, Oliphant was readily detected and carried on board the flagship, where he found a "Scotch cousin" in command of the squadron, who took good care that he should not be again allowed to associate himself with the Nicaraguan enterprise.

We next find Oliphant again occupying a position on Lord Elgin's staff, this time on the warlike mission to China, which was intended to bring the Celestials to their senses. As he himself not so long ago has described to our readers his experiences on that expedition, as well as the narrow escape which he had from assassination in Japan, we shall merely refer the reader to Mrs. Oliphant's volume for this period of his life, and to the numerous fresh letters by which she illustrates it; for we must press on to more important phases of his career. We must give, however, the following story, on Mrs. Oliphant's authority, indicating as it does the mystic tendencies which were already beginning to manifest themselves in his nature:—

"Sir Anthony's death was entirely unexpected, and occurred, I believe, at a dinner-party to which he had gone in his usual health. I have been told that, being at sea at the time, Laurence came on deck one morning and informed his comrades that he had seen his father in the night, and that he was dead—that they endeavored to laugh him out of the impression, but in vain. The date was taken down, and on their arrival in England it was

Testament in his pocket ;” and the little volume was forthcoming, and the accuracy of the text settled there and then. But with all this he was no precisian, as witness the nest from which the “Owl” first winged that flight which was to astonish the world for a season. He contrived to extract his full share of enjoyment out of the world and the world’s pleasures, and whatever deeper feelings were simmering within him, did not obtrude themselves upon the attention of his friends, or, for aught one could see, dictate to him any special and unusual line of conduct.

And yet at the time when he had a seat in Parliament, and was comporting himself more or less after the fashion of a man of the world, he had already come under an influence which was destined to change the whole course of his life and conduct. It cannot be positively ascertained when Oliphant first encountered Harris, the American mystic and seer, who cast so unfortunate a spell upon the best period of his life. Amid the conflicting accounts which we have of this person, the statements of hostile critics and the still more untrustworthy laudations of his own devotees, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of Harris’s character ; but such records as we have of his life do not prepossess us in his favor.* So far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, we are forced to the conclusion that Harris was his evil genius. Harris appears to have been in England in 1858, and on several other occasions during subsequent years, when Oliphant was probably attracted toward him, if he had not already fallen in with him in America. In 1860 Oliphant refers to him with interest in one of his letters, and it seems probable that in the interval between that time and his return for the Stirling Burghs, the foundation of their future connection had been laid, if it was the case, as there is reason to believe, that Laurence Oliphant’s failure in Parliament was due to a command from Harris to refrain from speaking.

We must quote the description which Mrs. Oliphant, with notable leniency and charity, gives of this man’s teaching :—

“ Very little, if anything, is said that is in-

* See Oxley’s “ Modern Messiahs ” for a full and apparently reliable account of Harris’s checkered career.

consistent with the most orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by the Swedenborgian theory, which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a twofold instead of a threefold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer ; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrong-doing and against all that detracts from the divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr. Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared, as the hearers in whom we are most interested certainly were, for the communication of this sacred fire. The very points that had most occupied the mind of Laurence Oliphant, as the reader has already seen—the hollowness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts, and the everyday existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—were the object of Harris’s crusade. He taught no novelty, but only—the greatest novelty of all—that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every sacrifice, to the principles of a perfect life. I presume confidently that, so far as the disciples could be aware, the prophet himself at this period was without blame, and maintained his own high standard. Perhaps, it may be suggested by profane criticism, the mystery in which he wrapped himself would be beneficial to the maintenance of this impression upon their minds. The great novelty in him was that he required no adhesion to any doctrine, and did not demand of his converts that they should agree with him upon anything but the necessity of living a Christ-like life.”

The last indication of Laurence Oliphant’s views, before he suddenly exiled himself from public life and society, is to be found in his novel of “ Piccadilly.” In this, the most brilliant of his works, marked by his sparkling wit, his incisive penetration into shams and humbugs, his shrewd yet genial faculty of unmasking all that was hollow and untrue, we fail to discover any traces of a serious quarrel with the world and society, in spite of the imperfections with which he charged them. Indeed, the circumstances under which “ Piccadilly ” began in the Magazine lead directly to the supposition that the *dénouement* was other than that originally intended. It is possible, perhaps, that the severe tests which he applied to

ness and the great institutions in analyzing them for the work, may have shown them to him in a more severe and serious light than before, and thus precipitated the resolution to shake himself free of their trammels. There is some significance in the episode of the mysterious stranger in

"Piccadilly," with its revelations of a better life, and we may safely presume that Harris and his doctrines are indicated, as well as that in the course of his work his mind had been led to contrast the artificial world he was describing with the quiet and simple life which had been represented to him as to be found beyond the Atlantic. This mental evolution which went on concurrently with the progress of "Piccadilly" is further confirmed by what Oliphant wrote to Mr. John Blackwood: "I dare say you will be surprised at the half-serious, half-mysterious tone of the last parts; but after having attacked the religious world so sharply, it is necessary to show that one does not despise religion of a right kind."

It was not, however, until two years after the conclusion of "Piccadilly" that Laurence Oliphant disappeared from England, and took up his residence in the Harris colony at Brocton. Did he take this step of his own free-will, or was he acting under Harris's orders? We have no means of knowing; but the question, at least, deserves to be mooted. He had already put himself in Harris's hands, and this second Mokanna had not scrupled to exercise his power even in so serious a matter as closing Oliphant's mouth in the House of Commons. It is but fair, however, to say that Oliphant always represented himself as being "rather held at arm's-length than enfolded into the tremendous step which severed him from all his past life." It may have been honestly so, but no one can read these volumes without being forced to the conclusion that he was as wax in the hands of Harris. And whence did Harris derive this superiority? From an intellectual point of view he was unquestionably Laurence Oliphant's inferior. So far as we can see, there was nothing in his character to overawe and impress a man who had mixed with the most talented and cultivated society of the Old World. On whatever grounds and by whatever means, this is at least certain, that Harris obtained the mastery of Laurence Oliphant's will, and that his position

of a disciple became practically that of a serf.*

* Amid the mass of newspaper correspondence which this Member has mailed forth there is no more valuable light thrown upon the connection with Harris than in a certain imitation from Mrs. Rosamond Oliphant, now Yonkers, in the "Times" of the 6th June.

At this time he met Thomas Lake Harris and was deeply impressed by his magnetic eloquence; yet it was not the power of the man which held him in thrall, but rather his own great need of help. He believed in Mr. Harris, and loved him with that self-giving sweetness of devotion which was one of the traits of his singular nature, holding within itself the gentlest attributes of femininity with the manliest courage of masculinity; and this love continued for some years. But so my husband told me, even during these years his faith had a number of slight shocks, of which he gave me an instance. Harris said to Laurence that he had received the message spiritually that one of his (Laurence's) most dangerous characteristics was that of personal vanity, and that he must do all that lay in his power to subdue his love of dress, etc. As a matter of fact, Mr. Oliphant had scarcely enough regard for his personal appearance to take the necessary pains with his toilet, although possibly appearing well dressed in a country village. And as he was aware that Harris could scarcely have made a greater mistake, this naturally somewhat shook his belief in the keenness of the prophet's judgment, and in the general trustworthiness of his unseen guidance. Mr. Oliphant, however, did not swerve in his allegiance, he only readjusted it gradually on a little different plane, as he found him to be a more fallible man than he had at first imagined. Nevertheless, so Mr. Oliphant stated to me, Mr. Harris was at this time a noble aspirational soul, far above the average in his ideals; and he (Laurence) continued to revere and to love him for many years.

"Perhaps among all the gifts intrusted to man or woman, the most dangerously tempting is that of a strong magnetic personality; and this temptation Mr. Harris had. For he undoubtedly possessed a singular power over those who surrounded him, and, like many another, this temptation proved by degrees too strong for him. His success finally intoxicated him. When he found himself the master of such individualities as Laurence and Alice, Lady Oliphant, and others equally aspiring and almost as talented, he who had been originally an obscure man of the people had not the equilibrium of soul to maintain his balance. And this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at when we reflect how easily the heads of the most of us are turned. At the time of his death Mr. Oliphant believed that the teachings of Harris in latter years had worked grievous mischief. Nevertheless, he was willing to give even an his due, even though he may have been misled by his errors; and to the last Mr. Oliphant always spoke of

It is a pitiable story to tell of the senseless drudgery to which such an intellect as Oliphant's was condemned in the Brocton community. Mrs. Oliphant records the facts with remarkable moderation and keen sympathy; and her chapters relating to the Brocton life are the most interesting part of the second volume. We shall not linger over them. The spectacle of one of the cleverest and most brilliant men of the age set to "live the life" by cadging strawberries at railway stations, working as a farm teamster, sleeping in a straw bed over a stable, and eating his meals off a deal box, is both painful and irritating. And all this with a view to be more Christ-like! It would be difficult to find a greater insult to common-sense in the grossest extravagances of mediæval Roman Catholic asceticism. And poor Lady Oliphant, too, a woman refined and gentle, and well stricken in years, was sent to work out her salvation in the wash-tub! "Live the life," indeed! It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that on joining the community, Laurence Oliphant had to make over his property to its common fund as administered by Mr. Harris, subject, however, to a right of withdrawal should he cease to become a member of it.

As an illustration of Harris's power and methods, we must quote the following account of his administration of the interests, human and material, which lay under his sway:—

"He arranged them in groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious. In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until 'the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love,' to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and 'breaking the sphere.'

Mr. Harris with the gentlest Christian charity. He said to me, that although he had suffered seriously, both spiritually and in the loss of fortune, through Mr. Harris, yet he could not fail to see that such unbounded power as was relegated to him (Mr. Harris) was an unusually severe test for any man."

"And not only did the head of the community keep incessant watch over all these occult manifestations, but he was at once the director of the domestic life within, where the members of the community worked together at agriculture—and also the head of every operation without, many of his disciples being sent out into business affairs, to conduct commercial operations or other kinds of profitable work, in order that they might bring in money for the community. 'All the schemes connected with it, mercantile or agricultural, were in his hands; and he would constantly change the heads of departments if he thought their minds were becoming too much engrossed in business, recall and replace them with others who often knew nothing of their management, and had to learn through mistakes.'"

Oliphant went through the trying ordeal of the menial drudgery of Brocton with his usual brave indifference to circumstances, and without losing much of his light-heartedness. That he imagined he had benefited from the discipline and from Harris's teaching, is evident from the fact, that when after three years he returned to England, he was still loyally devoted to the prophet and the interests of the Brocton community. His association with the Harrisites had produced little external change in Laurence Oliphant that his friends upon his return could detect. He may have been "more assured in his faith than ever;" but to the world he was, as Mrs. Oliphant says, "as serious, as humorous, as entertaining, as delightful a companion, and as much disposed to social enjoyment, as when he had been one of the most popular men in London." It was about this time, shortly before his return, that he sent home to "Blackwood" that daring outburst of humor, "Dollie and the Two Smiths," the first of a brilliant series of "Traits and Travesties" which he continued to contribute to the Magazine in subsequent years. Whatever the effects of "living the life" may have been on Laurence Oliphant, they did not obtrude themselves on the surface—although he was perfectly frank when questioned about his religious experiences—and he still appeared as the brilliant, humorous, and sarcastic man of the world, with an infinite capacity for enjoying everything that was enjoyable, whether it took the shape of pleasure or adventure.

Oliphant, on his return, again threw himself into literary and journalistic work. He served for some time as special correspondent of the "Times" during the

France-Prussian war, and afterward settled down in Paris as representative of that journal. But he was still under Harris's domination, and was soon to be made painfully sensible of the arbitrary way in which the prophet was disposed to use his power. It was in Paris that Laurence Oliphant, who might have been thought to have already exhausted all the experiences of life, filled up the romance of his career by falling under the influence of a strong, pure, and tender passion. The loves of Laurence Oliphant and Alice le Strange are so charmingly recorded by Mrs. Oliphant, that we scruple to abridge her narrative, and would rather refer our readers to her book itself. A few words, however, must be said to make what we have still to relate about Oliphant's life intelligible. Alice le Strange was characterized as "not a woman, but an angel," by one who knew and admired her in later life.

"One of the most perfect flowers of human-kind," says Mrs. Oliphant, who knew her well, "a young woman of an ancient and long-established race, with all the advantages of fine and careful training, and that knowledge from her cradle of good society, good manners, and notable persons, which is an advantage beyond all estimation to the mind qualified to profit by it. . . . One of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with that gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech which is one of the most perfect ever given to man. . . . She was so full of 'charm,' that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty, that it was possible her actual gifts might have been overlooked in the pleasure of encountering herself, the combination of them all; so that the beauty, the wit, the sweet vivacity, the pure and brilliant intelligence, became so many delightful discoveries after the first and greatest, of finding one's self face to face with a being so gracious and delightful."

In this love it might have been hoped that Laurence Oliphant's troubled career would have found a haven of rest, and that in a settled life of domestic happiness, abounding with possibilities of useful work, he might have "lived a life" more beneficial to himself and advantageous to the world than the senseless rule of Brocton could prescribe. But it was not to be. He was still under the spell of Harris, and could no more shake the prophet off his shoulders than Sindbad could get rid of the Old Man of the Sea. Even his engagement with Miss le Strange

had to receive Harris's sanction, which was withheld, and the lovers were kept upon tenter-hooks, until it was quite clear that the lady was to come as completely under Harris's domination as her intended husband already was. The marriage had to be postponed in deference to an edict from Brocton, and it was not without a considerable amount of *fussing* on Oliphant's part that the prophet's sanction was finally obtained. It is a beautiful and touching evidence of Alice le Strange's complete love and faith in Oliphant that she humbles herself before Harris—a man whom she had never seen, and whom she knew of only as an enemy to her happiness—and pours out the whole feelings of her inmost soul in a letter to him, and puts herself under his "direction in all matters." Without any wish to be unjust, we must express our conviction that a passage in this letter, in which Miss le Strange, speaking of her property, offers to make it "easily payable to you for any purpose to which you might see fit to apply it," had quite as much weight with the prophet as Miss le Strange's cry for light and guidance.

The marriage at length took place in June, 1872, and after a year's residence in Paris, where Oliphant continued to represent the "Times," a sudden summons from Brocton broke up their household, and Oliphant with his wife and mother set out for America. A greater trial of his faith could scarcely have been made than to ask him to bring the young wife of a year to the life which he knew awaited her at Brocton—and such a life!—but Oliphant must have been still firm in his trust in Harris. At first Harris seems to have dealt rather leniently with the new-comers. Oliphant, for the good of his soul and the benefit of the community, was sent to Wall Street to wrestle with the bulls and bears of New York finance, and had the honor of crossing swords, "non sine gloria," with the great Jay Gould himself. The best outcome of this experience was the "Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company," the memory of which must still remain green in the minds of readers of "Maga." Another American contribution in a similar vein of sarcasm was "Irene Macgillicuddy," which produced a scarcely less powerful sensation on the other side of the Atlantic than "Piccadilly" had done in England.

There is a buoyancy about Oliphant's writings during his Brocton life which we are tempted to ascribe to a reaction against his environments : they afforded a safety-valve for the feelings of disillusionment which, we think, must have speedily followed upon his second arrival at Brocton. While he was in Wall Street, his wife and mother were washing the pocket-handkerchiefs of the community or working in their cottage garden. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, however, appears to have been occasionally allowed to join her husband in New York, and even to accompany him on a visit to Lord and Lady Dufferin in Canada. But this happiness was too great to last. The prophet's fiat went forth, and husband and wife were separated. Mrs. Oliphant makes a very shrewd guess at the reasons :—

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so were these two likely to act upon each other, perhaps to a consciousness of the wonderful character of their subjection, perhaps to independent plans of their own, both of which would have weakened the master's hold upon them, and made their emancipation merely a question of time."

Harris had meanwhile opened up a new settlement in California, "where he cultivated vines and swayed the souls who had committed themselves into his hands ;" and thither Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was ordered to repair, while her husband was to stand fast in New York. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant did not remain long in the Santa Rosa establishment. When Laurence went to California to visit his wife, he was positively refused permission to see her, and promptly ordered back to Brocton ; and his wife soon after quitted Santa Rosa, and endeavored to earn her living as a teacher. Though aided by kind friends of her husband's, her life for some years was one of hard toil and of considerable privation. Although away from Harris, she was still under his influence, and very probably working under his commands.

In 1878, Oliphant was back in England alone. By this time his eyes appear to have been opened, and though he had not yet directly revolted, he was looking about him for an independent sphere of action. Events at that time were directing prominent attention to the Turkish empire and to Palestine, and Oliphant conceived the project of carrying out a colonization of the Holy Land by Jews from the countries where the oppression of the

race was most prevalent. With his usual energy he at once set out for Palestine, and the interest in the country which this visit inspired led him ultimately to select it as his future home. The literary results of this journey took the form of the "Land of Gilead," a considerable portion of which appeared in the Magazine, and in which Laurence Oliphant's wonderful descriptive powers are seen at their best. But his project, like all others that depend upon the concurrence of the Sublime Porte, ended in failure.

On his return to England he was joined by Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, who had seen the necessity of shielding her husband from the aspersions to which their separation and her condition in California had exposed him in society. She must have taken this step in despite of Harris, and from their union in London the date of their emancipation from his despotism may be calculated. But when the final quarrel came, when Oliphant was obliged to assert his independence, and claim his rights in defiance of the prophet, it was a sore trial to his feelings. He had gone out to America to see his mother, who was dying of a painful malady, aggravated by the mortifying discovery that her faith had been misplaced, and that her idol was after all but clay, for rumors had reached Brocton regarding the Santa Rosa settlement sufficient to disenchant the deluded devotees who had been left in the former community. Oliphant took his mother with him to Santa Rosa in hopes of benefit to her health, and they visited Harris, but were far from graciously received. Mrs. Oliphant mentions a significant incident, characteristic of the Harrisian system, which occurred during this visit :—

"The sight of a valuable ring belonging to Lady Oliphant, which had been given over with all other treasured things into the keeping of the prophet, upon the finger of a member of his household, brought a keen gleam of conviction, both to the one who doubted already and the other who did not know whether to doubt, or, as on former occasions, to gulp down every indignity and obey."

Lady Oliphant died soon after this visit, and Harris seems to have taken the initiative of declaring war, and to have telegraphed to Mrs. Laurence Oliphant requesting her permission to have her husband placed in a lunatic asylum. No such sanction was of course given, and Oliphant

undoubtedly affected Laurence Oliphant's view of things spiritual in a very marked manner, and induced him to translate dreams into actual experiences; but it also deepened the seriousness of his views of life, as well as led him to indulge in wilder conjectures regarding futurity and the unseen. Yet the old fire of genius burned brightly, and Oliphant was probably never more his natural self than when penning those records of his eventful career which appeared in the Magazine under the title of "Moss from a Rolling Stone."

He paid a final visit to America in the spring of 1888, and, to the astonishment of his friends, returned to be married to Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. But the hand of death was upon him. The "loss of spiritual influx," of which he had for some time complained since the death of his first wife, was really the loss of vital power under an internal malady. A few days after his marriage he was struck down with illness, and though he rallied repeatedly, he was never able to shake off his mortal disorder. "His last conscious moment on Sunday," says his wife, "was one of hope and effort lifeward. . . . He passed away as into a tranquil sleep, and woke four hours after in another world, or rather under another form, without having tasted death either physically or spiritually."

Was Laurence Oliphant's a wasted life? The answer to that question will depend upon the view we take of the work to which he specially devoted himself, and

which he had little more than begun when he was called away. If literary fame be a legitimate aim in life, he certainly earned a fair share of it. If active goodness within one's own sphere and possibilities be a duty to the world, then Oliphant duly discharged his part. If social distinction be an honor worth striving for, then Oliphant with slender advantages outstripped most of his equals in the race. If self-sacrifice confers a title to public respect, then comparatively few can boast of having surrendered more than Laurence Oliphant did. And if we believe that his views were mistaken, that he himself was the victim of a delusion, it detracts nothing from the generous nobility of his character. He was a man who well deserved so admirable a memorial as these volumes supply; and there is no one who ever met him who will not heartily endorse the eloquent words with which Mrs. Oliphant lays down her pen:—

"The generation, not only of his contemporaries but of their children, must be exhausted, indeed, before the name of Laurence Oliphant will cease to conjure up memories of all that was most brilliant in intellect, most tender in heart, most trenchant in attack, most eager to succor in life. There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round toward its end, and which holds in its brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name."

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—*Inferno.*

WELL might the memory of the "happy sighs,"
The "much desire," whose fair, fruit-boding bloom,
Set in the trembling kiss that held their doom,
Burn fiercolier than the flame that never dies:
Those ever-linkèd souls, whom Dante's eyes,
Weeping, saw driven through the dawnless gloom
By hissing tempest; imminent sorrows loom
Less darkly than such thoughts of rapture rise;

And well might gentle Dante swoon with ruth
 When one soul told and one soul wept to hear
 The tale of happy hours aswerve from truth ;
 But to the guiltless, when all hopes are aere,
 Musing on bliss once theirs in very sooth
 Is sweet, and thoughts of vanished joys are dear.

Hath noon less glory mused upon by night ?
 Doth June's full heart with lessened fervor glow
 Remembered when the world is wan with snow ?
 Are its warm roses petalled with delight
 Less fragrant, and their diamond dew less bright
 Because in winter dark no flower may blow ?
 Doth music of moon-glamoured May-woods flow
 Less rich to thought, when trees with rime are white ?
 Nay, memory and longing subtly weave
 New magic round the joys that are no more ;
 Spring brightlier blooms by winter's dream-watched fire ;
 Remembered joy in sorrow is reprieve
 To anguish ; long-dead days from happy yore
 In dark hours rise, lest hearts with pain expire.

—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN IN A DESERTED CHÂLET.

BY FRANK COWPER.

It was a beautiful day. A gray mist curled up from the lake and clung to the dark ravines of the mountains. As the sun grew warmer, a gentle breeze fanned the still water, and the mists rolled up to the mountain-tops. A few lazy patches lingered behind, lost in the deep gorges of the hills, where, blindly rubbing against the dark pines, they gradually melted before the mid-day heat, as luckless jelly-fish stranded on a sandy beach slowly evaporate under the fierce sun.

The steamer was crowded with tourists, —girl-schools, spectacled Germans, smart young Frenchmen, the usual sprinkling of English, the inevitable curate or country rector, two friars, and one Swiss *pasteur*. This latter was a curious fossil. He was short, wizened, and decrepit. He wore a tall hat on the back of his head like the hatter in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland ;" his coat was long, his waistcoat low, and his necktie meagre and not clean. It was difficult to look at him and then at the friars without thinking of history. I never can see a friar, with his corded frock, sandalled feet, and bare head, without seeming to see romantic

pictures of the past. All other costumes change. If I were intimately acquainted with the cut of the friar's dress in past ages, perhaps I should notice slight differences ; but in the main the clothes they wore when the monks tore Hypatia to pieces, when Peter the Hermit preached, when Bernard and Abelard ruled their monasteries, when Chaucer wrote, when the fires of Smithfield blazed and the Inquisition terrified, are much the same clothes they wear now. The color may be different ; but black, brown, or gray, a friar centuries ago would be a friar now.

They are no anachronism but a reality. I could not help being struck at the contrast they afforded, those men apart, with their bleared eyes, sensual lips, dirty beards, as they came on board amid a crowd of simple school-girls and startled English matrons. Living assertors of eighteen centuries of celibacy, they moved about amid that ship-load of nineteenth-century frivolity. Their power was gone, but their picturesqueness remained.

And that insignificant comic little figure was the representative of the power that had supplanted them. How well he

seemed to typify the dry syllogisms of that dreary controversy of Predestination and Free-will ! Could any spark of poetic fire come from so wizened and matter-of-fact a being ? Vates and Sacerdos are near akin, and those poetic souls who like mystery in their religion will always prefer a priesthood whose garb is poetic. And those who think a religion cannot be typified by a garb will prefer the dull prose of common dress.

At the end of the lake I left the steamer. I intended to walk over the mountains by a little path marked in the Swiss Ordnance Survey, and which would lead me across the frontier into Savoy. The girl-school landed also. It is curious the way mothers dress their fair daughters abroad. Many of these girls were undoubtedly English. Fortunately they disguised the fact very well.

What shapeless frocks, what marvellous colors, these nymphs were clothed in ! Were there girl-schools at Lausanne, I wonder, when Byron moped away his time at Meillerie opposite ; and did he write that "they always smelled of bread-and-butter"—the fair, innocent ones !—in bitter disappointment because they offered no other attractions ? However, in spite of their chaotic clothes, these simple maidens seemed to enjoy themselves. They trooped up the road, under the chestnut and walnut trees, and laughed and chattered, and picked flowers, and ate biscuits and sandwiches, as healthy wholesome girls should. There were two girls who were really pretty, and with a flush of pride I was glad to recognize they were English. And not only were they pretty, but they were well dressed : and, if the dress be an index of the mind, then these young ladies were indeed perfect ; but perhaps their mother dressed them. However, I soon left these fair sirens behind, and, like the hero of "Excelsior," I steeled my heart against all softer feelings. I don't know how it would have been, however, had these young ladies gone so far as the strange young person in that incoherent poem. They didn't. Instead of any tender invitation, expressed verbally or ocularly, they only ate wild strawberries, and made remarks *sotto voce*, which, as laughter was the result, caused me, with that self-consciousness of a true Briton, to feel a twitching in the back as I walked on.

It was hot. The mountain road wound up and up. No breath of air seemed able to penetrate those thick chestnut-woods. The grass under the trees was a perfect carpet of wild loveliness. Flowers of every kind grew thick all round—the stately mountain-lily, bluebells, and yellow cowslips. Red, white, purple, and blue ; yellow, green, mauve, and carmine : all the colors and blendings possible were spread everywhere. Delicate, dainty, mossy lawns, where the grass had just been cut, alternated with the rich wealth of unkempt pasture. The sunlight fell in brilliant patches across the twisting chestnut-boles, and on the cut and uncut grass. Bees hummed and flies persecuted, and all the while I trudged over ruthless stones upward and ever upward. It was hot !

I could hear down below the merry laughter of the girls. A church clock struck the hour, and the thud, thud, thud of a distant steamer palpitated on the drowsy silence. The air quivered in the heat, a gray-green gloom shimmered under the fantastic chestnut-trees, velvety moss spread temptingly over shady banks. What a home for fairies ! I sat down.

But it would never do to waste time in dull sloth. I had many miles to go, and some fairly stiff climbing before me. There were awkward precipices to be faced, and Swiss weather is never certain.

Up and up I trudged. The stony road had changed to a still more stony path. The chestnut-trees had given place to brushwood, where the hornbeam and mountain-ash reigned instead of the chestnut and walnut ; a gentle breeze stirred the ferns, and the gray weather-worn sides of a few snow-streaked peaks rose above the foliage. How scarred and furrowed those solemn rocks looked ! Snow still lay in the crevices, and little silver streaks trickled down their rugged faces. My object was to find the path which led up over these cliffs, across the neck which united them to the highest point, and so down into a deep valley where France and Switzerland joined hands across a foaming torrent.

I had been warned the path was dangerous. Only a week ago a hapless professor from Vevey had fallen over a precipice and been killed. His body was brought over the day before I started. He was actually in the right path, and his death had been the result of a slip. A moun-

taineer whom I met told me it was because he wore Oxford shoes, and had no nails in them. I thanked Providence I had a heavy pair of stout boots, and, what appeared to me as I walked, a ton of nails in the soles.

Up and up I clambered. The stony path had changed to a vague rut in the close herbage. The brushwood had yielded to a few straggling bushes, with here and there a clump of fir. Their sombre foliage and fragrant odor invited me to rest. The dry red cones lay all about under the solemn shade. No sound reached me now. The breeze fitfully whispered among the pine-plumes, but the stately trees disdained to break the brooding stillness. Far, far down below lay the blue lake. The basement of the peak whereon I sat was entirely hidden. The flowers and lower pine-trees seemed to spring at once from the small blue patch below. On the other side rose tier upon tier of jagged rocks. Range on range of precipitous peaks tossed themselves aloft, while above all, against the blue sky, soared the white billows of the Oberland of Berne, where the everlasting snows piled themselves along the horizon. How strange the contrast seems from the busy every-day life of that blue lake, with its fashionable hotels, tennis-lawns, and artificial society, to the unknown solitude of that arctic region! In that white mystery before me, so near and yet so far, lay spots as untrodden by man as any solitudes in Spitzbergen or Enderby land. There is no spot in the world which brings into such striking proximity the primeval and the ephemeral as Switzerland.

Up and up I trudged. It was no longer sultry. The sun scorched, but the air was keen. I had passed all shade, except where the precipitous cliff flung its cool shadow over the deep ravine. The track was becoming difficult to find. I was climbing a steep slope of coarse grass littered with huge boulders. The path had dwindled to countless holes made by the hoofs of the goats who alone could browse up here. It was impossible to find any real track.

And now my difficulties began. I was a novice in Alpine climbing. Counting on being what is usually called a good cragsman where crags are not frequent, I had anticipated little difficulty in surmounting the rugged cliffs which towered up op-

posite Montreux. I knew the snow would present obstacles which might be very dangerous; but I calculated that a cliff in Switzerland must be very like a cliff in England. There was little or no snow here. There were only cliffs. But when I looked at them I could not help thinking, "But what cliffs!"

The track I had been doubtfully following led to the very base of an overhanging precipice, and there ended. I looked up at the gray height above me. Sheer walls of rock looked down at me. There was a sinister expression about the sharp lines which furrowed the face of the cliff. They went zigzag down the surface like the grim sneer on the face of some coldly sarcastic man. The silent gloom of the overshadowing rock chilled me. A little jet of water spouted over a black ledge above, and splashed into an old patch of snow below—so dirty and stone-covered a patch that at first I took it only for the brown soil of the mountain. It was tough and hard to tread on. I could hardly realize such a substance could melt.

Clearly I had missed the path. Not even a goat could climb up there. However, climbing had to be done; it was getting late in the afternoon, and I had yet far to go. Without wasting time in going back to look for the path, I determined to get up this wall somehow. To my left was a dark gully, black and forbidding. I instinctively felt I could never get up that. To my right a few pines grew, stunted and wind-torn, and above them was a ledge which I felt I might reach. After a difficult climb, and several narrow slips, I reached the ledge. How magnificent was the view! But I felt if I looked long I should grow giddy. I could no longer see any grass slope below. Not even the top of the last pine-tree was visible, although only a few feet beneath. There seemed nothing between me and that small blue patch, some five thousand feet below. I turned to look at the wall behind.

It was not encouraging. By clinging to my ledge I hoped I might reach a rift in the rock which seemed to present an easier foothold, as seen from below. But I could not disguise from myself the difficulty of the attempt. I had begun to realize that what looks only a little way up, seems a horrible distance down. It was no longer warm. The sun was be-



hind the towering precipice overhead. Its rich light flooded the downward slope of a grass patch to the right. There must be a gully there, down which the light can penetrate. The keen mountain air against the cold face of this never-warmed rock chilled me. That rock had never seen the sun. I buttoned up my coat, and altered my course for the gully.

After great exertions, I managed to reach a fairly easy place. The narrow escapes I had gone through caused me to appreciate the change from the position of a fly when clinging to the ceiling to the less sustained effort of resting on a ledge of the cornice. At last I could sit down.

There was the same view before me. A few more peaks of the Bernese Oberland rose up. The blue lake looked smaller and farther down. That was all. I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. I must get on. I had taken an hour in climbing about two hundred feet. This would never do. After a little refreshment I buckled to my work. The gully was reached, the course became less hazardous, although rather more fatiguing. At last I was within sight of the top. A few more scrapings, a little more back-wrenching, knee-twisting struggles, and I should be there. I endured them all, and—I was not there! I was on my ledge again, and very nearly in another world. My foot had slipped, as I tried for the thousandth time to bump my mouth with my knees, and, to the great destruction of my garments, I alighted on my feet and the ledge at the same moment—What anguish I suffered! I had come down in a second as many feet as it had taken me minutes to get up. But time is no measure of such effort. And then my garments—! Luckily, at the rate I was progressing, it would be midnight before I reached the haunts of men. But what distressed me most was that I had broken my flask and dropped my match-box. After a little rest I set to work again, and this time I succeeded—that is, I climbed to within twenty feet of the top, and there found a perpendicular wall of sheer rock, utterly impossible to get up. I have since admired Alpine climbers much more. I thought they overrated themselves before; now I don't think they can estimate themselves enough. I am an Alpine climber.

And so I had to come down half-way again. I did this less rapidly than before,

but with more comfort. I began to realize that speed is not everything among the Alps. I was much too hurried before. But it was getting late. The shadows behind were growing longer, even a purple shade seemed to have reached the blue lake below. And, worst of all, a mist was creeping over the top of the cliff. Vague shreds, as if of cotton-wool, were spreading overhead. I should be in a cheerful position if a thick fog came on. I couldn't go down, I knew. It had taken me all I was capable of to get along that ledge when going up. It would be death to attempt it going down. A way must be found past that twenty feet of cliff between me and dinner.

By warily hooking on to slight roughnesses in the sides of the gully, I managed to work my way so far to the right that I could see round the edge. There was a ledge beyond, which seemed to extend up to the top. Could I reach it? It was very ticklish work, but, thanks to my nails—I mean on my boots—I managed it. In another quarter of an hour I was a victor. I had gained the summit, but I was utterly ignorant of where I was. Almost at the same moment that I set foot on the edge of the cliff, drops of rain began to fall, and in an instant, as it were, I was in a shroud of mist.

"This is what I expected," I said; "it won't last long. I've observed these fogs seldom do. Only I must be careful how I go." And so I warily stepped out into the unknown. Somehow I felt like a sort of Jack who had climbed his Beanstalk and was setting out for the ogre's castle. Presently I observed I was going down-hill. The descent became steeper. Once I nearly slipped. This would not do. I could see nothing ahead of me, and I knew that steep grass slopes like this often end in terrible precipices. I must be careful. I stopped and picked up a stone—a large one. I let it roll gently out of my hand. It bounded away in an instant. I heard one bump not far off, then absolute silence. This looked awkward. I hardly dared to move. It seemed little use going back; to go forward was very like walking to certain death. It was better to stand still, and hope for the mist to lift.

After sitting shivering in the cold air, wet to the skin, for about half an hour, a yellow gleam rent the veil before me, and,

"They are very cautious," I thought. "I had better be on my guard too." Thoughts of coiners of base money, *contrebandiers*, thieves, passed across my mind. But, after all, was I sure it was a chalet? It was not very dark, but the light of the stars cast only a shimmering pallor over the gray vague mass before me. I could distinguish a long low wall. Two openings in it, the dark patch before me, and one to my right. Above, a low-pitched roof spread in one gable from end to end of the building. A rank smell seemed to come from the place, and the whole effect was to produce a sense of absolute desertion and solitude. I was so cold, however, and so sure of having seen a light, that I determined to enter. The door was open, or rather, as I afterward found, there was no door. The rank smell was more pungent as I passed over the threshold, leaving the starlight and the sweet cold air of night behind me. All was utter absolute silence. I paused, after taking a few steps in. I could just make out, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that there were some stalls for cattle, and as I turned I thought I saw a dark figure behind me; but I found it was only an upright post which came between me and an opening in the wall on the other side. There was a creepy dampness about the place which caused me to shiver. It was ghostly enough by itself. But the light which had been extinguished as I actually stood before the open door added a curious mystery to the place.

As I stood shivering and irresolute, peering into the darkness, a cold breath passed over my face, and something touched me. I twitched involuntarily, and uttered a startled exclamation. A low muffled voice seemed to repeat my voice in a mocking tone three times, fainter and fainter each time.

"It was a bat," I said aloud; "and there is an echo here."

A hollow parody of the sounds of my voice came back three times. There was clearly an echo here.

But no echo could cause a light. Noises and even touches could be accounted for by animals; but I never heard of any animal, except a human being, which could light a candle and put it out on the approach of strangers. There are glow-worms, fire-flies, phosphorescent eels, and suchlike. But even ten million glow-

worms, all doing their best, and collected in a mass, could hardly have produced the light I saw. Eels don't live in the mountains, and fireflies I did not think frequented Switzerland. I felt I must at least be philosophical, or I should give way to the effects of the tumble, the wet, the cold, and the hunger, which was beginning to make itself felt.

"Is there any one here?" I called out in French; and "mon malheureux accent" was never more forcibly brought home to me, as I had to listen to that detestable echo while it repeated the words three times.

Disgusted at getting no other answer, and irritated at the mocking sound, I groped further into the darkness. My foot kicked against a bundle. I put down my hand; it felt like a loose sack. I kicked it again to see if it were hard. Something cracked inside. "It's full of dry twigs no doubt. If only I had a match to make a fire!" But as I hadn't, I sat down on the bundle, for I was tired and disheartened. It was very empty that bundle, and the twigs were very hard, and brittle, and sharp. They cracked and broke inside, and gave way under my weight. I got up again, more disgusted than ever. How very nasty the place was! The reek of the pungent dampness rose fouler on the chilly air. I stepped over the bundle, and in doing so bumped my head against a beam. The touch was very light, but the pain was considerable, and I felt something warm trickle down my cheek. I put up my hand. It seemed sticky and wet. I must have cut my head. I did not know till the next morning that I received a severe scalp-wound in my fall, and that the slight knock of the beam had caused the wound to bleed afresh. It is curious how the consciousness that you are bleeding affects the nerves. I must have lost a great deal of blood before; but as I was quite ignorant of it, I merely put down my weariness to fatigue, and thought little of it. Now I felt alarmed. I leaned against the side of the stall, and tied my head up with my handkerchief. Hurt and tired as I was, I resolved to spend the rest of the night in that chalet. The floor seemed dry and littered with fir-twigs. I scraped a few together, put them against the stall, and sat down. As I did so my boot kicked against the bundle. Something rattled inside. The foul atmosphere

seemed to grow clammier: but I was too weary to pay attention to this. In a few minutes I should have been asleep.

I was leaning with my back against the stall, one hand was in my coat-pocket, the other lay beside me. I had sprinkled a few twigs over me, in the idea of getting some warmth out of them. Whether they really did produce any heat I don't know; anyhow I felt as if I were covered up a little, and was just nodding off to sleep when something cold grasped my hand,—something which held it tight as if with a hand of ice. A thrill of horror shot all through me, and in an instant I was wide awake. What was it? There was no sound. Could it be a snake? I shuddered with terror. Involuntarily I put out my other hand and felt cautiously all round. There was nothing there! But my hand was held. Was it paralysis? was it numbness from the cold and injuries I had received? I should have thought so, and should think so now, only for a strange circumstance. A low, unearthly, far-away laugh—a laugh so full of blood-curdling, heartless, cruel, mocking devilry, such as I never heard before, and I hope never to hear again—broke the dead silence. At the same time a shadow seemed to pass between me and the pale light which marked the other window. As I had not moved this time, it could not be a post. Somebody must have come in, or more likely have been concealed in the chalet all the time. It was a horrible position. I had no weapon with me, and the utter silence with which my hand had been seized—it was my right—as well as the nature of the laugh, assured me I had to do with no friendly people. I tried to move my hand. I could not stir it. What strength the other must be possessed of! But what was the other? How could I be held without feeling the means by which I was held? Could my hand be paralyzed by an electric shock? I could think of no other power, so sudden, powerful, and intangible, as well as noiseless. Such an agency as the supernatural does not readily occur to an every-day, practical mind. I had always felt that what is called supernatural is only another name for the unknown in science. Here was the unknown. Possibly the phenomenon might presently be classed with the supernatural. But it was anything but pleasant. The silence was horribly oppressive. When I moved the

twigs crackled. Even the old stall against which I was leaning creaked as I breathed. But these others could move about, and actually grasp my hand without making a sound.

As I gazed fixedly into the darkness, it seemed as if the place became lighted with a pale, indefinite sickly light. The door and the window, which had been before the only lighter patches in the darkness, now became dark. I could see the old tumble-down walls, the gray beams over my head with fir-twigs and wisps of hay hanging down between, the worm-eaten and rickety stalls, and in a far corner a huge tub. At my feet was the sack I had stumbled over, and a dark pool of stagnant water close beside it. Why did I see all this? There was no light visible. I mean there was no means to produce this light. The pale luminous atmosphere was of equal tone nearly everywhere in that tumble-down, ruinous, old chalet, except that over the sack it seemed a little more brilliant. The sack appeared to give out the light, so to speak, for it had no shadow round it: only its dull dirty brown seemed to be set in a pale phosphorescent glow, like a huge glowworm.

Surely I was not imagining all this! I had never seen the chalet before, how could I picture its interior so minutely? One chalet is much like another it is true, and I had kicked against the sack. But I could not have imagined that great tub in the corner. No chalet I had ever seen had that. Why should my imagination have suggested that? There it was, and I must be conscious.

The strange thing was, that the light, instead of cheering me, made me feel more creepy. I could see everything now. Nothing seemed to conceal anything. All objects were clearly, though faintly, distinct. There were no deep shadows, as there would have been had the light emanated from a candle or a lamp. Everything seemed permeated, so to say, and luminous. But what a ghastly luminosity it was! It was pale-blue in tone, and sickly. What produced it? I looked at the sack. It fascinated me with a horrible curiosity. I noticed its shape. I remembered how hollow it was, and how the twigs had cracked and broken inside. I remembered how they had clattered as I kicked it. There was a smooth round knob or projection in the o

to my hand : three long twigs seemed to be lying almost across it. I looked down closer. Were they twigs ? They were long and brown and curiously knotted. The old rag covered the rest.

I looked closer still : horror of horrors ! they were the emaciated fingers of what was almost a skeleton ! As I sprang up in disgust, my foot kicked once more against the sack. The old worn-out rags gave way, and a ghastly skull fell through the rent.

* * * * *

Was it all a horrible dream ? The result of my fall ? Who knows ? All I know is, I felt sure I was awake, that it was no delirium. With the sudden realization of the horror, my hand had recovered its natural force. I started up, and would have rushed from the hut. . . .

"Good heavens ! what is that ?" I gasped, as instead of stepping forward, I shrank back in greater horror. A figure was entering the hut. A wizened decrepit figure, staggering under a heavy load. It made no sound as it came in. I could not see its face. The load on its back seemed to be alive. It stirred and writhed as it lay across the shoulders of its bearer. The figure came close to me. As it stepped over the sack, the same horrible, blood-curdling, cruel low laugh or chuckle grated on the silence. It paused and looked up. Can any words describe that face, the expression, I wonder ? Malignant gratified hate, the cruel smile of a dangerous lunatic, cunning and diabolical ; the ferocity of a brutal murderer, were all in that awful face. The face of a man long dead, grinning, dry, black, and repulsive, like the mummies in the *morgue* of the Hospice of St. Bernard.

The figure passed on. It went toward the huge tub in the corner. The burden still convulsively writhed at intervals. I now noticed, for the first time, that a vapor seemed to curl up and float over the great caldron. The figure, with its still feebly moving burden, had reached the corner. Silently it came up to the tub. The burden twitched convulsively. There was a heave. The vapor seemed suddenly agitated, and the figure remained alone, intently watching the interior of the tub. The vibrating of the huge vessel and the twisting vapor told of some frightful contortions within. But all was silent as the

grave. I could stand it no longer. I rushed to the door.

The cool air of the mountain could not revive me. I was shivering from head to foot. Icy cold and hot by turns, I knew I must have caught a feverish attack. But how could I face that horrible hut ? Was I really dreaming ? A sound broke the solemn silence. The church clock in the valley far down below was striking one. Should I have heard that in my dreams ? No ! I know I was awake ! Far away a line of light was twinkling under the dark mass of the distant mountains on the opposite shore of the lake. It was Montreux. How curiously the sight of that pre-eminently artificial settlement contrasted with the mysterious chalet behind me, with its dreadful unreality and ghastly tenants ! There opposite to me were the electric lights of the new hotel at Territet. Behind me was the dim ruin with its fearful secrets.

How cold it was ! The stars were shining, and a pale light over the north-east showed where the sun was travelling. Three hours more and I should be able to find my way down. At least there was this comfort, that if there was a chalet there must be a path to it. Unless, indeed, the whole thing were a ghastly dream.

I turned to look at the old building. I had to force myself to do it. I expected to see that fearful figure standing in the door. All was dark and still. Was it really all a dream ? It was very cold out there. Three hours is a long time to wait. My clothes were torn, and the long grass was dripping wet. I could not lie down in it. I could hardly stand for three hours. I was very tired. Should I be frightened by a nightmare, however dreadful ? My head was light from my fall. I would be more sensible. I would go in again. It was still far too dark to think of trying to find any way down. As I approached the old tumbledown building, I could not help shuddering. I never knew a dream so vivid. However, it must be a dream. There are the electric lights of that grand hotel at Territet. No mysteries can exist in the face of the triumphs of our civilization. But in spite of my trying to bluster out my fears, I did not at all like getting nearer to that dark door. I looked furtively in. All was black and silent. The damp, nasty, unwholesome

odor was there. But it was warmer than outside, where a cold north wind was beginning to whisper among the crevices of the cliffs behind me and the fir-tree tops below. I went in ; but I kept very near the door, and did not trouble about dry twigs any more. I sat down, and in a few minutes I was sound asleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming over the steep slope opposite. The jagged outline of the cliffs behind was thrown in clear profile on the fir-woods and crags in front. The *châlet* was still dim, but I could make out objects distinctly. Involuntarily the horrible dream of the night before came back. I looked at the stall where I had sat. There at the exact place where I had seen it was the torn and crumbling sack. There were the ghastly hand and grinning skull. It was no dream then. I got up and walked out of the hut. How exquisite was the morning ! For a moment I forgot everything. A gray patch of mist floated below me, hiding the valley. But above the streaming sunlight was bringing into sharp distinctness every peak and crag of the mountains opposite. Deep purple gray, the cliffs behind towered against the warm, clear, rosy haze ; while opposite the orange-tinged crags cut the cold blue of the western sky. The tinkle of a few bells far down under the mist told me that the cows were already busy at their morning meal. I wished I were a cow.

My thoughts turned naturally to the easiest means of finding like occupation. How was I to get down ? The grass all round the *châlet* was long and rank. Evidently no cattle had browsed there this year. The little patch of pasture was hemmed in by beetling cliffs on three sides. The grass grew to the edge on the fourth side, and then seemed to drop in a sheer precipice.

I went to the edge and looked over. The top of a tall fir-tree was just below me. A few stones, worn and moss-covered, appeared to offer a way of escape. I could see there was a forest of fir-trees further down. If only I could reach these I should be sure to find a way down into the valley.

Before I attempted to descend I took one more look at the old crumbling *châlet*. It stood in the deepest recess of the gloomy plateau. Entirely protected from the south, west, and east by precipitous

cliffs above, the sunlight had never fallen on its sombre moss-covered stones. I thought over the dream of the night before. If it was a dream, how could I have seen all I did see ? I had certainly never entered the *châlet* before. It was pitch-dark when I went in. How could I tell that sack contained a mouldering skeleton ? How could I know there was a tub in the corner ? Could a feverish imagination create the actual presentment of hidden surroundings ? The ghastly figure might be the result of a heated over-wrought brain and the want of food. There was nothing left to prove that it had entered. That strange laugh might have been the cry of some night-bird distorted in my half-conscious torpor. But the tub ? I would go in and see if that great tub were actually there.

As I entered, the sickening stale atmosphere struck me as peculiarly repulsive. I stood at the door and looked in. With a sense of horror upon me I looked toward the corner where I had seen in my dream the great tub. It was there. A vast wooden tub, capable of holding many hundreds of gallons. It was now in decay. The iron hoops had rusted out, and one or two of the staves had slipped out of their position. I remembered the incidents of the dream distinctly—far too distinctly. I felt I should never forget them. That fearfully malignant, wizened, dead figure. The awful heavings of the suggestive burden. The vapor. The plunge. The dispersion of the steam above the caldron. The vibrating of the huge vessel. The ghastly creepy laugh. I forced myself to go up to the corner. I climbed up on some bulks of timber rotting there. I looked in. It was so dark inside I could at first make out no details. By degrees, as I looked closer, and helped by a chink of light which fell through a crack in the tub, I was able to make out a heap of rubbish in the bottom. I poked it with my stick : a musty fetid smell arose, and my stick struck a hard round substance. There was the same horribly suggestive outline which had attracted my attention to the sack. The rubbish had a ghastly similitude to a huddled-up skeleton. As I examined it more attentively, I could see that there was no doubt. The head had fallen off, and was lying at the side of the heap of mouldering bones.

I had seen enough. I hurried away.

I never stopped again until I had climbed down to the nearest fir-tree. There I paused. Before entering the dark shade of the forest I turned back to look up. The long grass grew rank against the skyline; a gray peak of the highest cliff just topped the ragged growth. I was too far down to see anything of the plateau. Was it fancy, or a memory of my dream? But as I looked, a figure seemed to emerge among the grass at the edge of the little pasture, and stagger up against the blue sky with a long burden on its shoulders. The dark wood behind me seemed to echo a cruel shivering laugh, and the figure disappeared.

"Mere fancy!" I said to myself. "Imagination will do anything!" and I turned to find my way through the gloom.

After an hour's difficult descent, the rude track I was following suddenly ended on the brink of a vast ravine.

I examined the smooth surface of this highroad for the avalanches. Up and up it went, in a straight, ever-diminishing line, to the narrow gorge between two of the highest peaks. Down, down, it cut its plunging track right to the narrow belt of walnut and chestnut on the edge of the lake below. I must get across this somehow. Below me the forest ended in a series of precipitous cliffs. The path led me here, and I could see the continuation of it on the other side. It was getting hot. I longed to be down in the village, whose red and gray roofs I could see peeping out among the dark-green masses below. I looked at my mangled clothes. I felt the parts I could not see were infinitely worse than those I could. My hands were stained with blood. I knew my face must be streaked with it too. My head was bound up with my handkerchief. It was not pleasant to enter a decent village like that in broad daylight. I must get down before many people were about.

Prodding the face of the ravine with my stick, I found that if I planted my foot firmly I could make a fairly safe footing on its treacherous surface. After a hazardous ten minutes, I reached the other side. Henceforth the track was easy. In another half-hour I passed some goats. A startled cowboy next stood gaping at my appearance. In a few minutes more I had reached a *châlet*, where an old woman was attending to the cows.

She was a sensible old thing, and took in the situation at a glance. She wasted few words, but soon gave me some hot milk, eggs, and bread-and-butter. I allowed her to bathe my head, and although she had no clean rag, she washed my handkerchief and tied it neatly over my cut. My garments took longer mending, but she succeeded at last, and I went on my way a reformed character.

During the time she was attending to me a man had come in. A long-haired, unshaven, tangled man. We talked, and when I told him where I had passed the night, he uttered an exclamation. Incredulity was the chief ingredient in his surprise. When I told him, however, of the great tub in the corner, he appeared convinced. Both he and the old woman seemed to take a greater interest in me. They asked me questions; they exchanged significant glances. At last the man could restrain his curiosity no longer. He asked me point-blank if I had not been disturbed by *les revenants*. It was haunted, then. My dream was not a dream, or if it was, it was curious it should have taken so definite a form. I answered evasively, and then asked him to tell me the story connected with the *châlet*, why such excellent pasture was left to grow in rank waste? Why there was no path up there? Why, above all, was there that awful tub?

It was a long tale, and much of the story was incomprehensible. The *châlet* belonged to a fairly well-to-do peasant: of course there was a woman in the case. The wife of the peasant was admired by a *douanier*. As far as I can make out, these *douaniers* never have anything else to do but to admire all the village belles. The husband's life was wretched. The *douanier* was young, big, brutal. The husband was small, old, cunning. It was when the cattle had gone to the mountains. There was a very good path up there then. Pierroch and his wife had gone up to their *châlet* with their cows. "It was just such a night as last night, and it was— Why, it is the Feast of St. John to-day!" and the two peasants looked at each other and nodded significantly. The *douanier* was seen climbing the mountain path. He never was seen again. Nor were Pierroch or his wife ever heard of after. The *châlet* was visited a week later, but nothing was found. The huge tub was full of water as usual. For there

was no water up there, and that made the pasture less useful than it would have been. All the water for the cattle had to be accumulated in that large tub, either from the snow or the rain. All was in fairly good order. A sackful of hay lay on the floor of the stall. The few cows Pierroch possessed had all disappeared, and the door stood wide open. Nothing more was ever heard of any one of the three. Since then the place bore an evil name. It was called the "Revenants," and no one ever went there now. Only on St. John's Eve a light was always seen. A pale light like the gleam of a glow-worm. No one had ever been bold enough to try and get there to find out the explanation. In fact, what further explanation was wanted? Did not Holy Scripture say there were spirits? Did not Monsieur le Curé tell them of Samuel and the witch? They were not so ignorant there on that mountain as monsieur might think. But monsieur has actually passed the night there on St. John's Eve? he must have been there, since he had seen the great tub. Old Nannette remembered the making of that tub. It was built up there. There was a feast given, and the red wine was the first liquid it ever contained. Ah, it was good, that red wine as it flowed from the wooden spigot!

I could not repress a shudder as I thought of the mouldering skeleton, and the frightful death that seemed shadowed out by that ghastly mute phantasma. The convulsions, the plunges I could not see. The groans I could not hear. The awful sickening death.

I answered all their questions briefly, and went on my way. In a short time I was down the mountain. I had reached the village on the edge of the lake. In half an hour the steamer would be here. As I sat outside the clean simple little hotel sipping my coffee, I thought over the strange experiences of the night. Had I really seen a ghost? It seemed so odd. In the broad daylight, with the blue lake before me, with the large bird-like barks airing their sails in that quiet bay beside me; in the presence of the trim gendarme, magnificent in all the rigid dignity of his padded uniform and pasteboard hat, leaning against the rails of the landing-stage,—it seemed so impossible. Why should ghosts exist? How could they be? It

was so much more easy to say it was a dream. And a dream I should still say it was, were it not for that tub. Can it be that we can antedate a dream? That we hear and see certain things, dream of them, and then, forgetting when we dreamed it, believe the dream took place before the events?

As I pondered over it all, I could hardly accept this. I had entered the hut in the dark. I knew there was a tub there, and a skeleton before I looked for them. The skeleton in the sack I saw almost as soon as I opened my eyes; but I had gone out and taken a walk in the cool air of the morning, found a path down, and was perfectly calm and collected before I remembered the tub. I went back purposefully to look for it. I knew exactly where it was, what it looked like, and fully expected to find something horrible in it. I must have seen this then. The ch  let must have been lighted up somehow. Attribute what I would to imagination, it was impossible to say this was a dream, unless a singularly prophetic one. It seemed as easy to believe in a spiritual manifestation as to believe in so marvelously circumstantial a dream.

But here was the steamer. A throng of happy merry boys, with tin boxes and knapsacks on their backs, were trooping over the gangway. Two Englishmen, in tweed suits and straw hats, were occupying with dignified grandeur the whole of the first-class deck. In another minute I was on board. I tried to hide my tattered appearance as well as I could; but it was useless. I had to confess to my sufferings, and all the compassion I got was that I was a most utter idiot to go up the mountains without a guide. However, no guide would have led me to "les Revenants;" and if I should have slept comfortably in my bed at Vevey, I should have gone without the marvellous experience which I cannot help confessing goes far to convince me there must be ghosts.

Two things I have learned from my adventure. One is to regard with a profound respect all Alpine climbers. The other is to receive with reverence the researches and lucubrations of the Psychological Society. There is also a third conclusion I have sadly come to. Vaseline and plaster are very useful adjuncts to a tourist equipment. If, also, you could induce your tailor to part with several

pieces of the stuff of which your suit is made, you would find it come in very useful : it is so difficult to match your things abroad.

I shall be happy to tell any one the exact situation of the chalet. It lies in that little plateau quite hidden from the lake.

It is difficult to find. The ascent to it is very arduous, and, owing to that awkward ravine, is really dangerous. But the descent to it is easy and rapid. One has only to slip off the cliff above, and you are soon there.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE International Photographic Congress, organized several years ago by a group of astronomers for the purpose of applying photography to the study of the stars, met recently for the third time at the Paris Observatory and agreed upon the latest arrangements for photographing the heavens.

The idea of applying photography to the curious things in the sky came to light on the very day when the great discovery of Niepce and Daguerre was publicly announced in the memorable account which Arago gave of it at the session of the Academy of Science, April 19th, 1839. The illustrious astronomer, perceiving at once the many and diverse uses to which the discovery could be put in astronomical research, pointed out among other things the possibility of obtaining a good map of the moon, and a perfect representation of the solar spectrum. But the methods of photography at that day were too crude to admit of securing satisfactory results.

However, about the year 1845 Sizeau and Flaucault contrived to take an excellent photograph of the sun in 1.6 seconds, a very fine engraving of which may be found in Arago's complete works. In 1849, William C. Bond, an American astronomer, obtained a good Daguerreian proof of the moon. The eclipse of the sun on July 28th, 1851, was photographed by Berkowski, at Königsberg, upon a Daguerreian plate, which disclosed for the first time traces of the corona that envelops the star of day, and the eruptions that emanate from its surface.

In 1857, Bond obtained a very clear photograph of the double star Mizar and Zeta in the Great Bear, as exact in truth as the micrometric measures, for I have been able to insert it as a document in my catalogue of double stars. It was at the

Harvard College Observatory that these first photographs of stars were made, and it is there to-day that Professor Pickering obtains such marvellous results that in themselves they appear at least to equal all those of the twenty to thirty astronomers composing the European Congress.

Mr. Warren de la Rue, in England, and Mr. Rutherford, in the United States of America, obtained magnificent photographs of the moon between 1857 and 1867 that have not yet been surpassed. Let us note among these photographs some startling stereoscopic views that show the lunar globe so much in relief that it has almost the form of an egg. This effect, somewhat exaggerated, is due to the advantage taken of a certain movement of libration in order to penetrate more or less satisfactorily the invisible hemisphere of the moon. Warren de la Rue, to whom we are indebted for these stereoscopic photographs of our satellite, succeeded equally in obtaining views of the planet Jupiter with an exposure of twenty-six minutes.

M. Flaye, in France, has been one of the most ardent advocates of astronomical photography. Insensibly, despite the opposition of astronomers who were first of all mathematicians, photography made a place for itself among the processes of the study. It was applied with the greatest success in observing the transit of Venus in 1874, and again in 1882. In 1877, M. Yanssen, at the Observatory of Meudon, obtained admirable photographs of the solar surface, upon which the observer seems to assist, so to speak, in the phenomena of the formation of light. These photographs of the sun are almost instantaneous, for they are taken in a half one thousandth of a second. In 1884 MM. Paul and Prosper Henry, while making maps of the stars for the atlas of the

Paris Observatory, set themselves to substituting photography for direct observation, which at the time was much more expeditious and certain. At the same time, and afterward, Messrs. Pickering in the United States, Gould in the Argentine Republic, Gill at the Cape of Good Hope, Common and Roberts in England, devoted themselves with the best success to the practice of celestial photography.

Thus gradually, insensibly, photography came to take a large part in astronomical research. This part from day to day becomes more and more important, more and more fruitful.

It is now proposed actually to photograph the entire heavens, and it was with this end in view that astronomers organized the International Congress, which met first in 1887, then in 1889, and again last April. In its recent session the Congress paid attention very largely to technical details. A score of questions were discussed, involving all-important points in the preparation of plates, the processes of taking and developing, of reproducing pictures from the stereotypes, etc., and the methods of undertaking the great photographic work, the division of the zones, and the distribution of definite sections of the heavens to various observatories and observers for their respective fields of labor.

Mague, Director of the Paris Observatory, made a statement relative to the progress made with the instrument which he invented for photographing the heavens, and he suggested the time at which he could begin experiments. Owing to political events in Chili, and troubles in which some other States are involved, it will not be possible for all to begin work at exactly the same time.

Among other things the Congress was concerned with the choice of guide-stars; that is to say, those which must constantly be held at the same point of view in order that every star may be represented upon the map by a point and not by a measurable space. But what limit should be placed upon the distance of the guide-star from the centre of the plate? After much groping about, the Congress decided to leave to each observer a certain latitude, not to exceed forty minutes. Questions of this nature, though secondary, were novel and delicate, and the divergences of opinion brought out by them were inevi-

table. Many difficulties were suggested that can be solved only by long experience; difficulties that will vary with the physical and atmospheric conditions of the various observatories. A certain liberty of action was therefore left to each observer, the Congress simply determining the end to be attained.

The Congress adjourned, after having made the best arrangements that the present state of astronomic photography allows for a work of gigantic proportions and immense difficulty. We may look forward with no little confidence to the success of this undertaking, which, according to the latest information, will begin in various parts of the world simultaneously during the present summer.

The matter in hand involves the photographing of the entire heavens, and the construction from the results of a complete map which will show the starry firmament just as it appears to the inhabitants of the earth; and this by photography alone, by which errors of observation will be wholly eliminated. We already have a map of this kind, but it is relatively imperfect and heterogeneous. For example, Argelander, in 1862, made a map of the northern hemisphere, showing all the stars up to the ninth magnitude inclusive; and this map registers 324,198 stars, all of which can be seen on the same sheet (see our *Astronomie Populaire*, p. 832). This great atlas of Argelander is one of the most important and considerable works of this century.

Skaenfeld's catalogue of the southern hemisphere gives the positions of 133,699 stars. Mr. Gould, director of the observatory at Cordoba, Argentina, published an atlas of the southern hemisphere some years ago, but it registers those stars only that are visible to the naked eye.

These efforts represent much patient labor, but they can never hope to give what may be expected from unaided photography.

In fact, instead of meridian observations by a great number of observers, all differing one from the other in the recognition of the various magnitudes of the stars, and in methods of relating their positions; instead of innumerable transcriptions, innumerable calculations and reductions, and gathering and disseminating of the information along a long period of years,—instead of this there will be undertaken

an exact photograph of the heavens, and this not only of stars up to the ninth magnitude, but those of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and even fourteenth magnitude; and these lesser magnitudes will not add difficulties further than the exposure of the sensitive plate for a longer time.

Everybody knows that stars beyond the sixth magnitude are invisible to the naked eye, and that the term "magnitude" applies simply to the apparent brilliancy of the stars, those of the first magnitude being the most brilliant, those of the second a little less brilliant, and so on, those of the sixth being the last that can be seen with the naked eye. Here is a table showing the probable number of stars of every magnitude up to the fourteenth :—

Magnitudes.	Number.
First.. .. .	20
Second.. .. .	59
Third.. .. .	182
Fourth.. .. .	530
Fifth.. .. .	1,600
Sixth.. .. .	4,800
Seventh.. .. .	13,000
Eighth.. .. .	40,000
Ninth.. .. .	120,000
Tenth.. .. .	380,000
Eleventh.. .. .	1,000,000
Twelfth.. .. .	3,000,000
Thirteenth.. .. .	9,000,000
Fourteenth.. .. .	27,000,000

The stars of the fourteenth magnitude are visible through the best astronomical instruments. It will be seen that the total of these first fourteen magnitudes exceeds 40,000,000. To try to catalogue this celestial army would be not only a superhuman task, but absolutely beyond realization; for errors would creep inevitably into such a number of observations, as well as into their reductions, their transcriptions, and their places upon a map.

Years and years would not suffice, and while the work was in progress the stars themselves would change their positions in space, for each of them is animated by its own motion more or less swift.

Now photography can effect this properly and in the simplest manner, thanks to the perfection to which the art and its methods have been brought. And do you know how long it would take to perform this gigantic task, to erect this imperishable monument of astronomy? In thirteen minutes! Following are figures showing with substantial accuracy the duration of exposure necessary to get an impression of

the stars of various magnitudes upon the new gelatine plates :—

Magnitude.	Exposure.	
	Minutes.	Seconds.
First.. .. .	0	0.005
Second.. .. .	0	0.01
Third.. .. .	0	0.03
Fourth.. .. .	0	0.1
Fifth.. .. .	0	0.2
Sixth.. .. .	0	0.5
Seventh.. .. .	0	1.3
Eighth.. .. .	0	3.0
Ninth.. .. .	0	8.0
Tenth.. .. .	0	20.0
Eleventh.. .. .	0	50.0
Twelfth.. .. .	2	00.
Thirteenth.. .. .	5	00.
Fourteenth.. .. .	13	00.

Thus five one thousandths of a second are sufficient exposure to photograph a star of the first magnitude, a half second's exposure takes a picture of the smallest stars visible to the naked eye, and thirteen minutes are needed to photograph those of the fourteenth magnitude. A plate 24 × 30 centimetres covers five astronomical degrees. If at a given moment 8000 telescopes arranged for photography should be opened all over the earth, and turned upon 8000 points of the sky, all the points being agreed upon in advance, the 8000 plates would have photographed the entire heavens and registered the 40,000,000 stars of which we spoke above. Placed side by side in their proper positions, these 8000 plates of five degrees each would represent the 41,000 astronomical degrees of which the surface of the heavens is composed.

This kind of instantaneous photography of the heavens would be ideal, but it would not be possible because, first, at any given moment night extends over less than half the globe; and, second, because the atmosphere is never perfectly clear; and, last, because these 8000 instruments would involve an immense expense, a matter which it is simpler and more practicable to reduce to a minimum. The work will probably be divided among the following observatories in proportion to the number of plates set against each :—

Observatories.	Number of Plates.
Paris.. .. .	1,260
Bordeaux.. .. .	1,260
Toulouse.. .. .	1,080
Algiers.. .. .	1,260
Greenwich.. .. .	1,149
Oxford.. .. .	1,180
Helsingfors.. .. .	1,008

Observatories.	Number of Plates.
Potsdam.....	1,232
Rome.....	1,040
Catane.....	1,008
San Fernando.....	1,260
Cachabaya.....	1,260
Santiago.....	1,260
La Plata.....	1,360
Rio Janeiro.....	1,376
Cape of Good Hope.....	1,512
Sydney.....	1,400
Melbourne.....	1,149

There will be about 22,000 plates of two degrees each, arranged so that their borders shall overlap each other sufficiently to register all the stars without fail and thus in time cover the whole heavens. The work will probably be completed in five or six years.

Thus nineteenth century science will bequeath to posterity an invaluable and imperishable statement as to the sidereal heavens which in future centuries will serve as a certain basis for the solution of the great problem of the constitution of the universe.

The human eye certainly is an instrument admirably adapted to its purpose. How transparent is this living crystal, how delightful are its hues, what depth it has ! what beauty ! It is life, passion, light ! Close the eyes, and how much of the world remains ?

And yet the lens of a photographer's camera is a new eye that gives the finishing touch to ours, that surpasses it, that is more marvellous still.

This giant eye is endowed with four important advantages as compared with our eye : it sees more quickly, further, longer, and, inestimable faculty—it fixes, prints, preserves what it sees.

It sees more quickly : in the half thousandth part of a second it photographs the sun, its spots, its whirlwinds, its flames, its mountains of fire, in an imperishable document. .

It sees further : turned at darkest night toward any part of the heavens whatever, it discovers, in the atoms of the Infinite, stars, worlds, universes, creations that our eye could never see by any possibility, no matter how powerful a telescope were brought to bear.

It sees for a longer time : what we cannot contrive to see after several seconds of attention, we can never see. This new eye needs but to look sufficiently long ; at the end of a half hour it will distinguish

what it did not see before ; at the end of an hour it will see better still, and the longer it remains directed toward the unknown, the more completely will the eye possess it, without fatigue and always better.

And it preserves upon its retinal plate all that it has seen. Our eye retains images but an instant. Suppose, for example, that you kill a man at the moment when, quietly seated in his chair, he has his eyes open and directed toward a bright window. (There is nothing improbable in the supposition upon a planet where all the citizens are soldiers and kill each other in all manner of ways at the rate of 1100 daily.) Then suppose that you tear out his eyes (I should have said that the hypothesis involves dealing with an enemy), and that you immerse them in a solution of alum ; these eyes will then retain the image of the window with its transverse bars and its light spaces. But in a normal state of things our eyes do not retain images—there would be too many of them, besides. The giant eye of which we speak holds fast everything it sees. Its only need is a change of the retina.

Yes, the artificial retina sees more quickly and better. And, by virtue of a property wholly lacking in the human eye, it penetrates abysses where we do not and never could see anything. This is, perhaps, its most astonishing faculty.

Place the eye, for example, at the eyepiece of a telescope whose object-glass measures thirty centimetres in diameter ; such an instrument is the best for practical observations.

With this glass of thirty centimetres diameter and three and a half metres in length, we may discover stars to the fourteenth magnitude, that is to say, about 40,000,000 stars of all kinds.

Now replace our eye by the photographic retina. Instantly the most brilliant stars beat upon the plate and mark their likenesses there. Five one thousandths of a second suffice for a star of the first magnitude, one hundredth for those of the second, three one hundredths for those of the third, and so on, according to the proportions expressed above.

In less than one second the photographic eye has seen all that we could perceive with the naked eye.

But this is as nothing. Stars visible only through the telescope also come within the range of the photographic eye.

beat upon the plate and thereon inscribe their images. Those of the seventh magnitude take a second and a third to make their impressions on the plate, those of the eighth need three seconds, those of the ninth eight seconds, those of the eleventh fifty seconds, those of the twelfth require two minutes, those of the thirteenth five minutes, and finally, those of the fourteenth thirteen minutes.

If we have left our plate exposed for a quarter of an hour we shall find photographed upon it all the region of the sky toward which the telescope was directed, all that this region contains, all that we could have contrived to discover with infinite difficulty by a series of very arduous and long-continued observations.

But we have merely entered upon the marvellous.

Let the photographic eye continue to observe in place of the human eye ; it will penetrate the unknown. Stars invisible to us become visible to it. After an exposure of thirty-three minutes stars of the fifteenth magnitude will have finished their task of impressing the chemical retina and placing there their images.

The same instrument which to the human eye reveals stars of the fourteenth magnitude and which would register about 40,000,000 stars in the entire heavens, discloses to the photographic eye 120,000,000, including only those of the fifteenth magnitude. It could reach forth to the sixteenth and throw before the dazzled admiration of the observer a luminous maze of 400,000,000 stars.

Never before in all the history of mankind have we had in hand the power to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of the Infinite. Photography with its recent improvements takes a clear picture of every star, no matter what its distance, and sets it down in a document that can be studied at leisure. Who knows if some day in the photographic views of Venus or Mars some new method of analysis may not discover to us their inhabitants ? And its power stretches forth to the Infinite. Behold a star of the fifteenth or sixteenth, even seventeenth magnitude, a sun like our own, separated from us by so great a distance that its light requires thousands, perhaps millions of years to reach us, notwithstanding its unheard-of velocity of 300,000 kilometres a second ; and this

sun lies at such a depth that its light, so to speak, reaches us no longer. The natural eye of man never would have seen it, and the human mind never would have guessed its existence but for the implements of this modern art. And yet this feeble light, come from so far, is sufficient to make an impression upon a chemical plate which will preserve its picture unalterably.

And this star might be of the eighteenth or the nineteenth magnitude, and beyond, so little that the human eye could never see it, even aided by the most powerful telescopic appliances (for there will always be stars beyond our range of vision) ; and yet it will come and hurl its slight ethereal arrows on the chemical plate set up to await and receive them.

Yes, its light will have travelled during millions of years. When it started the earth did not exist, the real earth with its humanity ; there was not a single thinking creature on our planet ; the genesis of our world was in the process of development ; perhaps only in the primordial seas that enveloped the globe before the uprising of the first continents, before the primitive, elementary organisms formed themselves upon the bosom of the waters, preparing slowly the evolutions of future ages. This photographic plate takes us back to the past history of the universe. During the ethereal flight of this ray which comes to-day to beat upon the plate, all the history of the earth has been accomplished, and in this history that of humankind is but a single wave, an instant. And during this time the history of the distant sun which photographs itself to-day has been accomplished also ; perhaps it became extinct long since, perhaps it is actually out of existence.

Thus this new eye which transports us across the Infinite enables us at the same time to trace the periods of past eternity.

Yes, many of these far-away suns that we are taking such pains to photograph no longer exist. The end of the world has come to them as it will come to us ; and the luminous couriers that they sent us before dying travel forever.

Astronomy plunges us into the insoluble mystery of the Infinite and of Eternity, and therein lies its grandeur.—*New Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Volume VII. *Motto Hunt to Perseus.* William & Robert Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The seventh volume of Chambers's Cyclopædia, in its revised form, presents all the evidences of thoroughness and excellence which distinguish its predecessors. The compactness, accuracy of treatment, and celebrity of the names which guarantee the authority of the articles are all that could be desired. The articles on the more important American topics, including the States and cities of the United States, are copyrighted in this country, and have been specially prepared for the Lippincott Edition, thus giving an increased value to the American issue. Among the articles of noticeable importance as to names and authorship are "Maestas," by Thomas Hughes; "Mecca Medina," by Stanley Lane Poole; "Mediteranean," by Dr. John Murray; "Milton," by Richard Garnett, LL.D.; "Mississippi Missouri," by Professor J. P. Lockhart; "Mohammed," by Gen. Stanhope and Hon. John Lubbock; "Muller," by George Buchanan; "Money," by Professor J. H. Roemer; "Mondragon," by Professor James Gable; "Mythology," by Rev. M. Hastings Gould; "Munich," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "National Debt," by Professor J. M. Nicholson; "John Henry Newman," by Richard Holt Hutton; "Nicholas," by Prince Peter Kropotkin; "Painting," by F. G. Hamerton; "Palæontology," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Palæontology," by Professor James Gable; "Palæontology," by Walter Besant and Professor Hull; "Parliament," by Thomas Raleigh; and "St. Paul," by Rev. Archdeacon Farrar. It is noticeable that the articles on "Orchard," "Peach," and "Pear" are prepared by the distinguished novelist, R. D. Blackmore, who, it is rumored, is far more proud of the luscious fruit which he raises in his country home than of the great books which he has contributed to English fiction. The volume is fully worthy of the character which stamps this revised edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia as among the leading works of its kind in the world.

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Studies," "The

Aztec Treasure House," "The Mexican Guide," New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Janvier has made himself an *avoué* name among the short story-writers, specially in his studies of life among our Spanish-American neighbors. These contributions, originally made to magazines and now brought together in book form, are evidently written from the results of careful observation of life, customs, and types in the very different world which lies across the border of the Rio Grande. Even the casual traveller at once sees the change. This difference is accentuated with the finest art and discrimination by our author, who also brings to his work a literary skill which raises him well up to the front among our minor writers of fiction. Among the stories of special strength are "San Antonio of the Gardens," the opening story; "Sinima," "The Flower of Death," "La Mina De Los Padres," and "St. Mary of the Angels." Mr. Janvier has a keen sense of the peculiarities which distinguish Spanish womankind from that of the more northerly races, and he emphasizes and strengthens his situations and the differentiation of character on nearly all occasions by bringing in the Anglo-Saxon lover to furnish a keener spice to the value of the story.

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Professor Roberts has brought to his work something more than the dry ambition of the gazetteer and Grad-Grind compiler. To a very adequate knowledge of Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces, which are far too little known to the American tourist, he adds something of enthusiasm over the history and

legends of his country and a keen sense of literature and its association with people and events. The tourist who consults this handy guide-book will get something more than suggestions as to routes, hotels, population, industries, etc. Every page is pleasant reading, and all the arts of the scholar and littérateur are brought to bear on the matter in hand. It has this advantage over the older guide-books which have been revised year after year, that it is fresh, and can afford to give ample space to the casual things that lend charms to travel. The book is planned after the method of Baedeker, like the other Appleton Guide-Books, the most scientific and convenient yet devised. It is to be hoped that this excellent guide will be followed by another on Western Canada, that wonderful region opened up by the Canada Pacific Railway, the scenic beauties and future possibilities of which excite the admiration of all those who have paid any attention to the subject.

A ROMANCE OF THE MOORS. By Mona Caird. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This novelette, we believe, is the first issue in the United States under the provisions of the International Copyright Law, but it is not the only or the chief reason why it is worth notice. Mrs. Caird has made herself somewhat prominent as an agitator and reformer in respect of the marriage question. Her advocacy of such legal modifications of marriage as will tend to relieve her sex of at least the most stringent pressure of ill-assorted unions; her radical views on the subject of divorce, and her insistence that marriage should not be binding except when a genuine love and harmony exist between husband and wife, have subjected this lady to numerous criticisms. We may naturally expect, then, that any novel emanating from her pen will touch, if only indirectly, this burning question. "A Romance of the Moors" does not relate to infelicitous marriage contracted, but it takes up the stress and conflict in the hearts of three people, two women and one man, as to the rights of love and the obligations leading to marriage. The story is very simple, a mere syl, but it is a well-told story, told with much vigor and clearness of purpose. Dick Courtenay, the son of a well-to-do Yorkshire farmer, is young and

the sturdy breed whence he comes; and though he smacks of the soil in his passion for the scenes where his youth has passed, his heart burns with the fire and imagination of a poet, which have been fed by some years spent at a Scotch university. The young man, however, does not fully interpret the utterances of the inner voice till he meets Margaret Ellwood, a young widow, who is down on the moors sketching. Previous to this time he had obeyed the first flush of fancy by entering into a tacit engagement with a young girl connected by marriage with his family. With Bessie, however, it is the passionate outpouring of her whole simple nature. When Dick and Mrs. Ellwood come together, the man at once gives his soul into the keeping of a strong great nature in full sympathy with all his aspirations; she, the victim of an unworthy first marriage, finds in this fresh, true-hearted and gifted son of the moors a true mate. The problem presented is this: Dick and Margaret recognize in each other the certainty of the highest marriage relation. Yet Dick has given the innocent country lass the right to love him and to marry him according to the ordinary conventions of worldly honor. The matter, as between the three, is discussed with much pertinence and freshness of suggestion. Bessie gives up Dick, and insists that Margaret shall marry him. She answers:

"What! after you have set me such an example! Not for worlds! We must not be prison our eagle before he has even spread his wings."

"But he will not fly always," said Bessie, practically. "When he comes back?"

"We can both be ready for him with open eyes, nicely painted, elegant eyes, with every comfort for a elegant eyes (disposal) for a quiet life. And then he can enter which he likes or neither." With this inconsequent conclusion the romance ends, and we are left to suppose that Dick goes up to London to pursue literature, and the two women sit together, divided by each other and by him, each ready with the "open eyes." This is a pleasant arrangement for the busy time, but we fancy that Margaret's eyes would be busy with the "open eyes" of a different kind. The story is very simple, a mere syl, but it is a well-told story, told with much vigor and clearness of purpose. Dick Courtenay, the son of a well-to-do Yorkshire farmer, is young and

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buckshot in their faces at 20 yards. When my twelve rounds were fired and the Goorkhas also doing considerable damage, we rushed the wall and I dropped one through the head with my revolver and hit some more as they bolted. When we cleared them out we returned to the fort along the ditch, having had the hottest three minutes on record, and only got the Goorkha havildar shot through the hand and some of our clothes shot through; we had killed at least ten. Next day I visited the corner and found blood, thirty Snider and fifteen Martini cartridges, and one 4-inch long Express cartridge, .500, which accounted for the unaccountable sounds I had heard. Next day I heard I had killed the 'Bhudda' (old) Senaputty, or the Commander-in-Chief of the old Maharaj, father of the present lot of scoundrels, and also two generals, but that is not yet confirmed. Well, as I said, we bolted back into the fort, and I had thirty minutes' leisure to go all round my fort, and found I had only fifty rounds per man—enough for one hour's hard fighting, and only twenty-five for Martinis; so I ordered all the men to lie down behind the walls, and one man in six kept half an hour's watch on their movements. The men had orders not to fire a shot till the enemy were half way across the open adjoining compounds, but the enemy declined to cross the open, and the men did not fire a shot all day. I picked off a few who showed their heads from the east corner, where I spent the rest of the day, the men smoking and chatting, and at last took no notice of the bullets cutting the trees a foot or six inches over their heads. Thus the day passed, the enemy retiring at dark, and we counted our loss—two men and one follower wounded, one by shell, one pony killed, two wounded, two elephants wounded, one severely, and my breakfast spoiled by a shell, which did not frighten my boy, who brought me the head of the shrapnel which did the mischief—I will send it home to be made into an inkpot with inscription—and half my house knocked down."

IN STRANGE COMPANY.—A contributor to the *Paris Figaro* tells a wonderful story of his having visited a little town in England during race week, and finding every inn and lodging-house in the place so full of visitors that his only resource seemed to be to pass the night *à la belle étoile*. As a last chance, however, he addressed himself to a policeman, who made a sign to him to follow, and conducted

him to a house of sinister appearance down a narrow court, where doubtful characters could be seen passing and repassing in the dusk. An old hag, crooning over a fire, got up at their entrance, and with a smoky lamp lighted them upstairs into a big square room, in which a dozen dark forms were stretched upon the floor. Suddenly the new-comer caught sight of the shining barrel of a revolver that lay handy near one of the sleepers, and instinctively he made toward the door. But his conductors and the lamp had disappeared. He laid himself down in his clothes upon a mattress, with his hand in the pocket that contained his *portemonnaie*, but naturally enough could not sleep a wink, for fear of his bed-fellow jumping up and demanding his money or his life. He listened now and then, as one or the other stirred, but they were fast asleep. At break of day the tall figures rose up and began to chat with one another, and then the nervous stranger found out that he had been passing the night surrounded by policemen.

END-OF-THE-CENTURY MANNERS.—Australians may consider themselves happy that, either because of the remoteness of their colonies or of their thoroughly practical trend of mind, they have not been worried with the irritating phrase *fin de siècle*, which appears to be the latest "gag" that has become fashionable in the *dilettante* circles of Paris and London. So far as we can judge from the many ways in which the phrase is used in newspapers and magazine articles, it is the most recent expression for indifference. Accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, it puts an end to all argument, and is supposed to explain everything that appears to old-fashioned folks to be novel or bizarre. If a young lady smokes cigarettes and talks slang, it is only an instance of end-of-the-century manners. Should some quiet and worthy people be afflicted with a mild but general disbelief in the teachings of religion, or should they have a vague longing for the faith of Islam, or the ill-understood doctrines of Buddha, then this is explained away as a characteristic of the closing years of the period. Does a writer take a pessimistic view of politics? Then everything that he dreads is put down to some mysterious spirit of turmoil, which is supposed to be natural to the close of the present age of civilization. And if a man wants simply to eat and drink and enjoy himself without paying any regard to his duties as a citi-

man, he justifies himself with the reflection that the end of the century may bring great changes. The phrase, however, after a short popularity will soon be forgotten. The notion that civilization gets worn out at the end of a century, and that violent and sweeping changes are to be made, is only a simple method of avoiding thought. The divisions of time are only arbitrary, and the end of a century has just as much or as little as the end of a year or a month or is with the two great forces that govern all organic life from the most complicated to the simplest protoplasmic forms—the force of conservation and growth and the force which produces deterioration and decay.—*Natural History*.

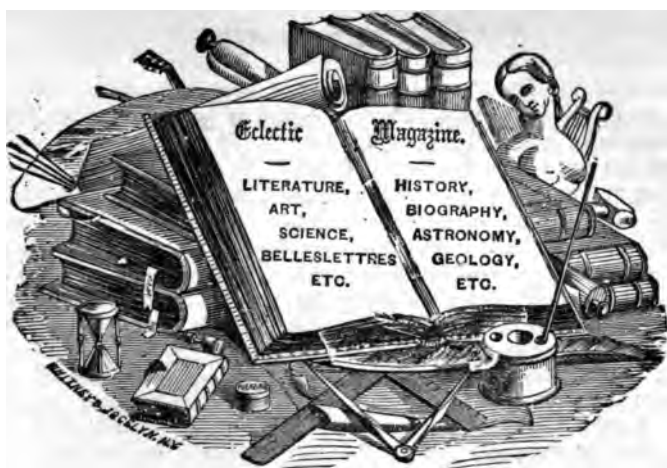
THE SEVENTH SON.—In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a *septuagén*. In Orleans during the present century the following was written concerning the *septuagén*:

It is said that the seventh son of his father, without any magical intervention, is a warrior. He has in some part of his body the mark of a lion's paw, and has the lungs of Hercules. He has the power of turning the king's will. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the wound should breathe upon the part affected, so that the sufferer should walk the waters of the Jordan. If the king is one of the *septuagén*, he is known as the best known and the most celebrated. Every year from twenty to thirty leagues around Paris a patient come to visit him. But it is a pity that every week that his power is more efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise the king is absent. A lesser expedition ordered by the king was sent across a Portugal. It was believed that the *septuagén* being was the seventh male in direct succession in the power of the Prince of Darkness, by whom he is employed. On every Sunday even to the minute the *septuagén* is at sea. In the past and accompanied by a band of boys he is employed to save a few more and through which with the light of the Sabbath leaves, even to may realize the human form of an other world.

THE HORSEMASTER.—The last horse master's story in the world. There is no other as interesting as his own. He is a man who is a man in his own sense. Unprejudiced persons will surely know whether to agree or disagree with the condition prescribing that *horsemasters* will be regarded as the qualifying the driver employing them from

receiving the benefits resulting from the show. On the one hand it may be said that this is a wide sweeping measure; on the other it may be urged that no draught horse has any business with a bearing-rein. What is now universally known as the bearing-rein question crops up for discussion with the regularity of quarter day, or the visits of "the gas" and "the water rates," while it often precedes or follows a newspaper war on the subject of bills and closing. Both of these questions have lately been discussed in the public prints, but we are "no formalist." As to this, some swear by studies. Others who like to fancy that they are gifted with superlatively good "hands," affirm the use of the most powerful instruments the leather can supply. Between these two extremes every sort of bill is recommended as a perfect cure for headstrong and pulling horses. The correspondence usually ceases when it begins. Not a single word is said on one side or the other; while we all know the value of the conversation when a man is provoked against his will. Those who write so glibly in the proper binding of horses are infrequently aware of one of the conditions that a good *hand* runs upon a man's physical strength. A good *hand* runs upon his hands and strength of arm, and something upon the country in which he rides. In theory at least, there should be no gallop under no riding or driving—no show the *hand* and the, which governs the most perfect gallop that ever looked through a bridle. This man horse-owners have but a very imperfect knowledge of the science of driving's science, and it may be said that their science is no better. If either master or servant knew more about the bearing-rein, they would not be in such universal need as at present. It was the Duke of Portland who started the last discussion upon bearing-reins. It was his letter to a newspaper in which order he expressed a hope that horse-owners would not submit their horses to the torture of having to stand tighter horse up when walking at the heads of a private house. It was, with other matters, a little practice is given under theory, and if the Duke or Master of the Horse, sensitive bearing-reins on his own horses, and if it lies in his power, on the horses of Norfolk, he might confidently reason upon a very large following: for fashion runs supreme, and where the Queen and her Master of the Horse led, schools of others would be sure to follow.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. LIV., No. 3. }

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.. }

[SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

BY J. G. COLMER.

A VERY significant illustration of the growing esteem in which the colonies are held has been afforded by the recent illness and death of Sir John Macdonald. Not only has his loss been lamented from one end of the Dominion to the other, as the greatest calamity that has fallen upon the country in recent years, but there has been a widespread feeling in the United Kingdom that one of our leading Imperial statesmen has passed away; one whose guiding star was loyalty to the British connection, a sentiment that is shared by Canadians generally, and whose endeavor has been, throughout his long and interesting career, to make Canada, as he once himself expressed it, "the right arm of England and a powerful auxiliary to the Empire." This feeling found expression in the memorial service recently held in Westminster Abbey, when the venerable building was crowded by a large congregation.

anxious to show sympathy with their Canadian fellow-subjects, and, at the same time, to pay their tribute of respect to the statesman who did so much to develop the country with which he was personally connected, and to promote the closer union of the different parts of the Empire. A study of the career of Sir John Macdonald is interesting from many points of view, but first and foremost it cannot fail to impress most people with the advantages a colonial life has offered in the past, and still offers to a more limited extent, to young men of capacity. In this connection, the case of the late Premier is only one of many instances that might be given. Born without many social advantages, he was able by his intelligence, ability, and energy to progress step by step in political life, until he obtained the highest position that was open to him, and became the "Uncrowned King" of the Dominion.

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The early days of the late Premier may be passed over without much notice. Those who remember him at that time describe him as having, to use the words of one of his biographers, "a very intelligent and pleasing face, strange funny-looking hair, dressed in a dark mass, and a striking nose." He accompanied his parents to Canada in 1811, having been born six years previously in Glasgow. From an early age he was destined, it is said, for the legal profession, his father having formed the idea that the growing province of Upper Canada would offer great scope for professional men. At school, though he showed no special aptitude for studies, he yet acquired a knowledge not up to the average, but it was in mathematics that he displayed most talent and sagacity and ability. He was the scholar of the grammar school at Kingston. When about fifteen years of age he entered a local law office, and after six years of study was called to the Bar. Before he was quite twenty-one, and he afterward used to tell how he persuaded his father that he was of full age, although he was some months short of it. The next day was to start a law office on his own account, and as he was most attentive to his business, and, moreover, very diligent in any work he undertook, besides being very popular in the city and its neighbourhood, he soon acquired the leading position of the place, and his reputation was much increased by his efforts in the defence, although unsuccessful, of Sir Samuel Smith in 1835, headed an expedition into Canada from the United States. Later on he was joined in his business by Mr. John S. Alexander Campbell, who has occupied many positions in various Governments of Canada, and is at the present time the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and subsequently Mr. Charles Noyes, who is to-day the Premier of Ontario, entered the office. The success of the three young men in practice has caused the office to be described as the "nest of snakes."

From the law office to the Legislature, the career of his peers and growing reputation was a natural transition in those days. Mr. Macdonald first became a member in 1836, and it may safely be said that in the thirty-seven years that have elapsed since that event, no man has played a more prominent part in Canadian affairs. In-

deed, any adequate account of his career—and it is to be hoped that one will, in course of time, be written—would necessarily be the history of Old Canada up to 1867, and of the Dominion since that year. When the late Premier first entered political life, the new state of things brought about by the Union Act of 1840 were only getting into working order, but already the germs of the difficulties, which subsequently resulted in the "deadlock" of which the formation of the Dominion was the outcome, had begun to appear. The young member at once took a prominent position in his party, and in three years became a member of the administration. The period that passed between that time and the initiation of the discussions which led up to Confederation were of rather a barren character, although not without occasional excitement. The population of Upper Canada was increasing in a greater ratio than that of Lower Canada, but under the Constitution the representation of the two provinces in the House of Assembly remained the same. The French Canadians would not concur in the proposal that the number of members from Upper Canada should be increased; and there seemed to be no way out of the awkward situation that was created, under which progress and development were impossible. In the sixties, however, the question of the union of the maritime provinces was being advocated by Dr. Tupper (now Sir Charles Tupper) as a measure of defence in view of the then approaching termination of the Treaty of Friendship with the United States. Canada asked to be allowed to join in the discussions that were taking place, and it was in connection with this movement, which eventually led up to Confederation, that Mr. Macdonald assumed the commanding position which made his name famous. The scene of affairs at that time in Canada cannot better be described than in his own words at Halifax in 1864, after the return of the delegates from the Charlottetown Conference. He said—"For twenty long years I have been dragging myself through the dreary waste of Canadian politics. I thought there was no end, nothing worthy of ambition, but now I see something that is well worth the sufferings in the cause of my poor country. This question has now assumed a position that demands and commands the attention of all colonial

"He was a determined ruler; yet so great was his tact, and so thorough was the confidence in his wisdom and skill, that he appeared only to guide when as a matter of fact he commanded. Few men of the day either here or in other countries have received or could well ask the homage and obedience which the Conservative party in Canada has willingly yielded its great leader." The position of Premier in any democratic country, and especially in Canada, is not a bed of roses. Not only political but religious questions have to be considered; and apart from many other difficulties connected with finance and patronage, it is quite possible for the provincial governments to be controlled by the party opposed to that in power in the Dominion Parliament, which is the case in almost every province at the present time. In addition, the relations of the Dominion with the great republic to the south naturally require watchful care and attention, as will be readily understood by the student of Canadian history during the last few years. If any one deserved to be called an old parliamentary hand it was Sir John Macdonald. Canadian parties consist, as already mentioned, of representatives from every province, French and English Canadians, Orangemen and Catholics, as well as Anglicans and Dissenters, Prohibition men and non-Prohibition men—yet Sir John, although often brought face to face with differences that seemed likely to lead to difficulties, was able by the magnetism of his personality, by his popularity, and his wonderful tact, to overcome them, and keep his party together. As a speaker he was fluent, forcible, and effective, without being an orator, but he could retain the attention of an audience in a way that more brilliant speakers might envy. He had the faculty of discerning rapidly the weak points in an opponent's armor, which with his vein of humor and facility for turning things into ridicule, gave him unusual power as a debater. When the occasion demanded he could, however, be both argumentative and powerful, and would stand to his guns in the most determined manner, which is the best answer to those who have said that he was always ready to yield with a view to retaining place and power. No better illustration of his firmness could be afforded than the agitation that occurred in connection with the trial and sentence of Riel

in 1885. His speeches on the Washington Treaty of 1871, and on what is known as the Pacific scandal, were masterpieces of their kind. It has been said of him that "although he has dealt hard thrusts to opponents he has put no poison upon his blade, and some of those who have not been able to agree with the popular policy of the late Premier, and have given him thrusts which have generally been repaid with interest, are among his warmest personal friends." In his earlier days he was apt to be scornful and contemptuous in dealing with his opponents, but this was not noticeable to any extent in the later years of his life. In 1850 he introduced a Bill relating to the medical profession which met with considerable opposition, and led him to make the following remarks:—"Mr. Speaker, if the Solicitor-General is to be logical and consistent, after he has opposed my Bill, in view of what it aims to do—and its scope and aims are not denied—he ought to introduce a Bill to legalize murder." The last speech he made in Parliament, the day before he was struck down with his fatal illness, was in reply to a criticism of the part taken by the High Commissioner in the recent elections; and in response to the question as to who requested Sir Charles Tupper to go out, Sir John said that the High Commissioner had come out at his special request, in order that the party might have the benefit of his skill, wisdom, and eloquence, and that in consequence of his speech at Kingston (the Premier's own constituency), his majority had been increased from seventeen to five hundred. On the stump he was a great success. His speeches on those occasions were a mixture of sound common sense and humorous banter; he was always on the best possible terms with his hearers, and his visits were remembered in the localities long afterward.

To form any idea of the magnitude of the work with which Sir John's life has been identified, it is necessary to know something of the condition of Canada fifty years ago as well as its condition to-day. British North America was then divided into four separate colonies—Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, all as separate and distinct from each other as Canada and Australia are now. They had hostile tariffs, there was no united action,

the neighborhood of Earnscliff, and the whistles of the steamers on the Ottawa River, were silenced so that they might not disturb the sufferer; and the crowd, which was not allowed to approach near the house, but which was always waiting within reach to hear the latest news, spoke only in whispers. The daily messages of inquiry sent by the Queen gave much gratification in Canada, and afforded further proof, although none was wanting, of the great interest which her Majesty always shows in anything that affects her subjects in the colonies. It is worthy of notice that the last communication he dictated was one to the Princess Louise, a week before the end, in answer to a tele-

graphic inquiry, stating that he was "quite out of danger." The legacy which he has left to his successors, in the position of Canada to-day, with a past of progress and a future of great potentialities, is a more enduring monument than any which could be erected in his honor. No better epitaph could be inscribed on the tomb of the late Premier than his own words in the House of Commons in 1873: "There does not exist in Canada a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada."—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE WILD WOMEN.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

No. I.

AS POLITICIANS.

ALL women are not always lovely, and the wild women never are. As political firebrands and moral insurgents they are specially distasteful, warring as they do against the best traditions, the holiest functions, and the sweetest qualities of their sex. Like certain "sports" which develop hybrid characteristics, these insurgent wild women are in a sense unnatural. They have not "bred true"—not according to the general lines on which the normal woman is constructed. There is in them a curious inversion of sex, which does not necessarily appear in the body, but is evident enough in the mind. Quite as disagreeable as the bearded chin, the bass voice, flat chest, and lean hips of a woman who has physically failed in her rightful development, the unfeminine ways and works of the wild women of politics and morals are even worse for the world in which they live. Their disdain is for the duties and limitations imposed on them by nature, their desire as impossible as that of the moth for the star. Marriage, in its old-fashioned aspect as the union of two lives, they repudiate as a one-sided tyranny; and maternity, for which, after all, women primarily exist, they regard as degradation. Their idea of freedom is their own preponderance, so that they

shall do all they wish to do without let or hinderance from outside regulations or the restraints of self-discipline; their idea of morality, that men shall do nothing they choose to disallow. Their grand aim is to directly influence imperial politics, while they, and those men who uphold them, desire to shake off their own peculiar responsibilities.

Such as they are, they attract more attention than perhaps they deserve, for we believe that the great bulk of Englishwomen are absolutely sound at heart, and in no wise tainted with this pernicious craze. Yet, as young people are apt to be caught by declamation, and as false principles know how to present themselves in specious paraphrases, it is not waste of time to treat the preposterous claims put forth by the wild women as if they were really serious—as if this little knot of noisy Mænads did really threaten the stability of society and the well-being of the race.

Be it pleasant or unpleasant, it is none the less an absolute truth—the *raison d'être* of a woman is maternity. For this and this alone nature has differentiated her from man, and built her up cell by cell and organ by organ. The continuance of the race in healthy reproduction, together with the fit nourishment and care of the young after birth, is the ultimate end of woman as such; and whatever tells

against these functions, and reduces either her power or her perfectness, is an offence against nature and a wrong done to society. If she chooses to decline her natural office altogether, and to dedicate to other services a life which has no sympathy with the sex of humanity, that comes into her lawful list of preferences and discords. But neither then nor while she is one with the rest, a wife and mother like others, is she free to transgress her assigned functions: nor to teach the young to transgress them: nor yet to set about such undertakings as shall militate against the healthy performance of her first great natural duty and her first great social obligation.

The reader has across the door of the young woman and has the way to the secret. There are numerous touching more disastrous to a woman at any stage of maturity, attendant on abandonment, than the heated passions and turmoil of a political contest. For we may put out of our minds the fact—that the vote of a woman is not to be confined to widows and spinners only, that abandoned women will defend themselves with the sword and not seek after more office, and that they will bring into the world of politics the passions and lights handed for them by their sufferings, and not, as the majority will think, the sinister enlightenment of the man's deeper passions. Nor must we forget that the franchise for women would not simply allow a few well-educated, well-situated, self-respecting gentlemen to quietly sever their connection with liberalism or conservatism, but would set in the the outer world of the intellects, the unrestrained, the rational and the woman—those who know nothing and imagine all—those whose presence and participation in all public questions would already excite men. We have no right to suppose that human nature is to be changed by our words, and that the influence of words is to become a law, after having without moving us used it so. What has been said is said, in the name of the women, who hang behind, but the woman woman is the law, she will be a woman, whether in a woman's position, and to what extent she may be a woman, and whether she is a woman, and whether she is a woman.

We have to ask, what, in the

they may fall into the dust of disappointment, and the flower of poetic fancy may wither away into the dry grass of disillusion. Nevertheless the race goes on cherishing its ideals, without which, indeed, life would become too hard and sordid for us all. And one of these ideals in all Western countries is the home. Home means peace. It means, too, love. Perhaps the two are synonymous. In the normal division of labor the man has the outside work to do, from governing the country to tilling the soil: the woman takes the inside, managing the family and rearing the society. The more highly civilized a community is the more completely differentiated are these two functions. In the lower stages of society the women work in the fields with the men: but as yet we have not had handsome young lady soldiers in the army, nor stout gentlemen mounted with the week's wash and Martineau's demands for York's heads and house-furnishings.

Part of this ideal of home is the rest it gives the man when he returns to it after a hard day's work in the world—a hard day's struggle in the arena. Here his thoughts find rest, a kinder climate, his affections have their full outlet, and to his wife and children he brings a more happiness as he returns. The darker passions which the business of life arouse are stilled, and the sweeter influences of the family, the calmer pleasures of the mother, the pleasures of art and society remain. We are speaking of the ideal, in which we all in some sort agree, and in which we believe—for others if not for ourselves. When we have come to think of it as mere womanhood we have achieved our own virtuous death: when we have acted and expressed as if it were womanhood we have lessened our national regeneration.

But where will be the peace of home when women, like men, plunge into the roughest sea of active political life? There is a distinction enough and to spare even in women's marriage. We need not ask to them. More especially we need to ask of them to introducing a new and quite unnecessary verge into British marriage, a whole night's married nerves and night's married nerves with complexity of various interests have already destroyed the one purpose of marriage. Imagine the home of which a weary man of business, who is weary politician to boot, will

return when his wife has promised her vote to the other side, and the house is divided against itself in very truth. Not all husbands and wives wear the same badge, and we all know miserable cases where the wife has gone directly and publicly counter to the husband. If these things are done in the green tree of restricted political action, what would happen in the dry of active political power? Women are both more extreme and more impressible than men, and the spirit which made weak girls into heroines and martyrs, honest women into the yelling *tricoteuses* of those blood-stained saturnalia of '92, still exist in the sex; and among ourselves as elsewhere.

The dissension that the exercise of this political right would bring into the home is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise. Those who refuse to see this are of the race of the wilfully blind, or of that smaller sect of enthusiasts who believe in a problematical better rather than an established good. It is also part and parcel of the temper which desires looseness of family ties and extreme facility for divorce.

Of the wild women who make this disordering propaganda many are still Christians in some form or another—some believing that Christ was the actual living God Incarnate, others that He was a messenger from God, divinely inspired and directly appointed to teach men the way of holy living. And of His (the Master's) utterances none is more emphatic than this on marriage: "He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." Of His doctrine, nothing is more strenuously insisted on than the sweet and patient self-control which in non-essentials we call courtesy and in higher matters humility, patience, unselfishness, love. How do the women who still call themselves Christians reconcile the two positions? How can they in one breath exalt the character and the mission of Christ, and in the next deride the essential meaning of His teaching? The frank agnostic may prefer to begin from the beginning, and to examine the whole structure of society as a simple matter of evolution and experience; but these wild women are not all frank agnostics; they are rather of that curious family which

thinks to hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds, changing sides according to fancy and the exigencies of the moment. But the demand for these political rights, which would prove true dragons' teeth granted, is, of all modern things, the most anti-Christian that can be named—the most destructive of home peace and conjugal union, of family solidarity and personal love.

In this last word lies the core and kernel of the whole question. This clamor for political rights is woman's confession of sexual enmity. Gloss over it as we may, it comes to this in the end. No woman who loves her husband would wish to usurp his province. It is only those whose instincts are inverted, or whose anti-sexual vanity is insatiable, who would take the political reins from the strong hands which have always held them to give them to others—weaker, less capable, and wholly unaccustomed. To women who love, their "desire is to their husbands;" and the feeling remains as an echo in the soul when even the master voice is silent. Among our most renowned women are some who say with their whole heart, "I would rather have been the wife of a great man, or the mother of a hero, than what I am—famous in my own person." A woman's own fame is barren. It begins and ends with herself. Reflected from her husband or her son, it has in it the glory of immortality—of continuance. Sex is in circumstance as well as in body and in mind. We date from our fathers, not our mothers; and the shield they won by valor counts to us still for honor. But the miserable little mannikin who creeps to obscurity, overshadowed by his wife's glory, is as pitiful in history as contemptible in fact. "The husband of his wife" is no title to honor; and the best and dearest of our famous women take care that this shall not be said of them and theirs. The wild women, on the contrary, burke their husbands altogether; and even when they are not widows act as if they were.

The young who are wavering between the rampant individualism taught by the insurgent sect and the sweeter, dearer, tenderer emotions of the true woman would do well to ponder on this position. They cannot be on both sides at once. Politics or peace, the platform or the home, individualism or love, moral sterility or the

history where failure in chastity did not include moral degradation nor unpatriotic self-consideration; and Joan of Arc is still a symbol for all to reverence. But of the crowd of queens and mistresses and *grandes dames* who held the strings and made kings and statesmen dance as they listed, there is scarcely one whose work was beneficent. Even Madame Roland did more harm than good when she undertook the manipulation of forces too strong for her control, too vast for her comprehension. Had there been less of the feminine element in those cataclysmic days perhaps things would not have reached the extremes they did. Had Louis had Marie Antoinette's energy, and Marie Antoinette Louis's supineness, the whole story of the Reign of Terror, Marat, Charlotte Corday, and Napoleon might never have been written.

By the very nature of things, by the inherent qualities of their sex—its virtues, defects, necessities—women are at once tyrannical and individual. In America, when they get the upper hand, they wreck the grog-shops and forbid the sale of all liquor whatever. And these women who thus destroy a man's property and ruin his fortunes in their zeal for sobriety may saturate themselves with tea, ether, or chloral, to the destruction of their health and nerves. They may resort to all sorts of perilous experiments to prevent unwelcome results;—but these are their own affairs and the men have no right to interfere.

This tyrannous temper is part of the maternal instinct which women have inherited for such countless generations. No authority in the world is so absolute, so irresponsible, as that of a mother over her young children. She can make or mar them, physically and morally, as she will—as she thinks best. Even in the most highly civilized communities, where the laws are strictest and most vigilant, she can, if she so chooses, doom them to death by her bad management, or educate them on such false lines as lead to moral depravity. By the depth and strength of the maternal instinct is the race preserved, and by this alone; and the absolute authority of the mother is the child's safest shield.

But this very characteristic is fatal to political life, to generalized justice, to the suppression of sections for the good of the

whole. The political woman repudiates all this as so much paltering with the Evil One. The general good is nowhere when compared with partial inconveniences. We have seen this notably exemplified in our own generation, when excited partisanship put its hand to the plough, rooting out wise legislation on the one hand and sowing poisonous immunities on the other. And so it will ever be with women while they retain their distinctive womanly qualities.

If we imagine for a moment what the woman's vote would give, and what it would do, we shall see the inherent absurdity of the proposal. To begin with, the confining of the vote to the husbandless is, as we have said, an impossibility. If it is a right conferred by citizenship, property, and taxation, why should marriage carry with it the penalty of disfranchisement? The Married Woman's Property Act and the fact that a wife is the mistress of her own property, however acquired or conditioned, reduces this disfranchisement to an injustice as well as an absurdity. Nor, as was said, can the vote be confined to the capable and educated. All the little country shopkeepers and workwomen who know nothing beyond the curate, the church, the school feast, and the last new local baby; the laundress who cannot manage her unruly half dozen hands; the rollicking landlady who would give her vote dead sure to the jolly candidate who drank his bottle like a man and paid for it like a prince; the widow with no more knowledge of men and life than to keep her boy like a little girl tied to her apron-string; the "lodger," with her doubtful antecedents and less than doubtful profession; all the good, weak, innocent women who know no more of politics than so many doves in a cage; all the wild, excited, unreasoning women who think that vice and virtue, misery and prosperity, a new human nature and a new political economy can be made by Act of Parliament—all these sending the majority to decide on taxes, wars, treaties, international questions of difficulty and delicacy!—all these directly influencing the imperial policy of our grand old country! And the men who stand by, tongue in cheek, laughing at the sorry farce they do not take the trouble to check, or who, woman-lovers to the point of self-absorption and sexual idolatry, believe, with the

women themselves, that this preponderance will really be the beginning of a new era in woman's virtue. And all the while these wild women and their backers shut their eyes to the contempt with which other nations would regard us. Even those who are better than we ourselves, has been doing no more than to look at us. Even those who have proposed to do so, have been doing so in a way that has made us feel that we are not worthy of their notice.

It is not only the contempt of other nations that we must not ignore, but the contempt of our own people. We must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild women, and we must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild men.

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peculiar moral power over men in the greater purity born of their greater ignorance—their daintier refinement because of their more restricted lives! Frankly, do young men respect more the young women who have read Juvenal and Lucan, and those other classics of which the fathers did bless them? Will you show over the times, to those others whose misdeeds have never yet been pardoned or forgotten by a knowledge of the classics? Will you show that we have a nation of wild women who will not be regarded as a nation of wild women? Will you show that we have a nation of wild women who will not be regarded as a nation of wild women? Will you show that we have a nation of wild women who will not be regarded as a nation of wild women?

We must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild women, and we must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild men. We must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild women, and we must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild men. We must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild women, and we must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild men. We must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild women, and we must not allow ourselves to be regarded as a nation of wild men.

or possible. A fighter cannot be non-resisting ; but we need not all be fighters, men and women indiscriminately. The gentle response of the Jewish women to the men's prouder boast of their material advantages has always seemed to us to carry in it the very soul of womanly sweetness. "We thank Thee, O Lord God, that Thou hast made us according to Thy will."

Well ! whether it be according to the directly spoken will of God, or according to the mysterious law of evolution, working we know not whence, tending we know not whither—let it be by religion or by nature, society or science—there stands the fact four-square, the grand fundamental fact of humanity, difference of sex, and consequent difference of functions, virtues, qualities, and qualifications. As little as it is fitting for a man to look after the pap boat and the house linen, so is it for women to assume the political power of the State. Our men are not yet at such a low ebb in brains or morals as to need dispossession ; nor, *pace* our platform orators, are the wild women, though undeniably smart, of such commanding intelligence as

to create a new epoch and justify a new social ordering.

By the grace of good luck the question has been shelved for the present session, but the future is ahead. And as, unfortunately, certain of the Conservative party coquet with the woman's vote, believing that they shall thus tap a large Conservative reservoir, we are by no means clear of the danger. What we would wish to do is to convince the young and undetermined that political work is both unwomanly and unnatural ; self-destructive and socially hurtful ; the sure precursor to the loss of men's personal consideration and to the letting loose the waters of strife ; and—what egotism will not regard—the sure precursor to a future régime of redoubled coercion and suppression.

For, after all, the strong right arm is the *ultima ratio*, and God will have it so ; and when men found, as they would, that they were outnumbered, outvoted, and politically nullified, they would soon have recourse to that ultimate appeal—and the last state of women would be worse than their first.—*Nineteenth Century*.

LOVE'S LADY.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

To-day, as when we sat together close,
A great wind wakes and thunders as it blows—
We were together then beside the sea,
And now instead the sea between us flows.

O day that found us on that wind-swept coast,
And did such brave things for the future boast—
Though in thy voice a note of warning was—
This day, so like thee, seems thy very ghost !

O parted, precious, memorable days,
When sudden summer kindled all my ways,
When Love reached out his blessing hand to me,
And turned on mine the glory of his face !

And thou, my Love, in whose deep soul my soul
Lay for a little season and grew whole—
Thou who wert heat and light and sun and shade—
Thou who didst lead me to Life's fairest goal—

Whose sweetest lips Love, kissing, made to sing—
Ah, at what bright unfathomable spring
Was thy life nurtured, in the far-off land
Through which the unborn host go wandering ?

I SIGHT ONLY ONE OF THE TWO—
 THE OTHER ONE—THE ONE THAT I SAW
 IN THE WAY OF THE ROAD, WITH
 TWO CHILDREN—A BOY AND A GIRL

ALL IN THE PERSONAL AND IMMEDIATE-
TO THE PERSONAL, CHAMPIONSHIP- & THE STATE-
IS IN THE PERSONAL, CHAMPIONSHIP- & THE STATE-
IN THE PERSONAL, CHAMPIONSHIP- & THE STATE-

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1. 凡在本行开立存款账户的客户，均可向本行申请开立支票。
 2. 支票的有效期为自签发之日起六个月内。
 3. 支票的金额不得超过账户余额。
 4. 支票的签发必须符合《中华人民共和国票据法》的规定。
 5. 支票的遗失，应立即向本行挂失。

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一、政治思想：政治思想是人的政治立场、政治观点、政治态度的总称。政治思想是人的政治立场、政治观点、政治态度的总称。政治思想是人的政治立场、政治观点、政治态度的总称。

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

oblivion by the laborious compilations of Fauriel, Marcellus, Passow, Legrand, and others. But it is just this spirit of those nameless singers, this enthusiasm for their country's struggle, wedded to an unusual gift of the highest poetical expression, which entitles Aristoteles Valaoritis above all others to the distinctive position of the national poet of Greece. His published work, which is but small in volume, deals almost exclusively with the story of Suli and the stirring incidents of the insurrection; and the freedom of the mountains, the living sense of a grand and rugged nature, the spirit of liberty and defiance, breathe through every line of his poems.

By ancestral descent no less than at heart he was a true Epirote, a son of that stern and rocky land which contributed so many of its bravest heroes to the national cause, in the struggle for an emancipation she was not destined to share. The name is derived from a small Epirote town, of which now only the site exists, but the martial services of early members of the family in the struggle against the Crescent had been rewarded by the republic of Venice with territories in the neighborhood of the modern Santa Maura, and there they were finally established and inscribed as nobles in the golden book of Leucas. The poet's father represented the people of Santa Maura in the Ionian Assembly under the English protectorate, and afterward obtained the rank of senator.

Aristoteles Valaoritis was born in 1824, during the Greek struggle for independence. He was educated first in the Ionian Islands, and subsequently at a school in Geneva. Later he went on to Paris, but the northern climate proved too severe for his delicate constitution, and he completed his studies at the University of Pisa. In 1850 he returned to Santa Maura to settle down, and married shortly afterward the daughter of the well-known Emilio Timpaldo of Venice. His fortune was sufficiently considerable to make him independent of worldly considerations, and he devoted his time to literature and the public service of his country. In person he was of a tall and athletic figure, the countertype of those mountaineers whose poet he elected to become. An ardent and active Hellene, he was among those deputies in the Ionian Chamber who never ceased to combat the British Protectorate; it was he who drew up and presented, in

1862, to the Lord High Commissioner the declaration in which the representatives of the Ionian Islands petitioned for their union with Greece, and he was shortly afterward elected a representative in the National Chamber at Athens. Eight years earlier, his identification with a rising in Epirus had brought upon him a temporary exile from the Ionian Islands, and there was no movement in which the Hellenistic idea came to the fore in which he did not actively co-operate and contribute material assistance. During the Cretan revolution of 1867 he despatched volunteers at his own expense, and maintained on his estate many exiles and victims of this bloody struggle. After taking part in the deliberations of the Greek Chamber for several years, he finally quitted political life in 1869, and settled down on the little island of Madouri, which formed part of his property in the vicinity of Santa Maura, where he died in 1879, too soon to have seen realized one of the dearest wishes of his life, the emancipation of Thessaly.

The island of Santa Maura, or Leucas, lies so near the Akarnanian coast that when the sea is low it is just possible to reach the mainland on foot. Beyond the Gulf of Arta, hollowing out the rocky coast to the northeast, the outlines of the range that held the mountain fastnesses of famous Suli might almost be visible, and away to the dim east a clear day would reveal the higher crests of Pindus and the spurs that bound the plains of Thessaly, the immemorial haunts of klepht and armatole.* It was especially to the Ionian Islands that the mountain warriors came down for refuge under the Venetian flag, through their long wars with the Pachas of Janina, during the winter season, when the rocky defiles became untenable; and

* The Greek peasantry who had submitted readily to the Mussulman invader were allowed considerable liberty of government, and permitted to form a sort of irregular militia for the defence of the privileges originally conceded. These irregulars were known as *armatoli*. Others, who rejected all overtures of the conqueror, and taking to the mountains, kept up an incessant desultory warfare, supporting themselves by raids on the Turkish settlers, and sometimes also on the subject Greeks, were known by the appellation of *klephts*; a name which, signifying etymologically *robber*, came to be regarded as a title of distinction. Later, when the *armatoli* came into frequent collision with the Mussulman militia, they were scarcely distinguishable from the *klephts*.

in the youth of Valaoritis, nurtured during the heat and struggle of the Greek war of independence, the tales were singing with the songs of the popular heroes, cast into form by unlettered rhapsodists and repeated to eager hearers at every village fair by blind beggars, the wandering Homers of a later day. It was from these folk-songs that the sources of his inspiration were drawn: it was these men, the heroic struggle of whose fathers' hope, never slumbering throughout a century of ceaseless warfare, had won the tardy sympathy of Europe, whose poet and biographer he elected to become. The sagas of Saul, the self-immolation of Samuel the prophet of Kishpa, the heroic death of a Vlachavas, an Astropojanitis, the crimes of Ali of Tebelen, the murder of Phrok-syne, and the martyrdom of Diajos, were to be sung by him in poems which will live as long as the Greek language survives.

Drawing his inspiration from the fount of popular song, he chose the popular language for his muse, and—setting himself in direct antagonism to a movement which, at the very time when he was writing, had been initiated with the moral support of the Athens University and leading contemporary men of letters, for the purification of the language and the re-assimilation of the older classical idiom—he threw the weight of his genius into the opposite scale, and made the spoken tongue his vehicle of song. There is in the present day in Greece a great gulf fixed between the spoken language and that of literature, even as revealed in the daily press; and in the spoken language itself there are many shades of difference, from that employed with an almost pedantic effort at purity by the representatives of the extreme school of classicists, through the every-day vocabulary of those who merely speak it as tradition has taught them in the more cultivated classes, down to the vulgar speech of the shepherds and the country folk. But it was precisely this last development of the Hellenic tongue which Valaoritis went out of his way to practise and perfect, seeking out the society of the shepherd and the mountaineer, and sojourning in the cottage of the peasant in order to acquire more completely the tongue which he admitted he found "more plastic and more poetic, the only envelopment which is truly suited to our national poetry, and which supplies

a mysterious link in our historical development." To quote again his own words from a letter in which he deals with the question, he writes: "To collect the scanty materials of a language so original and so poetic, to give it the polish of an artistic form, and to mould it in conformity with certain indispensable rules of composition, I have worked hard during thirty years without regarding the furious attacks of our learned folk, who, having excluded it from all poetic competitions, were bent upon making it disappear entirely from the memory of men and the lips of the people." The language which these last are endeavoring to substitute for it he describes as "an abortive child of the ancient language, destined to remain without influence on the heart of a nation that can only appreciate a poetry which it can feel, can sing, can understand." On the other hand, it has been urged that the result obtained by the poet is a somewhat hybrid diction, not one simple dialect but a combination of dialects, with a not wholly consistent intermixture of language which the writer is inevitably bound to graft upon the peasant's speech. However, the battle of language is still being fought in Greece, and it would be unsafe to hazard a conjecture as to where victory may ultimately rest. But it may safely be said that the vehicle selected by Valaoritis will prevent his poems from being ever widely read outside the narrow circle of Greek-speaking people, as their matter fully entitles them to be, owing to the extreme difficulty of following their spirit in what is practically a different language from that which it is most useful to acquire, while even to those Greeks who speak the cultivated language they are not quite easy reading.

It is curious to observe that in spite of his zealous partisanship in this cause, the notes and introductions to his poems, which are filled with historical details and research, are written in language of that extreme purity and correctness the application of which to poetry he protests against. It is also remarkable, and it was a source of the liveliest satisfaction to the poet himself, that in spite of the persistent hostility of the Athens University to the line he had adopted, it was Valaoritis who was selected by the Council of that University to recite his poem at the inauguration of the statue of the Patriarch Greg-

ory, one of the most illustrious victims of the Revolution, which now stands in front of the University building. It was the last and greatest triumph of his life as a poet and a patriot, and he could have wished no higher acknowledgment of his genius.

Valaoritis wrote a number of poems in early youth, but a published collection, which indicated certain promise, was not followed by any further volume until he had reached the age of thirty-two. After a long period of silence the grief occasioned by the death of a child roused him to take up the pen once more. Then appeared the famous volume known as the *Mnemosyna*. Even after this he allowed long intervals to pass without committing anything to paper, and when he did write he wrote quickly and without much subsequent correction. His manuscripts show but little rewriting. He has left a considerable quantity of unpublished work, and it is believed that his son, M. Jean A. Valaoritis, contemplates issuing a complete volume of his posthumous work. His later poems are said to assimilate even more closely than his early ones to those popular songs which were his chief inspiration.

The construction of the language in the poems of Valaoritis is absolutely, even naïvely, simple. Short, direct, and even abrupt at times, he gains in vigor and loses nothing of suggestiveness, and within his self-imposed limits exhibits a high dramatic quality, a richness of imagery, and a certain boldness of conception and contrast which reminds one at times of Victor Hugo, whose influence on his style he is said to have admitted. His descriptions of nature are drawn directly from the mountains of the land he loved so well, and produce their immediate effect on those who are familiar with the individual character of Greek landscape. There are passages where the spirit of spring and the glow of summer seem to have passed directly into his soul; indeed, there is far more feeling for nature in the small sum-total of his poetic writing, a truer appreciation of the facts of the open air, than we are accustomed to meet with in the poets of southern latitudes, and if the chord of passion has seldom swept across his lyre, though there are passages in the *Kyra Phrosyne* which suggest his latent power, it responds to a fervor of enthusi-

asm and a thrill of patriotic fire which is a rarer and perhaps higher quality. Above all, there is in every poem that subtle and indefinable essence, so impossible to analyze and yet so immediately appreciated, which distinguishes the poet from the verse-writer. Of his manner one cannot hope to convey any adequate idea; it is only the matter and the method of dealing with his subject in enveloping recent or contemporary historical episodes with the ideal atmosphere, which it will be attempted to expose in one or two specimens here.

The volume of early poems above alluded to was published in 1845. The date of the first edition of his famous *Mnemosyna* is 1857. It is not easy to find an exact equivalent for this title in English, as the commemorative services for the dead which it is used to indicate in Greek are unknown in our country; the nearest translation would perhaps be "Memorial Poems," and as such the collection includes one or two elegies recording personal losses as well as the odes commemorating the heroes and forerunners of Greek independence. The striking series of dramatic lyrics which set in a grim and graphic picture the reappearance of the hunted ghost of Thanáse Vaghia, the agent of Ali Pacha in the massacre of Gardiki, to the blind and homeless beggar woman who had been his wife,* are too long for quotation, and tempting as it is to illustrate the influence of the popular song upon his muse by a rendering of the piece which describes the death of the veteran klepht, Dimos, and how his trusty gun burst as the farewell shot was fired and the echo of its last discharge mingled on the mountain-side with the warrior's passing soul, we must confine ourselves to two selections, both belonging to the cycle of the songs of Suli.

The romantic story of the heroic defence of the little mountain commonwealth of Suli, which for so many years defied the authority and the armies of Ali of Janina, was still a familiar memory in the days of the poet's youth. Originally a small band of shepherds from Gardiki, who had fled from the oppression of their masters, the Suliotes had developed in their seven vil-

* A translation of this poem appeared many years ago in the *Saturday Review*.

lages of the plain and four of the mountain a small patriarchal commonwealth without written law or law courts, in which the family formed the political element of the state, while the heads of families acted as the arbiters of disputes and united in a sort of general council, the matter for whose deliberations was almost exclusively war. At the head of this little republic at the time of the final crisis in their struggle for existence was the ascetic priest or monk Samuel, who believed himself to be, and was regarded by the mountaineers as, an inspired prophet, and whose heroic death in the abandoned stronghold of Kounghi forms the subject of one of Valaoritis' most remarkable poems. The total number of the Suliotes never exceeded 5000 souls, and they could never put more than 1500 fighting men in the field, but with this little force they kept the armies of Ali Pacha at bay for a number of years, and inflicted several sig-

nal defeats on his trained Albanian troops.

First, however, in historical order comes the poem which commemorates the flight of Ali after the defeat inflicted on his army of 15,000 picked Albanians who were drawn on into the rocky defiles of Suli, where they were attacked in front by the women led by the wife of Lambros Tsavellas—an episode which forms the subject of a number of popular songs—and in flank and rear by an ambush of the Suliote men under Tsavellas himself, who had recently got away from the prisons of Janina under pretence of inducing his clansmen to submit. It is, of course, not possible in a prose translation to convey any idea of the vigor and spirit of this poem, the metre of which by its rapid double rhyme carries the reader along with a rush and swing, while it would be equally impossible to preserve its simplicity in an attempt to render it in verse.

A horse, a horse, Omer Vrioni !
Suli is on us and overwhelms us ;
A horse, a horse ! Canst hear all round us
Their bullets whistle, hot and menacing !
* * * * *

Haste, haste, Vrioni ! a little nearer
And I shall never 'scape their talons ;
A horse ! I know him by the kilt he wears,
My mortal foe, Lambros Tsavellas.

Seest thou him not ? Like the Death-angel,* on
He comes, whirling on high his yataghan—
I can feel the clutching of his fingers
Struggling to tear my heart out ;—

A horse, a horse ! Omer Vrioni !
The sun is down, the night draws on.
* * * * *

They fly, they fly—the doom is just,
And pale fear follows in their wake ;
The black of night and the night mist,
These are their only company.

They dash through forest and ravine,
The spurs drip drops of blood ;
The horse flings spume-flakes like the sea—
Ali is afraid—he is but just in time.

As he goes by, it needs but a wind's breath,
A creaking branch, a falling leaf,
A bird that flies, a roebuck scared away,
A little stream that murmurs in the gorge,

And Ali trembles at them all !
A cold sweat bathes his forehead ;
His horse pricks up his ears, holds breath,
And draws up sharp—it was a wolf went by !

* The name of the ancient ferryman of Styx survives in modern Greek superstition as Charos, whose allotted task is to convey the dead from this world to the next.

The horseman grips his saddle tight,
His eyes behold Tsavellas everywhere ;
On every side he seems to see
The gleam of naked sabres.

His white beard, white like snow,
Is caught by the wind, blown across his mouth
And back, divided round his throat
As though it meant to strangle him ;

And as the sea waves, blown on by the south wind,
Are lost running on into the darkness,
And only visible to sight
By the foam that blanches their crests,

So on this night the horse flew past
As a wave runs up into the gloom—
A sable wave round rolling
With Ali Pacha's beard for foam.

His horse drops dying, and as it paws track, and puts a bullet through the ani-
the ground in the death agony Ali cannot mal's brain. Has the shot betrayed him ?
hear if his pursuers are still upon his A voice cries, " Vizir Ali ! "

And still the cries !—the din grows nearer ;
With eyes wide open on the void
Ali cries out aloud for aid,
" Help, help ! Omer Vrioni ! "

Ali Pacha, thus pursued,
Got back half dead to Janina,
And all the afterdays he lived on earth
He seemed to see the white kilt of Tsavellas.

After this defeat the Suliotes were left at peace for eight years. The closing scenes of their tragic story, when Ali found time in 1803 to complete the extermination of his most dangerous enemies, present some of the most stirring scenes in history. Isolating their various villages and strongholds, the troops of Ali took them one by one after a desperate resistance. The mountain fortresses of Kounghi, the storehouse and arsenal of the community, was abandoned by the mass of the survivors who, when attacked by Veli Pacha in spite of their capitulation, retired to take up a stronger position on the heights of Zalongos. It was here that the Suliote women, stationed on a rocky edge overhanging a sheer precipice, when they saw the whole mountain surrounded and the enemy steadily advancing in spite of the havoc in his ranks, took their infant children and, kissing them for the last time, flung them down the abyss, and then joining hands in the syrtos, danced the graceful old-world dance among the falling shot round and round the little platform, one of the cers breaking off from the line each the winding chain approached the

leaping down into annihilation. The priest Samuel had refused to leave the fort of Kounghi, and remained with five wounded pallikars to await the advance of Veli. They gathered all the remaining powder together in the chapel, and as the soldiers advanced, Samuel administered the communion to his five comrades ; then, when the strokes of the invaders fell upon the door, he fired the magazine and immolated himself with them in the ruins of Kounghi.

In the poem of Valaoritias, the cries of the advancing Albanians are heard without ; Samuel is alone at prayer behind the screen in the inner sanctuary. He has no water to complete the contents of the holy vessel,* a tear for the lost Suli falls from his eyes upon the wine, and as he kisses the rim he feels the miraculous throb of life pass through the holy cup. The curtain of the inner sanctuary o and the five warriors kneel. uee as the chalice on a powder ! ei ly, as though upon an ue slow fuse. Then he offers up

his last prayer for himself and his companions, and records the solemn vow that never shall the foot of the infidel cross the holy threshold nor tread the soil of Kounghi; the keys that he holds in trust

he will surrender neither on earth nor in heaven, for there his Creator will suffer him to wear them at his girdle. Then he imparts to each the contents of the sacred cup.

The first has partaken, the second has partaken,
He has given it to the third, the fourth one has received it,
He stands before the last one, and offers it to him;
And as the priest's melodious voice intoned the
"Of thy mysterious banquet
To-day, O Son of God —"

Voices broke in, blows on the door, loud tumult;
The infidels press round: "Now, monk, what dost thou here?"
Samuel lifted his eyes up at the sound,
And from the spoon poised high above the barrel
Let fall thereon an awful drop of consecrated blood:
Then broke the lightning shock, the great world thundered,
The church showed one red flash upon the clouds, one red flash, dusky Kounghi!
Ah, what a funeral fire on this her day of doom
Had ill-starred Suli, what smoke of what frankincense!

Then seemed to mount up skyward the monk's dark cassock,
And spread and ever spread like an awful cloud of gloom,
Like a great black cloud it spread and blotted out the sun:
And as the smoke kept rising that bore it in its train
The robe went sailing on and swept by like the shadow of death:
And wherever its terrible shadow passed on its way,
Like a mysterious fire it set the woods aflame.
Yet with the first few thunderstorms, and after the new rains,
A green grass sprang again there, laurel and olive and myrtle,
Hopes, victories and battles, and liberty and joy.

The two longest and most important poems of Valaoritis are the *Kyra Phrosyne* or "Mistress Euphrosyne" and *Thanáse Diakos*. The former, first published in 1859, is the story of the drowning by Ali Pacha in the lake at Janina of the mistress of his son Moukhtar, with sixteen other young Greek ladies, because she had repelled his passionate advances and not, as it was pretended, in order to appease the indignation of the slighted wife of Moukhtar. The subject is lyrically treated, partly in a narrative and partly in dramatic form, and may well be compared, as it has been, with Byron's eastern romances. Throughout the poem is filled with exquisite imagery, a critic might even find it overcharged with simile and the weaving of poetic thought; its power is incontestable. There is a terrible force of passion and resistance in the grim scene enacted at the dead of night where Phrosyne kneels at prayer and the demon Ali breaks in upon her solitude. The horrible conflict is described with all those realistic touches which lend peculiar intensity—the little caged bird that scared flutters against the bars of his cage, the light that sparkled in the lamp before the holy picture put

out as the picture falls in the struggle, with its last flicker revealing the dagger in Ali's girdle, which the frightened girl snatches and keeps him at bay with—"Hold back thy breath, Ali! for if it touch me, I will slay thee!" The last scene is the work of a master-hand; Phrosyne in prison receives absolution for all her sins on condition that she accepts her martyrdom, and the seventeen white figures are marched down to the lake through the silence of the starry night. The voice of the tempter still whispers in her ear through the mouth of Tahir, the minister of the crimes of Ali—Will she let all the others die, when but a word will save their lives; their children are calling for them from the cradle, will she let them die? On the way through the fields in the shadow of the trees the Vizir himself is waiting with the two children of Phrosyne; he holds their hands; he points out their mother to them; the fairies are taking her away, and he bids them call her back. The strain is too great; Phrosyne does not live to reach the water's edge, but the demon's vengeance still is wreaked. The boat puts out into the lake with its burden of the living and the dead,

the lake on which these girl-like figures had floated through many a summer day, dipping their white arms in the water ripples and watching the peaks of Pindus across the waters which are to be their shroud. At the margin the monster waits

and holds his breath to hear the splashing of the bodies as they are dropped into the dark lake. The widening water-rings seem to come chasing one another to his feet, and then the cold shudder of fear overcomes him.

"And thou, Ali, thou that hast sated thy rage and fury,
When on thee the hour of doom shall come, shut in there on thine isle,
This night which thou hast spent here, thou shalt remember then !
And when thou leanest down thy lips to cool them
Thou shalt but drink the scorching bitterness of fire unquenchable :
For salt are tears to drink, with poison for the after-taste.
Salt are they, mark it well ! Thou shalt see how they shall wake from slumber,
Shall mount up in the night and beat upon thy rock,
Great waves round rolling, crested with crowns of foam,
With murmuring sound and roaring, cruel and hungry.
Around thee they shall rise, rise high and grow to mountains,
They shall cut off thy flight and bar thee from retreating,
Thou wilt cry aloud for help and none will hearken,
The lake shall drink thee down."

Two incidents marked the outbreak of the Greek Revolution : the massacre at Peta, and the defeat of the small body of *armatoles* who attempted the defence of Thermopylæ under Thanáse Diakos. The second of these forms the subject of a poem which is selected for longer analysis, as being perhaps the most characteristic and original of all the poems of Valaoritis, or at any rate the one in which the fire of his patriotic enthusiasm is revealed with its brightest glow around the figure of his favorite hero. It appeared in 1867, eight years after the *Kyra Phrosyne*, and only one published poem from his pen bears a later date, the memorial ode for the unveiling of the Patriarch's statue alluded to already. The young hero of this epical tragedy, born in 1792, was descended from one of those families of fighting men who had been companions in arms of Costantaras and Androutzos, and had kept up a constant guerilla war with their Turkish masters throughout the latter part of the last century. At an early age he was placed by his father in the orthodox monastery of St. John the Baptist at Erineos, and received the rank of Diakos or deacon by which appellation he was ever after known. His singular beauty of person, which became proverbial through the country side, had attracted the attention of the neighboring Aga, and a disgraceful fate awaited him ; but Thanáse, receiving timely warning, fled, and exchanged the cassock of the monk for the kilt of the *armatole* in the mountains of Doris. His would-be persecutor was shortly afterward named Governor of

Salona, and, Thanáse having failed to make his appearance with the customary gifts and congratulations, Pherkat Bey appealed to Ali Pacha to bring him to submission. In obedience to the representations of the latter, Thanáse agreed to present himself on a given day before the governor, and the latter on his part, it is alleged, duly prepared a band of a hundred satellites to assassinate the young chief ; but Thanáse appeared surrounded by eighty chosen companions, and, all attempts to isolate him having proved ineffectual, was enabled to return in security to his mountains.

In 1816 he took service at the Court of Ali, who, from having been the eager persecutor of the Greeks, was then looked upon as one of the pillars of the cause of Hellenism. The impressions of his early life, the gentle demeanor of the monk, and a touch of poetry and imagination peculiar to his character, were uneffaced by the rough scenes and subjects with whom he was thrown into contact, and he remained an anomalous figure in this strange surrounding like that of some mediæval soldier of the Cross, some knight on a mysterious quest fallen among a strange company. It is even said that Ali, in whom his pure and blameless life excited a feeling of mistrust and suspicion, endeavored to procure his assassination, but that Odysseus, son of Androutzos, the hero of the famous retreat through the Morea in 1770, who received his orders, took pains to see that they were not carried out. In 1816 Odysseus became chief captain of the *armatoles* of Livadia, and

able ; and through the leaves fierce eyes look down the pass. Mitros has nothing but bad news to tell, and with a few graphic touches he describes how the battle has gone at the outposts. The Turks advance ; a dervish marches in front with a head in either hand, the heads of the bishop Isaias and the pallikar Pappajannis. A voice rings out above the clamor, and a herald offers Diakos wealth and honors if he will give Vryoni free passage. The answer comes : " Accursed be you, who speak our tongue and dare to frame such blasphemy in such a sacred spot ; accursed !" And the echoes of the rocks poison the air with the malediction. The livid lips of the decapitated bishop quiver and hoarsely answer " Accursed," and the mouth of Pappajannis spits blood and repeats " Amen, accursed !" The fight begins ; a shot from Diakos kills the horse of Omer Vryoni under him, and old Diamanti lays the dervish low. " Thou hast split his skull in the true place, Diamanti, hast opened him a third eye that he may find his way without misgiving in hell." The battle is conveyed with tremendous spirit ; the rapid interchange of question and answer in dramatic *stichomythia* brings each shifting incident of the fight graphically before the reader. The Turks come on in thousands ; a little band alone remains round Diakos, they make their last stand in the ruins of a monastery ; Mitros and Diamanti are dead at his side ; with his last shot he kills the traitor herald, and, leaning against the

altar, fights on with the stump of his sword. But a hundred hands have bound him fast, and as they drag him away, the last survivors, Kalyvas and Vakojanis, rushing to aid him from the ruined khan they have been defending, are struck down before his eyes.

The fourth canto commences with a repulsive picture of the aged gypsy, who was to serve as the executioner of Diakos, in his den under a gloomy oak, which, like a hollow mockery of earth's ambitions, " had struck its branches into the heaven, its roots deep down to hell, while time had nested in its heart, and cleaved a deep furrow there which, gnawing, slowly consumed it." The gypsy in Greece followed ever close on the heels of calamity, like the shark behind a doomed ship ; ready for all dirty work, the scavenger of society, the willing minister of the rack, the scaffold. Perhaps in no land are more abandoned specimens of humanity to be found than the remnants of this ill-fated race in Greece ; without home or heritage, without law or creed, they haunt the outskirts of civilization, living from hand to mouth in filth and disease and leprosy, shunning the light of day and the faces of their fellow-men. Such a creature is painted here in vivid and repellent colors, as the jailer and executioner of Diakos, and in the gypsy's den he spends his last night on earth. Then follows what is in many respects the grandest passage of the poem, the vision of Diakos. There, in that hideous spot,

The eye of God that never shuts kept vigil also ;
And suddenly there came in their thousands round Thanáse
The mighty spirits from another world,
With the symbols of their ancient martyrdom, their manliness of old,
And they kissed him on the forehead and breathed new vigor through him ;
And o'er his gloomy prison they, in their azure stoles,
Spread wide their wings abroad, and opened round above him
The deeps of heaven infinite, and starred them o'er
With memories immortal and sweet perfumes from the grave.

So all the heroes of the long unequal struggle appear before him, each glorified by the story of his life and bearing like a martyr the symbols of his sacrifice. Kitzos Millionis, Boukavalas are there, Androutzos and Katzantonis, Samuel the prophet of Kiapha with the keys of Koungli at his girdle, the mothers and their babes from the fatal rocks of Zalongos, and all the soldiers of Suli. Last, a dark-robed phantom takes him by the hand, a phantom

with a thin red line drawn round his throat, the murdered bishop Isaias. " Diakos, Christ is risen ! Come !" But he cannot move, his chains hold him fast bound. " Thanáse, let thy faith not fail ; no hand restrains thee, come !" Then he is lifted up in spirit and passes with his ghostly guide over the rocky wall, higher, higher, and on and on, over old familiar haunts.—They meet the migratory birds ; —they pass the mountains and the seas ;

they pause over the roofs and towers of
sacred cities. The bishop shows him the
domes of St. Sophia, the Crescent shall
yield to the Cross, and the emblem of the
Crucified shall rise again above its churches.
"The city shall be ours!" But the road
must be paved with sacrifice. "Thanase,
behold, they are hanging the Patriarch!
Under their eyes the murder is enacted;
the papal room are there with cord and
gallows, the reverend body is cast out into
the sea, the martyr's feet are tossed
against a passing ship and the relics of the
saint are gathered in." "Thanase, we are
saved his agony is our communion."
"My Father, take me back, let not my
cup pass from me!" Then the cock
crows and the vision fades away.

In the fifth canto the poet has painted a noble enemy, Omar Ayyoni, a descendant of the old Palæologus of Byzantium, who had won his spurs in Egypt in the service of Mehmet Ali, thrown in his lot and sympathy with the Pacha of Janina, and in the time of the latter's breach with the Pacha had found a field for his ambition in the conquest of the Sultan. There is tragedy in his career, he tries to save him-
self from a misunderstanding exists between Greece and Mohammed, the Ayyoni is in his last days, before he has done this. The poet has done his duty. At the close of the canto the hero shows in his last wild effort to save his great Athens as the

price? Diakos has but one request : his ring, his trusted talisman, was taken from him after the fight ; Omer wears it on his finger : he asks it back to die with, it bears the symbols of hope, an eagle and the cross ;—for the rest, no word of concession, no barter of one palm's breadth of the soil of Greece. Suddenly the Vizir arrives, and Omer has but barely time to restore the coveted ring which Diakos slips into his mouth. The Vizir too is clement and respects a brave man,—but at his side is Khalil Bey, the Aga, who reminds him that the army has been checked by a mere handful of klephts, let their dust be scattered to the winds lest they should find their strength again and multiply. A final offer is made to Thanáse to submit and accept the Moslem faith ; he answers, never. "Then I will roast you alive."—"We klephts of the old school are very hard to cook."—"Khalil Bey, he is yours."

And so the last scene follows, the young captain, the monk turned soldier, still in the glow of his youth and strength, is dragged to the place of execution. His eyes are set in one last look on his beloved country as though they strove to drink in all her sorrows to bear them away with him to eternity, and from his lips there breaks the pathetic cry which it is recorded were the only words that escaped from the young hero through all the torment of his martyrdom.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

[illegible]

The second man was strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The third man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The fourth man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The fifth man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The sixth man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The seventh man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.
The eighth man was also strapped and chained
to the wall, unable to move his arms or legs.

A FORGOTTEN RACE.

"I SWEAR to make every one happy," was the royal oath taken by the King of the Guanches on ascending the throne—the King of that strange and forgotten people who, in the midst of the Atlantic, in the sunny climes of the Fortunate Islands, remained untouched by civilization, and who lived in the happy innocence and careless joviousness of the stone age into the fifteenth century.

The secret how to secure the happiness of a whole people died with the Guanches ; but now that the Happy Islands are being visited by those whom care or disease have robbed of health, the records, the customs and the character of the ancient race who once peopled these islands are becoming daily of more general interest.

The tradition runs that nine, ten, perhaps even twelve thousand years ago, a great continent stretched where now rolls the Atlantic Ocean. This was the fabled country of Atlantis described by Plato, the cradle of the race of the Atlantides who civilized the ancient world. It is alleged that this vast continent was overwhelmed and destroyed by a cataclysm combined with a volcanic outburst, after which nothing remained but a few isolated mountain peaks above the ruin of the waters : these mountain heights are to-day the islands of the Canaries, Madeira, the Azores and Cape Verd, all of which rise precipitously and in an isolated manner from the ocean. The same cataclysm covered the Libyan plain with sea, which on retiring left the desert of Sahara. The memory of a terrible catastrophe which overwhelmed a whole continent is still preserved in the fables and traditions of all European nations.

The Guanches, the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, are said to have been the remnants of the ancient race who 10,000 years ago peopled the drowned continent of Atlantis. In support of this view it is contended that the inhabitants of the seven Canary Islands had no intercommunication by means of boats, for they, like all ancient people, had a great dread of the sea ; yet, though thus isolated, they all spoke dialects of the same language and had the same customs and religion. Their language resembled that spoken by the Berbers of the Atlas range of mountains, and

it is hence argued that the Canary Islands were an extension of this range and were at one time continuous with it.

In the fifteenth century these isolated and forgotten remnants of a lost continent were rediscovered. The people were still living in a stone age, and had no implements but hatchets made of hard obsidian, and weapons which consisted of stones thrown from slings, of darts made of wood with the points hardened in the fire, and of shields of the wood of the dragon-tree ; but so accurate was their aim with these darts and slings, and so indomitable was their courage, that Europeans with the advantages of ships and fire arms, and the resources of civilization, spent nearly 100 years in effecting the conquest of the islands.

Their government, as the records of their Spanish conquerors attest, was a kind of aristocratic communism. Each island was ruled over by kings or menceys. When a king ascended the throne he kissed the sacred bone, the insignia of royalty, and said, as already stated, "I swear to make every one happy." Truly these were the Happy Isles, where the aim of the king was not power and conquest, but the happiness of all. The mencey was then crowned with flowers, and a banquet followed. Next in rank to the king were the nobles, who were strictly limited in number. Noble rank was hereditary, but a son, on claiming to inherit his father's title, had to give proof of a blameless life, otherwise he was disinherited by popular acclamation. A nobleman could also be disinherited and degraded for base deeds, and nobility was granted for great and courageous acts. The king's vassals reigned over districts, and beneath them were the wealthy classes and the people. Though communists in a sense, the Guanches recognized inequality in man and explained it thus. In the beginning of the world, they said, God created a certain number of men and women, and gave them the possession of everything upon the earth. Afterward He created more men and women to whom He gave nothing. These demanded their share, but God said, "Serve the others, and they will give to you." Thus originated in a Divine ordinance masters and servants, nobles and

Emperor Augustus. Pliny gives extracts from this work, and his description of the natural history of the islands is perfectly accurate. In 150 A.D. Ptolemy placed the first terrestrial meridian at Hierro, the most western of the Canary Islands.

From this time till the twelfth century, the islands are lost in the gloom of the dark ages. They seem to have been known to the Moors and Arabs, the depositors of learning and science, and were called by them "Gezagrel Khalidat"—the Happy Islands. In 1291 the Genoese sent an expedition to the islands, but it never returned. In 1330 we learn that the islands were accidentally discovered by the captain of a French ship running before the wind, who took refuge in one of the ports. On returning to Portugal, the captain reported the circumstances, on which King Alfonso IV. sent an expedition under Don Luis de Odo with orders to conquer the islands, but he was repulsed by the inhabitants of Gomera. In 1334 another expedition was sent by the King of Portugal, and a landing was effected at Gomera, but history is silent as to the result. In 1341 three caravels were fitted out by Alfonso IV. and despatched from Lisbon. The adventurers landed at Lancerote, Fuerteventura, Gran Canaria, Hierro, and Gomera; but, alarmed by the eruption from the Peak of Teneriffe, they abandoned their intention, and returned to Lisbon with some of the Guanches or natives as captives. The following year another expedition was undertaken by Luis de la Cerda, grandson of Alfonso X., King of Castile, and on his return he received from the Pope Clement VI., at Avignon, the title of "King of the Islands to be conquered in order to extend the fame of the Church to the ends of the world." But war having been declared by England, Don Luis was obliged to give up the idea of this conquest.

From this time forward Andalusians engaged in the slave trade seem to have touched at the Canary Islands from time to time. About the year 1400 the Spaniards appealed to the Normans to help them conquer the islands, and five vessels, manned by Normans, Biscayans, and Andalusians, set sail under Gonzola Perazza Martel. The Peak of El Teyde being in eruption, they avoided Teneriffe, and went to Lancerote, which they pillaged, made the king and queen and 170

natives prisoners, whom they brought back to Spain and sold as slaves. The success of this expedition made a great impression on the Normans, and led to the only happy event in the long and painful history of the conquest of the Canary Islands—namely, the expedition of Béthencourt.

The story of Béthencourt and his fatherly rule over the Canary Islands reads like a tale of the "good old times," the golden age of kindly deeds, noble thoughts, and kingly bearing; and were it not that his reign was so short-lived, and was followed by the old-world ways of cruelty, carnage, and superstition, we should, if it stood alone, be almost tempted to believe, as the poets tell, that the past was better than the present.

Béthencourt was a Norman knight, and, though over sixty years of age, full of enterprise and enthusiasm, and longing for opportunities to do great deeds. Stories had reached Normandy of the wonderful and long-forgotten islands in mid-ocean, inhabited by a strange and gentle people, who had been plundered and carried as slaves to Europe by various Spanish corsairs. These stories reached the ears of Béthencourt and one Gadier de la Sala, who sold their lands to raise funds to fit out an expedition to go in search of the Fortunate Islands. They set sail on May 1, 1400, and succeeded in reaching an island which they named Lancerote. The natives fled to the mountains, but Béthencourt's aim was, if possible, to achieve a bloodless conquest, and his policy was that of gentleness and justice. Finding they were unmolested, the natives came down from their hiding-places and assisted the invaders to build a fort at Rubicon. Béthencourt reigned over Lancerote for three years, but being anxious to conquer the other islands, he returned to Spain, and obtained from Henry III., who claimed them as his property, a grant of the Fortunate Islands under the title of King. But while Béthencourt was away on this errand, matters went badly in Lancerote. He had left his relative, William de Béthencourt, as regent, but he behaved with such licentiousness and cruelty to the natives that they rose up and killed him, and imprisoned the rest of the Normans in the fort at Rubicon, where they were on the point of dying from famine when Béthencourt arrived from Spain with a newly equipped fleet. The

simple natives, headed by their king, laid their complaints against the viceregal foreign government before Béthencourt, who, finding that his own countrymen had been in the wrong, pardoned the Lancerote king, and restored to the natives all the property of which they had been plundered; upon which they laid down their arms, the beleaguered garrison was relieved, and peace was restored. Shortly afterward the Lancerote king, with all his followers, was baptized.

With his little kingdom of Lancerote now at peace and in good order, Béthencourt thought the time had arrived for conquering Fuerteventura, distant only six miles. He gathered all his forces together, and set sail in June, 1405. There were at the time two kings in Fuerteventura who chanced to be at war with one another over questions of pasture, and hence they were unable to combine against the invaders. Their power was, however, as nothing compared with that of two women who were greatly revered for their wisdom, and who had determined that the natives should not resist the foreigners, but should receive them kindly. These women exercised so great an influence over the kings that they laid down their arms and consented to be baptized, and their example was followed by all the islanders. Thus Béthencourt became Lord of Fuerteventura without striking a blow.

Gomera was the next island to submit. Having landed his forces, Béthencourt cautiously proceeded inland, fearing an ambuscade, but presently he saw with surprise a great concourse of people coming toward him armed with swords, darts, lances, and crossbows (implements of war quite unknown among the Guanches), but who showed at the same time every appearance of joy. To his surprise, the leaders accosted him in Spanish and bade him welcome; and the story runs that this kindly reception was due to the fact that about thirty years previously some buccaneering Spaniards had landed at Gomera and given battle to the natives, but were defeated and driven into a defile from which escape was impossible except by throwing themselves over the steep cliffs. In this terrible emergency the Spanish captain appeared to the compassion of the king of the Gomera, and with such weapons that the king received the Spaniards, treated them with the

greatest hospitality, and conducted them in safety to their ships lying in harbor. In gratitude the Spanish captain not only gave the king presents of swords and shields, but left with him a Spanish priest to convert the Gomerans to the true faith. This man by his gentle conduct gained the affection of the simple people, and left behind him on his death the tradition that the Spaniards were a kindly, courteous, and brave people, to be welcomed with joy should they ever come back. Thus in Gomera the two races began to live together in peace and unity.

In the island of Hierro there had lived many years before a wise man called Yore, who on his death-bed had called the natives together and had prophesied that when his flesh was consumed and his bones mouldered into dust, white houses would be seen coming across the sea, and that when the islanders saw them they were not to fear, for they would contain their god, Eroaranzan, who would come to bring them joy and prosperity. When Béthencourt, having determined to annex Hierro, approached the island with his fleet of white-sailed ships, the natives ran to the tomb of Yore, and finding that his bones were but dust, they said, "It is Eroaranzan," and they hastened to the shore to give him welcome. Béthencourt was delighted at such a bloodless conquest, so after staying a few days he returned to Fuerteventura, and left as his representative Lazara, with strict injunctions to treat the Hierrons with kindness and justice. Now, of all the honored customs of the Guanches none is more worthy of profound respect than their reverence for women. Lazara used his power to outrage all their sentiments and to behave with unblushing immorality. The villagers rose in revolt, and Lazara was stabbed and killed. On hearing of this, Béthencourt sent another governor with instructions to inquire into the cause of the rebellion. On finding that it was due entirely to the immorality of Lazara and his troops, he beheaded two of the officers and hanged three soldiers, and thus quelled the disturbance. But, what was more important, he gave the natives the assurance that Béthencourt dealt out justice with an even hand.

The three large islands still, however, remained unconquered, and what satisfied him was it to Béthencourt to be styled

一、總論。本報告係根據中華民國二十九年之統計資料，就我國各省市之經濟發展，作一綜合之分析。其目的在說明我國經濟之現狀，並指出其發展之趨勢。報告共分三大部分：一、總論；二、分論；三、結論。總論部分，主要說明我國經濟之現狀，並指出其發展之趨勢。分論部分，則分別就各省市之經濟發展，作一詳細之分析。結論部分，則就我國經濟之發展，提出一些建議。報告全文，共分三大部分：一、總論；二、分論；三、結論。總論部分，主要說明我國經濟之現狀，並指出其發展之趨勢。分論部分，則分別就各省市之經濟發展，作一詳細之分析。結論部分，則就我國經濟之發展，提出一些建議。

Canaria. At that time, it is said, the fighting men of the island numbered 14,000, and an old prophecy gave tenacity to their determination to defend to the utmost their country from the invaders. The Spanish commander landed his troops at the port of Gando, but the natives, who had been constantly on the lookout from the battlemented heights of the island, descended and drove them with slaughter to the shore. In this extremity Diego sent a detachment of his troops to the other side of the island in order to make a diversion and divide the forces of the natives. They landed safely, and proceeded to ascend inland without meeting the enemy; it was not till they had reached the top of the pass that they discerned that their movements had been quietly watched, and that retreat was cut off. They marched on, hoping to be able to descend on the other side of the mountain, but presently they found that the path led to an open place surrounded by a high stone wall, a kind of fortress which was used by the Canarians for security in time of war. With a shout of victory the natives surrounded and held the Spanish fast prisoners, and thus they were kept for two days without meat or drink. Death was inevitable, and the slaughter of the Spaniards had been decided upon, when deliverance came in the person of a woman called Maria Lafeiga, a niece of the Prince or Guanarteme of Galdar. This young woman had been a prisoner at Lancerote, and had learned to speak Castilian. She remembered having seen the Spanish captain at Lancerote, and was moved with compassion at his impending fate. She urged the Spaniards to give themselves up unreservedly to her uncle, and to trust to his generosity. The Guanarteme was on his part not loath to do a magnanimous act. Maria became the mediator, and the result was that Diego de Sylva, the Spanish captain, and his followers gave up their arms and left the fortress. The Guanarteme and the Gayrer, or chiefs, showed the Spaniards every kindness and hospitality, after which they undertook to conduct them to their ships. On their way they came to a very high precipitous cliff, where the path of descent was so narrow that only one person could pass at a time. The Spaniards, unused to treat others and to be treated with the simple generosity of the Canarians, concluded that they had been be-

trayed and had been led here to die, upon which they warmly upbraided the Canarians for their breach of faith. Indignation was rife at this false accusation, but, saying nothing in reply, the Guanarteme stepped forward to Diego de Sylva, and said, "Take hold of the skirt of my garment, and I will lead you down," and thus each Canarian led a Spaniard safely to the bottom of the cliffs, and to their ships. On parting the Guanches had but one complaint to make, and that was that they should have been thought capable of telling a lie or breaking faith.

De Sylva's gratitude was fervid but short-lived, for though he sent a scarlet cloak and a sword and musket to the Guanarteme, he returned shortly with fresh troops and defeated the Canarians in a pitched battle with great slaughter. Still, however, the island remained unconquered. The aid of the Church and of falsehood was next called into requisition. The Bishop Don Diego Lopez de Yllescas was summoned to select a site for a chapel, and the Canarians were humbly asked to give permission for a chapel to be built on the seashore, in which, as the Spaniards said, they might worship their God after their own fashion. The simple Guanches, scorning a lie themselves and hence not suspecting it in others, gladly gave consent, and even helped in its construction; but, when completed, they discovered to their cost that the chapel was a fort, and that the god the Spaniards worshipped was the god of battles. Delighted at the success of their stratagem, the Spanish commander and the bishop sailed away and left a strong garrison for the first time on Canarian soil. The natives watched their opportunity, and having cleverly one day decoyed the garrison out, they slew some of them and took others prisoners, and razed the fort to the ground. A great expedition from Spain was then fitted out and sent against the recalcitrant islanders, who were defeated in a pitched battle after the most determined resistance. Courage is not proof against the deadly bullet, and the Spaniards were beginning to use fire-arms.

The happy, the innocent days of the Canarians were now gone forever: no more did they rejoice in feats of strength and agility, no more did they dance and sing, and sit tranquil under a safe and honored government; discord had succeeded

Innes Peraza, the image was found every morning with its face turned to the wall, though it was daily replaced. They decided at last to restore it to Teneriffe, and with this purpose set sail with a fleet of vessels and anchored in a port of Teneriffe. Diego was met by the King of Guimar with an armed force, but when he found that Diego had only come to return the sacred image he loaded him with gifts and gave him free permission to send vessels to trade with Teneriffe. Acting on this treaty of commerce, Sancho Herrera, the son of Diego, was allowed to land and build a fort at what is now known as Santa Cruz. Disputes presently arose between the two peoples, but it was agreed that when such occurred the delinquent should be delivered to the offended party to be punished as thought fit. On a complaint of sheep-stealing being made against some Spaniards they were delivered to the Guanches, who, after reprimanding them, sent them back to their own people; soon afterward a complaint of injury was made against the Guanches, who were accordingly given over to the mercy of Sancho Herrera; but he, forgetting the example of clemency shown him by the Guanches, had all the accused hanged. The Guanches were so enraged at this want of generosity that they rose up and drove the Spaniards out of the island, and razed the fort to the ground.

In 1493 Alonzo de Lugo arrived at Teneriffe with a fleet of ships and 1000 armed men, determined to effect the conquest of the island. There were five kings of Teneriffe, and of these four at once submitted and made terms with the invader. The statues of these traitor kings adorn the market-place of Santa Cruz to this day. But the King of Taora refused to submit; he rallied his fighting men to the number of 300, and demanded of Alonzo what he wanted; to which the Spanish captain replied that he came only to court his friendship, to convert him to Christianity, and to make him a vassal of the King of Spain. To this the King of Taora replied that he despised no man's friendship, that he knew nothing of Christianity, and that as to becoming a vassal of the King of Spain, he was born free and he would die free. Alonzo continued to press forward with his troops, and penetrated into the island as far as Oratavo, where he looted the country and was re-

turning with his booty when, in crossing a deep defile or barranco, the King of Taora fell upon him with 300 Guanches and put him to rout, massacring 700 of his troops. The place is called now Mantanza de Centejo (the slaughter of Centejo) in memory of this battle. Broken and discouraged, Alonzo set sail from Teneriffe, and landed in Gran Canaria, whence he sent to Spain for funds and men. In a short time he returned to Teneriffe with an army of 1000 foot and 70 horse. He landed at Santa Cruz and marched to Laguna. At Taora he met the armed and united forces of the Guanches, with whom he had several fights. The Guanches were, however, so deeply impressed with the order, fighting qualities, and seemingly endless resources of the Spaniards, that they concluded that it was useless to contend with them, and assembling all the chief men of the island, they demanded a conference with Alonzo. They asked him what had induced the Spaniards to invade the island, to plunder the Guanches of their cattle, and to carry the people into captivity? To which Alonzo replied that his sole motive was his desire to convert them to Christianity. After due consideration the Guanches decided to accede to Alonzo's wish and to become Christians, and within a few days the whole of the inhabitants of Teneriffe were baptized. So rejoiced was Alonzo at this peaceable termination of the war that he founded a hermitage on the spot, and called it Nuestra Señora de la Victoria.

Umbrageous Palma had long been a coveted possession by the Spaniards, but excepting numerous marauding expeditions in search of slaves, its conquest was not seriously attempted until Alonzo de Lugo took it in hand in 1490. Having borne his part in the conquest of Gran Canaria, Alonzo grew tired of inactivity, and returned to Spain to obtain funds for a fresh adventure, and received from the king a grant of the conquest of Palma and Teneriffe. He landed at Tassacorta in Palma, and marched inland. The only difficulty met with was at the Caldera, a vast extinct crater with its rugged sides clothed with forest trees and seamed by streams. Here the king and his followers made a final stand against the invaders, who were unable to dislodge them. The

sufficient to demonstrate, by cumulative evidence of the strongest kind, the reality of the influences called telepathic. But I dispense with his cases. For my own satisfaction, at least, I have enough of my own.

In Mr. Gurney's book telepathy is not defined exactly as I would define it here. With him it is "the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense." Preferring the actual to the possible, I would say that "telepathy is an impression or effect produced by one mind upon another otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense," or "through no known medium." That such effects sometimes occur, under conditions known or unknown, is as certain as it is at present unaccountable. When, for instance, I awake any one out of deep mesmeric sleep, so called, which I have myself produced, by a few transverse passes of the hand at the distance of several yards, and so slight that they could not be felt or heard by him, with, it must be added, a full intention to awake him, and confidence in my power to do so, while similar movements made by a bystander, with whatever accompanying mental effort on his part, would have no effect at all, I exercise a telepathic influence—I produce a telepathic effect. Of the reality of this mysterious influence the proofs are innumerable; but even from a single well-established fact of the kind, one might not unreasonably suspect the existence of a law of nature formerly unknown, and of the discoverable operation of which who shall predict the range?

It was at first seemingly a slight thing that a straw or other light body is attracted to, and will for a time adhere to, amber or sealing-wax or glass which has undergone brisk friction; yet this was one of the first stepping-stones toward the discovery of the mysterious agent which we term electricity,—an agent operating throughout all matter, animate and inanimate, reaching from the earth to the sun, and probably to the utmost bounds of the seemingly infinite ether, and yet not intractable, but lending itself in most various ways to the service of man.

So with each new telepathic fact, however seemingly trivial; a higher standpoint is attained, the horizon widens, and there

is good reason to believe that the same laws are at work in regions widely dissimilar. One may even suspect that, like electricity in the material universe, so this mysterious agent in the region of the human mind, whether perceptible or not, is still of *universal* operation, manifesting itself sometimes naturally, sometimes under artificially produced conditions.

With me this suspicion has gradually strengthened, until I have scarcely any doubt that this agency is truly universal. I find it certainly at work in the land of dreams, for one may dream of that which another person is doing, or has lately done, or thought of; and if I give commonplace instances of this, they are no more to be despised on that account than are the electric movements of a straw. Indeed they are all the more valuable, as being further removed from the apparently supernatural. To give, first of all, the simplest.

Many years ago, when residing in the West Indies, two young children of mine were allowed to amuse themselves with a set of red and white ivory chess-men, but not to take them into their nursery. One morning, just before waking, their mother dreamed that she received a letter from England, enclosing the head or upper half of a red ivory knight, from a friend, who supposed that the piece must belong to her. On entering her nursery not many minutes afterward, a little boy ran up to her, crying, "See what I have found!" and holding up the identical piece dreamt of—the knight's head. The chances against this, considered as a mere coincidence, are enormous. Supposing it not improbable that there should be some dream relating to one of the pieces used in the game of chess, and not improbable even that it should be the prominent feature in the dream, still it might with equal probability have occurred on any day within a certain period of three years. And even supposing it not improbable, though in fact it was an isolated case, that a piece should get into the nursery, the coincidence in time remains to be accounted for, and also the identity of the piece found with that dreamed of. I calculate the chances at more than one hundred thousand to one.

On the telepathic theory of a mental sympathy between the mother and her child, all is perfectly simple. The child,

officer in the British army, and the other a well-known and highly imaginative popular writer, were sleeping in the same room. The officer, my informant, was roused by moaning cries from his companion, as of extreme terror and distress. Shouting loudly to awake him, he asked, "What was the matter?" To this question his brother, when fully awakened, would give no answer; he declared that he could not *then* tell the cause of his distress. While wondering at this, my informant himself began to fancy that there was *something* in the room. Gradually, in the gloom, half-way between the foot of his brother's bed and the opposite wall, there developed itself a dusky figure of forbidding aspect. "What is that?" he exclaimed, but his brother said he saw nothing. After a while, to solve the mystery, he rose from his bed and approached the figure, which disappeared as he did so. The next morning the dreamer explained that he had seen standing at the foot of his bed a figure which filled him with intense horror. "It was the devil."

It is very remarkable that in this instance it was not until after the dreamer had ceased to believe in the spectre as a reality, and not until after the image had so far faded away that when awake he saw nothing, that the telepathic impression made upon the mind of his companion gradually gathered strength enough to develop itself as a fearful shape. The case is, as far as I know, unique, and is certainly uncommon. Not unfrequently we "tremble at the vision that's gone by, the dread of vanished shadows;" but seldom can it happen that after the shadows have vanished, though the dread of them remains, they reappear before another's waking eyes. The laws which govern these phenomena are but little understood; but we need not doubt that they are laws of wide operation. A few centuries ago it would have been regarded as bordering on heresy to doubt that the dark and hateful spectre was actually Satan himself. It would not have been remembered that the arch-deceiver would best serve his own ends by appearing as an angel of light.

It seems to me to be beyond reasonable doubt that some one general law of sympathetic or telepathic action is at work in all the above simple instances, as well as in others more complex, to be mentioned

hereafter. Nothing in nature is really abnormal. It is most probable that a power to influence the minds of others, with a susceptibility to be influenced by other minds, exists in human beings universally, in a greater or less degree. To the hypothesis, abstractedly considered, that mind can act on mind directly—that is, not only through no known medium, but without any medium whatever—I see no valid objection. The action of mind on body, and that of body on mind, is far more mysterious than any action of mind on mind. For it is comparatively easy to understand that things of the same kind can affect one another directly. Yet to many persons mysteries with which they are familiar seem to be no mysteries at all: they wonder only at that which is unusual, and marvel at telepathic phenomena as savages at an eclipse.

That the influence of mind on mind is ordinarily imperceptible, does not prove that it cannot be universal. These are well-ascertained material influences which are of universal operation, yet are too feeble to be felt; and in some cases these, even if more powerful, would still be ordinarily unfelt, because they act in many directions at once, and tend therefore to neutralize one another. That matter has weight has always been known; but never till within the last few centuries could it have been suspected that, gravitation being universal, every human body must exert an influence upon,—for it has an attraction for,—every other human body, however distant;—an influence which would in certain cases be felt if the mass of the earth and the inertia of matter were very greatly less than they are.

In electricity also we have an all-pervading force of which we are ordinarily unconscious, violent and startling as are its occasional effects. So in the region of mind we may have effects rare and strange as are the slow-moving fireball, or the lightning-flash from an unclouded sky. Under peculiar and rarely occurring conditions, as yet but imperfectly known, certain mental influences predominate, and mind perceptibly acts on mind.

The great diversity of the forms under which a telepathic influence manifests itself furnishes but slight reason for supposing that all cannot obey one and the same law. For we know that matter may act on matter most variously. As various-

In my youth I saw a pantomime, in which were exhibited slack and tight rope dancing, tumbling, balancing, and various other feats of skill. Among these the performance of the clown was conspicuous. Holding the right foot in the left hand, he used the loop thus formed as a skipping-rope, through which he leaped backward and forward very rapidly. The next morning, just before waking, I had a confused dream of this scene in which the skipping clown was again prominent. The whole picture faded gradually as I became more and more conscious of my actual surroundings; but I found that on closing my eyes it was faintly reproduced, and that on reopening them the place occupied by the clown, whitish on a dark ground when the eyes were closed, appeared against a white bed-curtain as a pale purple spot, indistinct, but evidently in motion, like a pulsating heart. In this case lively impressions upon the mind and eye, after remaining dormant for many hours, assumed during a dream the appearance of reality, though the nerves of the eye were so feebly excited that a pale-colored spot only could endure the test of faint daylight. Had the room been darker, though not in total darkness, the moving figure would have been nearly as distinct when the eyes were open as when they were closed. Thus it is easy to see that one person dreaming of another, and gradually waking in partial darkness, on seeing the other's image still before his eyes, might not unnaturally suppose that his "ghost" had appeared,—“a visitant from another world,”—probably to announce his recent decease!

It is quite possible, however, that impressions upon the mind and upon the nerves of sight, very far fainter than those which produced the purple spot just mentioned, might suffice to convey the fullest conviction of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream; for the last objects which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were his bedchamber and its contents. He *dreams* of these, and also of the figure of his friend, which seems to be in the midst of them; and he will, in consequence, assert most positively on the following morning that “he was not asleep,”—“he distinctly saw the figure standing beside his bed,”—“he could not be mistaken.”

Some persons rarely dream, and their

dreams, when they do occur, are merely a jumble of scenes and events, recent or remote, of a most commonplace character. Impressions formed during the day have not reproduced themselves in dreams in one instance in ten thousand. Telepathic impressions will, in almost every case, be far fainter originally; and if of these not one in a million is so developed and intensified as to become perceptible, one need not therefore doubt the reality of the rest. A scene beheld telepathically has been one out of a multitude of such sketched on the brain, as it were, with invisible inks of various kinds, and superimposed one on the other, of which that one only has been exposed to such chemical action as to develop it; or as one of a multitude of voices heard afar off, and speaking in different tongues, of which one only, perhaps the name of a friend, is caught by the listener. The mind, like a stretched wire, vibrates but feebly except in response to that one among many tones with which it is at the time in unison.

For this kind of unison, this predisposition to receive or to impart telepathic influences, various causes may be assigned, some with much certainty. From the numerous cases recorded in “*The Phantasms of the Living*,” it is evident that blood-relationship is frequently a predisposing cause. So, as might be anticipated, are strong affection and close intimacy, as between husband and wife or familiar friends. In a word, whatever produces sympathy not telepathic, predisposes to these more mysterious sympathies also. So, again, there may be a telepathic response if the thought of one person is intently fixed upon another; or, still more markedly, if the thoughts of them both are mutual and simultaneous—*i.e.*, A's thoughts on B, and B's on A, *at the same time*. Such, in all probability, was the case in which, as above recorded, a mother dreamed of that which her child had just before found.

In the very striking case now to be recorded, more than one of these causes of strong telepathic sympathy were at work, and the effect produced by their combined operation was of unusual power. The writer of the following account is well known to me, and permits the publication of her letter, excepting only the names. She had previously related to me much of her story, in the presence of her husband.

"On the night of the 13th of March, 1879, I was going to a dinner party at Admiral —'s. While dressing for the same, through the doorway of my room which led into my husband's dressing room, I distinctly saw a white hand wave to and fro twice. I went into the room, and found no one was there, or *had* been there, as the door on the other side was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been upstairs. While dressing nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral —'s a strange feeling of sadness came over me. I could eat no dinner; nor afterward, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt *some one*, or *something*, was near me. We went home, and about eleven o'clock, or perhaps half past, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt some one touching my hair, as if they, or he, or she, were undoing it. I was very frightened, and told my husband I felt so. He laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying as I always did for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of as usual asking God to make him well, all I could say was, 'O God, put him out of his misery.' I got into bed, and something lay beside me. I told my husband, who, though he laughed at me, pitied my nervousness, and took me into his arms; but still whatever was there remained by me, and a voice, the voice of my friend, distinctly said, 'Good-by, Sis' (which he used to call me). Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss on my cheek, and I *saw* my friend, who told me 'he had left me some money, but that he wanted it to be left differently, but had had no time to alter it.' A livid line was across his face. I woke crying. About (I think) five days after, a letter was brought to me with a deep black border. I *felt* what it meant. It was to tell me of the death of my friend —, who had passed away at half-past ten P.M., March the 13th. The letter proceeded to tell me he had left me some money, but that the writer (his brother) was too ill and upset to give me any further particulars, or tell me of any messages he had sent me, only that his brother 'had died murmuring my name.'"

It appears that it was the dying man's wish to alter his will, and leave the money to one of her children, his godson, rather than to herself, "as he thought people might misconstrue his motives;" and she adds, "His brother ended his letter by saying, 'If ever woman was loved on earth, my unhappy brother loved you; and if we ever meet it can never be as strangers, but as brother and sister.'" Further on she writes, "I did not know this, but suspected it before his death." Here there was mutual affection—on one side of unusual strength. Each, moreover, habitually thought of the other, the dying man the more continuously and intently of the two, until at length the object of his devotion seemed to hear his voice, and

even, reading his thoughts, became aware of his special wish concerning her and her child.

It is important to notice here the gradual development of the telepathic impressions. The beckoning hand, but whose she knew not; the depression of spirits, wherefore she knew not; the some one or something near, but what she knew not,—were all antecedent to, or commenced some time before, the death of her friend. His influence upon her deepened by degrees, until, after his death, he seemed to be seen by her, to speak to her, to make known to her his last wishes. It may seem strange that his communications should have related to money matters. But it appears that on his death-bed, desiring greatly to alter his will, he had sent for a solicitor, who, however, did not arrive in time. Thus for some hours uncertainty and anxiety on this account must have been intimately blended, in the mind of the dying man, with his thoughts of her on whom his affections were fixed. Had not these last and most vivid impressions been preceded by others less distinct yet evidently produced by the same mysterious influence, there would have been room for the supposition, to which some persons so fondly cling, that after his death his "spirit," leaving the body, had paid a visit to his friend.

The instances of telepathic sympathy hitherto mentioned have been all of that simpler kind in which only two persons are concerned. But there are phenomena more subtle and complex than these. There are cases in which three or even more persons are concerned, one or more of them forming the medium (but not in the professional sense of that much-abused word) through which telepathic influences are conveyed. Thus, something concerning A—the image of A and a knowledge of what he is doing or suffering—may be telepathically communicated to the mind of B, but too faintly to be perceived by him; and yet a third person, C, of peculiar susceptibility, may, through sympathy with B, become conscious of that influence which by B is unfelt.

To mention only one or two of the instances of this, which have been related to me by parties immediately & described

parties immediately described a lady who had been visited by her friend

who entered her room as she lay weeping upon her bed in India, was in earlier life residing at home with her mother. She was in delicate health, and in the habit of retiring to rest at the hour of nine. Her mother, who slept in the same room, was usually an hour later. Upon one occasion, on her mother entering the bedroom, she seemed to be accompanied by another person with whom the daughter was not acquainted—"a lady in black evening dress, short, stout, and foreign looking." On her inquiring who it was, her mother declared that there was no one in the room but herself. The figure moved closer to her, was seen very distinctly, and then—she knew not how—disappeared. Both supposed it to have been simply a dream; but the daughter recorded it in her diary. About a year afterward the daughter was in Cheltenham with an aunt, and while walking with her in the High Street, recognized the fancied visitor to her bedroom. She was dressed in black as before; the only difference observed being that she then, in the street, wore a bonnet. The aunt informed her that she was well acquainted with the lady; it was Madame X.—I forget the name—"the famous clairvoyante," then paying a professional visit to Cheltenham. The aunt had attended one of her *séances* a year before, and being put *en rapport* with her, had challenged her to say what her niece, my informant, was then doing. The hour was between nine and ten in the evening. The clairvoyante declared that she saw her in bed, and gave some particulars respecting the room, which the aunt knew to be correct. The dates were found to correspond. The clairvoyante and the girl had seen each other telepathically, and the medium was the aunt. The faint telepathic *rapport* always subsisting, as is most probable, between the relatives, was intensified when the aunt's thoughts were directed toward her niece, and impressions on her mind, of which she was herself unconscious, were read by the clairvoyante. Then commenced a telepathic influence—whether mediate or immediate it is impossible to decide—between the clairvoyante and the sleeping girl,—an influence powerful enough to develop itself into a distinct vision.

This case is a beautiful example of telepathy, in that the telepathic influence was the

other through the third. But a much more remarkable case is now to be related, in which there were manifold telepathic impressions combining to produce their complex effect on one mind unusually sensitive.

In the year 1865 there occurred in Jamaica a local outbreak of a very grave character—a series of preconcerted attacks upon the "whites" by the lower class of the colored population—which, had it not been promptly and vigorously suppressed, would have extended over the whole island. The design had been very widely, but very secretly, entertained for years of getting rid of the white population, and taking possession of their lands—a design known to many, who, though having no share in it, yet dared not "go against their color" by giving information of the conspiracy. The outbreak commenced—before its intended time, it appears—in the eastern part of the island on the 11th of October; and on that day a zealous and able clergyman, and a distinguished layman—one of the kindest of men—were murdered, with several others. The clergyman of the parish narrowly escaped through his courageous conduct. Surrounded by a menacing crowd, he folded his arms and said, "Are you not ashamed to strike an old man who never did you any harm?" The manly appeal prevailed; but two of his sons, who, as I understood, were unpopular, were not spared. From this clergyman I afterward learned that a niece of his, a girl of thirteen years of age, had had a most remarkable "prophetic" dream—as it was regarded by his family—before the outbreak occurred, and I eventually obtained an account of it, in a large, childish handwriting, from the girl herself. It was in the following words:—

"I dreamed on the night of the 9th of October [two nights before the outbreak, forty miles off] that I was dead, and that all around me were laughing. My coffin was beside me. There came in a man with a crown on his head, and ordered it to be taken away; and the coffin and everybody immediately disappeared. He sat down beside me. I turned my head away. He said to me, 'Minnie, if you knew who was beside you, you would not turn away your head.' Then I looked, and saw it was my dear Uncle Stephen. [He had been dead some years.] He showed me a book blotted with blood, and asked if I could read it. I said I could not. There were two drops of blood on his face, and I asked what it was for. He said that two of mine should be killed, but that nothing should happen to

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This involves gathering information about the situation and the people involved.

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 3. *What is the research methodology?*
 4. *What are the results of the study?*
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temperament, and unaccustomed to be alone at night, had previously occupied the room, and had suffered from a vague sense of insecurity,—an apprehension of some possible danger. Naturally there followed a dream in which the idea of some formidable intruder was associated with recollections of the room itself, and of the window—the last object seen by the closing eyes. Thus the impression of reality was strongly conveyed, and gradually became intense enough to impress other minds,—probably those of other occupants of the house, or perhaps of friends or relatives, though too feebly for consciousness under ordinary conditions. Thence followed a telepathic effect of a more forcible kind upon the next solitary occupant of the chamber, who happened to be of a nervous temperament. To sleep alone in the room, to have similar associations of time, and place, and companionship, was sufficient to develop it. The dreamer touched “the electric chain wherewith we’re darkly bound,” experienced a mental shock, and beheld a vision. Each time that such a spectre is seen the excited imagination of the beholder will deepen the telepathic influence already widely spread, and will often add to it fresh features of terror, which contribute to intensify the effect.

If a figure merely dreamed of originally may thus reappear as a vision before another’s waking sight, why not the figure of one who had actually in the flesh frequented the spot in which his “ghost” is supposed to be seen, especially that of one who had there suffered much, or had there perpetrated some atrocious crime? Few persons, perhaps none, had been cognizant of the crime, or of the depth of the sufferings, through the ordinary channels of knowledge; but yet a telepathic influence had, all unconsciously to themselves, touched the deepest recesses of the hearts of many, and there abode for years, and thence extended to others. If of such persons any one of peculiar sensitiveness occupies, or visits the place in which so much that was sad and sorrowful, or so much that was fearful and horrible, had been suffered or done, then, usually in the darkness and silence of night, the past is revived. The voice of a brother’s blood cries from the ground, the groan of anguish is heard again, the past is re-enacted, represented as in a picture, to which the

terrified beholder himself adds fresh touches of horror. Sometimes the phantoms are but dimly seen, and seem to be transparent; and though this is simply because the impression upon the nerves of sight is comparatively feeble, and therefore conceals but partially the objects in front of which they intervene, yet, curiously enough, they therefore to the credulous beholder seem all the more real—for such, as he believes, *ought* to be the appearance of those who are no longer in the flesh! Thus the impression upon his mind is intensified, and the phantoms, with all their illusory surroundings, grow more and more terrific.

But these so-called “supernatural” appearances, once produced telepathically, are reproduced partly by ordinary means. The ghost-seer tells his tale of horror, and some future visitor of the haunted spot, or sleeper in the haunted room, dreams of what he has heard; and this his dream alone would suffice—as in the case of the fancied burglar at the window—to cause some future occupant of the chamber to dream a similar dream, or to imagine that he sees plainly, while awake, an unwelcome intruder upon his privacy.

Are there not, then, really such beings as ghosts? To some persons scepticism upon this subject may seem to be almost profane. Why should not the spirits of the departed, they may ask, revisit this world? It may be replied that if there be any communion between human beings, of whom some are in this world and some in another, or rather, between men and “ghosts”—since a soul without a body is hardly to be called a *man* (though it appears to retain the very features and even the dress which it wore when in the flesh)—such communion must surely be of a far higher kind than any which takes place in haunted chambers. But it is not so easy to lay the ghosts! In the “Nineteenth Century” for April last, Mr. Frederic Myers has professed his belief in the reality of telepathic, or “spiritual,” communications between the living and the dead. He argues fairly enough that if a knowledge of a fact originally “known only to some deceased person” enters the mind of one still living, his theory is directly proved. But he has overlooked the probability of a telepathic impression having been made by the deceased *before* his death on the minds of others, from whom,

—although the original recipients of the impression were never conscious of it,—a distinct knowledge of the fact was derived,—that knowledge manifesting itself, it may be, many years afterward.

In a future state, and in a higher world than this, one may well believe that there will be an intercommunion of spirits, to which the telepathic influences at work in this world bear a faint analogy.

For Christians it is a matter of faith that the Father of spirits acts directly upon the minds of men, and of an innumerable multitude of other intelligent creatures. And they hold, further, that in a glorified state they will “know even as they are known”—and this surely not through the medium of elaborate signs or words, as of the languages of earth. They may even not unreasonably

hope to enter into close sympathetic union with many souls at once, such as with our present narrow capacities of thought and feeling, is impossible. Hardly can one perfectly sympathize with one, constituted as we now are. But hereafter it may be with souls as with musical tones, of which many sounding together can produce a harmonious effect far more expressive and beautiful than that of any simpler concord, each tone enriching all the rest. So may each soul, vibrating in loving and intimate yet diverse sympathies with many others, receive ever fresh delight from their rich harmony. There may be an exquisite spiritual telepathy, in circles ever widening, embracing other orders of being, touching even the Highest.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE UNION OF THE AUSTRALIAS.

BY SIR HENRY PARKES.

It is my purpose in this article to present the Australian colonies as they rank to-day in the proposed federation. The coast line of the vast island of Australia comprises 8850 miles, and it is divided among the five existing colonies in the following measurements:—New South Wales, 680 miles; Victoria, 600 miles; South Australia, inclusive of the northern territory, 2000 miles; Western Australia, 3000 miles; and the fast-growing colony of Queensland, 2550 miles. The island of Tasmania has to be added, making the six separate States of the proposed Australian Commonwealth. New Zealand has adopted as her policy “to watch and wait.”

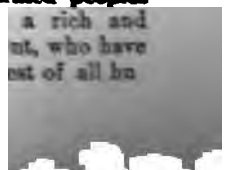
The population of the six Australian colonies, roundly stated, is 3,226,000 distributed as under:—

New South Wales.....	1,140,100
Victoria.....	1,133,846
Queensland.....	426,796
South Australia.....	332,700
West Australia.....	46,940
Tasmania.....	146,150

More than two-thirds of this population is in New South Wales and Victoria, with their joint frontage to the sea of 1280 miles out of a coast line of 8850, leaving 7570 miles to the comparatively thinly peopled colonies. The area in square

miles is—New South Wales, 310,700; Victoria, 87,884; Queensland, 668,494; South Australia, 903,690; Western Australia, 1,060,000; Tasmania, 26,229. So it will be seen that Western Australia occupies at present more than one-third of the whole territory, though her population is not a tenth part of the population of the city of Melbourne alone. The limited foresight, or blind calculation of those who determined this incongruous land-apportionment has left the adjustment to the moulding eventualities of the future. Few things are more curious to the critical mind in after-times than the want of clear forecast or adequate estimate of probabilities in those who under arbitrary circumstances lay out cities or dictate the boundaries of States. Some day not distant mighty awakenings and pregnant commotions will change the face of many parts of Australia and alter the relative importance of some of the colonies. Multitudes of men will swarm where now all is Australian desert, and new Liverpools and Glasgows will appear to receive and speed on the commerce of the Pacific Ocean.

Here, then, are the separated peoples of British stock, inhabiting a peaceful territory of v. bravely engaged in the



man work—the founding of a great free nation. These peoples are, as I have shown, very diversely situated in the new world which their industrial enterprise and hardy perseverance have opened, and where they have brought into vigorous play all the agencies of civilization. A mere handful of men and women occupy one-third of the territory in one part, while half a million of souls are crowded into a great opulent city in another. But what is of more importance than their equal occupancy of the Australian soil is their consanguinity of character. In no part of the British dominions is there a population so thoroughly British. Though there are faint sprinklings of Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, the elements of the coming nation contain no taint of foreign blood. The life-stream rapidly increasing in volume is as pure as that of England herself, and the majority of human beings who form it are even now born of the soil. The native-born Australians are more than double the total number of English, Scotch and Irish. The very conditions of life in Australia breed and foster independence of spirit and of mind. It may be said that there is no such thing as destitution in the land, and there is no school group of children to be found where there is not a school. Of course in the large Australian cities may be found that class of persons who congregate in large cities all over the world, and in none more so than in the great cities of America—the spendthrift, the unthrifty, and the incapable, mixed up with the idle and the evilly disposed. But for the industrious man who knows how to work out his own self-help the earth has no finer field than Australia. I have just witnessed the funeral of a well-known and beloved public man, whose name has been before the people for the last generation, and the streets of Sydney were lined by dense crowds, but there was not a ragged man, or woman, or child, in the immense multitudes. Not only the aspirations for national life, but the material conditions of nationhood are here.

The idea of Australian union is not in any sense new among the more thoughtful men who, at different periods, have taken part in Australian affairs. In early times, when New South Wales was the one principal colony, its control of South

Australia on the Southern Pacific to Cape York, there was no field even for the idea to germinate. The first urgent need, indeed, was separation and the establishment of new centres of domestic government. With no communication by railway or the electric wire and with scarcely a steam vessel on the sea, the difficulty of governing Port Curtis or the settlements on Hobson's Bay from the public offices in Sydney was felt on all hands to be unendurable. Hence the birth and rapid rise of Victoria and Queensland. But no sooner had the marvellous growth of the new colonies been demonstrated than the Federal want began to assert itself. More than a quarter of a century ago, two men of cultivated intellect and great power, among many others, Mr. William Charles Wentworth in New South Wales, and Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy in Victoria, put forth strong arguments in favor of creating a Federal authority. As years passed by, others, by tongue and pen, carried on the slowly shaping movement for a national government; and an actual though not very distinct Federal literature came into existence. The public documents and the articles and correspondence on the subject which have appeared in Australian magazines and newspapers would fill many volumes if they were all collected.

Still, it must be admitted that the Federal idea has not crystallized into clear form in many minds. The question is too large and weighty for the feeble grasp of the average politician. The mind that has been enervated by struggling after the publicans' vote, or has fatigued itself by its efforts to obtain a new watch-house for a bush village, finds it hard to comprehend the advantages to be derived from the Federal direction of Australian interests or the value of an Australian judiciary, and, without suspecting what it is doing, it falls into the narrowest ruts of provincialism. This has been exemplified by one or two public meetings of anti-federationists held in Sydney, where our fellow-countrymen in the other colonies were treated as foreigners, and the most reckless misstatements and vituperations were made to do duty for argument, the whole burden of the song being New South Wales against the universe.

But the Federal cause goes steadily on, and taking into account its newness and its vastness, the march onward is surpri-

vantage to themselves may flow out of it. There is the class, which I am afraid exists everywhere, who decide all questions by their personal dislikes or prejudices. There are the honest provincialists who thoroughly believe that the colony where they have themselves fared well will do best by standing aloof from the other colonies. They say with a simple-minded stupidity that what has been good enough for them is good enough for others. These various hostile bands are augmented by those who swell all noisy crowds in a large city, and who are always prepared to cheer any wild and vituperative language. But all these elements of perversity and trouble will throw up no real barrier to the march of Federation. Other forces will decide for the coming nation, and their discordant voice will be hardly heard. Already the question of questions is raised above the turgid heat of parties and in the first Parliamentary divisions protectionists will sit side by side with free-traders in the memorable vote for Australian union.

To-morrow, May 19th, His Excellency Lord Jersey will open the Parliament of New South Wales, and in his opening speech he will announce that it will be a distinct part of the policy of his advisers to submit the draft constitution for approval, reserving to Parliament the right to propose omissions or amendments, to be set forth by the proposer in each case in a separate schedule, such suggested alterations to be afterward considered, if deemed advisable, by another Convention similarly constituted to that of March, and in like manner representing all the colonies. I have reason to believe that a similar resolution will be submitted to the Parliaments of the other colonies. Before this article can be published, some of the steps indicated will have been taken, I venture to say, with successful results. We look to the best men in all the Parliaments, to the men of "light and leading," for support of the Federal cause, and not a single Federalist doubts of its triumph. Supposing the approval of the existing Parliament to be obtained, the final issue has yet to be remitted to the judgment of the constituencies, but the winnowing process of discussion will carry with it the growth of a sound public opinion among the electors, and there is no ground to fear an adverse vote in the ballot-box. The

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principles of human progress are the very principles on which the Federal cause rests—that union is better than disunion, that unrestricted is better than restricted capacity, that wholeness is better than dismemberment, that citizenship of all Australia is better than citizenship of one corner of it. It means the full enfranchisement of the Australian people, and their union on the higher level of national life.

The objections to the Federal movement, so far as they have yet been stated, will disappear under the searching light of honest debate. They cannot stand examination. The forum, the library, the fireside will send forth men to render the service of exposition and defence, and the army of patriots will be largely recruited from the ranks of the young. The friends of union will get surer footing day by day on the solid rock; the advocates of disunion will day by day feel the sand shifting from under their feet. It is inevitable that the great cause must steadily gain by public discussion.

The advance has been so great since I sounded the first note in the present movement, in my circular despatch of October 30th, 1889—only eighteen months ago—that the complete achievement of Federal Government within a corresponding period of the future would not be so amazing. The Parliaments of the larger Colonies, now in recess, will all reassemble within a few weeks, and in all immediate steps will be adopted to confirm the work of the Convention. An appeal to the people on the question, in one form or other, will follow in each colony. If three colonies of the group accept the draft Constitution as it stands, they can at once apply to the Imperial Government for the introduction of a Bill to enact the measure calling into existence the Government of the Australian Commonwealth. This renders the birth of the new nation possible, and by no means improbable, before the close of 1892. It may of course be that another Convention will have to be elected, to consider amendments, and it is possible, but not at all likely, that the Imperial Parliament may raise some difficulty. In either case, or in both cases, delay must ensue, but not a long delay. If any obstacle should arise of an unreasonable character, it will only strengthen and give vigor and intensity to the public feeling.

In all human probability the great consummation cannot be held back by any untoward course of events beyond the year 1892. By that time the population will be largely increased, and all the interests which demand a Federal field of operation will be much stronger. The Churches even now have awakened to the advantages to Church government and discipline, and to the organization of spiritual effort, which would come by Federation. The Primate of the Church of England, the Cardinal of the Church of Rome, the heads of most of the Nonconformist Churches, I am assured, are fervent Federationists. The far seeing men engaged in commerce are Federationists. The men of enterprise of all classes are Federationists. The men who have chosen as their calling the pursuit of literature, more especially those conducting the higher class of newspapers, are Federationists. In two years more the whole Australian population will be welded into one enthusiastic body of Federationists.

I have scarcely touched upon the reasons for Federation. They are suggested by the recital of powers proposed to be given to the Federal Government by the Draft Constitution. The time seems to be gone for arguing the case, and the reason seems to have come for practically dealing with those arrayed in opposition. As I have said, all that is wanted in dealing with them is light, and more light. Thus, then, there must be agitation, and there must be conflict. But the triumph is nigh at hand. As sure as night ushers in the morning, there will arise among the nations of the earth the fair Australian Commonwealth.

Of course, in the commotions which have been stimulated by the diverging views put forth during the course of the present movement, we have heard the screams of a hybrid socialism and the parrot cries of a flaccid order of so called republicans. Men, who really have faith in nothing, profess to believe in the neces-

sity for some organic change in the free government which shelters their useless lives. But the dominant feeling of the Australian populations is soundly loyal to the Liberal institutions and the noble mission of the Empire. It is difficult for any thoughtful mind to discover what higher place could be found for the new Commonwealth than the impregnable rock on which the parent nation has so long stood amid the convulsions around her. Men cannot be more than free and equal in their political relations, and in Australia all are free and equal under the English Crown. Without cause for separation, it is hardly within the range of probability that the young nation would separate at the bidding of the most worthless part of her population. She will be true to the builders, and set her face against the destroyers. Her national pride will be to emulate the example of the august mother of many nations, and to rival them all. That fine moral conservatism which is strongest in the captains of industry who have risen from the ranks of the poor will bind together as an imperishable cement the new temple. United Australia will not arise to be moulded by the sinister designs of the worst, but to take form from the pure aspirations and the passionate, protecting love of her noblest sons.

The vast and rapidly expanding volume of Australian commerce, the great material interests springing from her boundless mineral wealth and her various wide pursuits on the soil, would make the young Commonwealth a colossal power if she stood alone; but her grander place is in the mighty family of incorporated free States, which is destined to give the most perfect fabric of Government to mankind. Under the new conditions of union all her capacities will develop with a firmer fibre and an increased rapidity. The twentieth century will see Australia in possession of a plenitude of authority and happiness of which the poet has never dreamed.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE DIET OF GREAT MEN.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE absence of information respecting Shakespere's habits is lamented by all admirers of that most marvellous genius. True, Hamlet, King Lear, the Merchant of Venice, Othello, and Macbeth, can be reverently studied in spite of ignorance of so much we should like to know as to the author's private life; and it is possible that the more we knew of Shakespere's character and habits the less would be our respect. The *Life of Carlyle* did not increase the general veneration for that eccentric thinker; while John Stuart Mill, and, some critics assert, George Eliot also, were not gainers by the compromising facts their biographies brought to light. Nevertheless the world will always value anything which can be learned about its greatest men and women, and even in such a trifling matter as the particular food they preferred, and the beverages they liked the best, any reliable information cannot fail to be of general interest; the difficulty is to be certain of our facts, more particularly concerning men who have long passed away. The greatest possible care has been taken in what follows to refer to original authorities and to insure accuracy, but I cannot be sure that my statements will command universal approval.

While on the subject of abstinence in food, may I be pardoned for mentioning that many years ago, when a schoolboy, I tried how cheaply I could live, and found that I was able to get, in summer, everything I required in the shape of good, wholesome food for 3s. 6½d. a week. Of course I had little meat, and kept principally to fruit and vegetables, which I could buy cheap, as I was near a large town. As a touching instance of the sufferings of the poor, and the small sum on which life can be supported when the wages admit of nothing more luxurious, I make no apology for giving the diet sheet of a "sandwich man;" it was published a short time ago in the *Record of the London City Mission*. He only earned 7s. a week, and, acting on Mr. Micawber's excellent advice and keeping well within his income, spent 6s. 10d. His week's food cost 2s. 1½d.; six days' lodging, 2s.; soap, 1½d.; washing, 4d.; medicine,

2d.; shaving, 1d.; and a pair of boots, or some other article of clothing, 2s. His daily food allowance of 4½d. was thus distributed: dinner, 1d.; supper and breakfast, bread, 1½d.; butter, 1d.; tea and sugar, 1d. Soon after the production of this curious balance-sheet he died in Guy's Hospital. He once earned £10 a week, but, like thousands of our countrymen, was ruined by drink, the bane of rich and poor, clergymen and sinners. It was strange retribution that the boards he carried advertised the *Profligate*. But to leave this poor wanderer, and to pass on to men who were some of them, perhaps, not greater sinners though far more highly placed, and so have been more leniently judged.

Swift suffered from chronic indigestion, brought on, it is said, in youth by a surfeit of fruit, though a more improbable cause could hardly have been assigned; this effectually kept him from great excesses at table. When enrolled a member of the famous Brothers' Club, he often complained of the ill effects which followed the club dinners and suppers. His solitary meals at Dublin were extremely simple; a mutton pie and half a pint of wine were his ordinary bill of fare. Everything connected with Swift is of great interest, and it is curious that in his case a certain able clergyman, whose intuitive knowledge of physic would have done credit to one of our great living surgical luminaries, suggested that an operation should be attempted which, in our day, has in similar circumstances met with signal success, though in the last century it could not have been successful. Sir Walter Scott mentions, in the *Life of Dean Swift*, that "a few days afterward he sank into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not without great difficulty be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stephens, an ingenious clergyman of his Chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and, upon opening his head after death, it appeared that he had not been mistaken; but though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his skull might be tre-

panned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice." Swift remained from October 1742 to October 1745 in a deplorable condition and then passed away.

Pope's physical feebleness compelled him also to be very careful as to his regimen. "Two bites and a sup more than your stint," wrote Swift, "will cost you more than other men pay for a regular debauch." One day, to give an instance of his abstemiousness, he was entertaining two friends, and when four glasses of wine had gone round (and such an allowance was, in those riotous times, regarded as rigid abstinence), the Wasp of Twickenham rose and retired, observing: "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." He was fond of highly-seasoned dishes, and liked his friends to send him delicacies. When lampreys adorned the board, he always did them justice; indeed, his death, like that of King Henry I., has been partly attributed to over-indulgence in them. By the way, as every schoolboy knows, John Lackland died, some say, of a debauch of beer and peaches; others credit the monks of Newark with poisoning him; while others, again, attribute his death to the mental disturbance brought on by the loss of his treasure in the Wash. The first Napoleon's fondness for mutton and garlic is generally known, and it has been contended, and possibly with some reason, that had he been more abstemious at the time of the Battle of Leipsic, that tremendous conflict might have ended differently. The Emperor certainly had to quit the battle-field, an ugly rumor says from a severe attack of colic brought on by over-indulgence in one of his favorite but indigestible dishes. More merciful critics see in his illness that day the commencement of the cancer of the stomach which, seven years later, brought his life to a close, but cancer of the stomach usually runs a far more rapid course, so that the disease could hardly have begun in 1813.

Johnson declared bluntly, "He who does not mind his belly will not mind anything else;" and he asserted that "Claret is the liquor for boys and port for men; but he who would be a hero must drink brandy." He, however, took very little alcohol, and during his later years was practically an abstainer.

My readers will recall the memorable and touching lines in Boswell's *Life of*

Johnson, when the latter was very near the end of his pilgrimage. The great lexicographer's life had been one continual illness; he had faced, and not altogether with impunity, many temptations and trials, and his earlier surroundings had been far from good, while the customs of the age permitted greater excesses than would now be tolerated in the higher walks of life. "Then," said Johnson, when his physician told him that his death was near, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, using only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take some more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should debilitate his mind, and so have the very effect he dreaded, he answered, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenances." And thus this great and good man (for the verdict of his own day has been confirmed by that of posterity, and he was both, despite some warring of the flesh against the spirit) passed away, with his mind clear, his heart at rest, and the fear of death, which for years had haunted him, mercifully dispelled at the last, and the peace of God (for which he had yearned so long and prayed so earnestly, but, as it seemed, ineffectually) granted him in large measure when most needed. Cheerfully and calmly he passed away, not soothed by opiates nor stupefied by alcohol; and who can doubt that in quiet pastures beside the still waters of comfort he has received his reward? It is interesting to remember that he was for many years an uncompromising enemy of wine, and that he was, in his later years, loud in praise of water. "As we drove back to Ashbourne," says Boswell, "Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only. 'For,' said he, 'you are then sure not to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine, you are never sure.'" And this was not the only matter in which he was in advance of his contemporaries, and of most of ours too. Johnson liked satisfying food, such as a leg of pork, or veal pie well stuffed with plums and sugar, and he devoured enormous quantities of fruit, especially peaches. His inordinate love of tea has almost passed into a proverb; he has actually been credited with twenty-five cups at a sitting, and he would keep Mrs.

Thrale brewing it for him till four o'clock in the morning. The following impromptu, spoken to Miss Reynolds, points its own moral :

For hear, alas, the dreadful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown :
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

Poor Boswell, in spite of his long intercourse with his great friend, sometimes forgot the lessons of his mentor, and occasionally indulged so freely in wine that he became the butt of stupid jokes. What other biographer would have recorded his own bad habits with such singular simplicity, though it is to that very candor and self-abnegation that half the value of his memorable work is due.

David Hume, after retiring from public life in 1769, devoted himself to cooking, as "the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. . . . I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soup à la reine*, copied with my own hand ; for beef and cabbage, a charming dish, nobody excels me. I make also sheep's broth in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of for eight days after ; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it."

Gibbon was extremely fond of madeira, and declared that it was essential to his "health and reputation ;" he would always gratify his taste for it in spite of the protests of his physicians. It is one of the saddest privileges of the doctor's profession to see the worst side of human nature, and, like valets, to learn more of the weakness than the heroism of his employers. Some hours before his death, Gibbon picked a wing of chicken and drank three glasses of his favorite wine, which testifies to the strength of his digestion rather than to the obedience he paid his medical advisers.

Burns, after his first literary triumphs, was, as is only too well known, admitted for a time into the company of the great, where he "ate spiced meats and drank rare wines." He was, unfortunately, guilty of wild excesses, and his intemperance probably cut short his days. He is said to have once taken part in a match between two lairds, who contended for the possession of an ancient heirloom by ascertaining which could drink "the longer and the stronger." Wherever Burns went, the

doors flew open to admit him ; and if he reached an inn at midnight, the inmates were soon dressed, and gathering with him round the punch bowl, roared lustily, "Be ours to-night ; who knows what comes to-morrow ?"

The constitutional melancholy of many most gifted men is proverbial. Something in their disposition, perhaps in part the penalty of genius, seems to drive them into excesses from which less brilliant mortals are happily preserved. The Epicurean sentiment so beautifully expressed by Herrick—

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
The fairest flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow may be dying,

has its counterpart in the poems of Nezahualcoyolt, most accomplished and wisest of Tazucan monarchs, and the greatest and best man who ever sat on an American throne : "Then gather the fairest flowers from thy garden to bind around thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish ;" but surely that may be done, or at least attempted, without being guilty of degrading debauches that a respectable navy would shrink from. The son of Nezahualcoyolt was named Nezahualpilli, which signifies "the Prince for whom one has fasted," in allusion to his father's long fast previous to his son's birth.

Scott had very little sense of smell. "I have seen him stare about," says Lockhart, "quite unconscious of the cause, when his company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an over-kept haunch of venison." He could not distinguish madeira from sherry, and disliked port, but was not averse to champagne and claret ; whiskey-toddy, however, he considered better than the "most precious liquid ruby that ever flowed in the cup of a prince." His reverence for a monarch, in whom he saw the anointed of the Lord, was well illustrated by this, to him, tragic incident of the broken goblet, which he intended to preserve in commemoration of George IV.'s Scotch visit.

Charles Lamb was not indifferent to the charms of punch and tobacco ; and of their little parties in the Temple, Lamb and he provided beef and tobacco, and each guest helped himself to a goodly fancy.

De Quincey, or, as his friends called him, to spell it, Quincey, like

famous men of letters, was a martyr to a diseased stomach, and, when he lost his teeth, was obliged to use special forms of nourishment. Tea, cocoa, coffee, soup, with a little tender hare or mutton carefully prepared and minced, made up his diet. He began taking opium at Oxford, but it was some time before he became a slave to the habit. When fully under its malign influence, he every day got through three hundred and twenty grains of solid opium, equivalent to eight thousand drops of laudanum; this would fill seven wine-glasses. Sometimes his daily allowance was increased to twelve thousand drops. Few works of greater interest than the *Confessions of an Opium Eater* have ever been laid before the World; its graceful and fascinating diction and exquisite pathos have secured for it a high place among English classics; in that remarkable volume the poor author laid bare his secret soul to the gaze of mankind. I hardly know anything more touching than the description given by a recent writer of the appearance of the poor little man: small, thin, nervous, and ill cared for, he was a curious compound of genius, and, shall I dare to add, semi-insanity. He describes his early sufferings when, a runaway from school, and the victim of misery and sorrow, he used to wander about those grimy, foggy, depressing London streets which send a positive shudder through the heart of the lover of the country. He commemorates, in beautiful language, the tenderness and gentleness of Ann, that poor wanderer from virtue, whose influence over him seems, in spite of her very questionable life, to have been elevating, and whose vision in later years haunted him day and night. He tells us how, on "a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless, and a duller spectacle," he truly adds, "this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London," he first resorted to opium, to deaden the pangs of hunger, poor lad! Then he dwells upon the exhilaration that followed, and the surpassing, indescribable happiness, which transformed life into a placid dream. This season of cheerfulness and pleasure was followed by a terrible awakening in the middle of 1817: day and night became equally intolerable; interminable processions of mournful spectres passed before him; his mind wandered; a few hours seemed a year; a day became a lifetime;

the joys of opium vanished, and horrors which it even surpassed, the powers of his facile pen to describe, took their place. The struggle to emancipate himself from this terrible vice was agonizing. His sufferings distressed and shocked his friends, who urged him to give up the attempt at self-reformation, and to purchase dear-bought temporary relief by still greater suffering later. This much resembles the advice often given to repentant drunkards, who should rather be urged and helped to abstain altogether. Why linger on the dreadful picture! Thomas de Quincey finally triumphed, his life was preserved, and his vigor of mind returned; but for generations his dreadful *Confessions* will be a solemn warning, and will do more than the exhortations of preachers and the entreaties of medical practitioners to make opium-eating rare in England. According to the best authorities, the use of opium for self-indulgence is not extending, or, rather, is diminishing in this country.

Opium is sometimes said to do more good than harm, to exhilarate, to stimulate; but what of the following graphic passage. Madden, in his *Travels in Turkey*, speaking of the opium-eaters of Constantinople, says: "Their gestures are frightful. Those who were completely under the influence of opium talked incoherently; their features were flushed; their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy; and the general effect of their countenances was horribly wild. This effect is generally produced in two hours, and lasts from four to five. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on the excitement is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, and every fibre in the body trembles; the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid."

De Quincey contends that the pains and pleasures of wine have nothing in common with the delights and agonies of opium, and some passages make one suspect that he could judge equally well of opium and of wine, and so I shall avoid the error he condemns of comparing the one with the other. Moreover, I have had the pain of watching the sufferings of an opium-eater, as well as those of innumerable drunkards, and they have absolutely nothing in common. But the mental tortures of drunkenness and the sting of an outraged conscience are worse, a thousand times worse, than the poverty, misery, and disease tha

sure, though often long-deferred penalties of excess in alcohol, and too much can hardly be made of them. Few people seem to understand that the penalty of sin must ultimately be paid, although the sinner may be penitent and earnestly desirous of amending his ways. Much vaunted remedies for intemperance are innumerable, but all equally valueless except rigid abstinence. Minute doses of tincture of nux vomica and bromide of potassium, often lauded as infallible remedies, are disappointing; at least, I have frequently prescribed them and found them so. A somewhat better palliative is quassia chips steeped or boiled in vinegar; a teaspoonful of the decoction should be taken in a tumbler of cold water several times a day. This is sometimes credited with being an excellent remedy to quench alcoholic thirst, but, I fear, its value is small. A drunkard at Bilston once asked me to prescribe for him. What could I suggest? I could only reply to his demand, to persevere, although the struggle might be severe; but if he would persevere long enough, peace of mind would certainly come at last, though medicine could render him no assistance. But the poor fellow did not remain constant to his good resolutions, and his relapse was speedy and terrible. Well may sailors speak of the "horrors," and exclaim that the infernal regions have sent forth legions of fiends to torment them before the time. "The devils," said a patient to me in the Westminster Hospital, who died a raving dipsomaniac, "are dancing about, the room is full of them; they leap on the bed, they mock me and tear my hair, they tickle me, they give me the strength of a dozen Samsons." The poor fellow became, before many hours, the prey of even greater terrors, and he was removed with some difficulty to an asylum. I never saw him again, he was one only among hundreds of cases equally distressing that I have known.

Sir Frederick Pollock's recently published *Remembrances* contain some touching and interesting passages; one of the saddest is an interview he had with the gifted but wretched Hartley Coleridge. Sir Frederick mentions that a little wine would arouse that extraordinary genius from a state resembling lethargy, and set him off talking in a rambling and incoherent, but withal pleasant enough fashion,

recalling his father's manner. This was toward the close of poor Hartley Coleridge's wasted life. Another brilliant genius ruined through drink! another career blasted that might have been among the brightest in our literary annals! Can we forget the touching narrative of Dante Gabrielle Rossetti's sad life? He did not, it is true, take alcohol to excess, but he indulged in chloral, another proof that when the craving for narcotics is fully developed nothing will satisfy it; and as far as results go, it matters little whether opium, chloroform, chloral, Indian hemp, ether, or alcohol is taken, the sin is equally great and the end not less terrible and certain. Grant, if you will, that inebriety becomes at last an incurable disease, as Dr. Norman Kerr, in his classical work on inebriety, maintains, you must, nevertheless, admit that before it is a disease beyond the power of the victim to restrain, it was simply a bad habit over which he had full control. Intemperance may end by becoming a disease; but at its commencement it is a bad habit, a vice.

It has been of late asserted, and, according to the *British Medical Journal*, with probably too great truth, that the vice of naphtha intoxication has made its way to New England from Germany; this probably, however, only signifies that a vice once solely practised in Germany is now becoming common among the enlightened and educated New Englanders. The victims are principally women employed in the india-rubber factories. The naphtha used in the manufacture is kept in large boilers, and the naphtha drunkards open the valves of these reservoirs and breathe the fumes; this brings on a peculiar but, it is said, agreeable form of intoxication, for, horrible as it appears to the temperate, every form of intoxication must be attended, for a time at least, with a certain amount of pleasure, or no one would indulge in it.

Porson's bad life is another of the most distressing in our literary annals. In the following rhymes, wholly unworthy of his reputation, he seems to turn his profligate habits into a jest; at any rate, one can see no trace of deep mental distress and

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This great Greek scholar is commonly reported to have been far from orthodox ; he was not in the Church, and resigned his Fellowship in 1792 rather than take Orders. His melancholy fate hardly seems to deserve the pity which it has always called forth ; he shamefully and persistently neglected his duties as Librarian of the London Institution, and, finally, when he died in September, 1808, in his forty-ninth year, it was after many years of deplorable self-indulgence. His craving for drink at last led to his taking ink or any other strong tasting beverage. Nothing in his writings, as far as I know, breathes the deep contrition of Charles Lamb in his *Confessions of a Drunkard*, although it is asserted, on excellent authority, that Lamb was not a drunkard, but that his pathetic paper simply conveys what his keen insight into human nature and his close observation had led him to imagine a penitent though incurable drunkard might feel in his sober moments. There must have been a strange personal charm about Porson ; how else account for the crowds of University men who met to show respect to the remains of one who, in spite of his intemperance, shares with Richard Bentley the great honor of heading the long list of our profoundest classical scholars.

Byron had fits of intemperance, generally followed by a very strict regimen of rice, vinegar and water, and other simple food. Fish he preferred to flesh ; but after taking up his residence in Greece, he left off animal food, and lived chiefly on toast, vegetables, cheese, olives, and light wines. He usually drank spirits before writing, as they helped the workings of his muse.

Moore, as is well known, was greatly enraged by the lines in which Byron, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, ridiculed his absurd duel with Jeffrey, and sent him a challenge, which did not reach the young satirist for a year. This challenge led to several letters passing, and finally, as Moore had now calmed down, to a friendly meeting in the hospitable house of Samuel Rogers. The latter had first proposed that Moore and Byron, and himself, of course, should alone form the party ; but Thomas Campbell chancing to call, he too was pressed to join. When Byron came, he made an excellent impression, and Moore, as was not surprising, was delighted and struck by "the noble-

ness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manner, his kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the color of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, as he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character when in repose." Unfortunately, there was nothing for the young poet to eat ; for Byron, in his dread of getting fat, lived on vegetables, and the biscuits and soda-water for which he asked could not at that day, even in such a wealthy house as Rogers's, be got. "He professed, however," continues Moore, "to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar, and of these meagre materials contrived to make a rather hearty dinner." The meeting went off admirably.

Shelley could not understand why people wanted more than plain bread. He was so careless about his meals that he did himself serious injury. When, during his London walks, he felt hungry, he would buy a loaf at the nearest baker's, tuck it under his arm, and eat it as he went along, probably reading a book and dodging the passers-by at the same time. Mrs. Shelley often sent food to his study, which, in his abstraction, he forgot, and then, coming out from the room, he would innocently ask, "Mary, have I dined?" This reminds one of the preoccupation of Sir Isaac Newton, who is said not always to have remembered whether he had dined or not, and of the practical joke once played by a friend, who ate the philosopher's dinner, a chicken, which was waiting for him, and then, leaving the bones on his plate, he was amused at the unconsciousness of Newton, when he came into the room, that he had not dined.

Waller was remarkable as the only "teetotaler" in Charles II.'s Court, but he was as light-hearted on water as others were on intoxicants. Milton, before going to bed, smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water. Southey treated himself to an after-supper allowance of punch or black-currant rum. Dryden was a great snuff-taker, and liked a fitch of bacon better than more delicate fare ; he had, he said, "a very vulgar stomach." Addison, as all his admirers deplore, and they are legion, was a lover of port wine, and

probably shortened his days by his partiality for it. Goldsmith was always in difficulties, finding it hard to obtain the champagne and chicken necessary to his existence; but his contemporary, the homely printer Richardson, was a vegetarian and an abstainer from alcohol.

Some of the clerical admirers of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, must, one fancies, regret that that unfortunate statesman was not content to leave posterity in ignorance of his habits. His diary throws a sombre light on his weaknesses, and an attentive perusal makes it difficult to regard him as a hero. There is something positively child-like in the simplicity with which he committed to paper trivial matters, unspeakably strange and ludicrous coming from the pen of the leader of a great party. Lord Macaulay's strictures are severe, but hardly too harsh.

Let us turn to William Laud's Diary, and we are at once as cool as contempt can make us. There we learn how his picture fell down, and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen; how he dreamed that the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him; that King James walked past him; and that he saw Thomas Flaxney in green garments, and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. In the early part of 1627 the sleep of this great ornament of the Church seems to have been much disturbed. On the Fifth of January he saw a merry old man, with a wrinkled countenance, named Grous, lying on the ground. On the Fourteenth of the same memorable month he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away. A day or two after this he dreamed that he gave the king drink in a silver cup, and that the king refused it, and called for a glass. Then he dreamed that he had turned Papist; of all his dreams the only one, we suspect, which came through the gate of horn. But of these visions our favorite is that which he has recorded on the night of Friday, the Ninth of February, 1627. "I dreamed," says he, "that I had the scurvy, and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help." Here was a man to have the superintendence of the opinions of a great nation!

Another weakness makes us smile. It was his terror when the salt was upset at table. The foundation of this superstition is, of course, the tradition that Judas was pointed out to the eleven by the salt being upset at the Last Supper.

The *Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick* deserve most careful perusal on their own merits, not less than on account of the interest attaching to the great geologist. He

lacked a strong "gizzard," though a diner out and a giver of good dinners, by which we generally mean loading the tables with four times as many rich dishes as the guest can or should eat. Sedgwick often amused his hosts by eating freely of "nursery pudding," though this never interfered with his appreciation of more generous fare. He absolutely revelled in the abundance of Edinburgh breakfasts, and was "comfortable" under the genial spell of Irish hospitality. "I do like," he said in his old age, "to see people drink good wine, though I have no share in it, and I will sit here while you drink a hogshead." "I'm glad," he told the undergraduates at the Trinity Commemoration of 1867, "they've given you champagne: it will warm the cockles of your young hearts. I hope you will indulge in a wise hilarity." At Paris, in 1827, he saw some famous men, and gives this description of two of them and their habits:—

Laplace was a rather small man, with a white necktie, looking very like a parson, though he was reputed to be an atheist, as indeed was the case. He was then very old, and used an old man's privilege, retiring to bed at about nine o'clock. Arago was a fine looking man, with a very fine wife, and a staunch Republican. Laplace, on the contrary, was weak, and always shifting his politics according to the time. This led at last to such a quarrel between him and Arago that it was not usual for persons to attend the *soirées* of both. When Laplace was near his end, Arago saw a man at his own *soirée* who usually went to his rival's, and remarked, "Ah! he sees old Laplace is going, and so he has come to me." It was usual for a visitor, when once introduced, to go regularly, and it was considered rude to cut many *soirées* consecutively. Laplace gave only tea and coffee, but Cuvier, after his *soirée* was over, would sit down with a few friends to tea and apple-pie.

The unintellectual life early in this century of the Fellows of even such a great College as Trinity is sketched in sombre detail, contrasting strangely with the vivid picture which Adam Sedgwick preserves of John Dawson, the village surgeon of Sedberg, so famous a mathematician that undergraduates flocked to him from far and near, and who, though he had had no academical training, numbered among his pupils, twelve Senior Wranglers. I reasoned without the aid of honors: so I

another instance of what genius will achieve in spite of every conceivable obstacle. Given transcendent genius, and it will force a way, neither poverty, jealousy, nor obscurity being able to keep it under for more than a season.

Mrs. Oliphant, confessedly one of the most brilliant writers of our day, writes with such grace and elegance and evidence of original thought that it would be hard to name her equal among living authors. Her *Literary History of England* is remarkable for its original judgments and is exceedingly readable, many chapters indeed are more interesting than a novel. Her descriptions of the habits and private lives of some of our greatest writers is singularly beautiful; one of her best chapters is given to Miss Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, and her famous coterie. The following passage deserves reproduction, for it throws some light on the weaknesses of one who, in the last century, was regarded as a much finer genius than posterity has been disposed to admit:—

To balance the romance we have a semi-heroic narrative of a certain occasion on which Dr. Darwin, who, as a rule, eschewed all intoxicating liquors, was persuaded to drink more wine than was good for him. It was while on a boating expedition, and in the middle of a hot summer day. To the horror and astonishment of his friends, the half-intoxicated doctor suddenly plunged out of the boat into the river, when they were close to Nottingham, and, rushing in his wet clothes across the fields, reached the marketplace before they could overtake him. Here they found him mounted on a tub, making an oration to the gaping multitude around. "Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me," he said. "You are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and your families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will desert you, that you know; but you may not know that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly is not less necessary to procure health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. I have no interest in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman and a physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times a day by opening your windows." After this abrupt address he got down from his tub and went back with his friends to their boat. The dripping philosopher on his homely platform, the gaping crowd around him, an eager apothecary of his acquaintance vainly endeavoring to persuade him to come home with him and change his wet clothes, and the

astounded excursionists standing by not knowing what to make of their friend's vagary, form an amusing picture.

The connection between drinking and obesity has long been admitted to be very intimate, and the corpulent, advised by their medical attendants to eat more temperately, might with equal propriety be cautioned to drink less, not necessarily in the offensive sense of not getting intoxicated, but of not taking so much fluid of any sort. Apart from diet and external influences, we may assume that there exists in many constitutions a very marked tendency to obesity; for under the same conditions of food and life some become fat, others remain thin. One of the most frequent predisposing causes is heredity, for the tendency to corpulence is often inherited; in some cases it is actually ingrained, and even shows itself in early life, and occasionally in persons of sparing habits the tendency to obesity is positively a disease and resists all efforts of art, while the most painful temperance is useless.

What is the influence on the human body of a long-continued increase in the amount of the fluids consumed? *A priori*, one is inclined to believe that obesity is as often caused by over-drinking as over-eating; even Ebstein has lately accepted this and now recommends a diminution in the quantity of fluid, even of water, although not to the same degree as does Oertel. But is there any comparison between the fattening qualities of water and of alcohol, strong wine and beer? Long ago Brillat-Savarin most strongly prohibited the last. Starch food, he said, fattens none the less when mixed with water than when taken in beer and other sugary alcoholic drinks. As for alcohol itself, it, *par excellence*, causes obesity, more especially by reason of its deleterious influence on cell activity.

Before leaving this somewhat repulsive subject I must mention a singular surgical operation for the cure of obesity, lately performed in Paris, and to which the name of *degraisage* has been euphoniously given. Two medical men, Drs. Marx and Demars, performed the operation on M. Hiroguelle, an author. Having put the patient under chloroform, they raised the skin and cut away rather more than four pounds of adipose tissue; the skin was then stitched up again. The patient has made a good recovery, and, report adds, is so delighted with the improvement in

his figure that he is thinking of a series of other parings in different parts of his body. Vain Frenchman ! Even that corpulent Adonis, George IV., with his inordinate vanity, would rather have let his figure become Daniel-Lambert-like in its proportions, than submit to the surgeon's knife. Self-indulgence will always claim its victims. What tortures the young smoker goes through before he is an adept. We have, curious to say, the experience of Wellington and of Napoleon on the inconvenience, to use a mild term, of learning to smoke. The former, just after returning from the Peninsula, joined the Duke of Cumberland and some other distinguished officers in the smoking-room of the hotel at Portsmouth where they were staying.

"I sat," said Wellington, "behind my pipe, whiffing away with a feeling of wonder, and watching with interest the countenances of the rest of the company." Other novices at smoking were there, and, as they left the room, one after another, but failed to return, he noticed that the old smokers were on the lookout for him to follow. He continued to puff away, however, saying to himself, "Well, it will come to an end, I suppose." And it did, before the pipe was finished, and in such an unpleasant fashion that he never again attempted to smoke.

Napoleon's efforts at smoking came to an end even more quickly than did those of his opponent. Although in later life he was a votary of the snuff-box, he was never known to attempt smoking but once. The Persian Ambassador having presented him with a magnificent oriental pipe, he

wished to give it a trial. After being instructed how to proceed, he desired his attendant, Constant, to light it. It was accordingly properly charged and lighted. We will let Constant tell the rest of the tale.

"I obeyed, and returned it to him. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful, when the smoke, which he did not know how to expel from his mouth, turned back by his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by his nose, nearly blinding him. As soon as he recovered breath he exclaimed, 'Take that away—what an abomination ! The brutes ! My stomach is quite upset !' In fact, he was so annoyed for more than an hour, that he renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again."

But my subject is nearly inexhaustible, and the dietetic peculiarities of great men, as far as they are known, would furnish material for many volumes, though enough is as good as a feast, and the appetite is soon satisfied. But their dietetic eccentricities would not exhaust all we should like to know ; a book might be written on the clothes which our great countrymen have affected ; another on their amusements ; a fourth on their deaths ; and a fifth on the fate of their offspring. Only the other day a neighboring vicar told me that he had heard of a man who had got together an enormous mass of material for a curious book ; it consisted of cuttings from newspapers recording strange modes of death, or rather, probably, singular fatal accidents ; a gruesome subject truly, but not without interest and pathos.—*National Review*.

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A KISS.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

I ASKED of one whom I loved full well,
 "There is just one thing I would have you tell :
 'Tis strange to ask, but the thing is this,
 What is the good or the ill of a kiss ?"

"It should be," she answered, "a sacred sign
 Of a love that can follow the Great Design ;
 But e'en now to the devil your soul you may sell,
 And a kiss may lead to heaven—or hell."

suppose it is absolutely necessary for me to run my vessel into a sandbank? It is quite possible I may strand my ship, but assuredly I cannot feel otherwise than gratified to think that I have a definite course clearly marked out, and I cannot but strive to follow that course with all my strength of purpose.

It has been urged with more ingenuity than truth that as the commandment not to resist evil by violent means is on all fours with that which forbids us to throw our children out of window into the street, and as it occasionally comes to pass that we have to violate the latter, it follows that the former likewise admits of certain exceptions and exemptions. No one would dream of insisting that it is wrong to forbid people to throw their children out of window merely because it may be necessary to do this at a fire, except those who find it advantageous or lucrative to torture children; in other words, people who follow a profession or calling of which child-torture constitutes an essential element.

Now this is precisely the case with revolutionists; and it is a horrible confession to have to make. Reasonable beings, intelligent and highly gifted men, place themselves in opposition to common sense; sensitive, kindly, self-sacrificing souls stoutly defend violence and passionately plead the cause of murder. Violence and murder shock them, and carried away by their natural feelings, they set about opposing them by violence and murder. This method of procedure, although not far removed from the instinctive impulsiveness of mere animals, cannot, however, be said to be senseless or self-contradictory. But the moment revolutionists or governments undertake to justify such a curious course by arguments meant to appeal to reasonable beings, the utter nonsense of the thing becomes hideously palpable and Pelion has to be piled upon Ossa in the way of sophisms, in order to hide the sheer folly of such an attempt. All the stock arguments marshalled in array, in such cases, are based in last analysis on the hypothetical existence of an imaginary cut-throat, who, possessed of but little in common with ordinary human beings, takes a fiendish delight in torturing and murdering innocent people. It is this demon in disguise, spending all his time and energy in the work of wantonly slaying inoffensive mortals, who is the justifi-

cation in flesh and blood of the doctrine of violence. Now it will not, I am sure, be denied that this murderous cut-throat is a most exceptional, and I think I may even go so far as to say an impossible phenomenon: many persons may live a hundred years, as I have lived over sixty, without having ever once come in contact with this fabulous monster, when engaged in his diurnal work of slaughter. Why, then, should I, or any other reasonable being, base my rule of life on this wretched fiction? Putting aside such myths, however, and looking calmly at the realities of every-day life, we observe something very different from all this: we see men—aye, and ourselves first and foremost—continually committing acts of the most refined cruelty, and in the first place, not single-handed like the fabled cut-throat, but in close alliance with other people; and secondly, not because we are brutes, but simply because we happen to be under the degrading influence of erroneous ideas and exposed to the temptations they engender. Nor is this all; passing in review the multifarious phenomena of human existence, we cannot fail to perceive that the most shocking cruelties they have to show—bloody battles among men, destructive dynamite, the gallows, the guillotine, penitentiaries on the solitary system, property, the law courts, authority in all its Protean forms and with all its wide-reaching results—were called into existence, not by the imaginary cut-throat, but by the very people who found their rule of life on the hypothetical existence of this impossible human monster.

They who contemplate life, therefore, as it really is, cannot be blind to the fact that the cause of evil among men is not contained in the mythical cut-throat, but in the errors of mankind generally, and in their own delusions in particular, one of the most baneful of which consists in the endeavor to ward off an imaginary evil by creating a terribly real one. And having once admitted this fact, they would naturally feel impelled to turn their attention to the removal of the tap-root of the evil—the sweeping away of their own erroneous views as well as those of their neighbors; and so doing, they would with difficulty comprehend why it was that they formerly needed to feed that activity with a fiction about a cut-throat with whom in all probability they would never come in

contact. And even supposing this bugbear to be a fact instead of a fiction, it still remains true that if a person with such dispositions were to meet with a desperate ruffian of the character described, he would

in all probability demean himself toward him in a spirit very different from that of the man who, having never seen a murderous cut-throat, had spent all his life in hating him.—*New Review*.



THE BLESSED OPAL; OR, THE STORY OF THE FIFTY-THREE GENERALS.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

It was at the time when Mexico, in its impatience of rulers under ordinary designations, was consenting to be more or less controlled by a military official whom the public knew as the Governor, and by a subordinate, a privileged *fidus Achates* known to the people as the Lieutenant. It was also the year in Mexico when the fashion in *sombreros* was in the direction of the lowest crowns.

The Governor commented on this fact to his Lieutenant, as they sat under the shade of the trees in the great *plaza*. The scent of the flowers from the market round the corner of the cathedral was wafted to them. The flower-girls were there, in the circular arbor and the booths, tying up bouquets of violets and roses, though the calendar called it winter. It was a paradise of flowers, if not of lovely women.

The Lieutenant had nothing to add to his superior's observation about the *sombreros*.

"It is a beautiful building," the Governor said, by and by.

"Which?" the Lieutenant asked, for beautiful buildings surrounded them.

"The cathedral, of course," said his Excellency impatiently. "I should like to have seen it," he added presently, finding that the Lieutenant made no response to his admiration, "I should like to see it now—if only for a moment—restored to the likeness of the temple of the great god Huitzilopochtli. The Saints forgive me!—I mean it only as a spectacle. The Cross is triumphant. But think of it, Don Pedro—the great hideous image, the dancing priests, the yet live hearts upon the altar—that very altar that we see there in the edifice devoted to the true service. Do you think it should be there, Don Pedro? Is it not a profanation? Should we not have it removed?"

"The altar stone is *not* there," Don Pedro answered dryly, pointing westward.

"It is in the National Museum. It is the calendar stone that is in the cathedral."

"Ah, yes—true, you are right."

A green lizard glanced along the bough of a tree toward the Governor's head. It shone in the sun like a living emerald, and it seemed to wait for his next words.

"Still, do you not think we should remove it?"

The Lieutenant did not answer. He was a man of few words, and no theologian.

The Governor twirled his mustaches thoughtfully. He wore immense black mustaches, twisted out on either side. His eye and his nose were accipitral, and his dark face revealed the strain of Montezuma with an admixture of the conquering blood.

"Just for a day—no, a moment—I should like to see it," he said, reverting to his former thought, "a great day of the great War-god. No, I should not like to see it, but just once to see a reproduction of it—without its fearful tortures. How many thousand human victims do they say were slain in a day on his altar?"

The Lieutenant again did not answer, but the Governor showed no offence. The two men knew each other. The Governor put these questions as to a second self. When the Lieutenant did not answer, it was equivalent to his saying that he did not know.

"My opal will not show me the past," the Governor said simply.

"I don't know," his second self observed, "that I altogether believe very much in that opal of yours."

"What, Lieutenant! Do I understand you to say you do not believe in it?"

A humming-bird, which had been playing about in one of the trees of the *plaza*, darted down and hovered as if struck by the flash of the Governor's eye. "Do you shoot?" a gentle American lady had

"We might take your description from that, and go on." He spoke bad American. The visitor did not fully understand him.

"Yonder looms the great white cone of Iztaccihuatl, 'the white woman,' looking toward her lord and master, Popocatepetl, 'the mountain that smokes——'"

"Do you smoke?"

The American shook his head, but the Governor nevertheless lighted a cigar. The visitor paused and watched the smoke begin to curl round the Governor's mustaches. "But," he then went on, in a different tone, at length allowing his hand to assume a more natural position, "but you have no railways—I would not say none, nay, but hardly any. That inestimable blessing, however," he said, rising proudly, and tapping himself upon the breast-pocket of his frock coat, "that inestimable blessing I am able to give you."

The Governor understood him sufficiently well to draw out the magic opal and become absorbed in its depths. When the General had spoken for some five minutes more to the same purpose, his Excellency began to speak likewise. The American listened respectfully, and the Governor read the vision: "I see dreadful things happening—things that require my presence within the house. You will forgive me, I know, when I say good-by."

"What a magnificent opal," the American observed. "My friend, Señor Ben-sadi, has some very fine ones."

"This one has been blessed," the Governor said gravely, as if rebuking the implied comparison. "Pray inspect the palace, the grounds, the giant cypresses," he continued, courteously. "You may see traces of the bath which Montezuma carved out of the living rock, and Aztec hieroglyphs. You may also find crowns of hats without the brim, brims of hats without the crown, old preserved meat cans and old boots, all bearing signs of a high antiquity, but clearly belonging to a later civilization than the Aztec. There is also a well-preserved aqueduct. Good-by."

"A singular man," the American reflected, as he drove back, past the statues of the Montezuma and re-entered, by way of the Alameda, the city of Mexico. "But," he mused, "he alighted in the court of the Curio Hotel,

"I am not much nearer getting a concession for a railroad."

When the Governor went into his study the Lieutenant was there writing.

"There is another general," he said; "an American this time."

The Lieutenant did not answer, but ceased writing in order to listen with attention to the words of his superior.

"There are too many generals in Mexico," the latter went on.

Still the Lieutenant did not answer. Perhaps he was thinking that the Governor's remark boded ill for his own chances.

It seemed that the other's thought had forecasted the possibility of this reflection, for his next words were:—"Unless we remove a few, promotion in the higher ranks seems at a standstill. Listen," he continued, fiercely, as if the Lieutenant had been constantly interrupting him. "While yonder American was speaking of childish things, I read a vision in my opal." He went to the window and paused a moment, looking out on the infantry and field-guns in the court-yard of the palace, on the mounted sentries here and there visible among the great cypress trees at the foot of the rock on which the palace was built. Then he looked over the tree-tops away to the white city, and then began speaking in a dreamy voice—"I saw a banquet, there were above a hundred guests, one hundred and four to be precise. One half of these were in the uniform of general officers, but their hue was swarthy. They sat alternately with soldiers of common rank, but of fairer face. And the banquet went merrily until the dessert—then all was confusion. Can you interpret the vision?"

The Lieutenant laughed a low appreciative chuckle. "It is a funny opal," he said. "I will start *mañana* (to-morrow)."

A fortnight later the hearts of the fifty-two generals at the fifty-two doors of the palmetto-reed huts were cheered to receive an invitation from the Governor's Lieutenant to a great banquet in the neighborhood of Montezutepec. "It was the intention of the Government," the invitation said, "in recognition of their noble patience in awaiting the arrears of pay, which had unaccountably miscarried, to show its appreciation by requiting them in such full manner that they should never hereafter utter a word of complaint against its generosity. To inaugurate this great consummation the Lieutenant on behalf of

the story, as I read it, is this. It occurred to certain gentlemen living in a town, which we may leave in its obscurity on the Pacific, that it would be a good thing for the town to promote a railroad to run from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Their motives were purely philanthropic—or they said so themselves, and again they would not have told a lie about a little matter like that. So they approached the State Legislature, with which they had influence, and said, 'We regard it in the light of a public duty to do all that in us lies toward the building of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the advantages of commerce, and so forth.' We need not follow out all the reasons which these philanthropic men adduced for their philanthropy."

"Certainly not," the Lieutenant interposed.

"Therefore," the philanthropists continued, 'we ask only that you should give us so much per mile for the construction of the railroad, as well as every alternate section along the line of the railroad' (a section I need hardly tell you is 640 acres), 'and we, in return, will undertake to build you this road.' Well, the Legislature agreed to the proposal. The 'so much' per mile for which the philanthropists had bargained turned out to be about twice as much per mile as the construction of the railroad cost. The alternate sections turned out to be of enormous value, with the railroad running through them. Thus the country was opened for Eastern capital, the philanthropists became men of such wealth that the name of millionaire failed to designate them, and thus we see that philanthropy never fails of its due reward." The Governor paused, but in such a way that all his hearers knew that there was more to follow. Seeing their silently expectant attitudes, he continued: "It is one of the characteristics of this virtue that it constantly extends its sphere. The philanthropists did not feel that they had done enough. Having built this road by the aid of the State, and having profitably sold its bonds, they found themselves in possession of sufficient capital to build a railroad upon their own account. This road was in direct opposition to the previously built railroad, and they were thus enabled to supply the public with the blessings of a competitive system of railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific—in

which philanthropic enterprise it was found, as before, that philanthropic virtue was not its own (and its only) reward."

This time he ceased in such a manner as to indicate that he had reached the conclusion of his narrative. There was a momentary pause. Then the American said: "Excuse me, but in what way has this a bearing upon the proposal that I have brought before you?"

"Merely as showing," replied the Governor, replacing the opal in his pocket, "that railroads are not always built purely in the interests of the travelling or trading public."

"Would you be kind enough," the American asked, "to lend me your opal for a few minutes? I am curious to see whether I could read a vision off it."

After a moment's reflection the Governor rather reluctantly drew the stone from his pocket and handed it to General Shelldrake.

The American gazed awhile into the translucency of the blessed gem. "I read from it," he said at length, "a vision which we may call 'The Story of the Man who knew his Price.' A certain man was commissioned by the government of a certain state to travel around and report upon the working of the licensing laws. He was an honest man——"

"Was he a friend of yours?" the Governor asked, but General Shelldrake paid no attention to the question.

"He was an honest man, and when he had been absent a week or two he wrote to the Board by whom he had been commissioned as follows: 'On my arrival at the town of A—— I was offered ten thousand dollars to frame my report in accordance with the wishes of those who would have bought me. At the town of B—— I was offered twenty thousand dollars. At C—— I was offered thirty thousand dollars; at D—— forty thousand; at E—— fifty thousand. On each of these cities I now beg to hand you my report, and at the same time I would ask you to recall me, and to send some one else to report upon the other cities of the state, for they have very nearly reached my price.'"

"From which we are to infer?"—the Governor said interrogatively, as the American thus concluded his story.

"That every man has his price," the latter answered, looking into the Gover-

man's eagle eyes as he handed him back the opal.

"Yes," the Governor replied, returning his gaze with interest. "Every man has his price. But some men's price is hard to reach."

After this, General Sheldrake bought a tract of land very cheap, yet at a price which Señor Bensadi laughed at him about, for it was in the alkali desert and would grow nothing—so at least Señor Bensadi maintained, but General Sheldrake said it was an oasis in the desert, and that he would make his money off it, with interest. So he built a house and lived there, and occasionally came into the city to see Señor Bensadi, or to try to persuade the Governor to his own views about the railroad.

Now it was the Governor's habit to drive out, some three or four days in the week, generally with his Lieutenant, and the most favorite of his drives was to that tree of sad memories, the *triste noche* tree, under whose shade the indomitable Cortes is reported to have wept on the night of his expulsion from the city of the Montezumas. And on one occasion of these drives the Governor passed near the house of General Sheldrake, and he bade the coachman pull up, and smiled at what he saw being done there, for there was great activity, and mules were coming and going from the river bed, bringing loam and putting it into pits dug here and there in the alkali ground. And the Governor looked thoughtfully into his opal and for the first time began to ask himself whether the American were more knave or fool: for if this were knavery it was hard to see to what end it tended.

In a few months the patch bought by General Sheldrake in the desert was green with pumpkin vines, which grow, when they grow at all, so fast that one can all but see them doing it. It was, as he had told Señor Bensadi, an oasis in the desert, and he asked Señor Bensadi to come out and stay with him, and the more from the opal was exceedingly surprised by what he saw. "Really," he said, "I had no idea that this alkali land could be made so fertile."

But the opal said, Yes, that he had had a good deal of experience of alkali, as indeed he should, for he was raised in Arizona, and that he had often noticed that where there was a patch of fair land,

with alkali about, that patch was extraordinarily fertile. "It seems," he said, "as if that patch had, as it were, sapped the fertile qualities of all the surrounding land, and concentrated them in itself."

And Señor Bensadi said, "Oh yes," though for all he understood of it he might equally well have answered "Oh no," and that was the end of it.

In a few months more General Sheldrake started from his rancho as the dawn was bathing in rosy light the snowy heads of Popocatepetl and his spouse. He rode thoughtfully through the cactus and the *mesquite* bush, and arrived in the city before the sun was hot. He came into the stifling little store where Señor Bensadi sat among his opals, his feather-work, his broderies, his Mexican silver-work, and all his antiques. He declined a glass of vermouth which his friend thoughtfully offered him; his normal volubility had deserted him, he seemed like a man with whom the world was going amiss. He despaired of getting his concession for the railroad.

Señor Bensadi discussed commerce and art. "Things are going well with us," he said. "Jewels are coming in well, and going out well. Above all, we have made many improvements during the last year or two in the manufacture of antiques."

"You have some fine opals," the American said, looking round him. "but none quite so fine as the Governor's."

"Ah," the Señor answered, with a glance of doubtful significance. "His, you see, has been blessed."

"Hum!" said the American, equally doubtfully. "Now what is the meaning of this visioning and sight-seeing in this blessed opal, anyway?"

"Well," Señor Bensadi said, "no question has been more discussed in Mexico than that which you have just asked me. How much does the Governor see, or does he believe he sees, and how much does he only make-believe to see? He is a pious man, my friend, as we all are, and most undoubtedly he had this opal blessed, and values it sacredly. And in the East there have always been traditions of divine visions in the depths of the opal for those who have — ~~seen~~ — are also many sceptics—who believe of

of giving a direct command, which might involve responsibility, he does but read off some fairy tale or parable which that Lieutenant (who understands him as if he were his familiar spirit) interprets and executes. That is what some say. I do not know which say the truth. For me, I say nothing."

"Hum!" said the American again. "But tell me—you surely do not believe at all in this miraculous power that they attribute to the opal?"

"They are funny things, my friend, these opals," he answered, a little uneasily. "They make funny eyes at night, when you come into this store" (he was whispering) "with the moonlight playing on to them. It would take a bold burglar to rob this store, I think. But some of them are not the real opal—there are shrikes and there are mocking-birds."

"How do you say?"

"I mean there are opals and there are onyxes. All that pass for opals are not opals at all."

"Then what are you talking about mocking-birds?"

"Ah, my friend, did I not tell you that story? I call it the Story of the Nest of Mocking-birds. It is written on the saddest page of my life's history. They are beautiful birds, mocking-birds, are they not? And such a lovely note, so rich, so full! Such a power as they have, too, of weaving into their own wonderful song each sound they hear—a horse neighing, a baby crying—no matter how homely the sound they fill it full of melody, while they preserve the imitation and make it fit into their own harmony. I am a great lover of birds. It has been my dream to go back some time to my native country, there to hear the skylark sing, the bird of Burns, of Wordsworth. I, as I need hardly say, am a Scotaman."

"What?" the General asked, astonished.

"A Scotsman, of course," Señor Bensadi said, with mutual astonishment at the other's surprise. "I need scarcely remind you of those famous names Ben More, Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, to show you how common a prefix is that which in our own time bears. My ancestors used

eral. "At least it was nothing important."

"To return to our mocking-birds," the Scotsman resumed. "I was in love—deeply, devotedly in love—for, as a compatriot has said to me, 'When a Scotsman loves, he loves to distraction; and when a Scotsman drinks, he drinks to desperation.' But I will spare you my distractions. I loved her. I spoke to her often—in fervent words—of the song of the mocking-bird. She was a Chicago girl. Yes," he went on hurriedly and fiercely, catching the other's eye, "her feet were large, but I loved every inch of them. I believe I often tried, by humming, to give her some idea of the mocking-bird's song; but she said that even so she could scarcely realize it. Then it occurred to me—oh, brilliant conception—to send her a nest of young mocking-birds. I found the nest myself. Ah! that was the mistake I made in the excess of my ardor. I should have let some one else find it for me. But I sent them to her, by special messenger, and had the happiness of hearing that they had arrived safely and that they were doing well. By degrees her letters grew colder. Some one had inspired her perchance, I thought, with suspicions to my disadvantage. The references to the 'dear little mocking-birds' grew less frequent; but at length I got a letter which was full of mocking-birds. (I speak metaphorically, you will understand.) She said the birds would not sing, and would eat nothing but raw meat. I wrote back and said it was not the season for their singing, and that the change of climate would naturally make them want strong nourishing food. But I grew madly uneasy. I could bear it no longer, and at last I rushed to Chicago. Imagine my feelings, my friend, my suspicions were all too fully realized. They were there in full blatant health, accursed destroyers of my happiness, with hooked beaks, eating meat like cannibals—my beautiful mocking-birds were simply unmitigated shrikes!"

"And the sequel?" General Sheldrake asked, as the other paused.

"The sequel!" he said, in painful suspense. "The sequel is, that I remain a shrike."

"See," said the General, "you are a shrike, instead of a mocking-bird."

For Bensadi smiled in mournful ap-

preciation of his friend's humor. "Yes," he added, "an onyx instead of an opal."

"By the by," General Sheldrake said, "in my sympathy for you I was nearly forgetting the object of my visit. I have discovered," he continued, drawing within confidential whisper range, "I have discovered another oasis. It is within three leagues of that one which you saw smiling like a garden. Unhappily I have not the money to buy or open it up. But it is a tract of unexampled fertility. I have so great confidence in it that if you will advance me the money on mortgage of that property, which you have already seen, I will willingly pay you fifteen per cent."

"Certainly, my friend, certainly. The interest is fair, and the security is good, for I have seen it with my eyes; it remains to consider at what rate we should value the property."

And the business between them was concluded in fewer hours than a Mexican would have needed *rodillos*.

The Governor and his Lieutenant were sitting, a few minutes after this, on the seat beneath the old cathedral, with the perfume of the violets in the flower-market wafted to them and the humming-birds poising themselves over the palm-trees, just as they were seated when the Governor read from his opal the first vision of the fifty-two generals. The Governor was talking and the Lieutenant was listening in absent-minded obedience when a *señor* came to a halt before them and was perceived to shade the dark features and a *parte* of the portly person of Señor Salomón Bensaín. The Señor expressed his gratification at seeing the Governor in such good health, and observed that it is ages indicated that their friend or common friend Sheldrake proposed to make Mexico for a while his home.

"Indeed," said the Governor, "May we ask on what you base that inference?"

"On the fact that I have recently furnished him on friendly terms with a sum of money for the purchase of some more land."

"Indeed," the Governor replied again.

"Now I should have inferred, for the commonest, that the fact of owing money in a *comercio* would rather have the tendency to make the borrower desirous to leave that *comercio*. But Sheldrake you know your friend, Bensaín, is such a man, of the highest honor."

"I said friendly terms, your Excellency; but that was not to say without security. Oh no! That eligible and fertile garden which the General has planted—"

"In the alkali desert?"

"Precisely; but his oasis flourishes like a bay tree—"

"Pardon my interrupting you," said the Governor, who for the last few seconds had been questioning the profundities of the blessed opal. "With your kind permission I would like to expound to you a vision that I see here, and which I may call the Story of the Pumpkin Vines. I see a man of apostolic countenance directing certain agricultural operations in the alkali desert. I see mules coming from the river bank bearing loads of loamy earth, which are discharged into large holes dug in the alkali ground. Again, and I see a planting of seeds in the holes so prepared among the alkali. Again, and I see the spreading limbs of the pumpkin vines, and behold they have covered all the alkali ground, and the apostolic man's patch smiles like a verdant garden. Again, and I see the apostolic man displaying his work proudly to a *señor* of dark-visaged man of fine full habit. Again, and I see the dark-visaged man of full habit handing money to the apostolic man and receiving in exchange a legal document. Again, and I see the apostolic man leaving his house and garden. His house is stripped bare. The pumpkin vines have withered down, and the ground is again bare alkali. He is leaving with all his household goods. Again, and I see the dark-visaged man in fury—but no, that is enough."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Señor Bensaín. "Do you mean to say you think the General would have left me—would have deceived me—left me to foreclose on worthless land?"

"The General?" the Governor echoed, with every accent of surprise. "What general? Did I mention a general?" he asked, turning to the Lieutenant.

"Not that I am aware of."

"Understand, sir," the Governor continued, turning with fury to Señor Salomón Bensaín, "I made reference to a *señor*. I did but fear you would not understand."

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the alkali desert surveying a few withered stems of pumpkin vines and a dismantled wooden house, the late residence of General Sheldrake, who, as inquiries in the city had shown him, had been recalled by urgent business to America on the previous day. The Señor left his buggy and hammered at the door of the wooden house, with no avail. None answered. With a bar of the snake fence which had inclosed

the once verdant pumpkin patch he broke the poor lock. The room was as bare as the desert. It was not even relieved by cactus or *mesquite* scrub. Only behind the door was pinned a sheet of paper headed "To Señor Saloman Bensadi," and, underneath the legend, "Is it mocking-birds or shrikes?"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SELF-TORMENTORS.

No one can read the Life of either Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle without being struck by the extraordinary genius for self-tormenting which both these remarkable persons possessed. Not that we mean to impute it to either of them that there was any superfluity of naughtiness in the torment inflicted. Neither of them could have given up the practice at will. The elements of which each alike was all compact, secured this self-tormenting as inevitably as an exposed nerve secures anguish, or a gouty constitution secures irritability of temper. It is quite a mistake to suppose that self-tormentors are usually at all more responsible for the misery the conflicting elements of their constitution entail upon them, than they are for the hardships inflicted by a severe climate or a revolutionary war. We might as well assume that a man who frets himself to fiddlestrings like Carlyle could, if he chose, be tranquil and placid, as that a man who has had curvature of the spine from his birth could, if he chose, be vigorous and athletic. Incompatible elements within the mind are no less involuntary, and often much more oppressive, than incompatible elements within the body. Carlyle had a

powerful imagination, and a very impatient and fitful temper. He anticipated evil; his vivid imagination exaggerated it tenfold when it did come upon him; he wrestled with it with a fury that made it a thousand times more oppressive. He could not bear to submit himself to the least inconvenience.

tory. Mrs. Carlyle had both the eager and proud temper of a man, and the fine and sensitive tenderness of a woman, indissolubly united within her, and the consequence was, that the man in her rebelled against that which the woman in her craved, while the woman in her shrank from that which the man in her resolved on. No mental constitution more happily adapted for self-torment could have been conceived. There was a constant struggle in her as of fire with water, the flame hissing against the stream which extinguished it, and the water drying up under the flame. No wonder that she was unhappy; the only wonder is, that she did not much sooner succumb to what St. Paul calls the war in her members. Neither of these skilful self-tormentors, who were always preaching renunciation, knew how to renounce, at least till they had striven fiercely against the bare idea of renunciation for many weary years. Yet they were not the worst of self-tormentors, for they did apparently both learn in the end something of the secret of resignation, and did not pass out of the world like mere helpless self-tormentors,—like Swift, for example,—with rage and despair in their hearts.

The popular notion of self-tormentors,—namely, persons who really and truly, and of deliberate purpose, give themselves keen suffering because they intend to punish themselves for their sins and shortcomings,—concerns a class of persons very much less miserable; for the ascetic, however much he expatiates in penances, is, after all, only training himself to endure patiently what he thinks he ought to endure, and, like every one who puts himself to hard discipline for a purpose, he more or less enjoys the sense of self-mastery which gradually grows upon him, even if he does

death than it ever was before ; and, so far as we can judge, her marriage was really a mistaken one,—a mistake due to too much deliberation,—though it ended much better than at one time seemed at all probable. Still, her career teaches us that even for the most ardent and elaborate self-tormentors, there may be peace at the last, if they only keep true amid all confusions,

as she certainly did, to the leading purpose of their life. She sacrificed herself to Carlyle's genius ; but she stuck to her purpose, and in the end she attained something like peace, and,—though this mattered much less,—she borrowed from that genius a halo of reflected light.—*Spectator.*

HIGH LIFE.

EVERYBODY knows mountain flowers are beautiful. As one rises up any minor height in the Alps or the Pyrenees, below snow-level, one notices at once the extraordinary brilliancy and richness of the blossoms one meets there. All nature is dressed in its brightest robes. Great belts of blue gentian hang like a zone on the mountain slopes : masses of yellow globe-flower star the upland pastures : nodding heads of soldanella lurk low among the rugged boulders by the glacier's side. No lowland blossoms have such vividness of coloring, or grow in such conspicuous patches. To strike the eye from afar, to attract and allure at a distance, is the great aim and end in life of the Alpine flora.

Now, why are Alpine plants so anxious to be seen of men and angels ? Why do they flaunt their golden glories so openly before the world, instead of shrinking in modest reserve beneath their own green leaves, like the Puritan primrose and the retiring violet ? The answer is, Because of the extreme rarity of the mountain air. It's the barometer that does it. At first sight, I will readily admit, this explanation seems as fanciful as the traditional connection between Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple. But, like the amateur stories in country papers, it is "founded on fact," for all that. (Imagine, by the way, a tale founded entirely on fiction ! How charmingly aerial !) By a round-about road, through varying chains of cause and effect, the rarity of the air does really account in the long run for the beauty and conspicuousness of the mountain flowers.

For bees, the common go-betweens of the loves of the plants, cease to range about a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below snow-level. And why ? Because it's too

cold for them ? Oh, dear, no ; on sunny days in early English spring, when the thermometer doesn't rise above freezing in the shade, you will see both the honey-bees and the great black bumble as busy as their conventional character demands of them among the golden cups of the first timid crocuses. Give the bee sunshine, indeed, with a temperature just about freezing-point, and he'll flit about joyously on his communistic errand. But bees, one must remember, have heavy bodies and relatively small wings : in the rarefied air of mountain heights they can't manage to support themselves in the most literal sense. Hence their place in these high stations of the world is taken by the gay and airy butterflies, which have lighter bodies and a much bigger expanse of wing-area to buoy them up. In the valleys and plains the bee competes at an advantage with the butterflies for all the sweets of life : but in this broad sub-glacial belt on the mountain-sides, the butterflies in turn have things all their own way. They flit about like monarchs of all they survey, without a rival in the world to dispute their supremacy.

And how does the preponderance of butterflies in the upper regions of the air affect the color and brilliancy of the flowers ? Simply thus. Bees, as we are all aware on the authority of the great Dr. Watts, are industrious creatures which employ each shining hour (well-chosen epithet, "shining") for the good of the community, and to the best purpose. The bee, in fact, is the *bon bourgeois* of the insect world : he attends strictly to business, loses no time in wild or reckless excursions, and flies by the straightest path from flower to flower of the same species with mathematical precision. Moreover, he is careful, cautious, observant, and

pathians, the Scotch Grampians, and the Norwegian fjelds, but also round the Arctic Circle in Europe and America. They reappear at long distances where suitable conditions recur: they follow the snow-line as the snow-line recedes ever in summer higher north toward the pole or higher vertically toward the mountain summits. And this bespeaks in one way to the reasoning mind a very ancient ancestry. It shows they date back to a very old and cold epoch.

Let me give a single instance which strikingly illustrates the general principle. Near the top of Mount Washington, as aforesaid, lives to this day a little colony of very cold-loving and mountainous butterflies, which never descend below a couple of thousand feet from the wind-swept summit. Except just there, there are no more of their sort anywhere about: and as far as the butterflies themselves are aware, no others of their species exist on earth: they never have seen a single one of their kind, save of their own little colony. One might compare them with the Pitcairn Islanders in the South Seas—an isolated group of English origin, cut off by a vast distance from all their congeners in Europe or America. But if you go north some eight or nine hundred miles from New Hampshire to Labrador, at a certain point the same butterfly reappears, and spreads northward toward the pole in great abundance. Now, how did this little colony of chilly insects get separated from the main body, and islanded, as it were, on a remote mountain-top in far warmer New Hampshire?

The answer is, they were stranded there at the end of the glacial epoch.

A couple of hundred thousand years ago or thereabouts—don't let us haggle, I beg of you, over a few casual centuries—the whole of northern Europe and America was covered from end to end, as everybody knows, by a sheet of solid ice, like the one which Frithiof Nansen crossed from sea to sea on his own account in Greenland. For many thousand years, with occasional warmer spells, that vast ice-sheet brooded, silent and grim, over the face of the two continents. Life was extinct as far south as the latitude of New York and London. No plant or animal survived the general freezing. Not a creature broke the monotony of that endless glacial desert. At last, as the celestial cycle came

round in due season, fresh conditions supervened. Warmer weather set in, and the ice began to melt. Then the plants and animals of the sub-glacial district were pushed slowly northward by the warmth after the retreating ice-cap. As time went on, the climate of the plains got too hot to hold them. The summer was too much for the glacial types to endure. They remained only on the highest mountain peaks or close to the southern limit of eternal snow. In this way, every isolated range in either continent has its own little colony of arctic or glacial plants and animals, which still survive by themselves, unaffected by intercourse with their unknown and unsuspected fellow-creatures elsewhere.

Not only has the glacial epoch left these organic traces of its existence, however; in some parts of New Hampshire, where the glaciers were unusually thick and deep, fragments of the primeval ice itself still remain on the spots where they were originally stranded. Among the shady glens of the White Mountains there occur here and there great masses of ancient ice, the unmelted remnant of primeval glaciers; and one of these is so large that an artificial cave has been cleverly excavated in it, as an attraction for tourists, by the canny Yankee proprietor. Elsewhere the old ice-blocks are buried under the debris of moraine-stuff and alluvium, and are only accidentally discovered by the sinking of what are locally known as ice-wells. No existing conditions can account for the formation of such solid rocks of ice at such a depth in the soil. They are essentially glacier like in origin and character: they result from the pressure of snow into a crystalline mass in a mountain valley; and they must have remained there unmelted ever since the close of the glacial epoch, which, by Dr. Croll's calculations, must most probably have ceased to plague our earth some eighty thousand years ago. Modern America, however, has no respect for antiquity: and it is at present engaged in using up this palæocrystic deposit—this belated storehouse of prehistoric ice—in the manufacture of gin slings and brandy cocktails.

As one scales a mountain of moderate height—say seven or eight thousand feet—in a temperate climate, one is sure to be struck by the gradual diminution as one goes in the size of the trees, till at last they tail off into mere shrubs and bushes.

under the snow-line of mountains there results a curious fact, already hinted at above, that the coldest floras are also, from the purely human point of view, the most beautiful. Not, of course, the most luxuriant: for lush richness of foliage and "breadth of tropic shade" (to quote a noble lord) one must go, as every one knows, to the equatorial regions. But, contrary to the common opinion, the tropics, hoary shams, are not remarkable for the abundance or beauty of their flowers. Quite otherwise, indeed: an unrelieved green strikes the keynote of equatorial forests. This is my own experience, and it is borne out (which is far more important) by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has seen a wider range of the untouched tropics, in all four hemispheres—northern, southern, eastern, western—than any other man, I suppose, that ever lived on this planet. And Mr. Wallace is firm in his conviction that the tropics in this respect are a complete fraud. Bright flowers are there quite conspicuously absent. It is rather in the cold and less favored regions of the world that one must look for fine floral displays and bright masses of color. Close up to the snow-line the wealth of flowers is always the greatest.

In order to understand this apparent paradox one must remember that the highest type of flowers, from the point of view of organization, is not at the same time by any means the most beautiful. On the contrary, plants with very little special adaptation to any particular insect, like the water lilies and the poppies, are obliged to flaunt forth in very brilliant hues, and to run to very large sizes in order to attract the attention of a great number of visitors, one or other of whom may casually fertilize them; while plants with very special adaptations, like the sage and mint group, or the little English orchids, are so cunningly arranged that they can't fail of fertilization at the very first visit, which of course enables them to a great extent to dispense with the aid of big or brilliant petals. So that, where the struggle for life is fiercest, and adaptation most perfect, the flora will on the whole be not most, but least, conspicuous in the matter of very handsome flowers.

Now, the struggle for life is fiercest, and the wealth of nature is greatest, one need hardly say, in tropical climates.

There alone do we find every inch of soil "encumbered by its waste fertility," as Comus puts it; weighed down by luxuriant growth of tree, shrub, herb, creeper. There alone do lizards lurk in every hole; beetles dwell manifold in every cranny; butterflies flock thick in every grove; bees, ants, and flies swarm by myriads on every sun-smitten hillside. Accordingly, in the tropics, adaptation reaches its highest point; and tangled richness, not beauty of color, becomes the dominant note of the equatorial forests. Now and then, to be sure, as you wander through Brazilian or Malayan woods, you may light upon some bright tree clad in scarlet bloom, or some glorious orchid drooping pendent from a bough with long sprays of beauty: but such sights are infrequent. Green, and green, and ever green again—that is the general feeling of the equatorial forest: as different as possible from the rich mosaic of a high alp in early June, or a Scotch hillside deep in golden gorse and purple heather in broad August sunshine.

In very cold countries, on the other hand, though the conditions are severe, the struggle for existence is not really so hard, because, in one word, there are fewer competitors. The field is less occupied; life is less rich, less varied, less self-strangling. And therefore specialization hasn't gone nearly so far in cold latitudes or altitudes. Lower and simpler types everywhere occupy the soil; mosses, matted flowers, small beetles, dwarf butterflies. Nature is less luxuriant, yet in some ways more beautiful. As we rise on the mountains the forest trees disappear, and with them the forest beasts, from bears to squirrels; a low, wind-swept vegetation succeeds, very poor in species, and stunted in growth, but making a floor of rich flowers almost unknown elsewhere. The humble butterflies and beetles of the chillier elevation produce in the result more beautiful bloom than the highly developed honey-seekers of the richer and warmer lowlands. Luxuriance is atoned for by a Turkey carpet of floral magnificence.

How, then, has the world at large fallen into the pardonable error of believing tropical nature to be so rich in coloring, and circumpolar nature to be so dingy and unlovable? Simply thus, I believe. The tropics embrace the largest land areas in

and the Greek legend prove that there may be writing in an age when the public is not literary, when it listens instead of reading. Again, recent study of inscriptions and of the art of writing in Greece enables Mr. Jebb to believe that the poems may have been written at least very soon after they were composed. But the scholars who believe in successive enlargements never show us when or how these were done. How could half-a-dozen men, in different places and at different periods, foist their own matter into poems already famous and get their version accepted as *the* version? I cannot imagine how this could be performed. Wolf believed that in the time of Pisistratus, say, 520 B.C., a commission was appointed to collect all Homeric poetry and hammer it into shape. This story is very late, not heard of before Cicero's time (60 B.C.), and it is not only late, as Mr. Jebb says, "it is both doubtful and vague." Besides, it is absurd. The chief merit of the epics, as Aristotle recognized, is their artistic unity, which even Wolf applauds highly in the case of the *Odyssey*. But how could a commission of learned men "impart artistic merit" and artistic unity to scattered lays? Only a very great poet could do that, and he who did it, and nobody else, was the author of the epics. Suppose that Mr. Kipling's stories were found lying loose, about four hundred years hence, could a committee of four learned men make them into two long novels, with the artistic unity of "*Rob Roy*" or "*Esmond*"? I could more easily believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays than that the committee of Pisistratus, if ever it existed, composed the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* out of fragments by different hands and of different periods. Questions of scholarship, of course, cannot be settled in this rough-and-ready way. We cannot read an article and rise up with a full knowledge of the Homeric problem, and with a formed opinion about it. I am only trying to indicate my own highly conservative ideas, and to confirm the waverer by showing that, even in Mr. Jebb's belief, the Homeric poems are at least extremely old, and depict a really ancient state of human society.

Now it is to be observed about the society which Homer shows us, that it is utterly and totally different from the society which existed in Greece when history

begins, say, 700 years B.C. For example, the Homeric Greeks are ruled by hereditary kings. The states of historical Greece waver between republicanism and unconstitutional tyrannies. Women in the Homeric world are as free and as much respected as in England. In historic Greece they were almost in Oriental seclusion. Money was current in historic Greece; coined money is never mentioned by Homer; cattle are his currency. In Homeric Greece warriors fight in chariots; historic Greece employed cavalry and light and heavy foot soldiers. Historic Greece worshipped heroes; there is no trace of this in Homer. Historic Greece used bronze anchors for ships; in Homer they anchor with heavy stones. Historic Greece knows a far wider cantle of the world than Homer, whose horizon is limited by Egypt on the south, Sicily on the west, the Hellespont and Sidon on the east, and who has only heard vague legends of the Ethiopians and of the land of the Midnight Sun. Ships, as described by Homer, are all unlike the ships of historic Greece, while they resemble those on ancient Egyptian wall-paintings. In historic Greece the laws of the state punish the homicide; in Homeric Greece manslaughter is avenged by the kinsmen of the slain man, as in the Icelandic Sagas. In historic Greece the women bring dowries; in Homeric Greece the suitor makes gifts to the father.

Thus the whole constitution of life—civil, military, political, domestic, and, to some extent, religious—is one thing in Homer and another in the Greece of history. The very names of men and women in Homer—Agamemnon, Odysseus, Helen, Penelope—are names that you do not meet in Greek literature of historical times.

Thus Homeric life differs from life in Greece under Pericles, or even under Pisistratus. There must be a great gulf of time, and something like a revolution, between the Greece that Sophocles knew and the Greece that Homer knew. Now, Homer describes an actual condition of society, his poems must be extremely old, because the passage of centuries is necessary to account for the difference in the two sorts of existence in Greece and historic Greece.

Homer describes
society? May it
He must have b

ing and drinking. The host and hostess have their place of honor far up the hall, near the table on which stands the great mixing bowl, for they put water to their wine, and only drunkards took it "neat." The prince sees us, comes down from his seat, and bids us welcome. If we have come from afar, and are dusty with travel, the maidens lead us to a chamber where the polished baths are, and bathe us with warm water. Then we return to the hall, and sit at meat and drink with the host, and when "we have put away desire of eating and drinking," our host inquires as to our business, or our needs. Perhaps we present our credentials, written or graven, or a sealed or folded tablet: this is only once mentioned by Homer. The day passes in conversation, and after a dinner for which the beast has just been sacrificed, the divine minstrel takes his lyre from its pin and chants some tale of the loves of gods, or wars of men: some legend of Troy town, or of the Quest for the Fleece of Gold. The last cup of the feast is poured out in libations to Hermes, god of good fortune. Already the chips of wood have been lighted in the brazier, or, in a wealthy house, flambeaux borne in the hands of golden statues of young men. We are led to our chamber, or our bed in the echoing portico, and the day is ended. To-morrow, perhaps, we hunt the boar in the dewy morning glades, or the young men entertain us with running races, jumping, and throwing and catching the ball. The young ladies of the house drive off with the dirty linen of the establishment, and wash it in the river bed. The hostess regulates her household, gives her women wool to spin, or sits at her embroidery of gold and scarlet, or tosses the golden shuttle through the loom. The swineherd and shepherd come in with reports from the farm; the fisher brings the spoils of the sea. Perhaps swarthy Sidonian merchants have landed in the bay, and arrive with their wares,—carpets from the East, brooches and necklets and earrings of gold, bronze swords with ivory handles, chairs of cedar-wood and ivory, porcelain and scarabs from Egypt, silver cups embossed or engraved with figures of Assyrian gods, lamps of yellow amber, brought across Europe by the Sacred Way from the strange land where, men say, the sun never sets. All these the women handle and cheapen, and

perhaps a Sidonian nods secretly to a Sidonian slave-woman of the house, and she steals away the prince's little boy, and gives him to her countrymen to sell for a slave. Or it may be that there is a sudden clamor in the entrance, and a man staggers in, covered with dust, smirched with blood, half dead with weariness and fear. He is a man-slayer, and he comes to seek refuge from the pursuer after blood at the hospitable hearth.

These were among the sights that we should see in the hall of a Homeric prince. As to that hall, it did not, of course, supply all the accommodation of the dwelling. Behind the dais at the inner end were doors opening into the women's chambers, and the store-rooms and armory. The chief and his wife seem generally to have slept in an upper chamber. Perhaps the best idea of the arrangements, allowing for difference of climate, may be gathered from the sketch and plan of an Icelandic lord's house printed in Sir George Dasent's "Story of Burnt Njal." It was in a hall like this—a rude one, for the floor was of stamped clay—that Odysseus shot down the lovers of his wife, with the dread bow of Eurytus, which none but he could bend. And no doubt there were often brawls as well as revels in those chambers, and bones of oxen were hurled, and "iron drew the hands of heroes." But Homer commonly shows us the peaceful life within the royal dwellings. He dwells with especial pleasure on the life of the children. He shows us the little girl trotting by her mother's side, dragging at her gown, and crying to be taken up in her arms. He shows us the boys building sand-castles on the sea-shore, or teasing wasps, or bullying any of their number who chanced to be an orphan or friendless, or begging their fathers to give them apple and pear-trees "for their very own." He shows us the old nurse bringing the baby in, after dinner, and asking his grandfather to name him. He neglects nothing—not the geese which Pericleus was so fond of, nor the little "Messen-dogs" (*trapezes*) which Achilles kept for pleasure, not for the chase. He actually tells us what dressing-gowns the heroes wore when they were called up on a hasty alarm before Troy, and what leathern skull-caps they sometimes used in place of the mighty-crowned helmet. He dilates on the **mighty-crowned** **silken tunic of** **man coveted,"** which

and on its golden brooch with the device of a hound catching a hare. It is odd that he never mentions signet-rings, for many were found in the graves of Mycenæ. He is deeply interested in all arts and manufactures, weaving, embroidery, the building of chariots and ships and houses, and in the tempering of steel, and the staining of ivory, and in the performances of circus-riders, as we should call them, riding several horses at once. Though there were professional smiths and doctors, a man like Odysseus, though a chief, could turn his hand to everything. He built his own raft, and his own bridal chamber; he boasts of his skill in mowing and ploughing; we only do not hear that he, like Achilles, was accustomed to sing to the lyre. The heroes were all great boxers, wrestlers, and charioteers, and fond of showing their speed of foot.

In this manly and healthy society the chief sorrows were slavery and the fortunes of war. The greatest lady might see her town beleaguered by foes. In vain the beacon burns, a smoke by day, a flame by night, to summon allies. The gates are won, the men are massacred, the women are carried away to make another's bed and to bear water from another's well, the children are dashed from the walls or are enslaved. Indeed, the day of slavery might come on any man, taken at unawares, like Dionysus in the Homeric hymn, by pirates or hostile merchantmen. As far as we hear of slaves, however, they were well treated, though "the day of slavery takes away half of the virtue of a man." The dread of war and the delight of it (*charmê*) are always equally present to Homer's mind. The brave man is known by not blenching in the nervous waiting of an ambush, while the coward turns pale and weeps. It is hand-to-hand war, mainly waged either with spears thrown at close quarters, or with blade and point. Archers are comparatively little esteemed. Paris, no less than Odysseus, was an archer. War is a delight and a glory, but also it is a horror. The whole of Homeric society was keenly aware of its own insecurity; the richest, the strongest, might see his city burned and his children slain before his eyes, as Priam saw them—Priam, who "endured a thing more piteous than ever man befell, to kiss the hands of him who slew his son."

It is the deep abiding sense of mortal

insecurity, beset on every side by shapes of death, which causes the melancholy of Homer. It is not a peevish, but a manly melancholy. "As a man's day is, so is his strength." "Endure, my heart; worse than this hast thou endured," is the phrase with which Odysseus ever strengthens and consoles himself. There stand two urns by the side of Zeus; from one he deals good fortune to men, from the other calamity. Over gods and men broods an unmasterable fate, which none may avoid. Men especially are the victims of Atê, a fatal blindness of counsel; Prayer attempts to undo the evil she causes, but prayers are tardy of foot, and linger long behind the fleet evil. Thus Ægisthus, against the very message of the gods, beguiled the wife of Agamemnon, and murdered her lord. The great sins of the Homeric world, those which it reprobates most, are adultery, disloyalty, false swearing, the use of poisoned arrows, everything mean and underhand. The virtues are courage, hospitality, generosity, loyalty, and piety toward the gods. Extreme revenges and cruelty are also condemned.

It seems a noble, generous, and open life, truly heroic, not luxurious, not indolent. Of poverty we hear little, though beggars are mentioned of the Elie Ochil-tree variety. The hardest lot is that of the landless laborer. Yet even this Achilles preferred to all the Kingdom of the Dead. For when once the flame of the pyre had wasted bone and sinew, when once the white ashes in their urn of gold were heaped over with the grassy mound above the sea, man's soul lived but a shadowy, ineffectual life in the gray realm of Hades beyond the wide stream of the River Oceanus. There were few punished in the land of the Mighty Warden, but fewer yet were rewarded. Shadows in the meads of asphodel they were, and shadows they pursued. It was in this earthly life that they won renown or happiness; in the next they all—princes and queens, ladies who had lain in the very arms of Zeus, prophets and priests, sons of the gods as they might be—were but "the unavailing hosts of the dead." For two only was a better fortune reserved—for Helen, the peerless in beauty and in charm, and for her lord, Menelaus. "Thee will the deathless gods convey to the Elysian plain and the world's end, where life is easiest

of life. To know is there, not yet great
 sorrow nor any fall, but always ocean
 around, still the breeze of the shrill west,
 the low song of men, for that has
 been the wife and therefore they deem
 her to be the son of Zeus."

Such then was the Homeric life, seen
 and is not too far in that realm of gods,
 the poetry of Homer. The world, it may
 be, has never found, and will never find,
 a better life for men than that of heroic
 Greece. But even that was vexed by
 constant assaunders, by death, harassed by
 the dread of what things may be "on the
 shore of the gods." The world, so to say,
 was still then and clear. Beyond its
 attainable borders were the regions of
 shadow, the *Lous-tan*, the street-haunted
 land. There was no crowding in hideous-
 ness, no smothered and steam, no hungry masses
 of poverty-stricken men, no blinding
 glare of wax and endless toil. There

were gods in air and sea: the wells and
 woods were not "dispeopled of their
 dreams." And yet the tone of Homer
 is sad of the whole: and even though
 Odysseus wins his home in his twentieth
 year, he has other harder adventures to
 achieve: and Calypso bears the tearless
 grief of gods in her enchanted isle, and
 Nausicaa, the sea-king's daughter, is
 widowed of her heart's desire. All these
 wars have been fought, these perils have
 encountered, these hearts have broken:
 and Troy is down, and Agamemnon is laid
 with his gods in rich Mycenæ, all the
 Hector's sake, for the love of the unattain-
 able beauty, and, within, "that there may
 be a song in the ears of men yet unborn."
 The song is ringing yet, our pleasure, our
 strength, our consolation, priceless as the
 smoking wheel the wife of Troy of Egypt
 gave in the hands of Helen.—*Good Words.*

THE HOPE EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD.

IN W THREE YEARS.

Smiling, with those big eyes of blue
 That stare me gravely through and through
 In babyhood's undaunted way,
 Whence came their color and their size?

Did Nature, kind to nursing new,
 Lend them her speedwell's artless hue?
 And did the open eye of Joy
 Teach yours to open the same way?

Half with their gaze abashed, I call
 Your name or lose the aimless ball,
 As counter-charms to the new sense
 Of those twin-fixed stars' influence.

Come, shall I lift you? Round you wheel
 With arms outstretched, prepared to see
 My hands beneath them laid and sore
 To spot at sunset before.

Lean, or my shoulder reached so high,
 Yet deem with my needs and company,
 My condescension with your bliss
 And bend your cheek to me to kiss!

Not faster must I when you prattle
 Of eager-murmurs
 What I am, you: interrupt, pray,
 Those childish wise things you say.

Yet words you have, your little store :
 For see, I poke your pinafore
 And cry, "Who's this?" and straight I hear
 Your answer, "Baby," sweet and clear.

And when some far piano plays,
 With lifted finger and fixed gaze
 A solemn "Hark!" you utter plain,
 Wrapt listener to an elfin strain!

Then, worldlier busy, dolly's head
 You amputate and earthward shed
 Its sawdust soul with flattening fist,
 Small Leveller, infant Nihilist!

Sweet Hope! methinks for comfort's sake,
 As here our toilsome way we take,
 The Hand that gave us flower and star
 Made you the winsome thing you are.

—*Spectator*.

—♦♦♦—
 A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S REMINISCENCES.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

It was down by the Danube side, in the earlier days of the Russo-Turkish war. Skobelev and myself were squatting in a hole in the ground, to escape the rain of bullets and shells which the Turks were pouring across the river on the detachment which the young general commanded.

"Here you and I are," said Skobelev with a laugh, "like Uriah the Hittite, right in the forefront of the battle; and how strange it is that quiet stay-at-home folks all over the world, who take their morning papers just as they do their breakfasts, know ever so much more about this war as a whole than we fellows do, who are actually listening to the whistle of the bullets and the crash of the shells!"

Skobelev did not pursue the subject further, because just then a shell exploded right in front of us, and of the mud which it threw up, a splash hit him in the face and changed the current of his ideas; but nevertheless his remark was a very true one. War correspondence and the electric telegraph have given the peaceful citizen the advantage, in the matter of quick and wide war-news, over the soldier who is looking the enemy in the face in the actual battlefield. But this intelligence, although peaceful readers take little account of the manner of getting it, and

have come to look upon it as a thing of course—as a mere matter of everyday routine—yet reaches their breakfast-tables as the outcome only of long thoughtful planning, of stupendous physical and mental exertion, of hair-breadth risks encountered. It is my purpose in the following pages to tell something of the manner of the war correspondent's working life, something of the character of his exertions to satisfy the world's crave for the "latest intelligence from the seat of war," and something of the dangers that encompass the path of his duty. If the recital of some personal experiences in this field may strike the reader as involving the imputation of egotism, I would beg of him to entertain the excuse that it is not easy for a man to avoid egotism when he is speaking mainly of himself.

"In my day dreams"—I am quoting from a lecture I delivered some ten years ago—in my day dreams, indulged in mostly when smarting under the consciousness of my own deficiencies, I have tried to think out the attributes that ought to be concentrated in the ideal war-correspondent. He ought to possess the gift of tongues—to be conversant with all European languages, a selection of the Asiatic languages, and a few of the African tongues, such as Abyssinian, Ashan-

tee, Zulu, and Soudanese. He should have the sweet angelic temper of a woman, be as affable as if he were a politician canvassing for a vote, and at the same time be big and ugly enough to impress the conviction that it would be highly unwise to take any liberties with him. The paragon war correspondent should be able to ride anything that chance may send him, from a giraffe to a rat; be able to ride a hundred miles at a stretch; to go without food for a week, if needful, and without sleep for as long; never to get tired—never to feel the sensation of a “slight sinking, you know;” and be able at the end of a ride—of a journey however long, arduous, and sleepless—to write round-hand for a foreign telegraph clerk, ignorant of the correspondent’s language, at the rate of a column an hour for six or eight consecutive hours; after which he should, as a matter of course, gallop back to the scene of action without a moment’s delay. He should be a competent judge of warfare; conversant with all military operations, from the mounting of a corporal’s guard to the disposition of an army in the field. He ought to have supreme disregard for hostile fire when real duty calls upon him to expose himself to it; and his pulse should be as calm when shells are bursting around him as if he were watching his bosom-friend undergoing the ordeal of the marriage service. He must have a genuine instinct for the place and day of an impending combat; he must be able to scent the coming battle from afar, and allow nothing to hinder him from getting up in time to be a spectator of it. He should be so constituted as to have an intuitive perception how the day hath gone; to be able to discern victory or defeat, while as yet to the spectator not so gifted the field of strife seems confusion worse confounded; and so to rely on his own judgment as to venture, ere the turmoil has died away, to turn his back upon it, and ride off, the earliest bearer of the momentous tidings. To potter about waiting till the last shot is fired; to linger for returns of killed and wounded, and for the measured reports of the generals; to be the *chiffonnier* of the rags of the battlefield; that is work he must leave to his helpers. Alas! there never was such a man, and there never will be such a man. I think Julius Cæsar would have been an exceptionally brilliant war corre-

spondent, if the profession had been invented in his time, and if he could have weaned himself from the meaner avocations of commanding armies, conquering countries, and ruling nations. But the first Napoleon, if only he could have been a little truthful occasionally, would have eclipsed Julius Cæsar, and knocked William Howard Russell into a cocked hat.

Before the Franco-German war there had been war-correspondents, and one at least of those had made for himself a reputation to vie with which no representative of a newer school has any claim. But their work, being in the pre-telegraphic period, was carried on under less arduous conditions than those which confront the war-correspondent of to-day. Nor was it so incumbent on them to carry their lives in their hands. Before far-reaching rifled fire-arms came into use, it was quite easy to see a battle without getting within the range of fire. But this is no longer possible. With siege guns that carry shells ten miles, with field artillery having a range of four miles, and with rifles that kill without benefit of clergy at two miles, the war-correspondent may as well stay at home with his mother, unless he has hardened his heart to take his full share of the risks of the battlefield. Indeed, if he has determined to look narrowly into the turbulent heart of each successive spasm of the bloody struggle—and it is only, now, by doing this that he can make for himself a genuine and abiding reputation, he must lay his account with adventuring more risk than falls to the lot of the average soldier. The percentage of casualties among war correspondents is greater than that among the actual fighting men. In the petty Servian campaign of 1876, for instance, there were twelve correspondents who kept the field and went under fire. Of those, three were killed and four were wounded. Certainly not more than thirty correspondents and artists, all told, were in the Soudan from the earliest troubles to the final failure of the Nile expedition, but on or under its cruel and lie the corpses of at least six of my comrades. O'Donovan, the adventurous pioneer of Merv, perished with Hicks. The last hope has long faded that Viretelly, more lives than a life in hand, loyal, valiant, fell on the ar-

dowed though he was with the proverbial Power lived to be and trusted

rand of attempting to bring to us the full details of that noble soldier's heroism. Cameron and St. Leger were struck down on the same bloody day, and rest together in their shallow grave in the hot Bayuda sand. Poor Gordon, who had been a soldier before he became a war-correspondent, died a lone death of thirst in the heart of the desert, while pushing urgently on to where his duty lay. Time would fail me to tell of those who have perished of fevers and other maladies, who have been wounded, shipwrecked, and encountered strange hair-breadth escapes; of others again who have come home so broken by hardship and vicissitude that what remains of life to them is nought but weariness and pain. And it is such men who have been classed with the camp followers, and denounced as "drones who eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all."

It was the Franco-German war of 1870 which brought about the revolution in the methods of war-correspondence, although at Saarbrücken in the earliest days of that great contest, there was as yet no perception of the opportunities that lay to our hands. But if at Saarbrücken the correspondents thus early on the war-path were still unregenerate in this respect, we had some experiences in which the comic and the tragic were curiously blended. Within two miles of the little town lay a whole French army corps, which any day might overwhelm Saarbrücken and its slender garrison of a single German battalion. So we lived, quite a little detachment of us, in an hotel on the outskirts, ready for a judicious bolt. At this hotel there arrived one morning a young German girl who was engaged, we learned, to a sergeant in the regiment garrisoning Saarbrücken. She had come to say farewell to her sweetheart before the fighting should begin, and he should march away, mayhap never to return. Some of the livelier spirits among us conceived the idea that the pair should get married before the parting should be said. Both were willing. The bridegroom's officer gave him leave, on condition that should the alarm sound, he was to join his battalion without a moment's delay. All was in readiness, and the clergyman was just about to join the ceremony, when the sound of the alarm broke in on the still

The bridegroom hurriedly embraced the bride, buckled on his accoutrements, and darted off to the alarmplatz. In ten minutes more the combat was in full swing; the French had carried the heights overhanging the town, and were pouring down upon it their artillery and mitrailleuse fire. Our hotel was right in the line of fire, and soon became exceedingly disagreeable quarters. We got the women down into the cellar and waited for events. A shell crashed into the kitchen, burst inside the cooking stove, and blew the wedding breakfast, which was still being kept hot, into what an American colleague called "everlasting smash." It was too hot to stay there, and everybody strategically manœuvred to the rear, including the German battalion which had constituted the garrison. A few days later was fought, close to Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of the Spicheren, in which the bridegroom's regiment took a leading part. The day after the battle I was wandering about the battlefield helping to relieve the wounded, and gazing shudderingly on the heaps of dead. Suddenly I came on our bridegroom, his back resting against a stump. He was stone dead, with a bullet through his throat.

Perhaps the most thrilling episode of all that colossal struggle was the singularly dramatic climax of the battle of Gravelotte. All day long, from noon until the going down of the sun, the roar of the cannon and the roll of the musketry had been incessant. The deep ravine between Gravelotte and St. Hubert was a horrible pandemonium wherein seethed struggling masses of German soldiery, torn by the shell-fire of the French batteries, writhing under the stings of the mitrailleuse, bewildered between inevitable death in front, and no less inevitable disgrace behind. Again and again frantic efforts were being made to force up out of the hell in the ravine and gain foothold in the edge of the plateau beyond; and ever the cruel sleet of lead beat them back and crushed them down. The long summer day was waning into dusk, and the fortunes of the battle still trembled in the balance, when the last reserve of the Germans—the second army corps—came hurrying up toward the brink of the abyss. In the lurid glare of the blazing village, the German king stood by the wayside and greeted his stalwart Pomeranians as they passed him.

are gentlefolk : we cannot join the *queue* outside the baker's shop, and, and *O mon Dieu !* we are actually starving," and the poor woman burst into tears. "We could not take charity," she continued, sobbing, "but I have heard of that kind *don anglais* which, they say, is now being distributed freely ; if only one could get a little aid from its bounty ?" We had a sub-dépôt in my hotel ; I myself was one of the accredited sub-almoners ; some of the Commissioners were living with me. I hurried the lady into a room where there was no one to notice her emotion ; then found John Furley and told him the little story. Furley is a man of energy. In five minutes a big hamper had been packed full of comestibles, and a porter had it on his back, waiting for the lady's commands. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman Furley respectfully announced to her that one of his men was at her disposition. She came out into the passage, looked down at the great basket, whose open mouth disclosed *inter alia* a leg of mutton, a couple of fowls, a great honest loaf, and sundry vegetables ; she gave a great gasp, and I thought she was going to faint. She was anæmic from sheer want, but she rallied, tears helping her ; and then she went silently away with her veil down over her face, and the stalwart porter tramping behind her. It was such people as those, with pride and fixed salaries which were not paid, who suffered worst during the siege ; and they too it was who were the most difficult to relieve when the siege was over, but without as yet any alleviation of their misery. The women were the most stubborn. The *courtesans* would assure the almoner that the two old ladies on such an *escalier* were literally starving. The two old ladies, when you pushed their button, would appear stately gracions. Yes, they would say, yes, the English were a kind people, and the good God would reward them. There were some poor creatures in the roof who were in pressing need. For themselves, thanks, but no, they could not accept charity ; and then the door would close on the worn eyes and hollow cheeks. Alas ! it was melancholy work.

It is impossible to go into detail about the four days of the Commune's close, and that was the only phase of it of which I was a witness. All that I can here say is that in the lurid chaos which marked the

ruthless stamping out of the Commune by the Versaillist army under Marshal Mac-Mahon, the conditions under which correspondents tried to fulfil their duties were more full of peril than one can incur in any battle of which I have had experience. In a battle you know your danger. The enemy is for the most part in front ; and you can either stand up and take your chance of his fire, or take cover to protect yourself from it. But in the seething turmoil of the last days of the Commune, bullets were flying from front, flanks, and rear. There was an universal raving lust for blood. As Mr. Labouchère cheerfully wrote, "They shot you first, and apologized to your corpse afterward." The brightest feature of the grim drama which I can recall after so long a lapse of time, was the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, our Minister at Berlin. He was left in charge of the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré when Lord Lyons and the rest of the *personnel* migrated to Versailles. For two long days it seemed that Malet, or at all events the Embassy he inhabited, was the target for the artillery alike of Versaillists and Communists. Shells bedevilled the ball-room, knocked great holes miscellaneous all over the building, and explosion after explosion blew up the walls of the Embassy garden, through which the Versaillists were sapping their way to outflank the Communists. Malet, bland and cheery as his wont, quietly and methodically performed his duties, the shell fire apparently a matter concerning him not at all. In no conceivable circumstances could Malet look absurd ; and that surely is a great gift. Just before the German siege began, he came out from Paris to Meaux with a communication to Bismarck. I happened to meet him near the German fore-post line. His *franc-tireur* escort had compelled him on the previous night to sleep "under the beautiful stars ;" when I met him he was riding between two Chians. He was attired in a tall hat which the beautiful stars had deprived of its glories, a canvas coat, and strapless trousers disclosing considerable white sock. He was seated in a great military saddle, the shabangue of which rose about him before and behind : the stirrups were up, and the big plainly evoked sentiment. No con-

up h

COOKERY.

"*Dis moi que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es*"—tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are—says Brillat Savarin, the high-priest of gastronomy. Such a doctrine, if it could be carried into practice, would doubtless be a most useful one ; but it must be confessed that it is at least as difficult to tell a man's character from his favorite dish as from his handwriting, and requires an experience in the science of the table which is rarely given to ordinary diners-out. What conclusions, for instance, would be drawn from the fact that Queen Elizabeth liked roast goose ; that James I. preferred cock-a-leekie, and William III. asparagus ; or that Lord Eldon's favorite dish was liver and bacon ; or that George III., again, loved boiled mutton and turnips beyond all other dishes ; or that the Duke of Wellington was so utterly indifferent to what he ate and drank that his cook—one of the best in Europe—resigned his office in despair ?

Brillat Savarin, however, is not alone in his opinion ; for a famous *bon vivant* of the time of the First Empire, the Marquis de Cussy, went even further, and maintained that the genius and character not only of a man, but of a nation, could be learned from a study of its cookery, and that history might thus be rewritten on strictly gastronomical principles. From this point of view characteristic dishes—such as sauerkraut, caviare, macaroni, pillau, and roast beef—would each of them have their separate historical value ; and important conclusions might be drawn from the familiar *pot au feu*, which is, we suppose (though M. de Cussy does not tell us so), the national dish of France.

This ingenious theory opens out for us an almost boundless field of inquiry and conjecture ; and some historian of the future—the Niebuhr or Mommsen of gastronomy—will no doubt trace the close connection of cause and effect between cookery and history, from Belshazzar's feast to a modern Lord Mayor's banquet. Nay, he might begin his work from the time of Adam ; for, after all, what caused the fall of man ? It was not, as people vainly suppose, mere feminine curiosity on the part of Eve, but *la gourmandise*, which tempted her to eat the forbidden

fruit in Paradise, just as it tempted Persephone to eat the pomegranate in Hades. This, at least, is the opinion of M. Alexandre Dumas ; and he further tells us that the destinies of the chosen people were entirely changed by the insatiable appetite of Jacob's elder brother. With such authorities to support him, our historian would go boldly on to show how time after time the fate of nations has been decided by the gastronomic failings of the master-spirit of the age ; how the progress of great conquerors has been checked by their ignorance or violation of the first principles of cookery ; how the career of Alexander was cut short by his inordinate love of the table ; and how Napoleon I. lost the decisive battle of Leipsic owing to a fit of indigestion caused by his dining off a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce. After all, it may be further argued, what is Diplomacy itself—the great peace-preserving machine of modern times ? Nothing but a series of good dinners, judiciously blended with the delights of mine and conversation. "*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*," was Napoleon's parting advice to his ambassador—advice as sound as it was successful. History, in fact, shows that the triumphs of diplomacy fall to the ambassador who has the strongest head, the largest appetite, and the best cook. Talleyrand's dinners at the beginning of this century were the best in Europe ; Prince Metternich's cellars and *cuisine* were equally admirable ; while Prince Bismarck is almost as famous for his gastronomic performances as for his political successes. "It is the manner of the great Chancellor," says Dr. Russell, "*ridendo dicere—fumando*, too, the very largest and strongest cigars, and to sit up till and after all hours. So that average diplomatists with weak constitutions had little chance with him in protracted negotiations."

Leaving, however, these theories to take care of themselves, let us pass to the proper history of what has been called the master-art. Of Greek cookery we know, perhaps fortunately, very little beyond what can be gathered from scattered notices in Athenæus, the Deipnosophist ; while of Roman cookery we know almost too much, for the long work attributed to

said the old gentleman, rattling up the carriage-windows; "so she invites her father and sister to a second day's dinner (if those sides, or *ongtrys*, as she calls them, weren't served yesterday, I'm d—d), and to meet City folks and literary men!"

Carême was bribed by the offer of £1000 a-year to become *chef* to George IV., and for a few months he officiated at Carlton House; but the fogs of England affected his spirits, and he felt that his merits were not appreciated at their proper value by his master. "Je lui ai composé une langue de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangé, mais il n'a pas su de la comprendre." So he composed a last sauce—"la dernière pensée de Carême"—and returned to Paris, where he became cook to Baron Rothschild. There is an eloquent passage (too long to be quoted here) in one of Lady Morgan's letters describing a dinner cooked by Carême at the Baron's villa, which gives us a high idea both of the artist's excellence and of the lady's taste in such matters.*

A little previously to the time of which we have been speaking—the time, that is, of Carême and Beauvilliers, when French cookery may be said to have reached its zenith—there appeared the famous "*Almanach des Gourmands*," which is as well known, by name at all events, as the "*Almanach de Gotha*;" yet it may be questioned if one reader out of twenty knows anything of the book beyond its name, and still less knows anything of its author, the famous gastronomist, Grimod de la Reynière. As a matter of fact, however, there is little in his life that is either interesting or edifying. He was rich, eccentric, and a great epicure, and his dinners and his knowledge of cookery were equally famous. The first part of his celebrated "*Almanach*," which has been ever since a household word among *bon vivants*, was written in 1803, and from the day of its first appearance the book has been widely popular, not so much for its practical hints on the science of the table, or from the *menus* of famous dinners or the recipes for soups and *entrées*, which form a large portion of the eight volumes, as from the charming language in which the merest platitudes and com-

monplaces are set out, so as to interest and amuse the reader almost in spite of himself. As such, the book has had its admirers among men of every type of character—from the late Duke of York, who considered that, next to the Bible, it was the best book in the world, down to Macaulay, who, reading, as he did, everything, from Photius to the last twopenny ballad, was a diligent student of the "*Almanach*," and used to tease his nephew, Sir George Trevelyan, then a Harrow boy, with long quotations from its pages.

We have no wish to inflict any such long quotations on our readers, but a few examples of the style and spirit of the author will not be out of place. Grimod is speaking of popular superstitions, such as spilling salt at table, or being one of thirteen guests, and he adds a comforting reflection. "This number," he says, "need cause you no anxiety except the fear that there may not be enough to eat for more than twelve. As to the salt-cellar, the essential point is not to upset it into a good dish." He denounces general invitations: "The only acceptable invitations are those given for a fixed day, and it is better they should be in writing." In another passage he lays down a rule which some of the selfish diners-out of the modern school might well take to heart: "You should never speak badly of a man who has just been your host, and your forbearance should be proportioned to the excellence of the dinner he gave you. For an ordinary dinner eight days would be a sufficient limit for your patience; but it need never exceed six months, after which date your tongue regains full liberty of speech. But," he adds, "your *Amphitryon* has always the power of binding you afresh by another invitation given at the proper moment." Again: "Indigestion is the most ordinary form of death which befalls princes of the Church, and, without doubt, is the pleasantest and most honorable for a true *gourmand*." As to the argument against eating robin-red-breasts on the ground of cruelty, he sagely remarks that "if one were to have compassion on all the world, one would eat nothing; and, putting the question of pity aside, it must be confessed that this amiable bird makes an excellent roast." Some of his phrases have become almost classical, such as "the turbot is the phœnix of the sea," and "veal is the chamberlain of cook-

* See Hayward's *Art of Dining*, p. 29, and Lady Morgan's *France in 1800*, ii. 414.

ery," because it can assume so many forms in an *entrée*.

But we must leave the "Almanach" and pass to another work on cooking, which appeared a few years later, and is perhaps even more celebrated, or at least more widely read. This is "La Physiologie du Goût," by Brillat Savarin, which has had the somewhat doubtful honor of being translated into English in recent years. This book, like its predecessor, abounds in aphorisms and philosophical reflections on matters connected with the table, but it is more amusing because it is more personal; indeed nothing can be more charming in its way than the delightful egotism of the writer, his candid avowal of his likes and dislikes, and the sincerity of his faith in gastronomy as being the highest of the arts and sciences. Added to this, the purity and picturesqueness of the language make it a model of literary style.

One has only to glance at the headings of the chapters in the "Physiologie du Goût" to see that almost every subject connected with the art of dining has its place among them: taste, appetite, digestion, food, good living, sleep, corpulence, fasting, and other kindred topics, are discussed in turn, and the writer's convictions are supported by numerous personal anecdotes and experiences. Yet, if we may believe Carême and others who knew the writer of these charming essays, he was not a *gourmand* in the proper sense of the word, but simply a *gros mangeur*, talked little at table, was wanting in ease of manner, had a *lourd* air, and looked like a country parson. Be this as it may, there is no appearance of dulness or want of taste in the book itself.

The first condition of gastronomic enjoyment is undoubtedly a good appetite, and Brillat Savarin gives us several stories of heroic performances at the table. One of his friends devoured thirty-two dozen oysters before sitting down to dinner, and then ate his meal with the vigor of a man who had been fasting for some time: another, the vicar of Bregnier, disposed of the following dishes at a single meal,—soup, *bouilli*, a leg of mutton, a capon, a large bowl of salad, a large slice of cheese, a bottle of wine, and a decanter of water. Brillat Savarin was present, and assures us that "nothing was left of the mutton but the bone, nothing of the capon but the skeleton, and nothing of the salad but the

bowl—*après quoi il se reposa*"—as well, indeed, he might.

Nothing that we have read in history equals this Gargantuan feat, except, perhaps, the performance of the "glutton of Kent," whom Fuller places among his worthies, and who devoured, at a single meal, "fourscore rabbits and eighteen black puddings, London measure." Coming down to more recent times, there is the probably apocryphal story of a Scotsman who ate a solan goose by way of a whet for dinner; and of a Welsh nobleman who devoured a covey of partridges for breakfast every morning. There is also a well-known legend, which found its way into "Punch," of a certain eminent politician who entered an eating-house near the Old Bailey, and after putting away seven pounds and a half of cold boiled beef, observed cheerfully to the landlord, "Capital beef this! One may cut and come again here." To which the landlord, regarding him grimly, made reply,—“Sir, you may cut, but I’m d—d if you shall come again!”

We are tempted to add one more story, which we believe has not as yet found its way into print. On the Derby day, a few years ago, a well-known man of business—let us call him Mr. X.—went down to Epsom with the rest of the world, and, after the great race was over, bethought himself of lunch. It was then four o'clock, and he was ravenously hungry. Seeing no friendly coach or carriage at hand, he entered one of the refreshment-booths, where a three-and-sixpenny meal was provided for all comers. He attacked some ribs of beef, and soon cleared them to the bone; then he "went for" a chicken, which also disappeared; finally, he espied a pigeon-pie at the other end of the table, which had not yet been touched, and ordered the waiter to bring it to him. But the waiter, after a whispered conference with an individual in black, who had been observing Mr. X.'s performances with suspicion and alarm, came and said confidentially, "If you please, sir, the governor says as how he won't charge you nothing for anything, if you'll go away at once." Mr. X., however, insisted on his rights, and declined this obliging offer; then he proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the pigeon-pie.

From Brillat Savarin it is a natural transition to Alexandre Dumas, who, great

least three restaurants (let us select Kettner's, the Café Royale, and Romano's, though there are probably several others) where the wine and the cooking are equally good, and where, if you make a judicious selection from the *menu*, aided by the head waiter's counsel and experience, you can get almost as good a dinner for your money as at the Café Anglais itself.

After all that has been said on the shortcomings and demerits of English cookery, it is at least curious that two of the most famous *chefs* of modern times—Ude, who was at one time head cook at Windsor, and Urbain Dubois, *chef* to the Emperor of Austria—should have expressed their deliberate opinion that English cookery, when well done, was better than that of any other country in the world. The material, they maintained, and quite rightly, was far superior—the English beef and mutton having a finer flavor, and requiring no adjuncts in the way of sauce, provided that it was properly cooked; and they might have added that, owing to the distance of Paris from the sea-coast, fresh fish, especially salmon, is rarely procurable, and still more rarely served up, even in the first-class restaurants. Certainly there are some standard English dishes which in their own way are difficult to beat; and Lord Dudley (the grandfather of the present earl) used to declare that "turtle soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings and green peas, and apricot tart, formed a dinner fit for an emperor." All these are distinctly national dishes, and so far we may pride ourselves upon having material which (unless it is deliberately spoiled in the cooking) is of the highest merit in the eyes of a gastronomist, and adds strength and dignity to the most elaborate *menu*. But when it comes to a question of *entrées*, and *rechauffés*, and *petits plats*, the case is different; and this is just where an English cook breaks down and a French cook excels; and the lower we go in the social scale the more evident does this difference become. A French laborer's wife will make a capital *croûte au pot* from a little stock, a few vegetables, and a crust or two of bread—from materials, in fact, which an Englishwoman would probably consign to the dust-bin. With a few eggs, some flour, butter, and a slice or two of bacon, she will turn out a very fair *omelette au jambon*; she will

stewed with herbs, onions, and a little rough wine, into an appetizing *matelotte*; and she will probably complete the repast with a *salade de légumes*, made of some cold cooked vegetables, with oil and vinegar.

Nowhere was this difference in the culinary talent of the two nations in making use of poor materials more clearly shown than in the Crimean war, when the French and English were encamped side by side. The English troops had, if anything, the better rations of the two; but while our men were content to toast their slices of pork or beef at the end of their ramrods, the Zouaves and Chasseurs made excellent soups and *bouillis* in their camp kettles.

"In cooking I need not say our neighbors beat us hollow. I partook of a sumptuous banquet in the tent of an officer of the Guards the other night, the staple of which was a goose, purchased for a golden egg in Balaclava, but which assumed so many forms, and was so good and strange in all—now coming upon you as a *pièce de résistance*, again assuming the shape of a *gibelotte* that would do credit to Philippe, and again turning up as a delicate little *plat* with the flavor of woodcocks—that the name of the artist was at once demanded. He was a grisly-headed Zouave who stood at the door of the tent, prouder of the compliments that were paid him than of the few francs he was to get for his services, 'lent' as he was by the captain of his company for the day.

"A few days after—these were Christmas times, or were meant to be so—there was a dinner in another friendly tent. A Samaritan sea-captain had presented a mess with a leg of English mutton, a case of preserved turnips, and a wild duck. Hungry as hunters, the little party assembled at the appointed hour, full of anticipated pleasure and good fare from the Fatherland. 'Banks, bring in dinner,' said the host proudly to his *chef de cuisine*. The guests were set, the cover was placed on the table, it was removed with enthusiasm, and lo! there lay the duck, burned black, and dry as charcoal, in the centre of a mound of turnips. 'I thout vovls were allays ate vuvet,' was the sole defence of the wretched criminal as he removed the sacrifice for the time. Then he brought in the soup, which was excellent, especially the *bouilli*, but we could not eat soup all night when the mutton was waiting. 'Now then, Banks, bring in the leg of mutton,' 'The wuv, zur?' 'The leg of mutton; and look sharp, do you hear! I hope you have not spoiled that too.' 'Woy, zur, thee's been 'atin co't!' The miserable being had actually boiled down the mutton in the soup, having cut it, large slices off it, to make it fit the pot."*

Of late years there

* Russell's Diary in the

undoubtedly

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been an improvement in our middle-class kitchens. The National School of Cookery at South Kensington and Mrs. Marshall's practical lectures on the subject have done much to educate the rising generation of cooks; and while the number of cookery-books published of late years would stock a small library, some of them (and these are by no means the worst) are written by ladies, who have gone far to disprove Dr. Johnson's opinion of their incapacity in such a matter. "Women," he assured Boswell, "can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written. It should be a book on philosophical principles." Merely as a matter of curiosity, it is a pity that the great Doctor never found time to carry out his theories, for his tastes in gastronomy were scarcely those of a Brillat Savarin. His favorite delicacy was an over-boiled leg of pork, or a veal-pie stuffed with plums and sugar; and he was accustomed to give additional flavor to the plum-pudding on his plate by pouring a tureen of lobster sauce over it.

One of the numerous cookery-books, which have recently appeared, deserves a word of praise for the writer's excellent idea of arranging a series of bills of fare, written in French and English, for every month of the year.* They must be a perfect boon to an uninventive housekeeper. The recipes, which follow the *menus*, are both varied and suggestive, especially in the important matters of fish *entrées* and *quenelles*. Every one who has hunted with the Pytchley knows the genial Major L—, and his practical knowledge of all things connected with the art of dining; and it is an open secret, we believe, that he has been assisted by the suggestions and advice of M. Béguinot of St. James's Street, formerly Lord Spencer's *chef* at Althorp.

But though cookery-books have multiplied and our English cooks have improved, they still have much to learn in the way of economizing their materials and varying their bills of fare; and in his admirable little book on "Food and Feeding," Sir Henry Thompson has shown us how many French dishes are within the capacity of an ordinary cook, who will take the time

and trouble to prepare them from a proper recipe. There are those excellent vegetable soups, for instance, *croûte au pot* and *paysanne*, so rarely seen on our English tables; then there are the manifold ways in which cold meat may be braised or stewed: a greater use of vegetables, especially of haricots and tomatoes, is strongly recommended, as well as of fish of the second class, such as the dory, sea-bream, basse, and halibut, to say nothing of macaroni and salads.

Then, again, there are certain old-fashioned but succulent dishes which our forefathers delighted in, but which are now considered unfashionable. What can be better, for instance, than a kidney-dumpling, a home-made partridge-pie, broad beans and bacon, or a boiled edge-bone of beef? And, above all, what has this world to offer that is more delectable than the roast sucking-pig immortalized by Elia?—

"See him in his dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away—

'Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with kindly care;'

his memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die."

There is no circumstance connected with dining for which we have all of us more reason to be thankful, than that the ponderous dinner-parties, long since satirized by Dickens, and recently condemned by Sir Henry Thompson, are rapidly becoming things of the past. Who has not groaned over the interminable length of these dreary banquets—the hot room, the crowded table, the hired waiters, the vulgar profusion, the greasy soups and indigestible *entrées*, the fiery sherry and the dubious champagne. Such dinners have long been banished from London society, and if they still linger, it is among the doctors and attorneys of provincial towns, who give a dinner party once a year after the manner of their forefathers, and sacri-

* The Pytchley
and Bills of
don: Chapman

of Refined Cookery
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fler both comfort and good taste to an ostentatious display.

The conditions and accessories of a dinner, as it *should* be, are well laid down by Sir Henry Thompson, whose "octaves" in Wimpole Street are as famous as his blue and white china; but he must forgive us for observing that Brillat Savarin anticipated many of his suggestions some eighty years ago, in the fourteenth chapter of his famous "Physiologie." Taking hints from both of these high authorities, we may sum up the laws and requirements of a dinner which shall combine simplicity with excellence. The number of guests

should never exceed twelve; the room should be warm, but not unduly close; the table well lighted; waiting quiet and unobtrusive; the dishes choice, but few in number; the wines of the first quality, each in its degree; "the men should be spirited without pretension, and the women pleasant without coquetry;" "nobody should leave before eleven, but everybody should be in bed before twelve: whoever," Brillat Savarin concludes, "has been a guest at a dinner combining all these conditions, may be said to have assisted at his own apotheosis."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

BY R. K. PROTHEN.

The death of Théodore de Banville in November, 1881, severed a link between the French and November of 1831 and the French and November of 1881.

Théodore de Banville was born in 1823, at Paris, and was the son of a family of the name of Banville, which had been in France since the time of the Crusades. He was a member of the Académie Française, and was one of the most distinguished poets of the French Republic.

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starting with the rope of the public executioner round his neck, had been rescued from the guillotine, transformed into a Prince and a Charlot, and set on a prancing steed among the banners of the French Republic.

Théodore de Banville, the father of the poet, was a member of the Académie Française. He was a member of the Académie Française, and was one of the most distinguished poets of the French Republic. He was a member of the Académie Française, and was one of the most distinguished poets of the French Republic.

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poems is suggested by a fragment of a nursery ballad—the same, it may be added, which fascinated George Sand in her childhood :—

Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.
 Les Amours des bassins, les Naïades en groupe
 Voient reluire au soleil en cristaux découpés
 Les flots silencieux qui coulaient de leur coupe.
 Les lauriers sont coupés, et le cerf aux abois
 Tressaille au son du cor ; nous n'irons plus au bois,
 Où des enfants charmants riait la folle troupe
 Sous les regards des lys aux pleurs du ciel trempés,
 Voici l'herbe qu'on fauche et les lauriers qu'on coupe.
 Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.

To the day of Banville's death he unconsciously shut his ears to the sound of misery, and heard again the sonorous strokes of Jacquemart and his wife as they regulated from the Tour d'Horloge the careless lives of the citizens of Moulins. With no conscious effort of the will he closed his eyes to contemporary reality, and saw again Font-Georges, with its white vine-clad house and its moss-covered spring, where the songs and bats of the washerwomen made cheerful music, and where he played with his sister Zélie and his dog Calliste. In other respects Moulins and the Bourbonnais left their mark upon his work and his temperament. The natural wealth of the country, with its fat meadows, cattle, vineyards, and fruit-gardens, has contributed something of its own luxurious abundance to the richness of his sensuous equipment. The temperament of the inhabitants, loving fairs and holidays, light-hearted, and apparently indifferent, if not apathetic, resembles in much the temperament of Banville. The pride of Moulins is the famous tomb of the Constable de Montmorency, which, by its mixture of Christian aspirations with pagan mythology, and by the perfection of its sculptured figures, is an epitome in stone of the exquisite finish and Renaissance incongruities of Banville's verse.

"Un poète, dont la vie a été cachée et modeste, n'a pas d'autre biographie que ses œuvres." Banville's life was so uneventful that the biographer finds few materials except in his friendships or in his writings. What there is to tell is soon told. From Moulins to a dreary pension

in the Rue Richer at Paris was the change which Banville made when scarcely more than a child. Thenceforward Paris was his home. To both his parents he was devotedly attached. He dedicates his *Stalactites* to his father, from whom he inherited his gayety and buoyancy of spirit. Between him and his mother, who long survived her husband, and lived till 1876, there existed that deep affection which is one of the brightest characteristics of French domestic life. To her he dedicates the *Cariatides*, and to her he never failed, from 1843 to 1876, to address the two annual poems, on her birthday and on her saint's day, which are collected in the *Roses de Noël*.

For almost half a century Banville was indefatigably devoted to literature. Except for two brief periods, he held aloof from politics. In the latter years of the Empire he joined the liberal group of writers, who attacked the vices of the Government. Napoleon the Third had few more dangerous enemies than Banville, who shot his flight of epigrams against Rouher, Cora Pearl, and Haussmann. To the comedy succeeded the tragedy. During the siege of Paris Banville was shut up within the walls of the city. The horrors of the war stirred him to write the *Idylles Prussiennes*, in which he denounced, with passionate and almost hysterical hatred, the conquerors of France. Except on these two occasions, political feeling has passed him by on the other side. If he could not live on the prairies of Mayne Reid, mounted on a fiery mustang and armed with a rifle—so he was fond of saying—he cared nothing for the government under which he lived. He was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1858 ; but, like Balzac, he knocked in vain at the doors of the Academy.

Banville lived for, and by, literature, and among literary men. He has dined in the Conciergerie with Victor Hugo and his family ; he has hunted for rare editions with Charles Asselineau ; he was taught to tie a cravat by Nestor Roqueplan. He only saw Balzac once, but he counted himself as one of those who knew the novelist most intimately. "Monsieur" Scribe, the prince of librettists, button-holed him, and robbed him of his button. Jules Janin always reserved for him a place in his box on first nights at the theatre. He was rescued from what

threatened to prove chronic indigestion by the culinary genius of the Duc d'Abrantès, the son of Junot, and the pupil of the great Carême. He lived for years in close friendship with Théophile Gautier, *le poète impeccable*. He was the intimate associate and literary executor of Charles Baudelaire, who made him free of his rooms in the Hôtel Pimodan, and of his banquets on fried potatoes on the Quai d'Anjou. He sat by the side of Courbet among the painters and engravers at the Brasserie Andler-Keller. He listened to Pierre Dupont's rustic verse at the midnight restaurant of Joissans. He was a frequent guest in the Boulevard Montparnasse, at the *cabaret* of la mère Cadet, whom Balzac has immortalized. He was one of the associates of Murger in the strange *vie de Bohème*, which was the daughter of the Revolution and Romanticism—a denizen of the *monde picaresque*, whose maxims of life make those of Rochefoucauld seem the innocence of a child—an associate of the long-haired, if not large-brained, youths who cultivated that inability to live like ordinary mortals which is sometimes mistaken for genius.

Banville himself, though he lived with Murger in the seven castles of Bohemia, where paradoxes are commonplace and flanders are actualities, was a visitor rather than a native of the country. The life was to him an experience indispensable to a poet in Paris. He was never one of the secret band of *l'École de France*, who shunned the outside world, lived in community of goods, and worshipped art for art's sake. As a prose-writer, though not as a poet, he entered unreluctantly for the public taste. A list of his published prose works would almost fill a page, and many of his contributions to contemporary periodicals have never been collected from the files of the *Revue*, the *Nouvelles*, the *Figaro*, or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But it is by his poetry that his name will live. His prose writings need not detain us long, even though they contain the most beautiful art of style.

Banville's early career is recorded in his *Œuvres complètes*, published in 1890. One of his greatest poems, *Le Poète*, is a lament on the death of a friend, and is a masterpiece of verse. His *Œuvres complètes* are a beautiful and how-ever somewhat meagre work, which is regarded by French poets of today with

the same respect that versifiers of 1830 paid to Victor Hugo's Preface to *Cromwell*. With this remarkable exception, Banville's critical writings are marred by exaggerations which do more credit to his heart than his head. The same characteristics appear in the *Souvenirs* and the long series of sketches of Paris life. Just as the peasant of the Bourbonnais abhors figures, eschews definite statements, avoids decisive answers, so Banville has no sympathies with facts, and writes of his friends, or of Paris, with the vagueness and enthusiasm of a lyric poet. The world which he describes is the world of the stage, and the men and women are all acting parts assumed for the occasion. Of his *contes—héroïques*, or *bourgeois*, or *pour les Femmes*—nothing need be said. Their relaxed morality is but thinly veiled in the transparent gauze of a perfect style. His *Contes féeriques* are the complement of his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. It was natural to Banville to see Titania and her court dancing in the gas-light of Paris streets; but though his touch is lightness itself, the attempt to unite Balzac with Perrault is a degradation of charming superstitions. *La Lanterne Magique* deserves notice as an illustration of the accuracy with which Banville gauged the temper of his day. It is a collection of stories to be read in the two minutes which people of fashion could spare for reading—stories which Madame could read while her maid was putting on her stockings, or which Monsieur could devour when, hat on head and cane in hand, he waits till Madame has buttoned the last button of her gloves.

As a dramatist Banville achieved a large share of success. Two at least of his comedies were received with enthusiasm and rank among the masterpieces of the French comic stage. *Les Fanchettes de Nerine* was acted at the Vaudeville in June, 1844; *Le Fanchon Flanternet* at the Odéon in December, 1851; *Le Cœur du Roi* at the same theatre in August, 1857; *Le Fanchon Flanternet* at the Vaudeville in September, 1870; *Le Cœur du Roi* at the Odéon in October, 1871. His two most successful plays were both acted at the Comédie Française. *Le Fanchon Flanternet* a prose comedy, in which Gunguis is condemned after pain of death to wear the hair of a young girl, Cogniot played the part of Gunguis, and *Le Fanchon Flanternet* that of Louis the Seventh. It is undoubtedly his master-

piece. But it was scarcely more successful than the verse comedy of *Socrate et sa Femme*, in which Coquelin appeared as Socrates, and Jeanne Samary as Xantippe. Except *Gringoire*, and parts of *La Feuilletton d'Aristophane*, all the comedies mentioned here—and they by no means exhaust the list—are in verse.

As a prose-writer Banville's style is warm, brilliant, and brightly colored. It is the style of a poet. "Même quand l'oiseau marche, on sent qu'il a des ailes." Voluminous author though he was, it is only by *Gringoire* and the *Petit Traité de la Poésie Française* that his name will live in prose literature. As criticism, as social history, or as biographical material, his work, in spite of its literary excellence, is of little value. But as a poet he has filled seven considerable volumes with verse which in form is almost perfect; and he occupies so peculiar a position in the poetic development of the century, that, in spite of his artificiality and comparative unpopularity, his name will be inseparably associated with those of Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier as one of three poets who have most powerfully influenced the French poetry of the past half-century.

Twelve years before Banville's first appearance as a poet, the Romantic Revolution had reached its height. In 1830 the youth of France responded to the blast of Hernani's horn, and, following the red waistcoat of Théophile Gautier, rallied to the standard of Victor Hugo. The irruption of the barbarians put to flight the pale swarms of Roman divinities. It destroyed the impossible palaces, and banished the apocryphal Turks of Eastern romance. It restored freedom to art by the overthrow of the classic school of second-hand imitators who had fettered language, travestied antiquity, and imposed upon poetry and tragedy the cold conventionalities of Versailles. The Romantic Movement embraced every side of national life. Victor Hugo was its poet, Delacroix its painter; Dumas, Balzac, and George Sand were its novelists; Barye was its sculptor, Hector Berlioz its musician, *bibliophile Jacob* its bibliomaniac, Thierry its historian, Marie Dorval and Mademoiselle Georges its actresses, Frédéric Lemaitre its actor. But, as applied to poetry, the Romantic Movement is often misunderstood. In its widest sense, it meant the enfranchisement of art from the lifeless formal-

ties of the pseudo-classical school. This emancipation took several forms, to each of which the word "romantic" is equally applicable. On one side it means a Gothic innovation, on the other a classical revival. With Victor Hugo poetry recovered from the unknown regions of mediæval life her directness, simplicity, freshness, and picturesque richness; or with Fauriel she returned to nature, put off her court dress, and donned the common homespun of rural life. With André Chénier, Chateaubriand, Alfred de Vigny, and Laprade she drank again at the original sources of her inspiration—the pure fountains of Greek beauty; or with Théophile Gautier she studied the clear vision, correct representation, and exact reproduction of the Greek sculptor.

In 1842, when Banville published his first volume of poetry, the force of the movement was somewhat spent. Liberty had to some degree degenerated into license. Smaller men imitated and exaggerated the freedom and directness of Victor Hugo. Another characteristic of the day, which Lamartine, Ary Scheffer, and Alfred de Musset had brought into fashion, was the gush of elegiac sentimentality that turned the proverbial gayety of France into mourning. All the world wept, without genuine feeling, without respect for art, and without regard to rhythm. Phœbus Apollo had lost his wings, and walked slipshod in the Champs-Élysées, like Joseph Prudhomme himself. Against the maudlin tenderness, and against the slatternly appearance, of French poetry in 1842, Banville made a lifelong protest, which in form was partly original, partly derived from his predecessors, and which not only gave to verse a fresh impulse, but opened to it a new line of development.

In his protest Banville sympathizes rather with the classic revival than with the Gothic innovations of the Romantic Movement. Great as is the debt which he owes to Victor Hugo, he has more in common with André Chénier, Alfred de Vigny, Laprade, and Théophile Gautier. But he also struck out a new line for himself. The pseudo-classical school of the eighteenth century took Malherbe for the starting-point of French poetry. In their reaction against this narrowness, one section of the Romanticists went back to the *chansons de geste* and *fabliaux* of the Middle Ages, another to the Greeks them-

selves. Banville stopped halfway at the classical Renaissance. He is the great reviver of forgotten metres and disused rhythms, the poet not only of every classic measure, but of the rondels, triolets, sonnets, and *ballades* which were the native growths of French soil. He worships Ronsard. Like him, he is a prodigious artist, whose ideas flow into every variety of harmonious strophes. His enemies may designate him a poetic mason rather than a poetic architect, but no one can deny that he is a perfect master of his craft.

Banville possesses almost unrivalled skill in the form and manner of poetry. In words and cadences he is a consummate artist. He distinguishes, with almost unerring instinct, among a number of words expressing the same order of ideas, the one which most definitely sums up the desired impression, or which conveys the exact shade of meaning with the perfect fit of a kid glove. He loves words for their own sake, for their grace of movement, their enchantment of color, the charm of their syllables; and he groups them in such a way as to produce the richest possible effects. With the same artistic instinct, he chooses the rhyme which forms the most perfect symphony in sound with the vision he desires to evoke. In his skillful hands metre is adapted to sense, not as though she were a slave bound to obedience, but as if she was the divine mistress at whose voice ideas and words fall into harmonious order. Rhyme is linked to thought, and transformed in sympathy with the subject, till it becomes anything, from an Amazon in corslet of steel to a nymph babbling to the brook, and even to a dancer balancing on the tight rope. One thing only rhyme could not, in Banville's opinion, become—a citizeness loaded with jewelry.

If Banville's matter had been equal to his manner, he would have been beyond all question a great poet. But his substance is so inferior to his form that he is rarely anything else than a great writer. The faults which mar the value of his prose works reappear in his poetry. There is the same artificiality, the same disregard for facts, the same exaggeration. He has verbal enthusiasms, æsthetic passions, artistic emotions; but human sympathy is wanting. He sees in the world nothing but beauties and glories. If things are obtrusively mean or ugly, he identifies

them with the most divine forms of which they are the degraded manifestations. He removes the inequalities which constitute the misery and the perplexity of life by raising every deteriorated variety to the primary perfection from which it is derived. He looks at life through ruby-colored spectacles. As all his aspirants to poetic fame are Homers, or as all his friends are Saladins, so he recognizes no differences in conditions, no shades of color. White is to him the whiteness of the lily or the swan; blue is the azure depth of heaven, green the brilliant clearness of the emerald. His world is a puppet-show, and even the classic or heroic past is to him little more than poetic furniture. He is lavish of romantic allusions, because they give color and richness to the external form of his verse, and not because he values the delicacy of feudal honor that shines through the coarseness of feudal manners. As literary stock-in-trade, he delights in the company of the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Sometimes indeed he writes of classic subjects with classic restraint and statuesque simplicity, as in the following poem:—

Sculpteur, cherche avec soin, en attendant
l'extase,
Un marbre sans défaut pour en faire un beau
vase;
Cherche longtemps sa forme et n'y retrace
pas
D'amours mystérieux ni de divins combats.
Pas d'Héraklès vainqueur du monstre de
Némée,
Ni de Cypris naissant sur la mer embaumée;
Pas de Titans vaincus dans leurs rébellions,
Ni de riant Bacchos attelant les lions
Avec un frein tressé de pampres et de vignes;
Pas de Lédâ jouant dans la troupe des cygnes
Sous l'ombre des lauriers en fleurs, ni
d'Artémis
Surprise au sein des eaux dans sa blancheur
de lys.
Qu'autour du vase pur, trop beau pour la
Bacchante,
La verveine mêlée à des feuilles d'acanthé
Fleurisse, et que plus bas des vierges lentement
S'avancent deux à deux, d'un pas sûr et
charmant,
Les bras pendant le long de leurs tuniques
droites
Et les cheveux tressés sur leurs têtes étroites.

But more generally his treatment is pictorial rather than statuesque, and he prizes the creations of pagan mythology as words or colors, not as ideas or symbolisms. The following lines, which are a picture, they do not chisel a statue, Aphrodite:—

O douleur ! son beau corps fait d'une neige
pure
Rougît, et sous le vent jaloux subit l'injure
De l'orage : son sein aigu, déjà meurtri
Par leur souffle glacé, frissonne à ce grand cri.
Le visage divin et fier de Cythérée,
Dont rien ne peut flétrir la majesté sacrée,
A toujours sa splendeur d'astre et de fruit
vermeil ;
Mais, dénoués, épars, ses cheveux de soleil
Tombent sur son épaule, et leur masse pro-
fonde
Comme d'un fleuve d'or en fusion l'inonde.
Leur vivante lumière embrase la forêt.
Mêlés et tourmentés par la bise, on dirait
Que leur flot pleure, et quand la reine auguste
penche
Son front, dans ce bel or brille une tresse
blanche.

Even this illustration gives an inadequate idea of the richness of coloring with which he adorns the divinities of Greece. They dwell in the marble halls of the Italian Renaissance, or walk through Florentine gardens, decked with roses and lilies, clothed in purple and gold, gleaming with topaz, emerald, and amethyst. Not content with tinting Venus, he presents her in polychrome.

The distinctive note of Banville's lyric verse is gayety. Even the metrical flow of his lines suggests happiness by the gliding ease of its movements. He sings with inexhaustible delight the rapture of existence to an age that was weary of life. He dwells in an enchanted palace of which his fancy was the architect, a stranger to the disquietude, discontent, and despair of the century. By nature he was designed for the Italian Renaissance ; but his belated birth threw him into the midst of a positive and melancholy era. He was not the contemporary of his generation, and the anachronism explains his relative unpopularity as a poet. A man who can transport his fellows out of their black thoughts into a fairyland of the imagination is endowed with a priceless gift and a sacred mission. But the power is only wielded by those who have themselves felt and suffered. It is in this respect that Banville is so inferior to Victor Hugo. Both poets are optimists. Hugo knows that the problem of evil exists, and that he is surrounded by grim realities. And it is the effort which he makes that gives his finest flights their force, and redeems even his noisy rhetoric. Banville's optimism is part of his nature, his self-deceptions are involuntary, his hallucinations are

effort, and therefore offer no relief or consolation to those whose temperaments are differently constituted.

Banville, then, is intensely artificial and irrepressibly gay. He has but little human sympathy. But his passion for art is so sincere, his æsthetic conscience so sensitive, his knowledge so complete, his resources so abundant, that he has produced works in which form and substance are simultaneously raised into artistic masterpieces. Such brilliant triumphs are like choice bouquets of hothouse exotics, less attractive, perhaps, to many than the country nosegays, which speak of nature because they come from nature, and suggest by their pure fragrance air and space, clear brooks, and the songs of birds. Banville's sparkling *tours de force* are not so touching as pieces in which, like *Font-Georges*, his motive is both human feeling and æsthetic emotion.

O champs pleins de silence,
Où mon heureuse enfance
Avait des jours encor
Tout filés d'or !

O ma vieille Font-Georges,
Vers qui les rouges-gorges
Et le doux rossignol
Prenaient leur vol !

Maison blanche où la vigne
Tordait en longue ligne
Son feuillage qui boit
Les pleurs du toit !

O claire source froide,
Qu'ombrageait, vieux et roide,
Un noyer vigoureux
A moitié creux !

Sources ! fraîches fontaines !
Qui, douces à mes peines,
Frémisiez autrefois
Rien qu'à ma voix !

Bassin où les lavenses
Chantaient insoucieuses
En battant sur leur banc
Le linge blanc !

O sorbier centenaire,
Dont trois coups de tonnerre
Avaient laissé tout nu
Le front chenu !

Tonnelles et coudrettes,
Verdoyantes retraites
De peupliers mouvants
A tous les vents !

O vignes purpurines,
Dont, le long des collines,

Les ceps accumulés
Ployaient gonflés ;

Où, l'automne venue,
La Vendange mi-nue
A l'entour du pressoir
Dansait le soir !

O buissons d'églantines,
Jetant dans les ravines,
Comme un chêne le gland,
Leur fruit sanglant !

Ruisseaux ! forêts ! silence !
O mes amours d'enfance !

Mon âme, sans témoins,
Vous aime moins, etc.

The whole poem is too long to be quoted in its entirety ; but in this and similar pieces, expressive of natural sentiment, he shows his purest vein of true poetry, even though the pain or the melancholy which they reveal is slight, amounting, at the utmost, to the *mautemps* by which the *patois* of the Bourbonnais characteristically translates *regret* or *chagrin*.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MORALITY IN FICTION.*

BY CANON MACCOLL.

A somewhat bitter cry has lately gone up from a popular writer that in England, as distinguished from other countries, "men cannot write as they would (unless they are rich and can afford to publish, like 'Orion' Horne, at a farthing a copy), because the public and its distributing agents dictate to them so absolutely how and what they are to produce that they can't escape from it." Consequently "letters, as a whole, in Britain have a great injustice done them by their inartistic environments." Authors in other countries have the advantage of addressing a cosmopolitan public because they are allowed to write what they please ; but "can anybody pretend that any English work of imagination of the last thirty years has ever produced anything like the immediate sensation produced on Europe by the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' by 'Thermidor,' by 'Les Rois en Exil,' by 'Hedda Gabler'?" What a national disgrace ! Why ? Is "immediate sensation" the test of literary excellence ? Do the "Kreutzer Sonata" and "Hedda Gabler" owe their popularity to their artistic merits ? They owe it rather to the spice of impropriety which is supposed to garnish them. The "Kreutzer Sonata" is by no means Tolstoy's chief work, but it has been far more widely read than any other of his works ; and any one who finds evidence of great dramatic talent or literary excellence in "Hedda Gabler" must be easy to please. These epidemics of "im-

mediate sensation" are no more a criterion of intellectual appreciation than the popularity of Tom Thumb or the revelations of a divorce trial. They are simply the offspring of curiosity, or of a morbid craving after what is abnormal or naughty. The writer from whom I am quoting, indeed, goes on to ask, "Do we want obscenity ? Do we want adultery ? Do we want Zolaism in its ugliest developments ?" And he answers, "Not at all." Then why his sneer soon after at the British bourgeoisie ! The said bourgeoisie, we are told, "can kick a fellow when he's down effectively. It gave sinister evidence its power the other day when it managed almost to overthrow the strongest in Ireland for a breach of etiquette—remember a right, he'd broken an egg little end, or he'd got out of a house with at the aid of a footman." So, then, the seduction of your friend's wife under your friend's roof, and then a precipitate exit by a fire-escape to avoid the outraged husband's chastisement, is but "a breach of etiquette," no more blameworthy than "breaking an egg at the little end !" And it is because the British public will not pay for the glorification of such exploits, or give their confidence to the heroes of them, that it is to be denounced as "vulgar," and its conduct as "sinister."

I am complaining against the "inartistic elements," which are supposed to fetter the genius of the British novelist, raises

* The Sign of the Cross, A Novel, by Lucas Malet. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1901.

of novels to simply "up-phrase" now in

vogue? From a Christian point of view it may be said that it is hardly possible for any work of a rational human being to be unmoral; and not merely from a Christian point of view. I believe that all great moralists, Pagan as well as Christian, would say so. Plato and Aristotle certainly would. The critic, of course, has nothing to do with the moral character of an author, but he is within his rights in passing judgment on the moral character of his work. This is peremptorily denied by those who contend that a novelist need not, and ought not to, concern himself with the moral consequences of his work. "The artist," says one of these apologists of "unmoral" art, "works with his eye on the object. Nothing else interests him. . . . An artist has no ethical sympathies at all. Virtue and wickedness are to him simply what the colors on his palette are to the painter. They are no more, and they are no less. He sees that by these means a certain effect can be produced, and he produces it. Iago may be morally horrible, and Imogene stainless purity. Shakespeare had as much delight in creating the one as he had in creating the other."

There is here a strange confusion of thought. The question is not whether dramatist or novelist may delight in creating a bad character, but whether he engages our sympathies on behalf of bad characters. Shakespeare never does so. If his artistic mind had not been charged with "ethical sympathies" he could never have created Iago. Doubtless he delighted in that superb creation; but he delighted in it just because of its extraordinary ethical interest, and he would have considered his creation a failure if he found the public applauding the conduct of Iago. And what is true of Shakespeare is true of all great artists. Who can read Sophocles without being touched by the contagion of his ethical sympathies! Hence the laudatory dictum of Aristotle, that Sophocles drew men as they ought to be, Euripides as they actually are. This does not mean that Sophocles never paints bad characters, but that he gives us ideals of moral conduct for our guidance and encouragement. Plato was probably, on the whole, the greatest literary artist the world has yet seen. So much value did he set on style that, after his death, a sentence was found written in seventy different

forms in the manuscript of one of his Dialogues. But so far was Plato from thinking that "an artist has no ethical sympathies at all," that he emphatically declared that he was no true artist who worked without a moral purpose; and a moral purpose runs through all his own Dialogues. In fact, a novelist cannot help showing his moral sympathies in his creations;* and he who can regard his characters with the same ethical indifference as the painter does the colors on his palette is no artist at all: he is a mere artisan, and his characters will have no more life in them than the marionettes of a conjurer. The greatest critic of ancient Greece, perhaps of the world—the "master of all who know"—says that the true end of tragedy is to purify the passions, and he condemns as bad art any work that has "an immoral tendency" (ὡς βλαβερὰ)†; which is but another way of saying that morality is the end of the dramatic art. The greatest of English art-critics insists on the same truth. "The highest thing," says Ruskin, "that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being. It has never done more than this, and it ought not to do less."‡ And to illustrate "the essential relations of art to morality," he quotes a fine passage in which Plato lays it down that the business of a poet, and, indeed, of every artist, is to "create for us the image of a noble morality," "so that the young men, living in a wholesome atmosphere, may be profited by everything that, in work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight—as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life."§

Another great authority on the same side is Lessing, a critic to whom Goethe, Herder, and Macaulay owed their obligations more than to any other writer. "To act with a purpose," says Lessing, "is what raises man above the brutes; to invent with a purpose, to imitate with a

* "It is, of course, true that many of the strong masters had deep faults of character; but their faults show in their works. It is true that some could not govern their passions; if so, they died young, or they painted ill when old."—Ruskin, "Lectures on Art," p. 96.

† Aristotle, "Poet," c. iv. 26.

‡ "Lectures on Art," p. 96.

§ *Ibid.*, 46, 50.

pure love of Mary the antidote which he needed against the lusts of the flesh. And therefore he sought her and clung to her with desperate tenacity, yet shrank at the same time in pain from the touch of her stainless purity as from "a consuming fire." He tells her that his love for her is "superb," but "cruel," "stringing up lax moral sinews. It is a tremendous remedy, but it cures." And then, with a sad foreboding of that unavoidable doom under the shadow of which he had passed that summer evening long ago when he rashly plighted his unredeemed troth to Jenny Parris in the far-away Devonshire village, he adds pensively: "Perhaps it also kills." "I have been in hell this afternoon; not the theologian's hell, in which an utterly just and merciful Deity is reputed to roast poor wretches everlastingly for slight errors of doctrine; but in one of the ordinary every-day hells above ground, which we human beings display such elaborate ingenuity in preparing for ourselves and each other." The near presence of the woman who is his ideal of purity makes him realize vividly, for the first time, that the root of the mischief is, after all, in himself; that the kingdom of hell is not so much in his external environment as within him. Mary Crookenden is thus his last hope, but also his despair. He longs to possess her, yet recoils from the gratification of his passion, lest the flesh should again master the spirit and ruin both Mary and himself. In avowing his love for her, therefore, he also declares his renunciation of hope:

"I want absolutely nothing except this—to tell you that my love for you is true, established not to be shaken; there, definite, in full possession of me, always, waking, sleeping, never letting me go whether I like it or not. It has mastered me, driven out all possibility of lower, baser, easily gratified sorts of love. It reigns alone. And—and it is hopeless—hopeless. And"—he broke out passionately, the bitterness surging up resistless, uncontrollable at last—"may God in his mercy—if indeed there is a God—keep it hopeless, keep me intending, fully determined that it shall be hopeless; keep me feeling, as I do now, that the worst of all conceivable anguish would be to snatch a happiness which might end in the scorching of your beautiful feet in the flames of my private hells."

This conflict between the good and bad self of Colthurst—the desire to possess Mary and the terror in the thought of possession—is delineated with great skill and

penetration. The spirit cries for her as "his goddess," his good angel, "his inspiration." The flesh recognizes her beauty of form and color, and desires her as "his property, and in a sense his slave." And the flesh will still conquer more than once before the spirit is set free. Colthurst reasoned himself out of the admirable self-denying ordinance which he had imposed on himself the evening he confessed his love to Mary Crookenden:

"After all," he said, "a mouse here and there must make its escape. Perhaps, after all, Fate has not loaded the dice. I will try one throw more for the chance of salvation through the love of a pure woman. Injustice may go far, but it can hardly dare strike her to compass my punishment. That would be too flagrant."

The flesh triumphed for the time being, and Colthurst, spite of his fervent prayer that his love might forever remain hopeless, wooed and won Mary Crookenden, and engaged her to marry him. His success, however, again immediately alarmed him, and his better nature dreaded the forfeiture of Mary's love. "I am not the man you ought to marry," he began to tell Mary in the hour of his conquest. "Sometimes, even now, I have a hideous dread that you have stepped off the right lines of your nature, that you will find you have suffered a delusion. . . . You have raised me. You have brought my whole life up to a higher level. But still the Ethiopian can't change his skin, or the leopard his spots." And then he goes on to make a clean breast of his past life, with a heroic resolve that she shall know the worst of him even at the risk of repudiating him. Mary bears it all calmly till he approaches the Paris episode, and then, with the delicate sensitiveness of unsullied purity, she scents the odor of pollution from a distance, and moves away from him. "Then Colthurst's purpose melted in thin air," and the fear of losing Mary sealed his lips.

But Nemesis was now close upon his heels. Jenny Parris discovered his engagement to Mary Crookenden, and, forcing an interview upon her in Mary's own house, disclosed all. The scene between the two women—the discarded mistress and the expectant bride—is a good specimen of Lucas Malet's dramatic talent. We seem to see the play of these two women's features and to hear their voices. Be-

neath the coarseness and waywardness, which must be credited to Jenny's circumstances rather than to her nature, were concealed the elements of a rather grand character. Deeply as her unsparing disclosures had lacerated Mary Crookenden in her tenderest feelings, the beautiful girl, though shrinking from Jenny, is kind to her. When Jenny, now in the grip of consumption, nearly faints after her excitement, Mary ministers to her, and this drives the evil spirit out of the poor forlorn woman.

"So far Jenny had thought only of herself, had acted under the dominion of her sense of injury alone. But the tone of Miss Crookenden's grave voice, the graciousness of her action, stirred the nobler spirit in poor Jenny; and as she looked up at the girl, and saw the proudly glad face of less than an hour ago cruelly altered, rigid and ghastly as that of a corpse, she understood something of the immense suffering she had inflicted, repented, was overcome with remorse. 'No, no,' she said, pushing away the grapes. 'I'll go, I must go. I'm not so bad but what I can walk, and it's not fitting that I should eat or drink in this house.'"

As she goes out she meets Colthurst on the doorstep coming in. "Ah! you are here," he exclaims. "You've seen her. You've taken your revenge at last." And he flings a thrice-repeated curse at her as she disappears cowering into the fog.

In the distress and perplexity caused by Jenny's revelations Mary Crookenden retreated to her old home under the roof of her uncle and guardian in Devonshire contiguous to the village where Colthurst first met Jenny Parris, and where Jenny's father still lived. To her old home Jenny also had just returned with her child to die, but Miss Crookenden knew it not. We meet her at her uncle's house at the end of a three days' tempest:

"Nature still quivered from the recent violence of storm and tempest. The outlook was a melancholy one, but Mary liked it none the less for that. She felt grateful, indeed, to the Earth-mother for setting her great symphony in a minor key, and fingering out only low-toned pensive music. For over the girl likewise a tempest had passed from which she still quivered, from which her inward sky was still overcast. The shock of her interview with James Colthurst's former mistress had been profound, had shaken the foundations of her being. It had wounded her pride, wounded her moral sense, had endangered her trust in herself and in those innate beliefs which had so far ruled her conduct; it had changed all the values, put a new complexion

on much she had learned of late to hold dearest. It had effected nothing less, indeed, than a revolution in her outlook on life. Finally, it had raised a practical question of the very gravest moment, a question which it was impossible to ignore, which she was compelled to answer. Not that her affection for Colthurst was lessened. It remained, its dominion over her was strong as ever; but the quality of it had suffered change. It had lost its brilliancy, lost its fearless delight; above all, had lost its innocence. For during her interview with Jenny Parris she had been forced, willynilly, to eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and to her sorrow, to her shame—a shame, the bitterness of which no man will ever quite understand or measure—her eyes were opened; she recoiled with the anger, with the fierce disdain, that is a constant quantity in the purity of a noble girl. . . . She required to be alone, required to adjust her mind to the altered aspect that this bitter increase of knowledge gave to life; required, above all, to find an answer to that practical question of right and wrong, the answering of which—for she did not permit herself to blink the truth—involved not only her own future, but that of other three persons as well."

Namely, Colthurst, Jenny Parris, and their child.

And therefore, "Cost her what it might, until that question was answered, she had told herself she would not see James Colthurst again."

But Colthurst's lower nature is again in the ascendant. He will have her at any cost to both or either. And he appeals to that part of Mary's nature which never fails to respond—her passion of pity. She cannot endure pain in others. When we first meet her at the age of ten we find her quarrelling with her boy cousin, and refusing to be comforted because he shot a rabbit, whose dying cry had touched the child's heart. The sight or sound of pain throws a spell over her which she cannot resist. This trait in Mary's character supplies the key to her relations with Colthurst. He was ungainly in person, and had a stammer which became painful to witness when he got excited. It was this inability to utter his eloquent thoughts that won Mary's heart in the interview with Colthurst after the class-room scene. His excitement was so great that he could not get out his words for the stammer. He "spread out his hands with a gesture of despairing self-disgust, and looked up dumbly at Miss Crookenden." That dumb appeal won the day for him. It appealed to that strongest instinct in woman's nature, the maternal feeling. "Recogn-

his fellow-sinner, his comrade of evil days, peasant, model, harlot ; or Mary Crookenden, beautiful, spotlessly pure, rich too in the good things of this world, the woman whom he supremely honored and loved." He was free to choose, for his spell over Mary was still unbroken. After a brief struggle, with nothing to break the silence but "the solemn voice of the sea lamenting along the coast," Colthurst made his choice and bade farewell to Mary Crookenden :

" 'Go while you can still pardon me for all the evil with which through me you have become acquainted ; while you can still pardon the immensity of my self-seeking in approaching you, asking you to marry me, asking you to let me mingle the foul stream of my life with the clear stream of yours ; asking you—for, God forgive me,' Colthurst broke out fiercely, 'as I see it all now, it comes to nothing less than that—asking you to pay for my adoration by becoming, under the specious title of wife, the last, choicest, most precious, most costly offering I can make to my own flesh. . . . Don't misunderstand me,' he said, quickly. 'I don't want to discredit marriage to you, and make you think slightly of it. To the pure all things are pure. And there are men as well as women to whom marriage is pure, honorable, altogether wholesome and cleanly'—he glanced away at the low wide bed—but I am not among them. And therefore to me it would be the last refinement of self-indulgence.' "

With a kiss of mutual renunciation the lovers than part forever, and Colthurst turns to Jenny and soothes her last moments. That night he resolves, by the side of the dead, to live for his child and for his art. But Destiny had ordered it otherwise. Jenny's father returned in the morning with the fishing fleet, and, finding Colthurst leaning on the frail paling that separated the cottage from the cliff, he pushed him over at the spot where the presentiment of his doom had first startled him on the fateful evening on which he promised to marry Jenny Parris.

Is Colthurst's renunciation of Mary Crookenden natural, seeing that Jenny's death would in a few hours set him free ? That depends on what we mean by "natural." Every kind of organic life has an ideal perfection, toward which it is its business to strive ; and it is only by striving that it can escape the Nemesis of the opposite law, which tends to degradation. Both processes are natural ; one aims at the higher nature, the other is attracted by the lower. The natural thing for ordinary

humanity would have been to bury Jenny Parris decently, and marry Mary Crookenden. But are there not natures which nothing but a "counsel of perfection" will save ? Is not total abstinence the only cure for dipsomania ? But the mania of the sexual appetite may be even more tyrannous, even more abnormal and hideous in its aberrations, and may therefore require the same drastic remedy. Marriage is not necessarily the cure for such a nature ; it may, indeed, be "the last refinement of self-indulgence." In renouncing Mary Colthurst chose the better part for both. All through his passionate love of her he knew instinctively that close union with him would disillusionize her, and at the same time ruin that delicate purity of hers which had won his homage, and helped him in some degree to vanquish his lower nature. And it was out of her true love for him that Mary acquiesced in their final parting. It was just when the obstacle to their union was removed that both of them realized the unfitness of each to make the other happy in wedlock.

I have left myself no space to dwell on the subsidiary characters and general construction of the story. Madame Jacobini is a vivid and charming creation. Lancelot Crookenden is also a very life-like specimen of a pure and manly English youth, and makes an admirable foil to Colthurst's aggressively brilliant but coarser and more sensual nature. Lucas Malet possesses also the faculty of bringing a scene vividly before us by a few strokes of that rare "art which conceals art," as in her description of the party at Mrs. Crookenden's. And what a delicate bit of observation is the following. Lancelot is deeply in love with Mary Crookenden, who is at this time engaged to another. While he is kneeling in the act of putting on her golosh—

"Mary nearly lost her balance, standing crane-like on one leg ; stretched out her hand to save herself ; found it light on the nearest object capable of affording support—the top of Lancelot's round, black head. Men, even the better bred among them, in their relation to women, are divisible into two classes—those who take advantage of such small accidents, slips, misadventures, and those who do not. Lancelot Crookenden belonged to the latter class. For just long enough for the girl to recover her footing the black head remained still, firm as a rock, under her hand. Then the young man sprang up."

How far Colthurst's views on art are also the author's can only be a matter of conjecture to the readers of her book. Lucas Malet, I am told, is herself no mean artist, and it may be presumptuous in one who is no artist to criticise her hero's reasons in the following passage for discrediting the antique as "the basis of instruction":

"That is getting hold of quite the wrong end of the stick. Work toward perfection if you like—if you can—if perfection exists. But to begin with it, and work back from it, is a self-evident mistake, contrary to all known laws of development. By setting your students down opposite to those faultless marble impossibilities you create a false standard in their minds. Nature does not come up to that standard; consequently, when you show them Nature, they despise her. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*"

But how is the better the enemy of the good? Not by discrediting the good, but by engendering desire for the better. He will never be a great artist who does not aim at "the better"—who has not a vision of unrealized beauty before him, an ideal after which he strives, ever luring him forward, but never actually touched—"the gleam, the light that never was on sea or land." The artist, be he poet or painter, is not a mere copyist of Nature; he is her interpreter, her prophet, giving articulate expression to her dumb spirit. Herein lies the value of the antique to the student of art. The great artists of Greece were realists and idealists in one. They were scrupulously true to Nature; but they idealized her. Sophocles claimed credit for depicting men "as they ought to be"—i.e., he painted humanity not individuals. Aristotle, who quotes the boast of Sophocles with approbation, praises Polygnotus because he painted men better than they are; and in his "Politics" he forbids the pictures of Pauson to be shown to young children because he painted men "below the ordinary level of human nature." Zola is a bad artist, because his delineation of human nature is an outrage on humanity at large. The men and women in *La Terre* are satyræ, not human beings. Mr. Symonds quotes a passage from Haydon on the Elgin marbles, which strikingly illustrates the fidelity to Nature, combined with idealism, which distinguishes Greek art:—

"The first thing I fixed my eyes on was the wrist in one of the female groups, in which were visible, though in a feminine form, the

radius and ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I directed my eyes to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape, as in nature. I saw that the arm was in repose, and the soft parts in relaxation. That combination of Nature and idea which I had felt was so much wanting for high art was here displayed to midday conviction. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else, I had beheld enough to keep me to Nature to the rest of my life. . . . I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew that they (the marbles) would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness."

How Haydon, and Plato still more, would cry out against Colthurst's dictum, that "Nature is the good; it is an impiety, as well as a stupidity, to discredit her by filling your students' minds with dreams of a non-existent better." The Greeks are still our masters in all departments of artistic excellence, just because they did believe in the existence of a better, of which Nature is potentially capable; for which, indeed, she may be said to be yearning, and which it is the artist's function to bring forth. How profound is Aristotle's remark, that "Nature has the will, but not the power, to realize perfection." In relation to her man is *deaster quidam*, evoking her latent possibilities, as in his improvement on her unaided efforts in plant and flower and animal, or in his creation of music out of the silent air; for Nature has no music—only its materials and laws. She needs man to give voice to her dumb aspirations in the sphere of sound: why should it be a discredit to her to own that she needs him also to supplement her own efforts to envisage the beautiful in form, and color, and proportion?

Equally untenable, I venture to think, is Colthurst's assertion that not only "poverty, sorrow, decay, death," "but disease," and "sin" also, "are ideally beautiful," because "everything natural is beautiful." But disease and sin are not natural; they are against nature. They may be the cause of beauty indirectly and accidentally. A pearl is beautiful, and it is the product of disease. Love is beautiful, and it manifests its beauty most where sin abounds. But neither the disease which caused the pearl, nor the sin which exercised the ministry of love, is beautiful. Beauty always gives pleasure: the hectic flush of disease does not, be-

swollen, as though she had been exceedingly maltreated—rolled on the floor in a fit of hysterics. She began to confess to a catalogue of sins—a roll-call of an exceedingly ghastly and unedifying character, beginning with minor offences against the law—such as petty larceny and “drunk and disorderlies”—and gradually working up to the climax of infanticide, on a wholesale scale, for the sake of insurance moneys. There are even now Lucrezia Borgias in humble life who, without the stage accessories of gilded goblets and sparkling wines, commit murder on the same big lines as that dramatic personage. The revelations made sometimes at these sensational religious meetings are appalling. But people attending them are so accustomed to melodrama that they produce very little effect.

One of the workers stooped over the writhing, groaning, guilt-stricken sinner, and whispered words of hope and encouragement; but the beautiful, passionate pleading went on all the time, every word distinctly audible, even through the tumult it raised.

And yet it was not the words that moved them, but the tones, the thrilling subtle sweetness of the voice inflexions. These swayed their senses and played upon their emotions, as might the music of some great and glorious symphony.

In this sort of emotional religion the words are nothing; the voice, personal magnetism, nervous force, sympathetic *rapprochement* of the speaker are everything. Captain Kitty was perfectly aware that this power belonged to her. She delighted in the exercise of it, just as a great actress might delight in seeing her audience alternately laugh and weep, while under the spell of her genius. The dramatic instinct is indeed a valuable one to a Salvationist. If it were entirely eliminated from the platform there would be few conversions, fewer disciples.

After the prayer was over, Captain Kitty came down from the platform and went slowly about among the people—exhorting, beseeching, encouraging. Eager hands—palsied with drink, clammy with excitement, foul with the filth of days—were stretched out to grasp her as she passed; and she had a word and a kindly greeting for all.

When she reached the sobbing, hysterical woman, she paused, laid a cool,

soothing hand on that miserable, beslobbered brow, parted the ragged wisps of hair, and gazed into the bleared, drink-sodden eyes.

“I’m a bad un, a downright bad un!” cried the sinner, with a sort of despairing pride in the gigantic nature of her guilt. “It’s no manner of use me tryin’ to be good, because what I’ve done is enough to damn the whole of creation.”

“The Lord wants your heart, or He would not be asking for it now,” replied the Salvation captain, in a tender voice; and the woman, stooping suddenly, grabbed a bit of her dress and kissed it.

Close beside them stood a man who had been a very attentive listener to Captain Kitty’s prayer, and who had followed with his eyes her every movement, with a sort of breathless eagerness.

He was a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, with a handsome, bronze, haggard face, and a lean figure, upon which his rags of clothing hung loosely. Poorly, meanly as he was dressed, there was about him that nameless, indescribable air that marks unmistakably, to the end, him who has once been a gentleman.

When Captain Kitty drew near and began to talk to the hysterical woman, this man hid his face in his arms, as though either to bury away some intense emotion, or to prevent some possible recognition.

If he was moved by the latter feeling, however, he defeated his own object; for the Salvationist took it for granted that he was moved by her exhortation instead, and stayed to clinch the argument.

The cause was hers, heart and soul, and she but lived to rescue sinners from the Devil’s grasp.

When, therefore, she noticed that the man’s shoulders were working convulsively, and that he kept his face sedulously hidden, she judged that it was the Spirit of God at work within him.

She laid her firm white hand upon his shoulder, and at the touch he shuddered from head to foot.

“Brother,” she murmured, stooping over him, so that he felt her warm breath on his cheek, “God asks your soul of you! Will you let Him ask in vain?”

The man groaned, but made no other reply. Captain Kitty went on.

“Oh, my brother, my dear, precious loved brother in Christ, will you not listen

for something more thrilling and exciting than the dreary, gray monotony of perpetual prayer and perpetual telling of beads. Better to die at once, she thought, than drown herself to a living death!

Just at that time there rolled a sudden wave of enthusiasm for the Salvation Army across the country; and it carried back with its ebbing tide one eager, enthusiastic recruit.

Once more her colorless existence became infused with vivid tints: gold and purple and scarlet flashes lighted up its dull monotony, and in the glare of trumpets and waving of banners Captain Kitty forgot for the first time her own private grief and despair.

But she had never forgotten to pray for him. And now? Was the answer to that prayer come at last?

CHAPTER II.

SHE had but slept for a couple of hours when some one came to rouse her.

"You are to dress at once and go to No. 9, Mulcaster's Rents. There's a man there met with an accident, and they're sent for you!"

Captain Kitty wondered a little as to who it could be that wanted her in particular, and not one of the nurses who lived in the place; but she was too sleepy to feel much astonishment at anything. She did not delay long over her toilet; just dipped her head into a basin of cold water to dispel the drowsiness, and hurried on her clothes anyhow.

Mulcaster's Rents was a nasty neighborhood for a lady to visit alone at one o'clock in the morning; but the Army had made it a headquarters for one of its divisions, and its soldiers were free of it, and in no danger of molestation.

Captain Kitty felt very weary, both in body and mind, as she toiled up the greasy, dirty staircase; where the boards were rotten and crazy, and where the stair-rails had been torn out for firewood. But the wretchedness was all gone when she entered the wretched room, and recognized that there, upon the bed, lay the form of Julian, the man for whom she had been waiting so earnestly.

A doctor was bending over him, and smiled her advent with pleasure.

"Don't know why on earth they didn't take him to the Hospital at once," he said,

in a tone of vexation: "but it seems he begged hard to be brought home, and to have you sent for, before he relapsed into unconsciousness."

"Is he much injured?" asked Captain Kitty, in a low voice.

The doctor shook his head.

"It isn't that. He was knocked down by a cab—drunk, I suppose, and blind, they generally are—and has two or three ribs broken: but that won't kill him. He's been a fellow with a splendid physique, to begin with."

And the surgeon lifted the arm of the prostrate man and looked at it admiringly.

"Then, what is it you dread?"

The doctor gave her a sharp glance.

There was no fear of shocking a Salvationist. They were too well used to every variety of vice.

"It's the fever that will supervene, the D. T., you know! The man's been drinking like mad for weeks, I should say, and now his blood is little better than alcohol. Who's to see him through with it, I wonder? It'll be a tough fight. She's not much use, poor little wretch!" he ended, with a glance toward the fireside.

Captain Kitty followed the direction of that glance, and started.

The figure of a girl—untidy, dishevelled, ragged—was sitting there with her head buried in her hands; sobbing in a soft, subdued sort of fashion.

The Salvationist turned pale to the lips, but she set these same lips in a firm line.

"I will see him through it," she said, with quick decision.

The surgeon looked at her doubtfully.

"But perhaps you don't know what it is that you are undertaking! It is no joke when the fits come on, I can tell you."

"I have some idea. I spent four months once in the accident ward of a hospital."

"That's all right, then! You know what you have to expect when he comes round. You will have to keep giving him doses of this—bromide of potassium it is—to quiet him, or inflammation will set in; and if he should become violent he will require to be strapped down. Are you afraid?"

"Not in the least! Look at my arm, I am as strong as a man."

It was indeed powerfully and splendidly moulded. The doctor ran his eyes over her, and confessed to himself that he had

never seen a grander specimen of womanhood. From the glorious masses of ruddy-brown hair, to the firm, shapely feet, there was not, to all appearance, a weak spot about her. Nevertheless, the quick professional gaze detected something amiss.

"Are you quite sure of your strength?" he asked, with some hesitation. If she did not know, it would be worse than foolish to warn her.

But her eyes met his in significant response to the question underlying his spoken one.

"I know," she said quietly; "you need not fear shocking me! I have known it for long. But I am going to nurse him all the same, and I shall not break down."

"Has he any claim on you?" he persisted.

"Yes. It is partly my fault that he is—what he is! Had I been brave enough, I might have saved him—once!"

"Ah!" was the long-drawn monosyllable that came from the doctor's lips. It meant a great deal. He had seen sufficient of life during the course of his hard-working years in the East End to guess at the facts of the story pretty correctly.

A man who had been a gentleman, dying of drink and dissipation; a woman, still young and very beautiful; bound together by some past, unforgotten and regretted—it was easy to piece together such a romance as this.

But the doctor came across so many queer stories during his day's work that he had no time to speculate concerning them. All he now wanted was to do the best he could for his patient, and to see that he was left in capable hands. And those of the woman before him seemed thoroughly capable, even though she had heart-disease, and would not last long under the stress and excitement of the life she was leading.

It was a pity, because she was a fine creature; but, after all, it was no business of his! So he went on giving her directions; and told her that in case of necessity she could send for the man who lived on the opposite side of the landing—a big, powerful coal-heaver, who was under obligations to him, and who would gladly come to her assistance. Then he took up his hat and left her there alone with the sleeping man—and the fair-haired girl by the fire.

When he had gone, she sank on her knees by the bedside.

"Oh, God, why did we not die, both of us—on that dreary October day, long ago? It would have been bearable then, and we could have passed out into the night and the darkness—together. You were mine then, darling, and I was yours! It wouldn't have been so bad to face it, hand in hand! But—now?" Here she stopped for a moment, and the sound of a low sobbing fell on her ears. She trembled violently, and rose instantly to her feet. "Now I belong to God, and must do His work," she said resolutely, setting her teeth, and frowning. "And as for you, Julian, you are in all probability *hers*! What I have got to do now is to save you for her."

Mastering her feeling of repugnance, she crossed the room and put her hands on the girl's shoulder. "You must stop that," she said in a firm voice. "If you want to be of any use to him, you must leave off crying at once."

The girl gave a queer sort of choking sound, making an effort to obey. Then she looked up wonderingly. She was a rather pretty, fair-haired creature; very young, and apparently very much accustomed to being commanded. Her big blue eyes had a frightened stare in them; and every now and then, when any one spoke suddenly, she would start and shrink, as though dreading a blow to follow.

"Who are you? What is your name, I mean?" asked Captain Kitty.

"Me? Lor, I'm only 'Meliar!" she answered at once, beginning to rub her eyes with her not too clean apron, preparatory to entering upon an account of herself; then, with a wistful gaze across the room, "He ain't a-goin' to die, is he? I thought as 'ow 'twas only the jimjams he'd got; but the doctor 'e says it's a bad job, an' 'is ribs is broke! But he'll get better, don't you think?"

"Yes, I think he will, if you and I do our best for him. Now, 'Melia, I want you to take a note for me to headquarters as soon as it's light, and then get me a telegraph-form. Where is the nearest office?"

'Melia thought a moment.

"There's an orfis next door but one round the corner—R. Green, grocer an'

confecsh'ner, general post office, an' telegraph! Will that do? It won't be open afore 'arf-past seven, though."

"Yes, that will do. Now you had better wash your face and lie down for an hour or two, and I will watch. Is there a vacant room near this?"

'Melia nodded.

"One nex' door. People lef' only the day before yes'day. Got nothin' in it but a 'eap of shavin's. Never mind. I'll tyke a blanket, and lie on the shavin's till you call me—if you're quite sure as he won't miss me."

"I will tell you if he asks for you," replied Captain Kitty, coldly.

The girl turned her big, vacant blue eyes on the other, as the tone struck her with astonishment; but the Salvationist waved her away imperiously.

The next few hours were like years, as the woman watched by the side of her long-lost love.

It all came about as the doctor predicted. When the stupor passed away, it was followed by wild delirium and cerebral excitement, terrible to witness. Nevertheless, Captain Kitty did not find it necessary to ask for assistance. Those strong white arms of hers proved as efficacious as bonds, as she wound them around him and held him down by main force, when the frenzy seized him. But there was something also in the very presence of the stronger nature that acted upon him like a spell; even though he did not know her in the least, and kept on calling for Captain Kitty to come and drive the Devil away, and give a fellow a chance for his life.

During these ravings she learned how her memory had been woven into all these wretched, miserable years of his; how, amid all his sin and degradation, he had never forgotten her. At length the opiate took effect, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Then she had time to think and to mature her plans. It would be easy enough to get leave of absence until he was out of danger. But the things that were necessary for his comfort and health—she could scarcely ask for those from headquarters! Her own money she had simply given up to the cause, leaving herself penniless.

But she was not friendless, although her own kindred did not approve of her

doings. She decided, therefore, to ask her brother, the one who was fondest of her, for a sum of money sufficient to tide her over this crisis; and, at the same time, she would write to him for particulars of the present attitude of Julian Gray's people toward him.

Weeks glided on, in a sad, monotonous routine of sick nursing; and it seemed to Katherine Villiers as though her life had begun and ended in that dark, sordid room in Mulcaster's Rents. At first it did not appear probable that Julian Gray would ever recover; but good nursing, combined with an originally tough constitution, pulled him through.

During this period she was of course thrown very much into the company of 'Melia; and, without wishing or questioning on her part, heard all the girl's pitiful, miserable story. How "he 'ad been so very kind to 'er, an' give 'er a meal, oh! ever so often, when 'er old granny, wot she lived with, got blazin' drunk an' turned 'er out of doors, after a-beatin' of 'er till she was black and blue; an' 'ow, after granny died, an' she was lef' alone, she crep' up 'ere one night an' asked 'im might she live along with 'im; an' he larked, an' called her a little fool for 'er pains; but still he was down in the mouth an' seemed afraid of bein' alone, don't yer know, and so she stayed. An'—an' that was all!—on'y she was orful fond of him, an' if he was to die, there was nothin' for 'er but to make a hole in the water!"

At length came a day when he was pronounced out of danger; and after that a long, lingering convalescence.

When he could manage to sit up in a big, comfortable arm-chair by the fire, the room was so transformed that he could scarce believe it to be the same. Curtains covered the smoke-grimed windows, flowers bloomed in pots—an air of refinement, if not of luxury, reigned there altogether.

On a seat by the window sat 'Melia, clothed and in her right mind—if one might judge from the way in which she diligently pursued her task of needlework.

He looked away from this pleasant picture very quickly, however, and up at Captain Kitty instead, who stood carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece opposite to him.

"You have done it all," he said feebly.

"How am I to thank you for saving my life? Not that it is worth much, any way!" he added, as a bitter after-thought.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Not to you, perhaps," she replied, in a slow, dreamy tone; "but God knows better than you the real value of your life."

"How can it ever be anything now but a broken, worthless thing? But that is not the question. I owe it to you, such as it is—not to God: you have saved it. What must I do with it?"

"Give it to Him! If, as you say, it is mine to do what I will with, I here call God to witness that I give it into His hand, to deal with as He may think best. Julian, I prayed for this—for years I prayed for this, and it has come at last. You will not disappoint me now, dear Julian?"

Her voice crept up to his ears, in those exquisite, thrilling modulations that were wont to draw tears from the most hardened eyes; and those of poor Julian were very soft and weak just then.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

She knelt beside him, and took his feeble hand in hers.

"I want you to give up drinking, gambling, all sorts of wickedness; I want you to lead a new, healthy, and happy life, with the light of heaven shining into it; I want you to go home to your own people; and—and I want you to marry 'Melie'."

"You ask that?"

"I do! She loves you. She has given herself to you, and you are all she has on earth."

"But you forget? She is uneducated, vulgar, with no moral sense—a wretched little gutter-brat! Katherine, you are not serious?"

Katherine rose and stood over him, like an avenging angel.

"And what are you, Julian Gray, that you should dare to disdain an immortal soul? Have you made so grand a career for yourself, with all your education and ability? If she has no moral sense, so much the less is she to blame for any sins she may have committed. And if she has done wrong, she has the one supreme grace of loving—loving grandly and unselfishly. But *you*!—what is there in you to justify you in despising her?"

The sick man cowered down among his pillows, and put his hands before his face.

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"Do not—do not be so severe, Katherine," he remonstrated, in a broken voice. "I did not mean to despise her; God knows how far more despicable I am myself! But—but—for *you* to ask me to marry her!—it is *that* seems so strange!"

"Nevertheless, you will do it for my sake, and for your own, will you not, my friend? It is the last request I shall ever make to you, Julian! Surely you will not refuse it?"

Once again she knelt by his chair, and looked up into his face.

"*You* ask me—ask me to marry another woman?" he repeated, hoarsely.

Their eyes met, and seemed to cling together as though drawn by some irresistible power.

"I do," she answered in a faint tone, yet firmly.

"Then, Kitty, I—I will obey—if you will kiss me—kiss me—only this once!"

Their faces were close together. The same attraction drew them nearer. Without another spoken word their lips met in a long, lingering kiss.

Then she turned away, and hid her face in her hands, for a moment.

"The last time—the last time," she said, at length; and her voice was like music, broken and jangled.

Then she rose and went over to the window. 'Melie was watching her in sullen silence.

"Come with me," said Captain Kitty, imperiously, and the girl obeyed. When they got outside, however, 'Melie turned savagely upon her commander.

"Why do you go for to kiss 'im before my face?" she cried, in jealous anger. "If I've got to lose 'im, there ain't any call for *that*, anyways."

"You're not to lose him, 'Melie! He has promised me to marry you, and that's what I want to talk to you about."

"To marry me? That's a good un! What right have you to go a kissin' of 'im, then?"

Captain Kitty flushed. For just one moment original sin got the better of regeneration; and she would fain have retorted.

"I bought him for you by just that kiss"—that is what she would fain have said, but the evil impulse passed, and the words remained unspoken.

"Do not let that trouble you, child," she said; "he will never, never kiss me—"

"But generally, I think," she went on, "the outside of both books and people give me thoughts and suggest others to me that I find more interesting than any facts they might tell me themselves. I like weaving my own story—the real one might be so different."

"Supposing your instinct told you the truth," he replied, "and you were obliged suddenly to speak to a person about whom you had formed your own conclusions, would you know what to say? You could not brutally and openly show the man or woman that you had pierced to the inmost thought of either him or her?"

"No, but if you really have done so, the most ordinary phrase that conventionality obliges you to use will yet strike the right note and bring back the answering ring of truth."

"Then you do really believe a man's character and temperament are written down in his outward appearance, and that you can read it?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe men, even more than women, reveal in their faces much that it would never occur to them to express in words; for if they do speak, it is their own impression of themselves, or the one they would like you to have of them, that they try to convey; and this may tend to destroy the impression you already have of them and which really is the only one you care about elaborating. The stories their faces tell me are the true stories, and the ones I care most to read, for they speak, not of events, but of thoughts and feelings, of the force of will, of the struggles of the human spirit to attain its destiny—spite of the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' Can you not tell," she said, quietly, banishing from her voice the feeling that was on the point of betraying itself by a gentle tremor—"can you not tell, almost at a glance, the man whose ambition still slumbers, who sees vaguely and dreamily the possibility of some day becoming great, who is just sufficiently conscious of his latent powers to make him careless of the day of small things, but who is still too dreamy for exact comparisons and still less has attempted actually to study ways and means? And the man, alert and bright-eyed, who is engaged in practically carrying out his aims, who sees and judges of the precise means to his end, who knows exactly to which tiresome detail attention

will not go unrewarded—who, while he stores his energies, at the same time makes the best possible use of them by making them run in the widest channels? And of these, can you not distinguish, on the one hand, the disappointed but still determined man who bides his time—embittered but resolute—whose faith in himself, once having led him to believe he could remove mountains, is now perhaps the only thing left in a despised world that still forbids him to despair? And on the other hand, the man who, having built his hopes only upon the strictly possible, is satisfied, cheerful, and patient, and, rejoicing in the sense of successful effort and deserved good-fortune, is at the same time both self-dependent and not ungrateful? In young men," she said, "all this is merely interesting, but in old men it is often very pathetic."

"But do you not," he asked, "find yourself sometimes confronted by some fearful crux, in the course of your observations, in the person of somebody you would think it worth while to understand if you could, but to whose nature you cannot at first find the clew?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, "I have indeed felt that. For those who are always taking in and giving out their spiritual life are comparatively transparent to sympathetic eyes, whether they consciously express themselves or not. But there is also the man who, though he is intellectual, is without the aspirations which are the wings of the intellect, who has no unfulfilled ambitions, who has lived perhaps, but has found life valueless, and who drags out his existence—

"Forgetting or never regretting its roses,
Its old agitation of myrtles and roses"—

the man to whom there is nothing in the future worthy of the past, and nothing in the past worthy of the future, who realizes how dull it is to rust unburnished, but has no particular desire to shine in use. He therefore requires something outside himself as a stimulus to action, and if he has it, he can do anything—without it, nothing."

"But how are you to recognize this passive and unexpressive temperament?"

"It is very, very difficult," she said, laughing at seeing herself in the position of a professor of thought-reading, "but you may know it in the uninterested

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the specific steps and procedures for conducting a thorough audit. This includes identifying the scope of the audit, gathering relevant data, and performing detailed analyses to identify any discrepancies or areas of concern.

3. The third part addresses the challenges and potential pitfalls associated with the audit process. It highlights the need for clear communication, collaboration between all stakeholders, and the ability to adapt to changing circumstances throughout the audit.

4. The final part provides recommendations for ensuring the success of the audit and for implementing effective controls to prevent future issues. It stresses the importance of ongoing monitoring and evaluation, as well as the role of leadership in fostering a culture of integrity and compliance.

The following information was obtained from the records of the [redacted] Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the [redacted] land grant to the [redacted] State of California.

[The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text.]

Browning tells us. But quite apart from your 'soul' theory, I have often thought, when I have been staying in a country-house full of unmarried daughters, what a terrible waste of human beings is there, and how dull and aimless all their lives must be. They must eat their very hearts out with dulness at times, I should think."

"Yes. It is very sad when one realizes they might have had useful and happy lives, and knows how God's gifts and talents are being wasted day after day in cases like these. Not that these modern slaves wish for more freedom or feel the need to enter the 'world of men.' Many of them," she said, with a little laugh, "would be greatly shocked at the mere suggestion of such an idea."

"Do you think," asked Hugh Vivian, abruptly changing the subject, "that women are easier or more difficult to understand than men?"

"They are both easier and more difficult," she answered. "Happy women, whose outer lives are the true reflection of their inner lives, whose objective existence in a material world is the simple voluntary expression of their spiritual existence, and where both run in the same clear stream to the same true end—these rare and in a certain sense ideal characters may be read in a woman's face like an open book. But in the many cases where her nature has been warped and turned from its true course, where the inner and the outer streams of life no longer run in the same but in ever widely different channels, then, indeed, a woman's face is a thousand times more difficult to read than a man's would be, and in women like these a man is sure to read the meaning wrong. A half-perception of her present discontent, a half-guess at the existence of some discord between her moral and material being, will lead him to conclusions curiously wide of the mark, for these are instances where a satisfied acquiescence in the 'powers that be' might betoken an easy acceptance, not of a higher but of a lower ideal. And then another difficulty in the way is this: though a man has no intention whatever of expressing himself in words, he is generally quite unconscious that he may betray himself in various other ways; but a woman has far more subjective self-consciousness and far quicker insight for those facts where insight is the only sight to be

depended on, and is therefore keenly alive to that particular form of confession which being dumb yet speaketh; and she will do all in her power to hide, under an appearance of feminine carelessness or frivolity, the higher aspirations which, impossible as they may have become, are still the very breath of her nostrils, the *raison d'être* of her existence. Such a woman will see with a half-bitter amusement the complete success of her disguise in the absolute misapprehension of every living being around her, and will feel a secret sense of pride with her scorn of the futile opinions of the strangers who confidently call themselves her friends."

"I did not know women suffered so much for pride's sake," said Hugh Vivian. "I thought that was an essentially masculine failing."

"No. A man lets you know in many ways of his disappointment or of the failure of his ambition. A woman's only confession of her hope is in her success; you will hear nothing of her failure. How many a woman has slipped quietly out of life, the secret of it buried with her! Never talking of useless aims and lost ideals, she dies with them, and death sets on her lips his seal of eternal silence."

"You do, indeed, describe the 'femme incomprise.' So she is not merely a creation of fiction. No wonder we don't understand her!"

"No, and it has often amused me to see how so-called men of the world pride themselves on their knowledge of women. If one could only give them a faint suspicion of the ludicrous mistakes they make, how astonished they would be! I have heard it said you cannot read in a book more than you can 'read into' it, and perhaps the same rule applies to women, as it certainly does also to pictures and music."

"Well," he said, "I begin to think man is comparatively a very simple sort of animal."

"Women are naturally more simple," she replied, "if they could only—"

" 'Seem as free from pride and guile,
As good, as generous as they are.'"

But unfortunately they must school their manners and act their parts. And, after all, you would find it a much duller world than you do if those who have found life a dismal failure did not sometimes bravely wear the colors of success."

• • •

2. _____

[The page contains faint, illegible markings and noise.]

say only proves more clearly what I said before, though you will hardly regard it in the light of an excuse, that we look upon woman from our own point of view, and that we really do forget the fact that she has, apart from us, an individuality and spiritual life of her own."

"Yes, I am afraid that is only too true," she said. "And yet if you do not realize that, how can you expect to understand her? But I acknowledge you give her a wide field in the choice of a career, if she cares to make use of it and choose between devoting herself to the various interests, the passions, the pocket, or the social vanities of men."

"You seem to have mastered a wide philosophy—where did you learn it all?" he asked.

"I learned in a school where the teacher sometimes seems harsh and unkind, but whose lessons are the only ones we can never forget," she answered.

"I see," he said; "you mean the school of experience."

"Yes, I do mean that, but it has these two great faults—we can never make use of its lessons ourselves, and we can never teach them to our children."

Half an hour later, when, having quitted the train, she was seated in the brougham that was taking her off to her destination, she said to herself, "I am afraid I was at last becoming very uncharitable. All the same, I have had a very interesting journey, and have been discussing a quite inexhaustible subject, with as many theories and examples as there are men and women in the world. But I am glad the carriage was, after all, an empty one, and that my conversation and my fellow-traveller have both been quite imaginary; for now I need repent of nothing that I have said, or my repentance may be without confession."—*Contemporary Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. SPENCER ON JUSTICE.

JUSTICE. Being Part IV. of "The Principles of Ethics." By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Mr. Spencer apologizes for having written this work out of its due sequence in the general development of his plan; but his readers will be too glad to know that he has so far recovered as to see reasonable probabilities of carrying his scheme to an end to criticise, were they otherwise disposed to carp. It need not be said that the pivot on which all of the philosopher's views of those relations of man to his fellow-man which are embodied in government and society swing is the *laissez faire* theory, or, in other words, that government's righteous and philosophical function is merely that of a higher police force, and that the rights of the individual are only limited by the obligation not to infringe on the rights of other persons. He goes on in this volume to make special application of principles which he has formulated over and over again in preceding sections of his philosophy, notably in his "Social Statics." Indeed, in some cases his discussion is little more than a condensed statement of arguments much more fully treated elsewhere; and the reader is specially referred to these works for amplification.

This is not always quite convenient, and one could have wished it had not been so, even at the risk of some repetition.

Spencer's formula that "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided that he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man," can hardly be said to be original with himself, though he is the first of ethical philosophers who has made it the corner-stone of a system. Rights as they exist mean a complex system of civilization, admit of wide latitude of definition, and on this rock the philosophers have split more than once. Mr. Spencer in various parts of his extended discussion of social relations has formulated these with sufficient accuracy, but he does not always make it quite clear what the exact limitations are in the various collisions and compromises which confuse our notion of *à priori* principles.

His theory of the limits of State duties is that they shall interfere as little as possible with the free will of the individual. In spite of this, however, he contends that the cost of litigation should in many cases be borne by the State. If this means that the litigious individual has the right to call on the State to pay the expenses of the suit he may institute, we can hardly fancy a happier means for fomenting the disposition to battle in the legal

forum. Perhaps it is assumed, however, that as the State would pay the expenses of both sides, more exact justice would be done ; and therefore that causeless and vexatious litigation would be lessened. If by the assumption of such an obligation on the part of the State that tyranny of wealth in enforcing the delays of the law at the expense of the poor man, who may be wronged, certainly it would tend to rectify a great evil. But it would seem at the best to be "paternalism," that bugbear which more than any other excites Mr. Spencer's horror.

He looks on socialism as the counter-irritant of despotism.

Briefly in his own language : " In past times the arrangements made were such that the few superior profited at the expense of the many inferior. It is now proposed to make arrangements such that the many inferior shall profit at the expense of the few superior. And just as the old social system was assumed by those who maintained it to be equitable, so is this new social system assumed to be equitable by those who propose it. Being, as they think, undoubtedly right, this distribution may properly be established by force ; for the employment of force, if not avowedly contemplated, is contemplated by implication. . . . A system established in pursuance of this doctrine would entail degeneration of the citizen and decay of the community formed by them." With entire sympathy with Mr. Spencer's conclusion, we can scarcely help thinking that he does not fully take account of all the causes which enter into that fundamental discontent which we call socialism, or of which socialism, to be more accurate, is an extreme outcome. It seems to us to be something far more than mere reaction from despotic government, for it is deeply rooted in the freest States in the world. The socialists, both in the United States and England, contend that it is under those conditions where competition in labor and the pursuit of wealth is the most untrammelled, that the rich can combine to crush the poor with quite as much effect in many instances as in countries where caste is dominant, and despotism the rule of the State in more or less degree. There is enough truth in this, though mixed with error, to demand brief attention. Under the free conditions of supply and demand, it is inevitable that the many should be poor and the few rich. Socialism radically objects to this, and demands a tyranny of the State which shall equalize the conditions of men and interpose a strong arm

to check the accumulation of wealth. What we now understand by despotism—such, for example, as the Russian Government—is only, we think, a minor factor in producing the profound unrest which finds its ultimate fruit in socialism. Mr. Spencer's latest book is full of that wisdom and mastery over his facts so characteristic of his thinking, though there are some things to which readers may well take exception. Even the genius of Mr. Spencer cannot command universal assent.

A VOLUME OF JAUNTY ESSAYS.

EXCURSIONS IN ART AND LETTERS. By William Wetmore Story. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Mr. Story has done very creditable work as a sculptor, and developed scarcely less aptitude as an essayist, but he will not descend to posterity as a great master of either branch of intellectual labor. In letters he is pleasantly known as a scholarly and graceful writer, the possessor of an agreeable and polished style, who knows how to attenuate thought with that happy skill which will make it easy of digestion to people who crave culture at second-hand, and do not care to dig for it very deeply. As ninety-nine writers out of the hundred are mostly occupied in doing the same thing, to do it well is no trifling achievement. Most of the chapters, some being in the dialogue form, relate to art subjects, and have been already in print as contributions to magazines and reviews, chiefly English. We recognize several of them as old friends.

Probably the best work in the book will be recognized in the essays on Pheidias and the Elgin Marbles, and "Distortions of the English Stage as Instanced in *Macbeth*." In the latter Mr. Story calls attention to the fact that stage tradition is false to Shakespeare in making Lady Macbeth superior in cruelty, strength of character and ruthlessness. This claim is not quite true to stage tradition, which has represented the fact both ways. Stage tradition has been ruled by the ambition of the individual actor, who might be the star of the performance. Yet Mrs. Siddons chose to emphasize the intense femininity of Lady Macbeth ; and Charlotte Cushman, masculine as she was in her style of acting, did not fail to shed a similar glow in parts of her acting of this character. The passionate womanliness of Lady Macbeth in spite of her terrible wickedness has been recognized alike by actor and critic for many a long generation, and Mr. Story is by no means the first to enforce the

theory. The writer of this published an essay twenty years ago in the *Lakeside Monthly* discussing this very view of the case with reference to Shakespeare's meaning and stage tradition.

Mr. Story's volume will be found pleasant and suggestive reading, with no fault of dullness. In the art essays we fancy many readers will also find much that is novel to many of them.

BATTLES AND TREATIES.

STRUGGLES OF THE NATIONS; OR, THE PRINCIPAL WARS, BATTLES, SIEGES AND TREATIES OF THE WORLD. By S. M. Burnham. In two volumes. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

The book before us is one of considerable pretension, and covers a vast deal of ground. It seems to have been written conscientiously, and the author has undoubtedly labored without stint to produce a useful compendium for the library, for it is too bulky for a hand-book. The very plan of its making precludes anything like a systematic evolution of those things which in these days make history valuable. The casual reader, who turns, for example, to an event like the battle of Tours, the Fall of Constantinople, or the battle of Waterloo, will perhaps find himself interested for the nonce. But beyond such haphazard interest, we can scarcely fancy any reader who will take this work as a desirable contribution to the vast mass of books which has become wearisome to the flesh. Even the battle descriptions are not of the best, and one rarely obtains any adequate notion of the causes which have led to battles and sieges. There is always a suspicion, too, that the author cannot be fully trusted in his facts, as that discriminating study of authorities characteristic of the true historical spirit does not seem to shine in this writer's methods. One can fancy a book of battles and sieges written in a fascinating manner, as indeed there are several such works already in print; but Mr. Burnham's contribution fails to add to their number. The portion devoted to treaties is very scant, and these are far more inadequately treated than the more warlike parts of the book. The author shows great lack of perspective in the fact that one volume is devoted to the battles of our own country, and the other suffices for the rest of the world.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

ON September 30th Professor Max Müller will unveil the monument to his father, Wil-

helm Müller, the poet, which is being erected by a general subscription at his native town of Dessau. The Pentelic marble for the monument was voted by the Greek Government, in recognition of the poet's enthusiasm for the cause of Hellenic independence.

Messrs. J. E. Garrett & Co., of London, announce a new fac-simile of the first folio of Shakespeare, reproduced by the Dallastype process of photographic engraving from a copy in the British Museum. The size will be imperial octavo, and the paper has been specially selected to suit the appearance of the letter-press. The mode of publication is to be in fifty-seven parts of sixteen pages each, the whole to be issued within two years. Advantages are offered to early subscribers.

THE title of the work which Professor Duff is preparing for the press is "Old Testament Theology; or, the History of Hebrew Religion from the Year 800 B.C." Vol. I., which follows the history down to Josiah, 640 B.C., is now complete, and will appear early in autumn. Vol. II., already in a forward state of preparation, will cover the period ending with the Exile. The third volume will lead up to Alexander, and the fourth to the beginning of the Christian era. The publishers are Messrs. A. & C. Black.

As is known, the Americans take the chief part now in the propagation of the English language in Turkey and the Danubian countries. What was the Girls' School at Constantinople has become the American College for Girls, and under a charter of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is entitled to confer degrees of B.A., etc., for which the Commencement was for the first time held last month.

A CORRESPONDENT who should be well informed, according to the *Academy*, writes to that journal as follows: "Authors are looking upon America as another El Dorado. Because the works of English novelists—bought for a nominal sum or stolen outright—have had a large vogue in the States when sold at 20 cents, or given away as a 'bonus' in dry-goods stores, it is being surmised that copyright books will sell just as largely. This is a mistake. The population of the States represents various nationalities, and the reading public is not committed solely to English fiction. Indeed there has always been a good business done in translated novels, and it is increasing. The opinion of the representative

The first part of the history of the United States is the history of the discovery and settlement of the continent. The discovery of the continent was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. The settlement of the continent was made by the first European settlers in 1607.

The second part of the history of the United States is the history of the growth and development of the country. The growth of the country was rapid in the early years of settlement. The development of the country was slow and steady in the later years of settlement.

The third part of the history of the United States is the history of the struggle for independence. The struggle for independence was a long and hard one. It began in 1776 and ended in 1781. The struggle for independence was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The fourth part of the history of the United States is the history of the formation of the Constitution. The formation of the Constitution was a long and hard one. It began in 1787 and ended in 1789. The formation of the Constitution was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The fifth part of the history of the United States is the history of the growth and development of the country. The growth of the country was rapid in the early years of settlement. The development of the country was slow and steady in the later years of settlement.

The sixth part of the history of the United States is the history of the struggle for independence. The struggle for independence was a long and hard one. It began in 1776 and ended in 1781. The struggle for independence was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The seventh part of the history of the United States is the history of the formation of the Constitution. The formation of the Constitution was a long and hard one. It began in 1787 and ended in 1789. The formation of the Constitution was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The eighth part of the history of the United States is the history of the growth and development of the country. The growth of the country was rapid in the early years of settlement. The development of the country was slow and steady in the later years of settlement.

The ninth part of the history of the United States is the history of the struggle for independence. The struggle for independence was a long and hard one. It began in 1776 and ended in 1781. The struggle for independence was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The tenth part of the history of the United States is the history of the formation of the Constitution. The formation of the Constitution was a long and hard one. It began in 1787 and ended in 1789. The formation of the Constitution was a struggle for the right of self-government.

The eleventh part of the history of the United States is the history of the growth and development of the country. The growth of the country was rapid in the early years of settlement. The development of the country was slow and steady in the later years of settlement.

hitches and contentions. The pirates will make it their business to see if their occur any flaws in the operations of copyright publishers, as a very little irregularity will enable them legally to steal. A feeling of great uncertainty pervades the publishing fraternity.

MR. PULTNEY BIGELOW has nearly finished a history of Germany between the years 1795 and 1816. His work will contain details which have not yet been published, as he has had access to private documents in the archives at Berlin, and the German version of many historical events will be given by him for the first time.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has discovered a new writer of short stories, Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose first book, "Main-Travelled Roads," he will publish in the early autumn. Mr. Garland, who contributed "A Spring Romance" to the July number of the *Century Magazine*, hails from Boston, U. S., where he is well known as a reader of American literature.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is taking advantage of his convalescence to bring out a volume of "Fragments of Science," being a collection of essays, addresses, and reviews. Messrs. Longman will issue it in the autumn. Sir John Lubbock has a new book nearly ready for the press; and among novelists Mr. James Payn is at work on a new novel, which is to appear serially early in the coming year. We are promised something quite extraordinary, but Mr. Payn is silent as to the plot of the story, which he thinks will create some stir. Mr. W. E. Norris is also writing a three-volume novel, which he has disposed of to a syndicate of provincial weeklies for publication serially before issue in book form. Dr. Conan Doyle will write the story for the Christmas number of *Good Words* this year, it is understood.

THE American publishers are "on the war path" now that the copyright question is finally settled. Mr. H. O. Houghton, the head of the great Boston publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has arrived in England to see what arrangements can be made with English authors in view of the altered conditions, and other American publishers are on their way to our shores.

"PREACHERS OF THE AGE" is the title of a new group of books which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have in active preparation. Each volume will contain sermons and addresses by a distinguished representative either of the Church of England or of one of the chief

branches of Nonconformity. The volumes will be similar in size, appearance, and price, and each will contain some twelve or fourteen sermons specially selected by the preacher in question for the series. It is proposed to give fine photogravure portraits, in most instances from new photographs taken for the purpose, and to furnish the books with the brief biographical sketch and a bibliography of the published writings of the author. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Norwich, the Bishop of Derry, Canon Knox-Little, Dr. Maclaren of Manchester, Dr. Fairbairn, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Oswald Dykes, and other well-known preachers, have definitely promised volumes. The first two volumes may be expected in the early autumn, and they will be by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Alexander Maclaren respectively.

MR. HERBERT WARD, Mr. Stanley's rear-guard lieutenant, is turning his attention to new and less stormy fields of activity, and promises to give us the result very shortly in the form of a book of adventure for boys. He must have at his fingers' ends abundant store of material for such a work without drawing on his imagination.

MISCELLANY.

INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURING.—India-rubber—with which its close ally, gutta-percha, must not be confounded—is now imported in such enormous quantities into every civilized country, that it is a little hard to bear in mind the fact that its use on any large scale is so recent as to be within the memory of living men. Herrera, the historian of the second voyage of Columbus, tells us that the Caribs of Hispaniola played with balls "of the gum of a tree," and that those balls, though large, were lighter and bounced better than the wind balls of Castile! Torquemada discovered the tree from which the milky juice which coagulated into the elastic substance was extracted, and explains the method in which it was obtained and prepared in words which might correctly enough be applied to the process still practised by the American aborigines. He describes, furthermore, the use of the "Indian gum" for making goloshes, and how the Spaniards found it excellent for throwing off the rain when spread over their canvas cloaks. Yet it does not appear that these suggestive statements attracted any notice. For centuries Europe hunted, and rode, and walked,

and made journeys on the outside of stage coaches, and got wet to the skin, and caught rheumatism wading in salmon rivers, or mining in wet drifts, without dreaming that among the ungathered wealth of the Tropical forests there was a milky sap which was capable of saving them from all these ills.

Last year there were imported into England alone more than twelve thousand tons of india-rubber, while the demands of the United States are even larger. In Great Britain there are india-rubber works employing a thousand people, and though upward of three hundred thousand pounds worth of "rubber goods" are imported, mainly from America, our industry in this once despised gum is so great that considerably more than a million pounds was paid for the product by other countries, some of which are also manufacturers of them in a smaller way of business. The mere enumeration of even the best known of the multifarious articles into which india-rubber is made up would occupy more than a column of our space, while the abridgment of the specifications connected with this material fill a bulky volume. In the last sixty or seventy years, thousands of patents have been granted in which the material to be employed was either india-rubber or gutta-percha. Clothing, from the hat to the boots, has been and is being made of it. The modern engineer could scarcely dispense with the belts, and buffers, and wheel tires, and washers, and valves, and pipes, and hose with which the india-rubber factories supply him, and the surgeon is hardly less dependent on this elastic gum than the millman. The extent to which it is used for what seem trifling articles is shown by the fact that about three thousand pounds of vulcanized rubber thread are manufactured every day by one English firm alone, and in another factory, Mr. Cleugh vouches for the statement that india rubber tobacco pouches are turned out at the rate of three thousand per diem. Vulcanized india-rubber, or ebonite, has almost driven *papier mâché*, and to some extent horn, out of the market. Combs and chains, buttons and knife-handles, brooches and bracelets, are all made of it, and the electrician is becoming an extensive customer for vulcanite insulators. Mixed with red lead or slaked lime, india-rubber forms an excellent cement, and when heated with coal-tar and shellac it is transformed into a glue of the utmost tenacity. For some time past it has entered into the composition of various varnishes, and the lubricating qualities of min-

eral oils are improved by the addition of a small quantity of dissolved "caoutchouc." Yet in the year 1830, ten years after its utility had dawned upon the minds of the commercial world, less than twenty-four tons were all that the world could find any use for. Up to the year 1820 it was accounted little better than a "natural curiosity." Even the practical intelligence of Dr. Priestley could discover no value in it, except that it might be employed for erasing pencil marks. Its superiority in this respect is praised by him in the preface to his work on perspective, but as he adds that it was sold in cubical pieces of half an inch for three shillings each, there might be a question whether bread—even with wheat at eighty shillings the quarter—would not have been quite as cheap.

The period when india-rubber became an important article of commerce may be dated from 1820. For in that year the ingenious Scotchman who has given his name to the fabric which he invented, devised the art of dissolving caoutchouc in naphtha, if, indeed, the late Professor Syme, the famous surgeon, then a boy at school, had not anticipated this epoch-making invention. But the "rubber trade" did not start on the prosperous career it now enjoys until Goodyear in America, and Hancock in England, lighted, almost simultaneously and certainly independently, upon the art of hardening or vulcanizing the "gum." Now there seems no limit to the market for india-rubber, and the chief hope of the tropical colonies which are being acquired by so many nations and companies is either that gum-yielding trees may be found within their limits, or, still better, that large areas may be planted with those best suited to the climate. At present, a bewildering variety of "rubbers" are quoted on the Exchange. The most esteemed of the African ones are Mozambique, Madagascar, Benguela, Zanzibar, and Liberia, but nearly every part of tropical Africa is more or less rich in trees yielding juice which hardens into "India" rubber.—*Standard*.

THE RECOIL FROM THE WORLD.—Englishmen generally seem to regard their own race as the most typical of all races of men in their eager attachment to life, to business, to affairs, to the various transactions of commerce, of society, of art, science, and religion, which constitute what we regard as the natural occupations of men. They do not seem to believe that any man really does prefer a vigilant and

ascetic discipline to all the cheerful bustle of practical and prudent compromise, to all the lively arrangements by which society relieves the tedium of solitary *ennui*. Yet, in such a case as that of the Carthusian monk whose death was lately announced, we find a successful Russian general of high rank, Baron de Nicolai, who had been governor-general of the Caucasus, and had achieved a great military reputation by the victories which he obtained over Schamyl, the great Circassian insurgent of 1856-59, retiring of his own free will into one of the most severe of the French monasteries—the celebrated Grande Chartreuse—and spending all the latter years of his life in those austere solitudes which Matthew Arnold has described to us with so delicate a touch :—

“ The silent courts where night and day
 Into their stone carved basins cold,
 The splashing icy fountains play—
 The humid corridors behold,
 Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,
 Cowled forms brush by in gleaming white.”

Englishmen are very apt to explain away this sort of recoil from the world. They think it due to some special and overpowering passion of remorse, or to eccentricity amounting to insanity, or to any exceptional cause they can imagine which has drawn a separating flood round the individual life, and rendered the normal give-and-take of society painful and oppressive. In point of fact, however, it is rather an Anglo-Saxon peculiarity that we do not easily enter into this recoil from the world, than any special peculiarity of temperament in the races which are always furnishing recruits to these ascetic bodies. France, Spain, Russia, even Italy, furnish plenty of examples of the same sort of recoil. The East is rich in such examples, and, indeed, finds it a great deal easier to understand them, than it does to understand our habitual and comfortable assurance that “ the proper study of mankind is man.” Moreover, many of those who feel this recoil most strongly are by no manner of means misanthropes. The late Baron de Nicolai was, it is said, notable for the urbanity with which he conducted visitors over the great monastery. It is often not in the least bitterness due to social or political wrongs which has inspired this deep revolt against the vanities of human life in minds that decline to conform themselves to the ordinary British type. It is, indeed, a normal, not an abnormal, type of human nature which produces most of the examples of

this rebound from the petty interests of human affairs, and the eager desire to steep the soul in some habitual round of spiritual exercises. It is the Englishman who is exceptional in finding so little in him that does not weary even of pleasure, and business, and discussion, and argument, and negotiation, and success, as well as of disappointment and failure. There are in the whole civilized world probably many more cultivated minds which yearn for, even if they do not compass, some escape from the exhausting insignificance of human affairs, than there are which are perfectly satisfied with the clay which they find it so easy to mould into shapes suited to the urgent necessities and trivial amusements of human life.

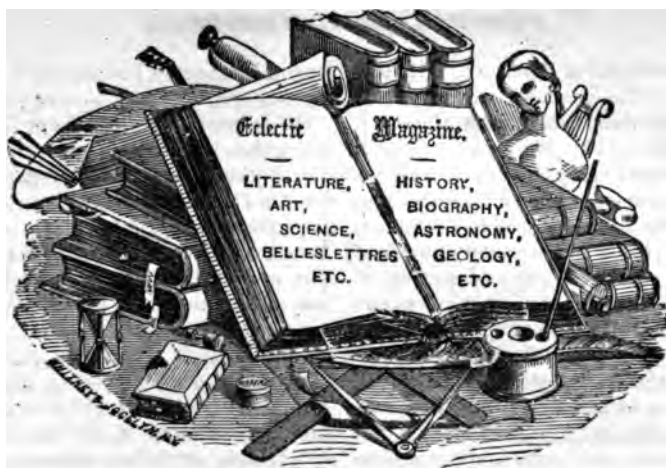
Indeed, nothing seems more certain than that, especially with the stronger and more masterful class of minds—the minds of leaders in whatever field of human effort—there comes a time when the mere constant ripple of small human interests, interests which first ruffle the surface of life and then subside, becomes extremely fatiguing and overwhelming, and the desire for some permanent object that calls out and employs to the full all the energies of the character, takes a very strong hold of the man. To feel that your peace and happiness depend on a number of trivial accidents, the failure of any one of which destroys the whole equilibrium of your existence, is to feel impotent and even despicable ; and the stronger human beings are not willing to feel impotent or despicable. This is not a feeling limited even to what are called religious men. The Stoics and Cynics, and, indeed, many of the greater Greek and Roman thinkers, felt it so keenly, that even men who were by no means devout, denied themselves all the ordinary pleasures of life in order to convince themselves that they were really not dependent on them ; that there was something in man which stood clear above this sort of circumstantial destiny. It was not left for the purely religious nature of man to discover that circumstance is an “ unspiritual god.” It was, indeed, Byron who originated the saying. Buddhists who aspired to a state of profound indifference, or perhaps nihilism, Brahmins who found something exalting in the mere endurance and defiance of torture, discovered it long ago. There has hardly been a great race anywhere, unless it be the Anglo-Saxons, who have not produced schools of ascetic practice, and who probably would have produced them all the more even if they had not been led to

performance. The surprising and exceptional nature of this phenomenon, and in some measure also the difficulty of accepting the explanation usually given of the origin of the instinct in the young bird, must be held to account for the disposition shown to accept accounts of it with reserve. One of the most graphic sketches of the occurrence by an eyewitness is that in Mr. Gould's "Birds of Great Britain." The account by Mrs. Blackburn, who watched the movements of the young cuckoo, is full of interest. The nest under observation was that of the common meadow-pipet, and it had at first two eggs in it besides that of the cuckoo. "At one visit," continues Mrs. Blackburn, "the pipets were found to be hatched, but not the cuckoo. At the next visit, which was after an interval of forty-eight hours, we found the young cuckoo alone in the nest, and both the young pipets lying down the bank, about ten inches from the margin of the nest, but quite lively after being warmed in the hand. They were replaced in the nest beside the cuckoo, which struggled about until it got its back under one of them, when it climbed backward directly up the open side of the nest, and hitched the pipet from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, among the interlacing fibres of which the nest was woven, and, stretching its legs apart and backward, it elbowed the pipet fairly over the margin so far that its struggles took it down the bank instead of back into the nest. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two, feeling back with its wings, as if to make sure that the pipet was fairly overboard, and then subsided into the bottom of the nest." The ejected bird was replaced, but on again visiting the nest on the following morning both pipets were found dead out of the nest. Mrs. Blackburn continues: "The cuckoo was perfectly naked, without the vestige of a feather, or even a hint of future feathers; its eyes were not yet opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of its head. . . . The most singular thing of all was the direct purpose with which the blind little monster made for the open side of the nest, the only part where it could throw its burden down the bank. I think all the spectators felt the sort of horror and awe at the apparent inadequacy of the creature's intelligence to its acts that one might have felt at seeing a toothless

hag raise a ghost by an incantation. It was horribly uncanny and gruesome."

IRISH BULLS.—"Tim, do you snore when you are asleep?" said an American. "No, never, for I lay awake one whole night on purpose to see." The analogue to this occurred to Porson once at a dinner-party where Captain Cook became the topic of the moment. "An ignorant person," as Timbs tells the story, wishing to contribute his mite, said to the Professor, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," said Porson, "but he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second." Commercial advertisements are not free from bulls. A new washing-machine was advertised with the heading of "Every man his own *Washer-woman*." Beecham cannot advertise his pills without a bull. He says that if "Beecham's Pills, St. Helens" are *not* on the Government stamp, they are a forgery. Imagine a charge of forgery for *not* having copied a signature. The advertisement writer next time should be put through a course of the pills to clear his head before he sits down to address the public.

The *Spectator* in 1886 gave some striking illustrations of Irish humor and the use of the English language. The master was giving to a laborer a glass of whiskey, and doing so, said, "You'll remember, Corney, that every glass you take is a nail in your coffin." "Well, your honor," says Corney, "may be, as you have the hammer in your hand, you'd just drive another home." It would appear from the following interesting anecdote that an extraordinary surprise or a startling personal experience may throw the mind into a condition to ejaculate naturally something very much resembling a bull. Charles II., out hunting one day, got separated from the hunt and entered the cottage of a cobbler for refreshment. The man gave him bread and cheese and began to talk about the king, expressing much anxiety to see him. "Mount behind me," said his guest, "and I will show him to you." "But how shall I know him?" "Why, the king will be the only one *covered*." By this time they had come up with the nobles, and the cobbler looked about for the king. He found soon that he alone and the king had their hats on; so rising to the occasion, he tapped the king on the shoulder, and said, "I think it must be either you or I, sir." This happy confusion of the cobbler about his



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. LIV., No. 4. }

OCTOBER, 1891.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols. }

FRONTIERS AND PROTECTORATES.

BY SIR ALFRED LYALL, K. C. B.

It does not often occur to the home-keeping English citizen, who dwells securely behind his inviolable unchanging sea barriers, that the British Empire, in its largest sense, is largely surrounded by frontiers that are more movable, more debatable, and often no less exposed, than those of any other civilized State in the world. He knows the British Islands to be the citadel and treasury of a vast dominion; he does not always consider that this dominion has every kind of border, runs through almost every kind of country and climate, is confronted across its boundaries by neighbors of every sort and condition. Although on each Ash Wednesday the Anglican Church pronounces its annual curse upon the man who removes his neighbor's landmark, the Englishman has long been in the habit of pushing forward his own.

Now the landmarks of the national

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LIV., No. 4.

property are, of course, its frontiers; and I doubt whether many of us duly appreciate the continual widening of them that goes on, the processes by which the movement operates, its character and its consequences. The object of this paper is, first, to examine briefly that system of protectorates to which the incessant expansion of our territorial responsibilities is mainly due; secondly, to take a rapid survey of the frontiers of the British Empire on the Asiatic mainland; and, lastly, to make some remarks upon the general working and probable consequences of the system in other parts of the uncivilized world.

The system of protectorates has been practised from time immemorial as a method whereby the great conquering and commercial peoples masked, so to speak, their irresistible advance, and have regulated the centripetal attraction of a greater

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the duty of defence. The outer limits of the country which we are prepared to defend is what I call our frontier.

In order to apply this principle to our Asiatic frontiers, and to explain why they have been so movable, I will now run rapidly along the line which determines them at this moment. Passing over Egypt, which presents a very complicated case to which I will refer here, we may begin our Asiatic protectorates with Aden, at the bottom of the Red Sea. From time immemorial the movements of the sea-borne trade between India and Egypt has pivoted, so to speak, upon Aden. It is now the first stepping-stone across the Asiatic waters toward our Indian Empire: the westernmost point of English occupation on the Asiatic mainland, and it furnishes a good example in miniature of the manner in which protectorates are formed. We have taken and fortified Aden for the command of the water-passage into the Red Sea: our actual possession is only a projecting rock like Gibraltar, and so we have established at round it a protective buffer, within which the Arab tribes are bound by engagements to accept our political ascendancy and to admit no other. No far from Aden lies protected the island of Socatra, a name in which one can hardly recognize the old Greek Dioscorides, and from Aden eastward, right round Arabia to Oman to Muscat and the Persian Gulf the whole coast-line is under British protectorate: the policy of these waters is done by British vessels, and the Arab chieftains along the seaboard defer to our arbitration in their disputes and recognise in our officers supremacy.

But these scattered protectorates in Western Asia are merely isolated points of vantage or long arms of sea-shore: they depend entirely on our naval supremacy in those waters: they are all subordinate and supplementary to our main position in Asia, by which of course I mean India. It is there that we can stand with the greatest security of illustration, and on the largest scale, the various political situations presented by the system of maintaining a double line of frontiers: the inner line marking the limits of British territory, the outer line marking the extent of the foreign territory that we undertake to protect to the exclusion, in any case, of foreign aggression.

To the long maritime frontier of India

I need not refer, unless indeed it be to point out a kind of analogy between the principle upon which a sea-shore is defended and the system of protectorates as applied to the defence of a land frontier. In both cases the main object is to keep clear an open space beyond and in front of the actual border-line. We do this for the land frontier by a belt of protected land which we throw forward in front of a weak border: and our assertion of exclusive jurisdiction over the belt of waters immediately surrounding our sea-coast is founded upon the same principle. We English are accustomed to consider ourselves secure under the guardianship of the sea. Sovereignty says—

And Ocean and his waves will
spread safety to his island child—

although in fact the safety comes not from the broad girdle of blue water but from the strength and skill of the English navy that tides upon it. And for a nation that has not retained the power art of seamanship, its frontier is more exposed to attack or murder in defence than the sea-shore.

The principle of defence, therefore, for both land and sea frontiers, is to serve off an enemy's advance by interposing a protected zone. If a stranger enters this zone he is at once challenged. If he persists, it is a hostile demonstration.

It would thus be a mistake to suppose that our Asiatic land frontier is continuous with our Asiatic possessions, with the limits of the territory which we administer and which is within the range of our Acts of Parliament. It is not like our Canadian border, or the boundary between France and Germany, a mere geographical line over which an Englishman can step as once out of his own country into the jurisdiction of another sovereign State. When I call, for the purpose of this paper, a frontier a line of political boundary protected by one power only, beyond the administrative border, and I desire it to be particularly observed that I say the *outer* boundary because British India—the territory under the government of India—has neither as yet as external boundaries. In such countries as France or Spain, and indeed in almost all modern kingdoms, the government exercises a sole and consolidated authority over a compact nation, secure, with a frontier surrounding it like

a ring fence. But our Indian Empire sweeps within the circle of its dominion a number of native States, which are enclosed and land-locked in the midst of British territory. Many of these States were built up out of the dilapidated provinces of the Moghul Empire by revolted governors or military leaders, who began by pretending to rule as delegates or representatives of the emperor, and ended by openly assuming independence, as soon as the paralysis of central government permitted them to throw aside the pretext. With the fall of the Moghul empire came the rise of the British dominion, and in the course of a century some of the imperial provinces were again absorbed by conquest or cession into British India; while others were left as self-governing States under our protectorate. There is also an important group of Rajpūt chiefships which have always been independent under the suzerainty of the paramount Power.

In all these States the rulers are debarred from making war and peace; but they make their own laws and levy their own taxes; and we treat their territory as foreign, although the dividing border-line can hardly be called a frontier, because most of these States are entirely surrounded and shut in by British India. Nevertheless, their history—and in fact the general history of the expansion of British dominion from the sea-shore to the Himalayas and far beyond—illustrates at every turn the bearing upon our frontier of this system of protectorates; and what is going on now is chiefly the continuation of what went on from the beginning. It will be found that from the time when the English became a power on the mainland of India, that is, from their acquisition of Bengal in 1705, they have constantly adopted the policy of interposing a border of protected country between their actual possessions and the possessions of formidable neighbors whom they desire to keep at arm's length. In the last century we supported and protected Oudh as a barrier against the Marattas; and early in this century we preserved the Rajpūt States in Central India for the same reason. The feudatory States on the Sutlej were originally maintained and strengthened by us, before we took the Punjab, as outworks and barricades against the formidable power of the Sikhs. The device has been likened to the invention of buffers; be-

cause a buffer is a mechanical contrivance for breaking or graduating the force of impact between two heavy bodies; and in the same way the political buffer checked the violence of political collisions, though it never prevented them. It may even be suspected that the system rather accelerated than retarded the rapid extension of the English frontier; because, whereas after each collision with our rivals we annexed fresh territory, so we constantly threw out our protective border beyond the actual line of annexation, and thus we have always made a double step forward, keeping the strategic or political boundary well in advance of the limit of our administrative occupation. The lines of our earlier frontiers, now left far behind in the interior of India, may often be traced by the survival of some petty principalities, that escaped being swallowed up by a powerful neighbor because it was originally our policy to protect them.

Upon this system of pushing forward protective outworks until we were ready to march beyond them, the British dominion has advanced right across India. But as soon as we had reached the geographical limits of India—the range of mountains which separate it from Central Asia, and which form perhaps the strongest natural barriers in the world—one might have thought that the protectorates, which are artificial fortifications of our exposed border, would be no longer needed. On the contrary, they have grown with the expansion and rounding off of our dominion; and the empire in its plenitude seems to find them more necessary than ever. We have run our administrative border up to the slopes of the hills that fringe the great Indian plains; but on the northwest we are not contented with the guardianship of a mountain wall. We look over and beyond it to the Oxus, and we see Russia advancing across the Central Asian steppes by a process very like our own. She conquers and consolidates, she absorbs and annexes, up to an inner line; and beyond that line, in the direction of India, she maintains a protected State. The Oxus divides Bokhara from Afghanistan, the Russian from the English protectorate. Here is a rival and possible enemy far more formidable than any of those whom we have hitherto discerned on our political horizon; and consequently our protective border has taken a wider cast than ever. Two coun-

tries whose broad extent and physical conformations adapt them admirably to be strong natural outworks, *Beluchistan* and *Afghanistan*, lie beyond our western border, full of deserts and mountains, hard to traverse and easy to defend, inhabited by free and warlike races, to whom liberty is, as to ourselves, the noblest of possessions. Both these countries we have brought within the range of our political ascendancy, and thus we have assumed a virtual protectorate over that vast tract of country that stretches from the confines of India to Persia and the Oxus River. From the Oxus southward to the Indian Ocean, the whole western boundary line which separates Afghanistan and Beluchistan from Russia and Persia has been marked out under our supervision, and secured by treaty or agreement. I do not mean that we have any formal compact with the States inside the line, with Beluch Chiefs or Afghan Amirs, for we have none. I mean that we have fixed this outer border in our own interests, and have induced the States beyond on the west and northwest, Persia and Russia, to recognize it.

Here, then, on the extreme northwest of India, we may survey the system of protectorates operating on a grand scale ; and we may find the strongest illustration of my theory that the true frontier delineates not only the land we administer but the lands we protect. On that side we are not content with fencing ourselves round by a belt of free tribal lands or a row of petty chiefships ; we have barricaded the roads leading from Central Asia into India by two huge blocks of independent territory, Afghanistan and Beluchistan. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the Kingdom of Persia and the Moghul Empire of India were nominally conterminous ; for Kabul and Kandahar were held by the Moghul. But in the great political convulsions of the eighteenth century the highland country interposed between Persia and India was rent away, and formed into the separate chiefships which we now uphold as our barriers ; they are the boulders or isolated masses that remain to attest the latest period of territorial disruption. Now, as both Russia and England have been employing the same political tactics in their advance toward each other, throwing forward protectorates, and occupying points of vantage, it has long been certain that Afghan-

istan, which lies right between the two camps, must fall into one or another of these spheres of influence. If England did not protect Afghanistan that country would undoubtedly be brought under the wardship of Russia, which has already taken under strict tutelage Bokhara, just across the Oxus. For the Afghan mountains dominate the Indian plains and command the roads from the Oxus to the Indus ; and a country of such natural strength, a weak and barbarous kingdom overhanging the frontiers of two powerful military States, must always fall, by the law of political gravitation, on one side or the other.

It may perhaps be asked why this must be—why we do not adopt the European method of dealing with a country that is too weak to stand by itself—why we do not neutralize Afghanistan, as Belgium and Switzerland are neutralized, by a joint agreement to respect its integrity and independence. The answer is, that neutralization has never been a practical method of statecraft in Asia. An ill-governed Oriental kingdom left as neutral ground between two European Powers, neither of which could interfere with its internal affairs, would rapidly fall into intolerable disorder, and probably into dilapidation. The native ruler would be distracted by the conflicting demands and admonitions of two formidable and jealous neighbors ; he would listen alternately to one or the other, and would be constantly giving cause of offence to both ; he would find himself between the upper and nether millstone ; and his end would probably be as the end of Poland, which became a focus of intrigue and anarchy, and was finally broken up by partition.

A very curious historic parallel might be drawn, if space allowed, by comparing the existing position of Afghanistan between the Anglo-Indian and the Russian Empires with the position of Armenia between the Roman and the Parthian Empires during the first two centuries of the Christian era. The Armenian ruler held the mountainous country and the passes between Europe and Asia ; his kingdom was the barrier between the territories of two great military States ; it was a cardinal point in the frontier policy of Rome to maintain her influence over the ruler, and her protection over his country. The Armenian chiefs leaned alternately toward Rome

marks. And here, also, our method of political exploration and reconnoissance is the protectorate in advance of the administrative boundary. Five years ago we made a great and important stride eastward; we were compelled to annex Burmah, whose ruler not only showed symptoms of open hostility, but was bargaining for the protectorate of France. Here, again, the acquisition of that kingdom carried us far beyond its limits, for at once the double line began to form; and our real frontier eastward has been thrown forward up to the Cambodia, enclosing a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between Burmah proper and China. We are at this moment engaged in framing our relations with these chieftainships, and in extending our influence over the border tribes; we are, in fact, planning out and consolidating the intermediate zone, which, as I have said, is invariably left between the two lines, the inner limit of actual jurisdiction, and the outer political line of protection and defence.

And thus, on the east as on the west, we are slowly drawing into contact with rival Powers of equal political magnitude; our extreme boundary line reaches up to China and Siam, and at one point the political outposts of English exploration from Burmah, and of French pioneers from Tonkin, are almost within hail. When all these boundaries are finally determined and ratified by the conventions of civilized diplomacy, the ground-plan of the future political settlement of Asia will have been laid out; and it is hardly too much to say that the whole of the Asiatic continent, outside the Chinese Empire, may eventually be either in the possession or under the protectorate of some European State.

There is one particular class of our minor protectorates which may be worth separate notice. We maintain within our extreme frontier, not only protected States, but long strips of debatable land, mostly mountainous or woodland country, inhabited by tribes more or less independent. To this class belongs the tribal country which may be said to run like an unbroken fringe along the skirts and outer ranges of the mountains that encircle and hem in the plain of Northern India from sea to sea, and thus separate India proper from the rest of the Asiatic continent. On the ex-

treme west, from the shore of the Indian Ocean northward to Afghanistan, this belt of borderland is the property of the Beluch and Brahui clans; and farther northward up to the Indus and the Black Mountains, where we have just been fighting, it is held by various sections of the great family or brotherhood of the Patháns; while all Kashmir is rounded in by petty tribal chiefships which occupy the higher valleys and keep the passes that lead northward across the Hindu Kush. Eastward of Kashmir, along the slopes of the Himalayas as far as Nepaul, the upland country is inhabited by peaceable mountain folk; and we rule quietly up to the Himalaya watershed; but from Nepaul eastward right round to the Bay of Bengal, the highlands that skirt India proper are held by unruly and predatory barbarians, who trouble our peaceful district by constant invasions. So long as our real frontiers rested on these highlands, we were content to do no more than repel and punish the raids; we treated the line of savage tribes as a quickset hedge, which is at any rate good enough to keep out ordinary trespassers, but which we could jump over if necessary; although to jump into it, as was recently done at Manipur, is a false step leading to inevitable pain and local discomfort. In former times the tribal belt actually formed our outer barrier; it fenced off Afghanistan on the west, and Burmah on the east; for with these larger kingdoms beyond it we had little connection or communication. But now that our outermost political frontiers have, as I have endeavored to explain, been so laid down as to protect Afghanistan and include Burmah, stretching right across from the Russian protectorates on the Oxus to the debatable land that covers the nearest Chinese province, these rough highland tracts no longer hedge in the external limits of our dominion. On our north-west frontier they still form our inner line of defence, and we do not allow the Afghan ruler to encroach upon them. And on the northeast side there is a large reach of hill country, for the most part unexplored, which formerly served as a frontier zone between India and Burmah, but which, since we have taken Burmah, now only interrupts our communication between the two countries. It is like some of the hilly regions in Central India, which our frontier overleaped in its early

and protected by the English in North, East, and South Africa may eventually, in some far distant future, become connected; and in that contingency it almost passes man's imagination to conceive the number and variety of subject peoples over whom we shall be compelled to assert an irregular jurisdiction or protection, or to measure the length of frontier upon which we shall be expected by vigilant and envious European rivals to maintain order and conform to international law.

To return to our Asiatic protectorates, I have now endeavored to sketch rapidly their present state and dimensions. With regard to the future, two things seem to be abundantly clear. The first is, that the system of protectorates—by which I mean the practice of throwing out a line of frontier round a wide tract of unsettled country in order to exclude rivals—this system, which, I think, was mainly invented in modern times by England in the building up of her Asiatic empire, is no longer our monopoly. So long as the English, like their predecessors the Romans, had the Asiatic world before them, where to choose—had come into contact with no other substantial rivals—the expansion of our dominion went on as steadily and easily as the extension in Asia of the Roman empire, which was pushed forward rapidly eastward until it met the Parthians, by whom it was fiercely resisted and finally driven back. Our great naval superiority enabled us to beat off rivals in the distant seas, and on land we had only ill-organized native States to deal with. But in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and particularly during the last twenty years of unbroken peace in Western Europe, there has sprung up a keen competition for territory and trade in Asia and in Africa, which has led to the wholesale imitation of the English system of protectorates, either direct or through chartered companies.

Under the pressure and competition of France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, protectorates are rapidly multiplying in all the outlying quarters of the old world—over Tunis, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanzibar, and countless tribes and chiefships in the interior of the African continent; and in Asia over Cochin China, the Annamite kingdom, Tonquin, and various debatable border-lands.

The second thing which seems worth

notice is, that these protectorates are now formed under conditions and circumstances very different from heretofore. Whatever be the political status in which they are placed, whether they are subject States, spheres of influence, or merely tracts from which other intruders are warned off, they tend to become in reality, so far as rival and adjacent European governments of equal calibre are concerned, a part of the territory for which the protecting sovereign is liable. It thus comes to pass that the sensitive frontier of Great Britain and of the other competing Powers is becoming continually extended, all over the two continents of Asia and Africa, under the operation of motive forces similar to those which have been pushing onward our Indian frontier. With increasing pressure on the unoccupied spaces of the world, with closer competition for fresh markets, this system is raising new and complicated questions of international law and conflicts of jurisdiction; and thus it is rapidly multiplying the risks of collision among the armed European nations that have begun to take a hand in the round game of commerce and conquest. They have all their client States, their protected chiefships, their treaties with the head-men of tribes and other fantastic and ephemeral potentates; and every such new relation, if it is liable to be challenged by another equal Power, really implies the eventual assumption of virtual sovereignty. For the ill-treatment of a Portuguese on the Zambesi, of a German in Zanzibar, or of a Russian in Afghanistan, the British Government, not the native chief or ruler, will be held immediately responsible in Europe. The inevitable consequence is, that whereas the old chartered companies and founders of settlements in distant lands desired above all things to be free from official interference, the new companies and local governors are obliged at every incident to refer to the central government for aid and support. When the French and Germans, the Russians and the Italians, diligently superintend and back up all the proceedings of their representatives, whether commercial or political, in Asian and African protectorates, it is impossible for the English Government to hold aloof; and the effect is to multiply the causes of international friction on frontiers of vast length, unstable, indefinite, and remote. It is not yet settled precisely what are the

recognize rights and duties of the superior State and the latter that in one of these jurisdictions the one has dominion and gives what law applies, while the vast greater number have no chartered consequences in respect of different nationalities, or in what state respect the rights and responsibilities of government are divided between the companies and the parent State.

There is nothing new, I repeat, in the system of protectorates. The history lies in the demands and interpretations which created by the system as practised in the full light of these modern days. In earlier times the mother State undertook none of these liabilities for the welfare of her children. Nor did they make any such demands upon her material resources. In the last century the East India Company were so little desirous of placing their possessions under the guardianship of the English Crown, that they preferred swearing fealty to the Great Mogul. And although for three centuries the maritime nations of Europe have been contending over territorial possessions and protectorates in Asia and America, yet formerly the parties must have been very hot indeed, or the disregard of all international law very flagrant, before European States would involve themselves about what happened in the backwoods or the jungles. The governments at home chartered their companies, licensed their expeditions, or gave letters of marque to privateers; and then left the gentleman-adventurers to shift mainly for themselves in outlandish parts, beyond the very restricted sphere of regular diplomatic intercourse. The doctrine of local remedies for local disturbances was in vogue; and the practice of a kind of private war was exceedingly convenient to all parties concerned. Nor did it appear in anywise necessary that civilized States should strike a formal attitude, demand explanations, or threaten rupture of amity because their subjects had been scrambling for settlements or knocking each other on the head in the American backwoods or on some Asiatic seaboard. People seem to suppose, in these days, that the German claim of *Hinter Land* is a new political idea; but the quarrels between the English and French colonists in North America arose out of this very question whether the French in Canada should be allowed to

work down behind the English settlements on the Atlantic sea-coast. The difference is, that in the eighteenth century a desperate border war went on unofficially for some years, until both governments were ready to begin in the regular fashion; whereas in the nineteenth century any slight breach of international etiquette or accidental collision brings upon the scene special correspondents, consular agents, and injured representatives of influential interests. The news flies at once to the capitals of commerce and diplomacy, and the atmosphere becomes dangerously charged with political excitement.

Indeed, the extent to which unofficial war was practised, from the sixteenth century onward, by the roving nations of Europe, is perhaps hardly appreciated in these law-abiding times. Many of the North American colonies were founded under charter; but it was the contest for valuable markets that gave the strongest impulse to the system of chartered companies, in which the State held a position not unlike that of partner or commendaire, taking no risks, owning no responsibility, and interfering merely to demand a share of the profits. That such companies should be able to fight their way and hold their ground was a necessary condition of their existence, since they had no help to expect from their own government, and nothing but open hostility from the ships of other European nations. If our merchants in India or the Persian Gulf had been obliged to refer home for remedy of grievances or settlement of disputes with Dutch, French, or Portuguese, they would have been very soon exterminated. They did no such thing: they took to their own weapons, and their military operations were often upon a considerable scale. In 1602 there was profound peace between Portugal (which then belonged to Spain) and England; but the English East India Company were at bitter war in the Indian Ocean with the Portuguese, who had disturbed their trade and molested the Honorable Company's ships. So the English company fitted out at Surat a small fleet, and sent it up the Persian Gulf with orders to assist Shah Abbas, the Persian king, in turning the Portuguese out of the Island of Hormuz, which they had held for a century, and which gave them exclusive command of the Gulf. Readers of *Paradise Lost* will remember that Satan opened his

diabolic parliament from a throne "which far outshone the wealth of Hormuz and of Ind!") The business was done, with the aid of the Persians, very thoroughly; there was a regular bombardment of the fortress, and a naval action with the Portuguese royal fleet, until the island was surrendered, the fortifications razed, and the Portuguese garrison transported to Goa.

What was the upshot in Europe of this achievement, which would certainly have fluttered diplomatic pigeon-holes in the present day? Did the English Parliament ask questions, and did the English Government disown and denounce such an aggression upon a friendly State? All that we hear is, that Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was then Lord High Admiral, lost no time in demanding the Crown's share of the plunder. It was bruited abroad that the Company had made a great division of prize-money; so Buckingham desired to know, in modern parlance, where the High Admiral came in. It was "resolved with one consent by the Court to offer £2000 in order to sweeten him for their future occasions." But the Duke insisted on a larger sum; and the King, who was backing him, actually called the Honorable Company a set of pirates. Much bargaining followed; and although the Company protested that they had made very little on the whole transaction, they had some difficulty in persuading the King and the Duke to compound the public claim by each accepting £10,000 for his private pocket.*

If, now, we compare this affair, which is not more than a sample of the class, with the comparatively insignificant collision on the Zambesi River last year; if we consider the noise and fury excited, the despatch of the English fleet to the Tagus, the indignation of the Portuguese, the parliamentary debates, the clamor of European journalism, we may perhaps congratulate ourselves on the fortune that allowed us to shape out and settle our transmarine dominions in the old times, when we could rough-hew our ends, and try conclusions with interlopers, without bringing half Europe about our ears. For in these days commercial and colonial expansion is just as active as formerly, but

it has to deal with the jealousies and rivalries of vigilant competitors; and the Governments are directly responsible for all that is done by their subjects. The telegraph wires that ramify all over the world are like nerves that convey instantly to the heart of the political organization every slight shock felt at the extremities; our frontiers have become as sensitive as the skin of a civilized being; and our chartered companies, instead of acting as elastic buffers, rather serve to accelerate collisions of which the Government shares the damage and takes all the responsibility.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these risks and difficulties, the process of sweeping wide territories within new borderlines, under the form of protecting them, for reasons political, strategical, and commercial, is going on more vigorously than ever. The English, in particular, are constantly taking in new lands and new races; we make almost annual additions to the ethnology of the Empire, while our African and Asiatic frontiers seem to be constantly moving. Hitherto they have never gone back. I am much disposed to hope that they will not go forward. Undoubtedly this increase of our territorial responsibilities must weigh on the minds of reflective Englishmen. St. Augustine, looking out from his City of God over the still vast domain of Rome, debates the question whether it is fitting for good men to rejoice in the expansion of empire, even when the victors are more civilized than the vanquished, and the wars just and unprovoked. His conclusion is, that to carry on war and to extend rulership over subdued nations seems to bad men felicity, but to good men a necessity. This conclusion seems to me about the best that we English can adopt. I am afraid that continual expansion has become part of our national habits and modes of growth. For good or for ill, England has become what she is in the world by this kind of adventurous pioneering, by seeking her fortunes in the outlying parts of the earth, by taking a part in the unending struggle out of which the settlement of the political world is evolved, as the material world is evolved out of the jarring forces of Nature. It is this constant opening of new markets, exploration of new countries, organizing of fresh enterprises, the alternate contest with and pacification of rude tribes and rulerships, the necessity of guarding our

* See a description of the Island of Hormuz, by Lieut. A. Stiffe, H.M.I.N., in the *Proceedings*, Geographical Society. The story will also be found in Purchas's *Pilgrims*.

realized what I knew, and this elderly stranger's bodily presence made my thought concrete. That beautifully appropriate and dramatic finish to the trades procession struck the same chord of splendid wonder, but with a fuller sound.

The city is commonplace enough in itself, but the Victorian, quite justifiably, refuses to think so. Men come back from London, and Paris, and Vienna, and New York, and think Melbourne the finer for the contrast. In reality it is very, very far from being so; but it is useless to reason with patriotism and its affections. The men of Victoria run devotion to their soil to an extreme. I was told an exquisite story, for the truth of which I had a solemn voucher, though it carries its internal evidences of veracity, and needs no bolstering from without. An Australian-born—he came, of course, from that Gascony of the Antipodes which has Melbourne for its capital—visited the home country. An old friend of his father's was his cicerone in London and took him, among other places, to Westminster Abbey. And—"There, my young friend," said the Englishman, when they had explored the noble old building, "you have nothing like that in Australia." "My word," said the Colonial Export, "no fear! You should just see the Scotch Church at Ballarat!"

The tale is typical. I would tell it, in the hope that he would find it an Open Sesame to many things, to any fair minded observant man who was going out to Victoria. It is a little outrageous to the stranger, but in it the general public sentiment is drawn in grand outlines, magnified many times, but not in the least caricatured. The patriotic prejudice goes everywhere. It lives at the very roots of life. Truthful men will tell you that London is vilely supplied with cabs in comparison with Melbourne. They believe it. They will tell you that the flavors of English meats, game, fishes, fruits, and vegetables, are vastly inferior to those they know at home. And they believe it. To the unprejudiced observer, Melbourne is the worst cabbed city in the world, or among the worst. A gourmet would find a residence in Australia a purgatory. For my own part, I have learned in a variety of rough schools at whatsoever meat I sit therewith to be content. In matters of gourmandize I am contented wi' little an'

cantie wi' mair. But, shade of Savarin! how I relish my morning sole after two years' banishment from that delicious creature! How I reverence my sirloin! How I savor my saddle of mutton! What a delightful thing I now know an English strawberry to be! But to the New South Welshman my doctrine is a stumbling-block, and to the Victorian it is foolishness. Mr. Sala preached it years ago, and the connoisseurs of the Great Britain of the South have never forgiven him.

Another patriotic delusion is the glorious climate. The plain fact is, that in Melbourne there is no such thing as a climate. They take their weather in *laminæ*, set on end. You walk from the tropics to the pole in five minutes. A meteorological astonishment lies in wait at every street-corner. It blows hot, it blows cold, it scorches, it freezes, it rains, it shines, and all within the compass of an hour. Yet these wonderful Australians love their weather. Other people would endure it. They brag about it. I think they must be the happiest people in the world.

By the way, I must qualify, before I forget to do so, the judgment expressed above with respect to the Australian table. I tasted in Adelaide a favorable specimen of the wild turkey, and I believe it to be the noblest of game-birds. Its flavor is exquisite, and you may carve at that bounteous breast for quite a little army of diners. And remembering one friendly feast puts me in mind of many. Is there anywhere else on the surface of our planet a hospitality so generous, so exuberant, so free and boundless as that extended to the stranger in Australia? If there be, I have not known it. They meet you with so complete a welcome. They envelop you with kindness. There is no *arrière pensée* in their cordiality, no touch lacking in sincerity. This is a characteristic of the country. The native-born Australian differs in many respects from the original stock, but in this particular he remains unchanged. You present a letter of introduction, and it makes you the immediate friend of its recipient. He spares no pains to learn what you desire, and then his whole aim and business in life for the moment is to fulfil your wishes. Your host will probably be less polished than an Englishman living in a like house and boasting an equal income, but his *bonhomie* is unsurpassable. I used to

talks of those ties which bind and must bind the Mother Country and her children. His hearers are at one with him and cheer him with hearty vigor. Absence from the dear old land has made their hearts grow fonder. Their loyalty is perfervid. Everybody goes home in a sentimental glow, and the native-born workman reads his *Sydney Bulletin* over a long-sleever, and execrates the name of the country which bore his father and his mother.

The journal just named is very capably written and edited. The brightest Australian verse and the best Australian stories find their way into its columns. Its illustrations are sometimes brilliant, though the high standard is not always maintained. And having thus spoken an honest mind in its favor, I leave myself at liberty to say that it is probably the wrongest-headed and most mischievous journal in the world. People try to treat it as a neglectable quantity when they disagree with it. But I have seen as much of the surface of the country, and as much of its people as most men, and I have found the pestilent print everywhere, and everywhere have found it influential. For some time past now it has been telling blood-curdling stories of the iniquities of prison rule in Tasmania, with the tacit conclusion that nothing but the power of the working classes makes a repetition of those atrocities impossible. It compares the Russian Government with the English, and compares it favorably. It loses no opportunity of degrading all things English as English. England and the Englishman are as red rags to its bull-headed rage. Of course, its writers are not all sincere, though doubtless some of them are. Vast numbers of people who do not agree with it read it for its stage and social gossip; but there is a class of working-men who take its absurdities for gospel, and it is one of the factors in the growing contempt for the Mother Country which is noticeable among uninstructed Australians.

Another and a more potent factor is supplied by Englishmen themselves. I have never in my life known anything more offensively insolent than the patronizing tolerance which I have seen a travelled Cockney extend to a man of the colonies who was worth a thousand of him. I have seen an Englishman unintentionally insult a host at his own table, and set

everybody on tenterhooks by his blundering assumption that colonists are necessarily inferior to home-bred people. Nobody likes that sort of thing. Nobody finds himself feeling more kindly to the race which sends out that intolerable kind of man. "Met a little girl th' other day," says the eye-glassed idiot, beaming fatuously round the table. "Little colonial girl, don't you know. She'd read George Eliot. Never was more surprised in my life." And this to a company of Australian ladies and gentlemen born and bred.

This kind of person has his influence, and on that ground he is to be regretted. The student of men and manners finds him as good as meat and drink; but we can't all be Touchstones, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be as well if he were buried.

Yet another and a still more potent factor is found in the habit which prevails among English fathers and guardians of sending out their incurable failures to the colonies. "You shall have one more chance, sir, and it will be the last. You shall have a hundred pounds and your passage to Australia. This is the last I shall do for you. Now go and never let me see your face again." So the whiskey-bitten *vaurien* goes out to Melbourne, has an attack of delirium tremens aboard ship, finds his alcoholic allowance thenceforward stopped by the doctor's orders, swaggers his brief hour on the Block in Collins Street, hangs about the bars, cursing the colonies and all men and things colonial in a loud and masterful voice, to the great and natural contentment of the people of the country, pawns his belongings bit by bit, loafes in search of the eleemosynary half-crown or sixpence, and finally goes up country to be loathed and despised as a tender-foot, and to swell the statistics of insanity and disease. The most loyal and friendly of Australians resent *this* importation. The uninstructed and untravelled native accepts him as a pattern Englishman, and the satirical prints help out that conclusion in his mind. There is no signboard on the Australian continent indicating that rubbish of this sort may be shot there, and the English tendency to throw its waste in that direction has never been regarded in a friendly spirit. We gave them our convicts for a start, and now we gift them with our most dangerous incapables. They

1. The first of the three main parts of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the report. This part is divided into three sections: a general introduction to the subject, a general introduction to the method of the report, and a general introduction to the results of the report.

2. The second of the three main parts of the report is a detailed description of the method of the report. This part is divided into three sections: a detailed description of the method of the report, a detailed description of the results of the report, and a detailed description of the conclusions of the report.

3. The third of the three main parts of the report is a detailed description of the results of the report. This part is divided into three sections: a detailed description of the results of the report, a detailed description of the conclusions of the report, and a detailed description of the recommendations of the report.

influx of population. He takes no count of the fact that all the wisest men of the country admit a crying need of people—that labor is everywhere needed for the development of giant resources. His loaf is his, and he is quite righteously determined that no man shall take it from him. He is not in the least degree determined that he shall not take away another man's loaf, but that is a different question. England is the one country in the world which could, under existing circumstances, or under circumstances easily conceivable, seek to send any appreciable number of new people into the colony. Therefore England is to be feared and hated, and any scheme which may be promulgated in favor of further emigration is to be resisted to the uttermost. Men talk of war as the answer to an attempt to deplete by emigration the overcrowded labor markets of the home country.

No public man who sets the lightest value upon his position dares discuss this question. The feeling is too deep rooted, and its manifestations are too passionate. The scheme propounded by "General" Booth afforded an opportunity for a striking manifestation of this fact. Long before the nature of the scheme was known or guessed at, before any of the safeguards surrounding it were hinted, it was denounced from one end of the country to the other. It is not my present business to express any opinion as to the feasibility of the plan. The point is that the mere mention of it was enough to excite an intense and spontaneous opposition. Australia will never, except under compulsion, allow any large body of Englishmen to enter into possession of any portion of her territories. The ports for emigration on a large scale are finally and definitely closed.

The population of Australia is 3,326,000. These people have an area of 3,055,000 square miles from which to draw the necessities and luxuries of life. Suppose it be allowed that one-half the entire country is not and will not be habitable by man. Australians themselves would resent this estimate as being shamelessly exaggerated, but the supposition is, so far as the argument goes, in their favor. Take away that imagined useless half, and every man, woman, and child in the community would still have very nearly half a square mile of land if the country were equally

divided. It is evident that the populace is unequal to the proper exploitation of the continent. Let them multiply as the human race never multiplied before, and they must remain unequal to the task before them for many centuries.

The cry raised is that of "Australia for the Australians." Well, who are the Australians? Are they the men of the old British stock who made the country what it is, or the men who had the luck to be born to the inheritance of a splendid position, for which they have not toiled? It is the honest, simple truth, and no man ought to be angry at the statement of it—though many will be—that Australia was built up by British enterprise and British money. It is a British possession still, and without British protection, British gold, and the trade which exists between it and Britain, would be in a bad way. Looked at dispassionately, the cry of "Australia for the Australians" seems hardly reasonable. The Mother Country has a right to something of a share in the bargain.

The argument would be infinitely less strong if the Australians were using Australia. But they are not. The vast Melbourne of which Victoria is so proud holds half the population of the colony, and produces little or nothing. Melbourne is the city of brass-plates. There are more brass-plates to the acre in the thoroughfares which diverge from Collins Street than can be found in any other city in the world. The brass-plate, as all the world knows, is the badge of the non-producer—the parasite, middleman, agent, call him what you will—the man who wears a tall hat and a black coat, and who lives in a villa, and lives on and by the produce of the labor of others. As society is constituted he is an essential when he exists in reasonable numbers. In Melbourne his numbers are out of reason. For almost every producer in Victoria there is a non-producer in the capital. In the early days men went into the country and set themselves to clear and till the soil. That impulse of energy has died out, and a new one has succeeded it which is infinitely less profitable and wholesome. The tendency is now toward the city. The one source of permanent wealth is neglected, and commerce and speculation occupy the minds of men who fifty years ago would have raised mutton and wool, corn and

ence outside their own. The workman of the Antipodes is told so often that all the power (as well as all the virtue and the honor) lies in his hands, that he is disposed to do strange things. A mere glance at the history of two phases of the great strikes which have lately shaken Australasian society may be of service.

In New Zealand, where, under conditions similar to those of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, the laborer has grown to think himself more worthy of his hire than anybody else can possibly be, the fight between unionist and non-unionist, with capital as an interested spectator, began on a curiously trivial question. A firm of printers and stationers in Christchurch were ordered to reinstate or to discharge an employé. The firm declined to obey the mandate of the Union, and an order went forth from the representatives of the latter body to the effect that no man belonging to any of its branches should handle the goods of the obdurate company. This was all very well in its way, until the order touched the railway hands, who are in the employ of the Government. The Union appealed to the Railway Commissioners to "remain neutral," and *not to carry the goods of the offending firm*. The Commissioners responded that they were the servants of the public; that it was no part of their business to recognize the quarrel, but that it *was* their business to carry for any and every citizen who did not infringe their rules. The representatives of the Union renewed their plea for "neutrality." Why would these domineering Commissioners take the side of capital and fight in its interests? The Commissioners again represented that they were the public carriers, that they had no right to refuse to work for any law-abiding citizen, that they had no place or part in the quarrel, and intended simply and merely to do the duty for which they were appointed. The din which arose on this final declaration was at once melancholy and comic. Here was the Government lending all its power to crush the working-man. Here was the old class tyranny which had created class hatreds in the old country. This was what we were coming to after having emancipated ourselves from the trammels of a dead or effete civilization. Here was a Government so crassly wicked and purposely blind as to profess neutrality, and

yet refuse to fight our battles. What did we—the working-men of New Zealand—ask for? We asked that the Government should hold our enemy while we punched him; and while they traitorously proclaimed their neutrality, they refused this simple request for fair-play. Therefore are we, the working-men of New Zealand, naturally incensed, and at the next election we will shake these worthless people out of office, and we will elect men like Fish, who know what neutrality really means!

The Honorable Mr. Fish was one of the laborers' faithful. The palpable unfairness of the Commissioners wounded him profoundly.

The more recent strike of the Queensland shearers has afforded opportunity for the display of an equal faculty of logic and sweet reasonableness. The shearers, at loggerheads with the squatters, proposed to arrange their differences by arson. They threatened openly to fire the grass upon those vast northern plains where fire is the one thing to be dreaded among many and terrible enemies. They not only threatened, but they carried their threats into effect in many places; and, but for the exceptional rains, which mercifully interfered between them and their purpose, they would have created scenes of unexampled desolation. Here again a Government has no sense of fair-play. Troops were sent to watch the shearers' camps, and to prevent active hostilities. A natural thrill of horror ran through the country at this autocratic and unwarrantable act. Here at the Antipodes we have founded a democracy, and in a democracy the Government motto should be Non-Intervention. The unionist workmen roared with indignation at countless meetings. Why were not the shearers allowed to settle the dispute in their own way? Why were the poor men to be threatened, intimidated, bullied by armed force? A continent cried shame. When, in that Eight Hours' procession to which I have already twice alluded, the shearers' deputation rode by they were received with rolling applause all along the line, and a free people cheered the victims of oppression.

In the middle of all this madness it was good to see that the greatest of the democratic journals had the courage of honesty and spoke its mind plainly. The Melbourne *Age* is a very wealthy and powerful journal, but it risked much, for the

moment at least, in opposing the mingled voices of the populace and the Trades Hall. Excited leaders of the people denounced it in unmeasured epithet, and the crowd boo-hooped outside its offices in Collins Street, but the writers of the journal went their unmoved way, as British journalists have a knack of doing.

I find here an opportunity of saying the most favorable word I can anywhere speak for the Australian colonies. The Press is among the best and most notable in the world. The great journals of Melbourne and Sydney are models of newspaper conduct, and are nowhere to be surpassed for extent and variety of information, for enterprise, liberality, and sound adhesion to principle, or for excellence of sub-editorial arrangement, or for force, justice, and picturesqueness in the expression of opinion. It is not only in the greater centres that the Press owns and displays these admirable characteristics. Adelaide, Brisbane, Dunedin, Christchurch, Auckland, Wellington, have each journals of which no city in the world need be ashamed; and when the limitations which surround them are taken into consideration their excellence appears all the more remarkable and praiseworthy.

It is not unnatural perhaps that a man trained in English journalism, and having worked in every grade of it, should esteem it highly. But, allowing all I can for personal prejudice, and striving to look with an honest eye upon it and its rivals, I am compelled to think it far and away the best in the world. In Australia the highest traditions of the parent Press are preserved, and among many strange and novel and perplexing signs, one can but gratefully and hopefully recognize the splendid enterprise and the lofty sense of public obligation which guide the youngest school of journalism in the world.

In one respect Australian journalism surpasses English. We have nothing to show which will at all compare with the *Australasian* or the *Leader*; but it is easy to see that they and their congeners of other cities (which are all worthy of the same high praise) owe their especial excellences to local conditions. These great weekly issues give all the week's news, and all the striking articles which have appeared in the daily journals of which they are at once the growth and the compendium. They do much more than this,

for they include whatever the gardener, the agriculturist, the housewife, the lady of fashion, the searcher of general literature, the chess-player, the squatter can most desire to know. They provide for all sorts of tastes and needs, and between their first sheet and their last they render to their readers what we in England buy half a score of special journals to secure. The reason for their existence is simple. There is not population enough to support the specialist as we know him at home, and an eager and inquiring people will be served.

The first unescapable belief of the English traveller is that the Australian is a transplanted Englishman pure and simple. A residence of only a few months kills that opinion outright. Many new characteristics present themselves. To arrest one of the most noticeable—there is perhaps no such pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking people in the world. I wish now that I had thought of securing trustworthy statistics with respect to the number of people who present themselves on the colonial racecourses within the limit of a year. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the population is given over to the breeding and training of horse-flesh and the riding of races. The Melbourne people exult—and not unjustifiably—in the Melbourne Cup, and on the spectacle presented at its running. That spectacle is quite unique so far as I know. Neither the Derby nor the Grand Prix can rival it for its view of packed humanity, and neither can approach it for the decorous order of its crowd. Is it Jane Taylor who tells the story of the creation of an English village? I am not quite sure, but I remember the genesis. You must have a church to begin with. For a church you want a parson, and a parson must have a clerk. From this established nucleus grows everything. In Australia they begin with the racecourse. This statement is not to be accepted as a satiric fable but as a literal fact. Nearly two years ago, travelling in the Blue Mountains, I came—miles upon miles away from anywhere—upon a huge great board reared in the bush. The board bore this inscription: "Projected road to site of intended racecourse." There was not a house visible or the sign of the beginning of a house, but half an hour later, in apparent virgin forest, I found another board

nailed to a big eucalypt. It had a painted legend on it, setting forth that these eligible building sites were to be let or sold. The solemn forest trees stood everywhere, and the advertisement of the eligible building sites was the only evidence of man's presence. It was for the benefit of future dwellers here that the road to the site of the "intended racecourse" had been "projected."

Again, there are more theatres and more theatre-goers to the population than can probably be found elsewhere. The houses and the performances are alike admirable. Like the Americans, the Australians endure many performances which would not be thought tolerable in England, but they mount their productions with great pomp and luxury. Whatever is best in London finds an early rendering in the great cities, and for serious work the general standard is as high as in Paris or London. The Princess Theatre in Melbourne has given renditions of comic opera which are not unfairly to be compared for dressing, *mise-en-scène*, and artistic finish to those of the Savoy. The general taste is for jollity, bright color, cheerful music. Comedy runs broader than it does at home, and some of the most excellent artists have learned a touch or two of buffoonery. The public taste condones it, may even be said to relish it in preference to finesse. The critics of the Press are, in the main, too favorable, but that is a stricture which applies to modern criticism in general. There is a desire to say smooth words everywhere, and to keep things pleasant.

Outside the southernmost parts of Victoria Australia has a climate, and the people can rejoice in midnight picnics. In the glorious southern moonlight one can read the small print of a newspaper. The air is cool after the overwhelming furnace of the day. The moonlight jaunts and junketings are characteristic and pleasant, and they afford an opportunity for the British matron, who flourishes there as here—heaven bless her!—to air her sense of morals in letters to the newspapers.

The creed of athleticism speaks its latest word here. The burial of poor young Searle, the champion sculler of the world, was a remarkable and characteristic sight. That he was a grand athlete and a good fellow seems indisputable, but to the outsider the feeling excited by his early and mournful death looked disproportionate.

Every newspaper, from the stately *Argus* down to the smallest weekly organ of the village, sang his dying song. He was praised and lamented out of reason, even for a champion sculler. The regret seemed exaggerated. At his funeral obsequies the streets were thronged, and thousands followed in his train. It was mournful that a young man should be struck down in the pride and vigor of his strength. It is always mournful that this should be so, but it is common, and the passion of the lament provoked weariness. The feeling was doubtless genuine, but it might possibly have had an object worthier of a nation's mourning.

Another fine athlete and good fellow is Frank Slavin, the prize-fighter. I have acknowledged a hundred times that I belong to a lost cause. My sympathies are with the old exploded prize-ring. Rightly or wrongly, I trace the growth of crimes of violence to the abolition of that glorious institution. I want to see it back again, with its rules of fair-play, and its contempt for pain, and its excellent tuition in temper and forbearance. I am an enthusiast, and being almost alone, am therefore the more enthusiastic. But I grew tired of the wild exultation in Slavin's prowess, the mad rejoicing over a victory, which meant less than it would have done in the days which I am old enough to remember. In Australia, better be an athlete than almost anything, except, perhaps, a millionaire.

Take the average native and ask him what he knows of Marcus Clarke, of James Brunton Stevens, of Harpur, or Kendal, or the original of Browning's "Waring." He will have no response for you, but he will reel off for you the names of the best bowler, the best bat, the champion forward, the cunningest of half-backs. The portraits of football players are published by the dozen and the score, and the native knows the names and achievements of every man thus signalled out for honor. In England the schoolboys would know all about these people, but in Australia the world at large is interested. A bank-clerk who has a recognized position in a football team enjoys professional privileges which another man may not claim. His athletic prowess reflects upon him in his business. His manager allows him holidays for his matches, and is considerate with him with regard to hours for training.

From all this one would naturally argue the existence of an especially athletic people, but the conclusion is largely illusory. The worship of athleticism breeds a professional or semi-professional class, but it is surprising to note how little an effect it has upon the crowd of city people who join in all the rites of adoration. The popularity of the game of football is answerable for the existence of the barracker, whose outward manifestations of the inward man are as disagreeable as they well can be. The barracker is the man who shouts for his own party, and by yells of scorn and expletives of execration seeks to daunt the side against which he has put his money or his partisan aspirations. When he gathers in his thousands, as he does at all matches of importance, he is surprisingly objectionable. He is fluent in oath and objurcation, cursing like an inmate of the pit. This same man is orderly at a race meeting, curiously enough, and takes his pleasure mildly there.

The barracker and the larrikin are akin. The gamin of Paris, grown up to early manhood, fed on three meat meals a day, supplied with plenteous pocket-money, and allowed to rule a tribe of tailors, would be a larrikin. The New York hoodlum is a larrikin, with a difference. The British rough is a larrikin, also with a difference. The Australian representative of the great blackguard tribe is better dressed, better fed, and more liberally provided in all respects than his compeers of other nations. He is the street bully, *par excellence*, inspired to deeds of daring by unfailing beef and beer. When Mr. Bumble heard of Oliver Twist's resistance to the combined authority of Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte and Noah Claypole, he repudiated the idea of madness which was offered as an explanation of the boy's conduct. "It isn't madness, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "it's meat."

There is the true explanation of the larrikin. He is meat-fed, and is thereby inspired to ferocity. Darwin, if I remember rightly, tells of a sheep which was gradually accustomed to a flesh diet. Its wool began to take the characteristics of hair, and the mild beast grew savage. The forerunners of the larrikin were never very sheep-like in all probability, for if one could trace his pedigree, it would, in most cases, be found that he is the de-

scendant of the true British cad. But he has improved upon the ancestral pattern and has become a pest of formidable characteristics and dimensions. The problem he presents has never been faced, but it will have to be met in one way or another before long. The stranger is forced to the conclusion that magistrates are absurdly lenient. I recall a case of some few months ago, where a gang of well fed ruffians assaulted an old man in Flinders Street, Melbourne. The attack was shown to have been utterly unprovoked, and the victim's injuries were serious. Three of the most active participators in the sport were seized by the police and were each sent to prison for six weeks. A sentence of six months, with a brace of sound floggings thrown in, would have gone nearer to meet the exigencies of the case; but there is a widespread objection to the use of the cat, the argument being that it is wrong to "brutalize" these refined young men by its application. The same spirit of false sentiment exists in England, but in a less marked degree.

Crimes of violence are of exceptionally frequent occurrence, and it is still felt necessary to punish rape by the imposition of the final penalty.

The democracy is determined to test itself completely, and female suffrage seems to be within measurable distance. It is conceivable that it may have a refining effect, and that it may act as a corrective, though the experiment is full of risk. The one man one vote principle, together with the payment of members of the legislative chambers, has not, so far, achieved the happiest conceivable results. The Parliament of New South Wales is occasionally notorious as a bear garden. The late Mr. MacEhrlone (who once informed the Speaker that, when he encountered outside an honorable gentleman to whom the ruling of the Chair compelled him to apologize, he would "spit in his eye") has a worthy successor in the person of a Mr. Crick. Some time ago Mr. Crick was expelled by an indignant House, wearied of his prolonged indecencies of demeanor, but his constituency sent him back untamed and rejoicing—his mission being to prove that the Ministry was composed of thieves and liars. The miserable charges dwindled into nothing; but one, at least, of his constituents is persuaded that the debates, as printed in

the newspapers, would lose so much of sparkle if Mr. Crick were banished permanently from the House, that the break-fast enjoyment of the public more than atones for the shame of his presence there. Women are notoriously deficient in humor, and it is possible that, when they come to vote, the reign of Mr. Crick and his like will be over.

The best hope which lies before Australia at this hour is in the federation of her several colonies. Her determination to keep her population European in its characteristics can hardly fail of approval, but the immediate work to her hand is to consolidate her own possessions. The attempt to find material for six separate Parliaments in a population of three and a half millions has, it must be confessed in all candor, succeeded beyond reasonable expectations, but concentration will be of service. There will be a laudable rivalry between the colonies which will result in the choice of the fittest men, and a combination Parliament will be a more useful and dignified body than has yet been assembled within colonial limits. But this is one of the smallest of the results to be anticipated. The ridiculous tariff restrictions which now harass individuals and restrict commerce will pass away, and with them the foolish hatreds which exist between rival colonies. At present, if one desire to anger a Victorian he has only to praise New South Wales. Would he wound a Sydneyite under the fifth rib, let him laud Melbourne. There is a dispute pending about the proprietorship of the Murray River. It runs between the two colonies, and New South Wales claims it to the Victorian bank. When it overflowed disastrously a couple of years ago, an irate farmer on the Victorian side is said to have written to Sir Henry Parkes, bidding him come and pump the confounded river off his land, and threatening to agitate for a duty (per gallon) on imported New South Wales water. The dispute is nothing less than childish: but I have the personal assurance of the leading statesman of New South Wales that he is perfectly satisfied with the position. It is probable that he sees in the existing riparian rights a chance for a concession which may win concession in its turn. The Victorians are eminently dissatisfied and would seem to have a right to be so.

Federation is on all counts to be de-

sired, but it has yet to be fought for, and will only be gained with difficulty. Wise men long for it, but the petty jealousies of rival States will hold it back from its birthtime as long as delay is possible. How infinitesimally small those jealousies are nothing short of a residence in the land could teach anybody. Wisdom will have its way in the long run, but the belief of the veteran leader of New South Wales that he will live to see the union of the Australian colonies is a dream. It is a dream which only his political enemies will grudge him.

The wide and varied resources of the country, and the ups and downs which men experience, breed a careless courage which in some of its manifestations is very fine. During my first stay in Melbourne the waiter who attended to my wants at Menzies' hotel brought up, with something of a dubious air, a scrap of blue paper, on which was written, "Your old friend ——" I instructed him to show my visitor in, and a minute later beheld the face of my old companion, a little more grizzled and wrinkled than when I had last seen it, but otherwise unchanged. When we had shaken hands, and he was seated, I found that he was dressed like a common laborer, and in answer to my inquiries he told me, bravely and brightly, that he had fallen upon evil times. "I should like a glass of champagne, old man," said he when I asked him to refresh himself, "and a cigar, if it will run to it. I'm strange to that sort of thing for a year or two, and I should enjoy it." We talked away, and he told me a history of success and failure, and at last he explained the purpose of his visit. He wished to hear the three lectures I was advertised to deliver, and he had come to ask me for a pass. "I sha'n't disgrace you, my boy," he added. "I've been down on my luck for a couple of years past, but I'm not going to stay where I am, and *I've kept my dress clothes.*"

I do not know that I ever met a finer bit of unconscious courage, and the incident gave me a certain faith in the spirit of the colonies which has never left me. There is a gambling element in it, no doubt, but the ever-present sense of hope is a great and valuable thing. It finds such a place in a new country as it can never have in an old one. The English gentleman who in England had fallen to

to work at once, Balzac taking one side of the road, his friend the other, both running, head in the air, into the passers-by, who took them for blind men. Street after street Gozlan kept offering the most appetizing names, which, however, Balzac steadfastly rejected: the Rue St. Honoré to the Palais Royal, all the streets abutting on the Gardens, Rue Vivienne, Place de la Bourse, Rue Neuve Vivienne, Boulevard Montmartre.—At this point Gozlan mutinied.

"Toujours et en tous lieux," cries Balzac; "Christophe Colomb abandonné par son équipage,"—then, turning to entreaty, pleads for just as far as St. Eustaché. St. Eustaché meant a detour through numberless streets, till they arrive at the Place des Victoires, "criblée de magnifiques noms alsaciens qui font venir le Rhin à la bouche." Again Gozlan threatens to abandon Balzac if he does not make an instant choice. "Just the Rue du Bouloi," urges the indefatigable discoverer; and off they go once more, until, in the last section of the interminable street, the novelist stood transfixed and quivering before the name *Marcas*.

"Arrêtons nous glorieusement à celui-ci. *Marcas*! Mon héros s'appellera *Marcas*. Dans *Marcas* il y a le philosophe, l'écrivain, le grand politique, le poète méconnu: il y a tout. *Marcas*!"

That was what Balzac sought—a name which should, as he said, at once explain and depict his hero, a name on a par with his lot in life, which should not be tacked on at random, but should fit organically. He impetuously demanded a name which should answer to his hero's face, his figure, his voice, his past, his future, his genius, his tastes, his passions, his misfortunes, and his glory.

I suppose all novelists and story-tellers, whether or not they are so exacting as this, take some proper godfatherly or godmotherly care in the christening of their creatures. If they go no deeper, they at least observe the more superficial and obvious distinctions between character of bourgeois and gentle blood. They seek names appropriate to calling or locality, and so forth. Most take some pains at least about the naming of hero and heroine. One class of novelists appeals to a sentiment of romance, with high-sounding, historic names; another betrays the inevitable significance of nomenclature by

scrupulously employing none but the most familiar. For myself, I own I like my lady-loves of romance to have names that the lips and the memory can linger over lovingly,—*Lorna Doone*, *Lucy Desborough*, *Di Vernon*, *Beatrix Esmond*; and there is sweetness as well as pathos in the simple signature of *Clare Doria Forey*, as *Clare* liked to write her name, because *Richard's* was *Richard Doria Feverel*. Nothing short of democratic training and Bostonian naturalism could have hardened Mr. Howells' heart into inflicting upon his Lady of the *Aroostook* and her many admirers, for the sake of whatever dramatic point, the revolting surname *Blood*. Beautiful and picturesque names are no small element in the picturesque beauty of romance. We revel in a luxury of graceful names in Arthur's court—among the *Guineveres*, and *Yseults*, and *Tristrams*, and *Launcelots*. They have the flavor of fruit on the lips, and haunt the ear like music. Or, to come back to novels, generations of hearts have beaten time to the syllables *Wilfred* of *Ivanhoe* or *Lucy* of *Lammermoor*. The degradation of name is a bit brutal, even for parody, in the diverting "Rejected Address" which transforms—

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,
on!"

Were the last words of *Marmion*,"

into

"'Od rot 'em,

Were the last words of *Higginbottom*."

Juliet was the daughter of a land of lovely names, or she would never have asked her hackneyed question. To northern ears the vowelled Italian names all sound beautiful and magnificent. One wonders, ignorantly no doubt, how an Italian Dickens would find himself in droll and grotesque names. There must be some temptation, one would think, to make all the boobies and villains Germans. Thanks to what Mr. Matthew Arnold termed the touch of grossness in our race, we are bountifully provided with names of all shades of vulgarity and hideousness. With us no booby or villain, at all events, need go inappropriately named. But it is unpardonable in fiction to burden a charming girl with a vile name, and to make heroes of *Higginbottoms* is a mere wantonness of Zolaism. Art exists to console us for the hardships and anomalies of life.

During affairs most writers avoid. That is, need is seen in it as a source of spiritual propinquity of communication. But what Balzac sought was a propensity of communication going very much deeper than this. He was a believer in a mysterious affinity, and reciprocal influence between names and people in actual life. Flaubert and the rest, he believed, were at one in holding this view, so that there was no room left for a single dissent without the door.

"Eternally the same," murmured Gervais.

"What—this? He means that there were names which recalled special objects—a sword, a sword—that there were names which in some way and revealed the past, the philosophy, the genius? I should be a simpleton—the very name depicted a tender passion, that poet."

"In the history of Gervais it gave only the idea of a book, or of an apothecary."

"What book?—the 'Cocarde'?"

No, from Gervais the answer began to suggest the idea of some insignificant word. And unconsciously he joined, as a show and of good-fellowship, in the common expression without a shred of faith in the word used and, not, it might be supposed, was his scepticism sheltered even in the subtle discovery, which interrupted the romance-writer. Balzac, again, unshaken, retorted the courage of his conviction in the face of fearlessly contradicting attacks at the man's door that the veritable Marthe would turn out to be a genius, a *l'éternelle* Gervais.

"What's that going name for?" interrupted Gervais.

"What a name like that?" comes the surprise. "It is impossible to go too far."

The real Marthe was a talent. Balzac's head dropped for a few seconds. In a moment it was proudly raised again. "The man deserved a better one," he said. "Anyway it should be his mistress to immortalize him."

Respectable authority might be quoted in support of Balzac's dogma from the days of the ancient naming and renaming among the Hebrews down to the opinion of the immortal Mr. Shandy. Not whether we accept it or feel inclined rather to range ourselves with the doubters, there can be little doubt that in the world of art at all events there should be some

stable apophoretics in the naming of the dramatic personæ.

What should be the nature of the apophoretics? What should be the secret of the affinity? Should something permeate themselves to manufacture names with an obvious meaning, like Flaubert's *Alceste* for instance? or like Balzac, should they search for mystic meanings in real names? In the first place, can there possibly be any affinity, apart from the special associations of a book, between a more meaningless proper name and a character? Gervais said No. He accounted for the significance that Balzac found in such names as *Lafitte* and *Cordoba*, by the fact that they had been borne by those great men. The characteristics of the poets had become associated in the mind with the sound of the names. This is no doubt largely true. The influence of association in matters of this kind is astonishingly powerful, and it is an influence difficult to discount. Of such associations of ideas have our philosophers been found to create worlds and systems, which they have themselves pronounced to be very good. Take such names as *Keats* and *Chaucer*, for example. Would they not sound poet and mean, could we once rob them of their poetical associations? And the influence of association is all the stronger in the case of the men and women of letters, because we know them so much more intimately that we know our friends and neighbors in real life.

Chaucer, *Miss Muggs*, *Miss Mowbray*, *Packman*, *Sally Gump*—were these names, then, really once absolutely un-significant? Surely, in the mere name of *Mowbray* there already lurk suggestions of a waiting for something to turn up. Enthusiasts have been known to protest that from *Silas Wegg*'s bare name they divined the whole man, wretched, big and all. Not a bit of it, says the rationalizing common-sense: make the experiment in a proper scientific spirit, and see. Set a man opposite of Dickens to write from the letters of the word *Packman* the character of the Salisbury architect, or from the data of a misshapen body and a domestic property, ask him to construct the name *Quip*. Well, and suppose he fail, his failure is by no means fatal to the theory. To begin with, nature undoubtedly affords abundant resources of evocative affinities between apparently hetero-

geneous things. There is the story, so constantly told by psychologists, of the blind man who, on his receiving his sight by a surgical operation, straightway pronounced scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet. Heliotrope owes its popular name to a curious identity of scent and taste. Novel-readers who follow the fashion may recall the passage in one of those Russian novels which are twice as natural as life, where the capricious child Natacha tries to explain to her mother in bed how she thinks of her lover Boris as being quite narrow and pale gray, whereas Bésoukhow was blue, dark blue and red, and made her think of a square thing. In very truth, scents, sounds, and colors have infinite capacities of spiritual suggestion. Herein lies the secret of the potency of the sensuous arts. What analysis could exhaust the possible suggestiveness of names? There are forebodings in the mere sound of the syllables, and mysterious intimations in the mere look of the letters, which baffle all attempts at rational explanation. And on this groundwork association has woven intricate threads of suggestion, philological, historical, romantic. Then, additional effect is wrought by a subtle conjunction of names. Trace the associations in the two names, Clive, Newcome. Watch how the music of Ethel Newcome's name is troubled into discord by prefixing to the surname the monosyllable Barnes. Nonsense, interrupts common-sense. The monosyllable Clive had served just as well to trouble the music, if Thackeray had but distributed the parts differently, and made Barnes a hero. It is all the effect of associating man and name together. Well, but how comes it, then, that in so many names, in spite of association, we do not feel the affinity? To this day I am persuaded that Arabi was only an assumed name of the Dean of Barchester. Other names, again, there are which answer only to a part of the character. In Hetty Sorrel's name, for example, there is the kittenish grace and rustic charm; but where is the hard heart and vulgar vanity of Martin Poyser's niece? (Poyser, by the way, is an excellent name for that admirable couple.) And poor Major Dobbin's foolish name leaves out the gallantry and loyalty, preserving only and accentuating the notion of a certain thick-hided patience. If Balzac's faith ran something near to fanati-

cism, yet, so far as the world of art is concerned, it is surely founded on wisdom. It is true that it is only after name and character have been joined together by the inspiration of the author that they cannot again be put asunder; but the marriage only reveals, and does not beget, the elective affinity. There is a similar revelation of affinity, in spite of Schopenhauer's dogmatic utterance to the contrary, when music is married to immortal verse by a composer of dramatic genius. Common-sense would scarcely evolve Schumann's melody from Heine's *Ich grolle nicht*, or Heine's poetry from Schumann's music; yet that marriage of music and verse was none the less surely made in heaven.

Oftentimes, however, either there has been lacking the genius to create or discover names of the miraculous potency of Z. Marcas, or novelists have lacked faith in the discernment of their readers; and recourse has been had to manufactured names with obvious meanings. Dickens, who had a wonderful faculty for creating or discovering, at all events for his ludicrous or vulgar characters, droll and *bizarre* names of startling aptness, has given us also Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Dotheboys Hall, and a multitude of like inventions. How far is this a legitimate practice? There are people who go into ecstasies of admiration over the ingenuity and wit displayed in the invention of names like these. There are others who scornfully condemn the device as a symptom of poverty of imagination or mistaken art. Most readers, I fancy, will find themselves differently affected by different examples. Many a reader will be startled and offended by Wrench and Filgrave as names for doctors in George Eliot and Trollope, who would have an easy tolerance for Lord Frederick Verisopht, and would positively enjoy Jingle and the Veneerings. For myself, I revel in the Deuceaces and Bareacres, whereas it is a relief to me that Becky so soon merges her too significant name in that of poor Rawdon Crawley. And, upon reflection, the different judgments would seem to be due to no irrational caprice of taste. The kind of name felt to be appropriate depends upon the author's method of presenting his creatures. No sane reader quarrels with the Fidessas and Duessas, the Sansfoys and

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 250 million to 450 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

[illegible]

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
 IN RE: THE ESTATE OF JAMES EARL RAY, JR.
 DECEASED
 WILLIAM H. RAY, JR., Plaintiff,
 vs.
 JAMES EARL RAY, JR., Defendant.
 Case No. 1:70-cv-00123
 Filed: 10/15/70
 Judge: Honorable J. Edgar Hoover
 Clerk: Honorable J. Edgar Hoover
 The undersigned, William H. Ray, Jr., do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the files of the District Court of the District of Columbia.
 Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of October, 1970.
 W. H. RAY, JR.
 By: _____
 Attorney for Plaintiff
 JAMES EARL RAY, JR.
 By: _____
 Attorney for Defendant

According to the Director of Migration of the Federal Bureau of Investigation it is the official policy of the United States Government to encourage the settlement of European immigrants in the United States. The Bureau of Investigation is directed to assist in the settlement of immigrants by providing them with information and assistance in finding employment and housing. The Bureau of Investigation is also directed to assist in the settlement of immigrants by providing them with information and assistance in finding employment and housing.

plain situation come naturally in place. But where it is sought to stir pity and fear and sympathy with the sufferings and heroisms of men and women ; where, as in tragedy, self-conscious observation of the writer's art should be lost in overwhelming feeling for the hero's destiny, there, so far as I know, such names have never been adopted. Ben Jonson, much of whose work is, as Mr. Swinburne has recently said, a study not of humanity but of humors, uses significant names almost exclusively in his comedies. Shakespeare, on the other hand, is sparing in his use of them. Justices Shallow, Slender, and Silence, with Fang and Snare the sheriff's officers—the majesty of the law always fares badly in the hands of satire ; the constable, Dull ; Froth, a foolish gentleman ; Martext, a vicar ; and that ragged regiment of Falstaff's recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf,—almost exhaust the list.

Have we not here the explanation of the instinctive shock which we feel on being introduced by George Eliot or Trollope to the doctors, Wrench and Filgrave ? We are taking Middlemarch and the Middlemarchers in perfect seriousness and good faith. We know the people well, and understand their life ; we need no prompting to divine the jar between the old humdrum practitioners and Lydgate with his modern science. To be told that the humdrum practitioner is named Wrench or Filgrave is like receiving a slap in the face. We are rudely awakened, the illusion of reality is brusquely dispelled. The names are so glaringly made up ; it is too unnatural to find these names crying in the wilderness, preparing in the medical desert of Middlemarch a highway for a truer science. Where the aim is to produce by art an illusion of every-day reality, where the artist desires to keep himself and his artistic scaffolding entirely out of sight, or only presents himself for the purpose of commenting on people and things which are supposed to exist independently of him, then the flinging in the reader's face of palpably manufactured names is the unpardonable sin of art, inconsistency. It is not to be pleaded that names of this kind do actually occur in real life, sometimes with startling appropriateness. That truth is stranger than fiction, it has been said, is but another way of saying that fiction may not

dare to be so strange as truth. And the cleverest disciples of perhaps the greatest master of legitimate naturalism in fiction have recently admitted that the realists should rather call themselves illusionists, and must abstain from reproducing what is startling in reality. In George Eliot's case the explanation would seem to be, that she adopted significant names just for the smallest parts, to serve instead of the long description which they would not bear ; just as at the end of the list of *dramatis personæ*, instead of "serving-men," "sheriff's officers," or a more unsavory retinue, the playwright sometimes puts "Fang, Snare, sheriff's officers." But, however legitimate for the playwrights, it is a practice really inadmissible in works like "Middlemarch" or Trollope's novels. There, small as the point is, it is a flaw. It makes the art obtrusive just where it should remain concealed ; it wakes the reader's suspicious criticism, just where such criticism should be lulled to sleep. It is a reappearance in the least naïve of the arts of those scrolls, which issue so naively out of the mouths of the personages in old pictures.

It is not difficult to see with how much more of natural ease Dickens can introduce his Jingles and Veneerings. The art of Dickens is often the art of caricature, often it is the art of farce. His world is a grotesque, pathetic, lurid, ludicrous world of his own. He has brought together a teeming population of quacks and mountebanks, and waifs and strays, and monstrosities, for whom his most extravagant names are accepted as the only natural and proper ones. Another reason, no doubt, that many of his names fit the people with such convincing exactitude is simply that the people themselves have as little of a third dimension as the names. In his wonderful art Dickens found room for characters that are hardly characters at all—not men and women, that is to say, but rather phantasms, admirably suited to heighten the effect of his *mise-en-scène* ; phantasms that crack their finger-joints like Newman Noggs, or play some other pantomime which will add just the ghastly, or droll, or *bizarre* tone which he needs for his effect.

But what shall we say of Thackeray and his Deuceaces and Bareacres and the rest ? Thackeray is verily as great a realist as a great artist can be. He prides himself on

As entertainer-in-chief to the distinguished crowd, the Emperor of Austria first demands a brief notice. There was little in the appearance of Francis to arouse interest or inspire loyalty. In figure he was small and spare with stooping shoulders; his face was very long, with shrunk-en features and cold blue eyes surmounted by a narrow forehead. His expression, which never changed, was one of listless indifference. The man's nature was too dull, his consciousness of rank too ever present to allow disaster or success to draw from him a sign of emotion. Francis had been badly educated, and his intellectual capacities were very low. He took no interest in the work of government or the details of policy. Of art, literature, philosophy, he knew nothing. Admirers have fondly recounted how this lord of many nations spent his leisure time in making varnished boxes and bird-cages. He liked mechanical toys, and in his model of a feudal castle at Laxenburg were dummy sentinels and dungeons, the mimic prisoners in which wrung their hands and groaned by clock-work. He was fond of gardening, and would work for hours at favorite flower-beds; and he had some slight practical knowledge of natural history. His one political idea was a fanatical belief in the virtues of absolute monarchy. "The people," he used to say, "I know nothing of the people, I only know of subjects!" Lenient in other cases, he never pardoned a political offender. But, though the whole policy of the Austrian Government during his reign was one of blind repression, there was nothing in the manner of Francis that bespoke the tyrant. With the cunning that frequently marks very dull men, in his relations with his people he affected the extremes of simplicity and good nature. One day in every week he received private petitions from any of his lieges who chose to present themselves. He talked to them familiarly about their private affairs, instructed one how to deal with a scapegrace son, advised another about the marriage of a flighty daughter. This sham geniality gained its object to the full. The Austrian nobility, intellectually the most backward class in Europe,*

* See, among other witnesses to this effect, Lord Dudley's "Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff." "A great nobleman here (at Vienna) is in general a dull, ill-informed, and very debauched person, which is all natural enough,

looked on their Emperor as a true chip of the old Hapsburg block; and the unthinking multitude vociferously saluted him with the title of Father Francis. He preserved his indifferent attitude through all the excitement of the congress. Metternich could be trusted to do his best for the Austrian interests; and Francis contented himself with acting the part of a figure-head, a sort of incarnation of patriarchal virtue, before which all men might bow down in grateful adoration.

Very different to Francis was the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. The tall, strong figure; the broad, handsome face; the kindly, smiling eyes made up a personality as charming as it was noble. In social intercourse Alexander's manners were perfection.

"The Emperor Alexander," says a contemporary observer, Count Lagarde, "was adored by those who enjoyed the honor of his intimacy; and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts in Vienna."

It is to be feared that Alexander's personal graces were more to be commended than his political character. On his accession men had hailed him as a knight-errant; before he had been long on the throne they had learned to revile him as a Greek of the Lower Empire.

"Alexander's assistance," wrote the Prussian Gneisenau after the treaty of Tilsit, "is as ruinous to the country he affects to protect, as the attack of the enemy, and he winds up by sharing in the spoil taken from his unfortunate ally."

In fact, the Muscovite Bayard was quite ready to break the most solemn engagements if his own advantage could be thereby secured. Moreover, though he on certain occasions showed a bias toward generosity and enlightenment, this was only in cases where his own interests were not concerned. On the entry of the allies into Paris in 1814 he restrained the fury

considering his wealth, his want of a career of honorable ambition, and his dignity, which enables him to trample with impunity upon those decencies which are held indispensable in a better regulated society." The women, says Lord Dudley, were very superior to the men. "Prince Metternich's daughter, who was a year or two ago married to Count Esterhazy, very properly began his education by destroying his numerous and valuable collection of tobacco pipes and by teaching him to read."

of Naples and compelled Louis XVIII. to grant a total constitution to his subjects. But he never introduced any reforms into his own dominions, and his foreign policy was one of constant aggression. At the Congress of Vienna, to the secret amusement of those who had found him outwitted and humiliated, his favorite character of pretence of the oppressed. The Emperor Maria Stea and the French party bled and were soon to be counted among the vanquished. Nothing less than Eugene Devlamin's statement of his capture of Napoleon was made public, and he, at Vienna, he specially intended to use for that purpose, and with him in power, and signed him out for the restoration of his throne in Neaples.

A number of friends of France were the Emperor's English friends, the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Wellington. Maria and Louis were he was attended by an enormous suite and a full of court staff of his generals and a host of minor officers. He greeted with delight all the ambassadors of the congress. To the ladies especially he paid great attention. They were the most admired and the handsome Emperor's courtiers for which compliment he drew up an address to the reigning monarchs of the congress. "The French Emperor" was represented by Caroline Schlegel, "the Prussian Emperor" by Queen Louise, "the Russian Emperor" by Maria Alexandrovna, "the Austrian Emperor" by Maria Theresia, and "the British Emperor" by George IV. The Emperor's courtiers were all of the highest rank and of the highest rank.

The first great European sovereign present at Vienna was Frederick William, King of Prussia. A simple-minded, yearning, conscientious man, he had the misfortune to be born at an age when his good qualities were not yet ripe. His mind, however, when young, to the benefit of the House of Hohenzollern, for the first time since it is known to have been a life of labor and industry. The young king and his court were at first not to spend the most brilliant days together, reading sentimental novels. He was used to a romantic paradise, and he had to accept the Frederick William. Once when the King had pressed him very hard to pay a million guineas for the place and his name. "I will be and will remain neutral," he said: "and if

Paris compels me to go to war, it shall be only against himself." But the doom came in 1806, and with the disaster of Jena the glory of Prussia seemed departed forever. Frederick William had to fly from Berlin and take up his residence at Königsberg for three gloomy years. But the worst was still to come. In 1809 his beloved Louise, whose pure bright figure shone like a star through that age of brutal force and hardened selfishness, was taken from him; and in spite of the great change subsequent events made in his political fortunes there was a shadow on his life for all time. A tall, grave figure with a solemn face rarely lightening with a smile, he was out of place amid the gayeties of the congress. Men of the world made much sport of his attempts at sociability. "The King of Prussia's disposition," says the *Standard*, "is rather tender and sensitive, and he shows a very prominent feeling for Duke Zichy. The only new story by heart in which manner the things are drawn up to parade at Potsdam, how the Prussian army was formerly dressed, and how it is dressed at present, a matter for which she regales her own children with solemnity and religion. These conversations often last whole evenings, in a somewhat too apparent but goodly way."

Of the other monarchs present little need be said. The King of Denmark, the son of the congress, was a small, pale man, with fair hair and aquiline features. His slender manners and amusing conversation made him a universal favorite. The young King of Saxony, of heavy build, with a full, sunny face, looked like a stout German farmer. The King of Württemberg made up for the smallness of his dominions by the enormous bulk of his person. His stay at Vienna was cut short owing to an infirmity incident. So common was his benevolence that in all the dining-rooms at home he had a semi-circular stove put out, to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him in the Austrian court dinner-tables. One night a great banquet was given at which he was invited. In the course of the meal some remark was made which the king construed as a slight on himself. With white rage he jumped up with such sobriety that the table, caught by his precocious bulk, was over-

turned, and all the dishes, plate, glass and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His majesty fled from the room pursued by shouts of laughter, and left Vienna that very night.

All the royal personages, with their families and most important officials, were lodged in the Imperial palace. Francis also provided each of his guests with a superb state carriage, drawn by from two to eight horses, according to the rank of the visitor. No less than three hundred of these equipages, painted green and richly decorated with gold or silver designs, had been specially built for the occasion. To every carriage were attached outriders, guards of honor, and the necessary servants.

The native nobility, the foreign ambassadors, and the leaders of the financial world vied with one another in the splendor of their receptions. At an entertainment given by the Jewish banker, Baron Arnstein, in the middle of winter, the reception rooms were lined with fruit trees, specially imported for the occasion from the most distant countries, so that the guests might pluck their dessert from the branches. Every kind of amusement was devised to enliven the monotony of these entertainments. *Tableaux vivants* were very popular. Isabey, attached as court painter to the French legation, gave his advice regarding the details of costume and the disposal of light and shade. Another form of recreation much in vogue was the charade. A ludicrous description of one of these is given by Dr. Bright, an independent visitor to Vienna during the congress. "The word which was determined on was 'jumeaux.' Some of the actors, coming from their retirement, began to squeeze a lemon into a glass, calling the attention of the company very particularly to it by their action, thus representing the syllable 'ju.' Others came forward imitating the various maladies and misfortunes of life, thus acting the syllable 'meaux.' Then, finally, tottered forward into the circle an Italian duke and a Prussian general, neither less than six feet in height, dressed in sheets and leading strings, a fine bouncing emblem of *jumeaux*!" Gambling, though not pursued with such frenzy as in the decade immediately preceding the French Revolution, was still a very prominent

feature in social life; and there was a great deal of it at the congress.

But the chief amusement of the great world, the chief business of the congress, was dancing. People danced on every occasion and at every place. Every court dinner, concert or reception ended with a ball. Private balls, both plain and fancy dress, took place every night. On these occasions the monarchs themselves danced, not in the luxurious waltz, which would have been too familiar, but in more slow and stately measures, such as the polonaise. It became the fashion also for the most exalted personages to patronize the great public balls given in the Apollo Saal, and attended sometimes by 10,000 persons. No wonder serious people looked grave, and when they thought of the utter stagnation of public business in the midst of all this revelry, murmured with the Prince de Ligne: "Le congrès danse, mais il ne marche pas."

Owing to the season of the year, open-air fêtes rarely took place. On the 18th of October, however, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, a great banquet was given in the Prater to 16,000 soldiers. The Emperor Francis presided at a special table and proposed three toasts, "the Visitors," "the Generals," and "the Allied Armies." Each toast was accompanied by salvoes of cannon and tremendous cheering from an immense crowd of spectators. Occasionally the whole court drove out on sledges to the emperor's villa at Laxenburg. The sledges, many of them carved into fantastic shapes, were drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, their heads surmounted by nodding plumes. They were preceded by a band of music and escorted by the emperor's guards. At nightfall the whole party returned in similar state by torchlight, the procession being much appreciated by the loyal Viennese. Great court battues also took place on the neighboring imperial estates. These, however, were very tame affairs. The members of the imperial family and a few exalted guests sat in a semicircle with attendants behind them to load their guns. The game, which mainly consisted of hares, rabbits, foxes, and occasionally a wild boar, was then driven in front of them. The general body of spectators sat on a platform behind the shooting party to applaud their prowess. The ladies of

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John, who was present at Vienna had a chance to follow the strange career as the "woman who was hanged." Her mother, who was in London, had at the time of her death a son who was resident in France, who was remaining there during the life of his mother, who had been arrested as a spy and passed in the Conciergerie. After a stay there she was condemned and executed, leaving behind her, alone in the French municipality, a daughter, Rosalie, aged five. The orphan found a protectress in the kind-hearted Citoyenne Bertot, the prison laundress.

At last peace came in 1801. Numerous foreign visitors began to appear at Paris, and among them was Count Rezewoffski, brother of Princess Lubomirski, eager to discover the secret of his sister's fate. He obtained full information as to her arrest, imprisonment, and execution. But the authorities of the Conciergerie had lost sight of Madame Bertot, and he was unable to discover the slightest trace of his niece Rosalie. One morning, however, while crossing the courtyard of his hotel, he met a young girl carrying a basket of linen. She bore such a striking resemblance to his dead sister that the count was amazed. He hurriedly demanded her name, and was delighted to receive the hoped-for answer—Rosalie. He then accompanied her to the dwelling of the Bertots, where he thanked the astonished laundress for her kindness to his niece. On returning to Poland with Rosalie, he took Madame Bertot and her children with him. The boys were educated at Wilna at his expense and received commissions in the Polish army. The girls, richly dowered by the count, were wedded to Polish gentlemen. Rosalie herself, on coming to years of discretion, married her cousin, the younger Count Rezewoffski.

Perhaps the most significant examples of capricious fortune were to be found in the ex-empress of the French, Marie Louise, and her little son, the young Napoleon, or, as he was styled in Vienna, the Prince of Parma. Having placed herself under the protection of her father after Napoleon's abdication, Marie Louise had come to Vienna with her child. She lived very quietly in the suburbs, at Schönbrunn, and took no part in the festivities of the congress. Marie Louise had inherited her father's cold heart and apathetic mind. She seemed in no way upset by the sudden change in her position, and was quite content to sit at home playing duets with Baron Neipperg, with whom she subsequently contracted a morganatic marriage. Her little son was naturally an object of intense interest. Visitors to the congress crowded to Schönbrunn to see him. He was a lovely child, with fair complexion, and silky golden hair falling in curls upon his shoulders, and charmed everybody by his gentle ways and artless prattle.

One of the best-known characters in Vienna at this time was Field-Marshal the

Prince de Ligne. Born in 1735, of an old and wealthy Belgian family, Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, had entered the Austrian army in 1752. He served with great credit through the Seven Years' War, and was made a major-general at the coronation of Joseph II. in 1780. He then entered the Russian service, and held a command at the storming of Oczakoff in 1788. He was a great favorite with the Tsarina, Catherine II., and accompanied her in her celebrated journey through the Crimea. In 1789 he resumed his duties in the Austrian army. He received the rank of field-marshal in 1808, and was also colonel of the regiment of Trabans. The Prince de Ligne was one of those persons who, though of independent character, have a natural genius for winning the esteem of sovereigns. A great traveller, he was equally welcome at Versailles, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. To a noble bearing and unsullied reputation he added the possession of great literary abilities. His *mélanges littéraires* are as conspicuous for extent of knowledge as for perfection of style. According to Madame de Staël, he is the only foreigner who has ever become a model to French writers in their own language. Though in his eightieth year, he was still remarkable for his fondness for society. He assiduously attended all the festivities of the congress, and was much in request owing to his knowledge of the world, and his skill as a *raconteur*. He loved the companionship of young men, and used to give them much advice, of the kind that would now be termed *fin de siècle*. "Enjoy your youth while it lasts," he used to tell them, "and adopt as your maxim, carelessness till twenty-five, gayety till forty, and philosophy to the end of life."

In the beginning of December, while the congress was still in full swing, he caught a chill which confined him to his room. Erysipelas set in, and the doctors were compelled to inform him that his time was come. The Prince de Ligne received the dread summons as gayly as he would have accepted an invitation to a dance or a challenge to a duel. "No one will be sorry," he remarked, "to relieve the monotony of pleasure by the funeral of a field-marshal." He drew up a dissertation in which fourteen reasons were given for not fearing death. He spoke approvingly of Petronius Arbiter who,

of fascinating blue eyes, Metternich was in his youth the very model of a gay Lothario. He laid the foundation of his greatness by a marriage with the unlovely daughter of the all-powerful Kaunitz, in 1795. At Dresden, whither he was sent as Austrian Envoy in 1801, he surpassed all his competitors in gallantry. As Austrian Ambassador at Paris in 1806 he won the heart of Caroline Murat. At a time when politics and society were synonymous, the recommendations of his fair admirers greatly contributed to his advancement. But he also possessed an acuteness, vivacity and perseverance which, in the actual dearth of all first-class statesmen, amply justified his appointment to the highest post in the Austrian Empire. Metternich always held that in public affairs the only thing to be dreaded was failure. He disliked men of solid attainments. Zeal, patriotism, public spirit, were to him things to be sedulously avoided, save as means to an end. Metternich did not possess the constructive talents of Kaunitz. He had no sympathy with the generous ideals of Count Philip Stadion. But he was never capable of the colossal cynicism of his successor, Prince Felix Schwarzenburg; and in the attainment of a definite purpose by purely diplomatic methods he has never been surpassed. Metternich never had any real antipathy to France, with which he wished Austria to be allied, as a counterpoise to Russia. He therefore strongly supported the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise. His policy after the defeat of Napoleon in Russia, in its superb selfishness, its indifference to all side issues, and its masterly use of Napoleon's own errors, is a triumph of diplomatic genius. Now that the war was over, Metternich's position was assured. To his subtle mind the confusion of the congress was a matter of congratulation. Delighting in mystification and *finesse*, he loved to steer his way through its shoals and eddies, and found in the universal jealousy and distrust a fit field for the exercise of his skill.

From an artistic point of view it is to be regretted that the political exigencies of the congress placed Talleyrand on his side. A passage at arms between these two great adversaries would have been of surpassing interest. In spite of his long service under the Empire, Talleyrand's offers had been readily accepted by Louis

XVIII. There was something unearthly in the ex-bishop's glassy stare and sardonic humor. "Talleyrand will never die," Pozzo di Borgo used to say, "*parceque le diable en a peur*." Good Miss Berry drew her virtuous skirts close together when she met him.

"Talleyrand! Could you see him!" she writes in her diary. "Such a mass of moral and physical corruption as he appears in my eyes, inspires me with sentiments so far from those with which I look up to great minds and great exertions, that I should be very sorry to be obliged to express what I feel about him."

The Allied Powers had hoped to completely exclude France from the most important deliberations. But Talleyrand soon forced them to acknowledge her as an equal. The course of events increased his influence. The King of Saxony, in return for his alliance with Napoleon, had in 1807 received the Polish provinces of Prussia under the designation of the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw. In 1809 he had received a further accession of territory at the cost of Austrian Galicia. It was now proposed by Russia and Prussia that he should be punished by being deprived of his dominions; Saxony going to Prussia, the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw to the Tsar. This scheme was resolutely opposed by Metternich, who gained the support of the English Ministers. Talleyrand was delighted at the discord in the allied camp. He secretly inflamed the growing animosity which would naturally result in making France the arbiter of Europe. When the division was complete, he threw in his lot with Austria and England. But he did more than offer them material aid; he gave them a war-cry. Stein had passionately demanded the confiscation of Saxony as a retribution for her king's gross treason to the German nation. Talleyrand now declared that the French Revolution had inaugurated a struggle between Legitimacy and Jacobinism. The defeat of the Revolution in the person of Napoleon implied the triumph of Legitimacy. To rob a lawful king of his dominions therefore would be a fatal return to revolutionary principles. It is characteristic of the congress that Talleyrand's theory was only applied to cases where his special interests were concerned. The unhappy heir of Gustavus IV. vainly demanded his help toward restoring him to the throne of Sweden. But Bernadotte's

treacher toward Napoleon had been of the great service to the Bourbons in its overthrow, and the lucky French invasion was set in undisturbed enjoyment of its thirty years of sleep.

The interest of the congress soon began to centre round the question of Saxony. Long and furious were the conferences between Austria and the Tsar. Alexander, impatient of opposition, had concluded that the Austrian Ambassador was a misanthropic rascal. He showed it him in public, and threatened such and such in his hearing. "I despise a man who does not wear a uniform." The English and Prussian Governments, with the assistance of Catherine, drew up a secret treaty, by which they bound themselves to go to war against Russia and Prussia, unless the two latter waived their demands. The treaty was sent to Paris for the French king's consideration. Suddenly, in March, 1805, Napoleon returned to France. Louis XVIII. had to pass off to Belgium in such desperate hurry that he left the treaty behind him at the Tuileries. Napoleon, hoping to still further increase the dissension among the allies, gave it to the Imperial envoy in Paris, who forwarded it to Vienna. Great was the astonishment of Alexander when he discovered that the hospitable French had for the past few weeks been making careful preparations for war against him. He immediately sent for Marmont, and confronted him with his hand-writing. The

venetian Senate Chamberlain, for some in his life, was dumfounded. But it would have been madness to quarrel when Napoleon was about to march into Belgium at the head of 150,000 men. Alexander threw the treaty into the fire, promised never to refer to the subject again, and continued his march to the exposed frontier in an affecting but hypocritical demonstration. It is, however, almost certain that the result of Napoleon only postponed the congress ending in a general European war. The diplomats were now compelled to reconcile their differences. In June, 1805, Napoleon was finally crowned at Waterloo. In September the Holy Alliance was formed between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The last trenches were given to the new king of Rome, and the grand age of Alexander finally closed in its full career.

Of the settlement made by the congress of Vienna not a vestige remains. From the conclusion of the last twenty-five years the sovereigns and statesmen who met together in the winter of 1814 had learned nothing. The atrocities of reaction, their object so far as any object shines through the gloom of mad and distant, was to restore the old state of things, and establish guarantees for its continuance. The Revolutionary Epoch had seen the birth of two great ideas, liberty and nationalism. A system which affected to ignore them had contained within itself the seeds of its own ruin. — *Temple Bar.*

FRANCISCA'S REFUGE.

BY E. THOMAS LUTHERTON.

Who is there who has not felt the charm, after a day's sight-seeing in some foreign town, of going out of the gates and near of the streets into the dimness and quiet of one of the old churches. For my own part, as a persistent sight-seer and visitor of churches, I have often been tempted, when thus resting, to secure a further retreat from publicity in one of the dark little confessionals which line the walls. There is a strange attraction about them, partly because they are so cool and quiet, partly because of the experiences, the tragedies, the penitence which those brown wooden walls have listened to. But

the only time I gave way to the temptation I was punished for my indiscretion in a way which I can never forget, and was called upon to solve a problem in anatomy which might have taxed the skill of the experienced confessor whose place I had usurped.

I was travelling in Italy, and had come to Florence, meaning to remain only for a few days. The fascination of the place, however, which I had known well in years past, held me strongly, and the days grew into weeks. It was winter when I came, but now the spring was at hand, and the wonderful bloom of Florence was begin-

ning. One day, tired with roaming about, I had wandered into a church to rest. It was not one of the great show churches, sketched by artists and visited by tourists, but a little quiet building in a narrow back street, with nothing of much note in it except a beautiful tomb by Mino da Fiesole, on which my eyes were wont to rest with pleasure. I went close up to it, expecting to find a bench on which I could sit for a little while, but the church was being cleaned or prepared for some function, and the benches had all been moved and put aside in corners. I looked round for a chair, but none was to be seen, and at last I quietly opened the door of a confessional and sat down there, meaning to remain for a moment only. But I had walked far, the air was warm and relaxing, and the church dark, and I fell asleep. I know not how long I had slept, but suddenly I was aroused quickly and fully. It was no dream. I heard a voice close to me saying, "Father, I have forged letters which will ruin a woman's life!" Then a pause. I looked through the grating at the side of the confessional, and I could distinguish a woman's form kneeling there. She seemed to be waiting for something—the priest's response, no doubt—for she was silent for a moment, but afterward she began, "Father, hear me." I stepped hastily from the confessional out into the church. My movement surprised her, for she looked round, and then, on seeing me, started up. We looked at one another; there was no one but ourselves in the church. For a moment her anxiety as to what I might have heard, and my remorse at having thus surprised a secret, kept us silent. Then I said, "I am sorry, I am very sorry; there was no chair. I fell asleep. Will you forgive me?"

She looked at me, and there was an expression of pathos and terror in her eyes which drew me to her. "Did the Signora hear?" she asked.

"Oh, forgive me," I answered—and I put my hand on her arm—"forgive me; yes, I heard—something. I think I ought to tell you."

"What did the Signora hear?" she asked, still with the same curious calm.

I was becoming much interested. The woman's unusual behavior, and her look of misery, showed me that something more than a common confession must have been intended. I said, "I am afraid I heard

that you had committed a crime—a crime against another woman."

"Ah, you call it a crime! Then it must be—it must be—and I am guilty!" And she flung herself down in an agony of prayer and tears on the steps of an altar which stood close by.

I waited for a moment, then went to her and said, "Let me help you. You thought you would find a priest; I am not a priest, but I am a woman. Is there not something I can do? Tell me."

She raised herself and looked at me. "The Signora is good, I think; but . . . I am in great trouble and great difficulty. I thought I should find Father Girolamo. He is not here; I fear he may be ill. I heard something of it. And I must see some one, and ask for help."

"Then let me help you," I said, as gently as I could. "I will consider all you tell me as the deepest secret. I will say nothing, I promise. Come with me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

The woman looked at me fixedly, then rose from her knees. "Yes, I will come," she said, simply. "I think the Holy Mother has sent you to me. I prayed so hard to her to send me help before I came here. I see that you are good; your eyes are kind; I will tell you my trouble."

Her voice trembled, and as she bent down to kiss my hand, a tear fell on to it. I drew her with me from the church, and in a few moments we were in my apartment. She followed me quite quietly, and expressed neither doubt nor hesitation. Evidently she had made up her mind to trust me with her difficulties, whatever they were. She was a small slender woman, with curly dark-brown hair, and large lustrous eyes;—not exactly pretty, but with a very refined face, a look and expression which told of a nature noble and generous, if also passionate and proud. I said, "I am going to ask you to tell me your story from beginning to end, and let me try to help you."

"I will tell you all, Signora, from the beginning, but it is a long story. Will you have patience?"

"Yes, I want to hear it all; tell me."

So she began, and this is her story.

Francesca was at this time about twenty-three years of age. Three years before she had married Andrea Vivaldi, a book-binder by trade, and they lived together very happily. Andrea's employment

brought him in a comfortable though small income, he had also a little money of his own, while Francesca was able to earn something by working at embroidery, for which she had a special talent. She had been well educated, and her marriage with Andrea had been considered hardly good enough for her. But she loved him passionately, and her choice had been justified, for they were looked upon by all their friends as models of married love and happiness. The only cloud on Francesca's sky was that Andrea had no religion. Francesca herself was a deeply religious woman, whose life was governed by her faith; but Andrea shared in the unbelief common in Italian towns at the present day, and always put aside good-humoredly, but firmly, her arguments and her efforts to induce him to attend Mass or to go to confession. He was rather wild too, and reckless sometimes, but she knew he was really good and upright; and she hoped and believed that in time, through his love for her, he might be brought to see things as she did. Meanwhile their love and happiness seemed sufficient for them both.

One day, some few months before I met her, she was surprised in her house by a violent knocking at the door. She hurried to open it, and found a small boy who had brought a note, written in Andrea's hand: "I am seriously wounded; come to me directly." She at once followed the boy, cross-questioning him on the way as to what had happened. He knew but little; he told her, however, that there had been some drinking, and a quarrel in a small, rather low wine-shop near the Porta Romana, and that her husband had been wounded—how badly he could not say. Francesca hurried through the streets, and on arriving at the wine-shop was met by the keeper of it, a low, cunning-looking man, who received her effusively and conducted her into the house. A police officer was standing in the room, where signs of the quarrel were everywhere apparent in the overturned tables and chairs, and pools of spilled wine. A man was lying on a bench with his head bandaged. Francesca approached him, thinking at first that he was Andrea; but the innkeeper laid a hand on her arm, saying, "This way; your husband is in here."

"Is the wound dangerous?" asked Francesca in a tremulous whisper.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It seems so," he said.

"But do they fear for his life?" she asked again.

"He is very bad; we have sent for a doctor, but—" and another expressive gesture followed.

"Has the doctor come? Does he give hope?"

"He does not," the man said slowly, his eyes cast down; "he says he is dying."

"Ah! Santa Maria, dying!" cried Francesca, pressing her hands to her heart. "Has a priest been sent for?" she continued eagerly.

"No, no priest; he said he would not see one, he wished only for you."

She rushed forward and entered the little squalid inner room. On a bed in the corner lay Andrea, and she saw at once that she had been told the truth, for his white drawn face and pinched look showed that the end could not be far off. She threw herself on her knees by his side. "Andrea, what is this, how has it happened?" she said with a sob.

The dying man lifted his hand and let it rest on her shoulder. "Francesca, forgive me; I am dying; I have something to say to you before I die."

"Dying? Ah, no! it is impossible, Andrea. I cannot believe it."

"Dear, the doctor has told me that I cannot live above another hour. It is difficult to speak."

He paused for breath, and she moistened his lips with a cordial which stood in a glass close by. Then she laid her hand caressingly on his head—"Andrea, you will send for a priest?"

The dying man shook his head. "No; it is you I want, not a priest. I want to tell you something, to ask you to forgive me." The blood welled up to his lips, so that he had to stop once more. After a moment he went on. "Listen, Francesca, I have committed a sin against you, a great sin."

"Never mind, Andrea," she answered gently; "I do not want to know it now. I will forgive you; we have loved each other so well, let us think now of that alone."

"Perhaps you will not forgive when

you have heard what I must say," he answered, turning away his face. "Years ago, before I saw you, Francesca, I fell in love with Giovanna."

"Carlo's wife?"

"Yes, Carlo's wife. Her parents would not hear of the marriage. I was poor, and they made her marry Carlo. I was miserable, but then my uncle left me some money, and I saw you, and we married. I swear to you," and here he turned his eyes pleadingly toward her, "that for the first two years I never thought of Giovanna again. Then you went to Bologna to your mother when she died, and you were away several weeks. While you were away,"—he was speaking now with great difficulty,—"Giovanna and I met several times, and—and—I was unfaithful to you."

She was kneeling, her head bowed down on the bed, and only a little shiver now and then showed that she was listening. He went on: "I saw her often after that, and then you came home, and I refused to see her. She was angry and upbraided me, but I only met her again once. She wrote me letters, and I have kept some of them." The increasing difficulty of speech warned him to be brief. "There are three, in a secret drawer in my bureau; you will find them; press the spring at the back near the wall. Ah, forgive me! say that you forgive me."

She never raised her head, but said in a low voice, "I will destroy them if you wish it, Andrea."

"Yes, yes; but you must go now, at once," he said, "because the police will search the rooms. Some of the men I quarrelled with here are thieves in the town; the police will suspect I am one of them. It is not true; but they will search, and if they find the letters—"

"Ah, yes," she said, in a cold constrained tone; "we must not let this be known. I will go now, Andrea."

She moved as if to rise, but he caught her hand. "Say first that you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you," she replied, still in the same quiet voice. He sighed deeply, and his hand dropped on the bed. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by, Andrea." She turned from him and went slowly to the door. He followed her with his eyes, but she

never looked round. The door opened, and she was gone.

Francesca left the room almost in a dream. As she passed out the landlord asked her how her husband was. She answered at random that he was much the same.

"Shall I send for a priest?" asked the man.

"If you like, but I do not think he will see him," she replied, and passed quickly out.

Francesca walked hastily on, and as she went her power of thought seemed to return to her. What was this horrible thing that she had heard? Her husband untrue to her—her husband whom she had loved with such single-minded devotion! And Giovanna too, who had been her friend, the wife of his best friend! It seemed an age since she had passed along these streets before; then she was anxious only; now she knew that all her fancied happiness had been a dream, that her idol was of commonest clay, that her trust had been shamefully abused. This was the truth, then, about their married life. It was the greatest failure—a thing for all to scoff at. And she had always been so proud of her happiness, her successful life. But at least every one need not know of her sorrow and her shame. The secret could be hidden; the letters could be destroyed; people should think that her husband was in truth what they all believed him to be. And then the thought flashed across her, What if she were too late,—if the police got there first? Supposing they found the letters, and it was discovered that the model couple, as the neighbors used to call them, were no better than the rest after all! The thought gave her wings; she hurried on along the narrow streets, over the bridge, and through the crowd which fills the piazzas and streets round the Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo. It was a holiday, and loiterers were everywhere, impeding her progress, sometimes speaking to her. But she sped on, only just acknowledging their greeting, making her way steadily to her own home, hoping only to arrive in time. It was with a feeling of intense relief that she opened her door and went through into the bedroom where was Andrea's bureau. She knew it well, but had never suspected the secret drawer, for prying was far from

her nature, and her trust in Andrea had been complete. She pressed the lock as Andrea had told her to do, but no result followed. Suddenly the thought came to her, "Could the whole thing have been a sign of Andrea's brain—nothing but delirious raving?" It was like a ray of light in a dark room: but a moment's thought brought the certainty that there had been no trace of delirium or fever in his manner. She listened: there was a noise in the stairs; and this time, with renewed resolution, she lent herself to her task. She was successful. The spring was forced, and the drawer opened.

In it lay an envelope tied with silk. She took it out and looked at it. Should she open it? Francesca was an honorable woman, and her instincts were against reading the letters. But there came the thought that she might have misunderstood Andrea: that perhaps, after all, things were not so bad as she fancied. What else, say what was her exact motive—whether it was good or bad? She opened the envelope and took out the letters. There were three. One was dated about a year ago, during the time she was at Bologna. It was an ordinary love-letter, rather long, containing expressions of affection, and ending in the date which separated it from Andrea. The second was dated a few months back, and ran thus—

"Will you never come back to me? Think of our happiness last year: do you no longer love me? Have some pity on me, I beg you so."
GIORANNA.

The third, written a little later, was still shorter.

"No longer Andrea—Carlo is away. I shall expect you to return."

"Yours truly, Carlo."

"GIORANNA."

Francesca stood with the letters in her hand, gazing at them. They seemed to be written in characters of fire, which burned themselves into her brain. It was the confirmation of her shame and misery: no doubt could now remain: all the past, with its joys and happiness, had been no more than a mockery. But she had no doubts at once, for the police were at hand: she hastily bestowed the letters about to be destroyed as an event. No one should know of the error which had

befallen her, and Carlo's happiness should be undisturbed. She flew to the stove, where there was a small fire, and in one instant the letters were blazing. Then, hastily, she left the room, knowing that it would be best that the police should not find her there. When she returned from an aimless wandering through the streets an hour or two afterward, she found the police had come and had fruitlessly searched the room, and had gone away again without giving any further trouble.

The day of the funeral came, and at the funeral Mass, which took place in the little church where I first met Francesca, many of Andrea's friends were present. It was here that she first saw Giovanna. Carlo had been to see her at once: he had been kind and full of deep grief for the death of his friend, and of sympathy with her in her bereavement. It had all felt like a mockery, and it seemed to her that she could hardly bear his praises of Andrea as a friend or a husband, and his passionate expressions of grief. But the severest trial was still to come. Francesca was kneeling, trying to school herself to pray fervently, and to abandon the angry bitter thoughts which assailed her, when suddenly she looked up, and saw a woman's eyes fixed on her with a strange expression of sympathy mingled with contemptuous pity. She knew well those large dark eyes, set in a handsome, rather Jewish countenance, which was surrounded by a mass of coal-black hair. It was Giovanna, the woman her husband had loved—the only person besides herself who knew of his treachery. Giovanna withdrew her glance as soon as Francesca looked up: but it was too late, Francesca had seen the expression, and knew too well the feeling that it implied. "She is thinking that I am a poor creature fond weeping and praying for my husband, whose affection for me was only a pretence, while she had his real love." But in the midst of her bitterness and when the old religious feelings reasserted their power, and there swept over her a sense of the stiffness of her thoughts, and of the duty laid upon her, not of mere science, but of forgiveness. She gazed at Giovanna for a moment, then, as the bell gave warning that the supreme moment of the service had come, she buried her face once more in her hands, and prayed for pardon. But she had not noticed the act. The victory was not

won; the struggle was only just beginning. Each meeting with Giovanna brought fresh jealousy with it—fresh torture. Whether it was imagination or not, Francesca believed that she assumed an air of superiority, that she always recollected Andrea's love for her, and his desertion of his wife. Giovanna was kind to her, and Francesca did not dare refuse her offers of hospitality, for Carlo believed them to be friends, and would have wondered had Francesca refused to visit his wife. He was a bluff, kindly man, very passionate and devoted to Giovanna; but he was inclined to be jealous, and Francesca knew that it would be easy to arouse his suspicions. So before him she was careful what she said; but, when alone with Giovanna, she could not refrain at times from making allusions and insinuations. One day she had gone to Carlo's little frame shop to leave a message, and had found only Giovanna. She gave her message, and followed Giovanna into the sitting-room. Her glance at once fell on a photograph of Andrea, which was standing on the table in an elaborately carved frame.

"Is this Carlo's work?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Giovanna; "he has just finished it."

"And you will keep it here?" said Francesca, quickly.

"Yes," observed Giovanna; "Carlo wishes to have Andrea's picture where he can always see it."

"And so do you, I suppose," said Francesca. Giovanna glanced at her, with a slightly uneasy look. But she rejoined at once, "Why should I not?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought, perhaps, you might wish to forget him." Giovanna was silent, and Francesca said no more.

Another day Carlo had insisted on her coming to take her mid-day meal with them. There was some desultory talk, and all went well till Carlo said, "Ah, poor Andrea! he used often to come here for his dinner when you were away a year ago,—let's see, at Bologna, was it? You had gone to nurse your mother. Poor Andrea! he was rather lonely, and liked coming here. You remember, Giovanna?"

Giovanna assented, and Carlo went on: "He used to say he would learn carving, and once he made a little frame. Where

is it, Giovanna? he gave it to you, I know. Have you got it still?"

"Yes, yes, somewhere," said she, hastily; "never mind now."

"Yes, but I want Francesca to see it. I recollect, it's up in the bedroom. I saw it the other day. I will get it;" and he was gone.

Giovanna half rose, as if to stop him, but Francesca said, "Let him get it; I should like to see the frame. You taught him, I suppose?"

Giovanna bit her lip. "Yes," she said, and she bent her eyes with a slight smile on Francesca; "and he was a clever pupil."

Francesca started; but at this moment Carlo returned with the frame. "It is hardly a work of art," he said, laughing, "but it has merits. Perhaps you would like to keep it. 'You will let her, won't you?'" he added, turning to Giovanna.

Francesca dropped it on the table with a crash. "Thanks! no, I will not rob Giovanna," she said.

"What is the matter?" said Carlo; "do you not like the frame?"

"Perhaps she is angry because Andrea did not tell her of his visits to us," said Giovanna.

Francesca felt that she had gone too far, and, incensed as she was, dared not trust herself to say more; so, muttering an excuse, she got up and took her departure. But such scenes as these were not uncommon; and while determined to preserve her secret, both for her own sake and for Carlo's, Francesca often allowed herself to dwell on the hateful words which she could not forget. What if she were suddenly to turn upon Giovanna with them? "Will you never come back to me? Have some pity on me, I love you so." "Carlo is away, I shall expect you to-morrow." And she let these thoughts take possession of her, brooding upon them constantly, and making no effort to conquer them. At length one day, after a longer absence than usual, Francesca had to go to the little frame shop. It was late in the afternoon, the workman had gone home; Carlo was out, and Giovanna was alone. She was dusting the frames and putting them away for the night, and Francesca offered to help her. For some time they went on, only an occasional remark breaking the silence. All at once

Giovanna said, "When does your sister come to see you?"

"In a few weeks," returned Francesca.

"You have not seen her for some time?"

"Not since I was at Bologna, a year ago."

"Ah, yes, you were at Bologna a year ago," said Giovanna in a slow voice.

"A year: it's a long time," and she sighed.

"You went to nurse your mother, didn't you?"

Something in her words or her manner irritated Francesca beyond endurance. The strain on her nerves had been great, and very little was needed to throw her off the balance. She went nearer to Giovanna, and looking fixedly at her, said, "Yes, I went, to my sorrow, and to my husband's. Had I known what the result would be, I should have let my mother die alone sooner than leave Andrea—and you."

Giovanna started. "What do you mean?" she said in a low voice.

"You know well enough what I mean. You know that you ensnared my husband: that you—"

"Stop, stop! you must not say it: what do you know! It is false."

"Is it?" sneered Francesca: "then why did you write to ask him to come back to you, and say you loved him till death?"

Giovanna stood pressing her hands hard together. "How do you know I said that?" she asked.

"Have I not seen the letters?" asked Francesca, with a mocking laugh.

"You have seen the letters! I told Andrea to destroy them, and he promised."

Giovanna's involuntary avowal roused Francesca thoroughly, and she was now quite reckless. "Ah, but what if he did not obey you—what if I have seen the letters! Oh, I cannot bear it. I must tell all to Carlo, you treacherous woman: false wife, false friend: I hate you, I hate you!"

Suddenly she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and a man's voice close to her said, "What is this! What do you mean by speaking like this to Giovanna?" It was Carlo.

Francesca turned on him and said: "What do I mean!—why, that I have

spoken at last, and told your wife what I know."

"And what is that?" said Carlo, with an indifference which still more exasperated Francesca.

"Why, that you are a fool with your belief in her. She and my husband knew each other well, too well; she was—"

"Stop!" cried Giovanna, who had mastered herself completely on seeing her husband. "It is a lie, Carlo—do not listen to her: come away," and she took his hand: but he hesitated, and Francesca cried—

"Oh, she will tell you lies in plenty if you go with her! But ask her to explain why Andrea came here so often."

"If that is all," said Carlo, with evident relief, "it is easily explained. You know what friends he and I were." And he went on with a half smile, "Are you jealous! There is no reason."

"There is reason," said Francesca. "I tell you that I know Andrea was your wife's lover."

Carlo fell back as if stunned, but recovering himself, seized Francesca by the wrist. "Woman!" he cried fiercely, "how dare you say such a thing! how dare you think it!"

"Think it!" retorted Francesca; "have I not burned into my own heart the words of her letters?"

"Letters! What letters?"

"The letters your wife wrote to my husband—Will you never come back to me! Have some pity on me, I love you so. Think of our happiness last year."

"Silence!" he shouted; "if you dare to make such charges you must prove them. You are lying: show me these letters."

Francesca paused for a moment in her passion. "You want them! You shall have them. I will send them at once—to-night, when I get back."

"Don't think I believe you. I will believe nothing but my own eyes: and if you are deceiving me, if you cannot make good your words, I will have my revenge on you."

He rushed out of the shop and down the street without another look at Giovanna, who had stood with set face, motionless, during the latter part of the scene. But as Francesca turned to go, she said, "You may be content, you will have

your revenge. I was trying to repent, to atone ; now it is not possible."

Francesca hardly listened ; she left the shop and walked back to her house in a whirlwind of tempestuous passion, feeling a mixture of fear and elation at the result of her daring. And she knew what she was going to do. She had a knack of imitating handwriting, and she remembered every word of the true letters. She knew that they had been written on ordinary paper, and had nothing peculiar about them. What could be easier than to imitate them—and where was the harm ? There could be none in just rewriting letters which had really existed, and which, but for her wish to preserve her husband's secret and to shield Carlo, would never have been destroyed. Without delay, therefore, she went home, and after carefully copying several times an old letter of Giovanna's which she possessed, she produced, after repeated efforts, copies of the letters which perfectly satisfied her. It was late when she had finished, and the post that night had gone. Besides, she did not wish to be hasty ; she wanted to look at her work in the morning light, to be sure it would bear inspection. When she did so, and compared them with Giovanna's own letter, she was sure that no eye could have detected any difference in the character. She omitted no precaution, taking them to the post-office, and registering the packet to Carlo's address for greater safety. She supposed they would arrive late in the afternoon, and she had decided to go to Carlo's house then, in case Giovanna should have intercepted them. There was a long time to wait after posting them, and she went home and tried to work ; but she was too restless to remain there, so she walked about the streets, pacing to and fro, waiting, waiting for the hours to pass. For the reaction had come after her long struggle. She had done her worst, she had been revenged ; but already the misgivings which follow on any unrestrained outburst of passion had begun to assail her. At length, after some time, she found herself in the Piazza di San Marco, and, tired of the pavements and of the crowd of jostling people, she entered the old convent. She went through the cloisters and the cells, looking vacantly at the frescoes, feeling them far remote from her present mood of passion. At length she found her way

into the chapter-house, and, utterly weary, sank down on a seat just in front of the great Crucifixion. She sat there quietly, letting her eyes rest upon it, and, more from habit than anything else, she murmured a prayer. Then as she looked her interest became awakened, and she gazed at the kneeling saints and at the figure of the Crucified with a new feeling, a deeper insight. There, before her, she saw the ideal of love and the ideal of worship, and they spoke their message to her passionate heart.

I have said that Francesca had been a deeply religious woman, but since her husband's death, and the shock to her inmost nature which his confession had produced, her religion had been little more than form, and a thick cloud of indifference seemed to have come over her. Now, suddenly the cloud rolled away, and in a moment, then, there, she realized what she had done. For her this pure and reverent devotion was impossible ; her sin had laid hold on her, she could not look up with those assembled saints to the cross. She saw clearly now the baseness of the motives which had led to her lie to Carlo, to her forgery of the letters. She knew that in Giovanna's last words to her there had been a ring of truth, and that it was she who had made her repentance next to impossible. She knew that Carlo's trust would be destroyed, even as hers had been—only that on him the effect would be far worse. "Oh, what have I done, what have I done !" she moaned. A wild thought struck her—could the letters be recovered ? But no, she knew too well that it was impossible. "Holy Mother, holy saints, show me what I can do to atone," she prayed as she sat with wide eyes gazing at the kneeling figures round the cross. A few moments later she knew what to do. She rose and went straight to the little church where I met her, hoping to find Father Girolamo, and to ask help and counsel from him.

And it was this story that she told me as we sat in my little room on the Lung' Arno, while the sun was setting in a cloud of glory. When she had finished, she looked up at me and said, "And now can the Signora help me ?"

I went to the window and looked out ; the spring air, fresh and strong, was blowing in, and brought to me the sense of reawakening life and unstained happi-

Carlo seized it, glanced down the pages, and compared it with the other letters. With a sneer he said: "I compliment you; it is very clever." He turned to Giovanna, who had risen and was standing with her eyes fixed on Francesca. "Can you forgive me?" he said softly. "How could I have suspected you?" She came forward and put her hand in his, but said no word. He turned on Francesca: "So you were jealous, were you? You had lost your own husband, and our happiness made you angry. It was lucky Andrea died before he found you out. Ah! you tried to poison my life," he went on, with rising passion; "very well, I will poison yours; I tell you I will make your life a misery to you. I will make you repent this—I will have my revenge."

She hesitated a second. I stood there, my resolution almost failing me. I almost hoped that Giovanna might, in an impulse of repentance and generosity, confess all. She stood by the table silent, her eyes cast down, but with her hands nervously pressed together, her teeth tightly set.

Francesca made one effort; she drew a little nearer to her and said, "Giovanna, you will remember what you said to me yesterday."

Giovanna looked up; for a moment the eyes of the two women met. Then Giovanna made a slight movement forward; but if she would have spoken, it was stopped by Carlo. He turned in a fury, and sweeping Francesca back with his arm, he shouted: "Go! you are not fit to speak to my wife; leave the house. If

you stay here I think I shall kill you. Go!"

Giovanna had fallen back, her hands pressed to her face, shrinking from his passion. There was no more to say, no more to hear. So we went, Francesca and I, out of the room and the little shop. It was all at an end—her self-sacrifice was accomplished.

And here my story ends, or rather, as in reality is often the case, it has no end, but simply disappears into the sands of every-day life. For of the history of these three people very little remains to be told. Carlo fulfilled his threat, and spread the story of Francesca's wrong-doing as widely as he could. It was taken up and exaggerated with every kind of insinuation, till she was avoided and scorned by many of her former friends. The one consolation she had was that her sacrifice had not been in vain; for Giovanna atoned as far as was possible for her sin, and nothing ever again marred her husband's happiness. Sometimes, in after-years, when I have thought of Francesca's gray melancholy life, I have been tempted to regret the counsel I gave her—to wonder whether, after all, it was necessary for her to take on herself all the punishment. But such thoughts have been very fleeting; for my knowledge of her character as it was before and after her fault has convinced me that I was right, and has shown me the purifying and ennobling power which lies in an act of courageous repentance.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE RECENT AUDIENCE AT PEKING.

BY R. S. GUNDRY.

DIFFERENT peoples require to be judged by different standards, just as certain heavenly bodies require special methods of observation. The movement of a planet can be discerned easily enough, but it is only by means of fine threads drawn across the object-glass that it is possible to detect that the so-called fixed stars move at all. Japan goes ahead at a hand-gallop; her progress is visible to the unassisted European eye; whereas China moves so slowly that it is only by using a sort of political paralax that we can be sure she does progress.

We need to widen, in her case, the basis of observation. Instead of judging by years we must judge by periods, and from various standpoints. And it has been suggested that, examined in this way, the audience lately accorded by the Emperor Kwangsu to the foreign representatives at Peking presents some features of general as well as political interest.

But we must indulge in a retrospect if we would judge of the significance of that ceremony. To note, merely, that certain conditions were observed would be simply

to the fact that the Empire's foreign relations are becoming more and more important to her. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied.

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is of the present century China had, indeed, foreign relations in our own acceptance of the term. Every man of sense, it is true, from Anshih, believed in the days of the Emperor Kangxi, that the Empire was a great power. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied. The fact that the Empire is now a great power is a fact which is not to be denied.

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Chentu Gate of the Taiho Pavilion, where the Emperor gives audience. After the officers in attendance at the Court have finished their ceremonial, the envoys will be conducted to the open courtyard below the steps of the pavilion, where they will be placed at the foot of the file of officials on the west side. At the word of command they will kneel and kotow nine times.

"If no Court is being held at the time, the Board will memorialize and take his Majesty's pleasure in regard to an audience. If it should be granted, one of the presidents of the Board of Ceremonies will, at the appointed time, conduct the envoys, who must be in the court dress of their country, to the palace, where they will wait outside. His Majesty, in ordinary costume, will enter one or other of the audience halls, as may be convenient, attended by the Ministers of the Presence, the Ministers of the Body Guard, and the Ministers of the Household, arranged as in ordinary ceremonial. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will then conduct the envoys, attended by their interpreters, as far as the court-yard, on the west side of which they will kneel and kotow nine times. This being ended they will be conducted up the west steps, attended by one interpreter, to the door of the pavilion, outside of which they will kneel. His Majesty will ask in a soothing manner after their welfare. The President of the Board will communicate the question to the interpreter, who will pass it on to the chief envoy. The envoy will reply, the interpreter will translate the reply to the president, and the president will report it to his Majesty. The ceremony being ended, they will retire.

"If it is desired to treat the envoys in a more favored manner, the Manchu and Chinese officials who are on the roll of attendance for the day will assemble, wearing their embroidered robes, and take their positions on the right and left. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will conduct the envoys as far as the farther part of the court-yard of the pavilion, where they will perform the obeisance as above. That being ended, he will conduct them up the west steps to the pavilion, which they will enter by the right door, attended by their interpreters. They will take up a position at the rear of the officials, forming on the right. After standing for a short space his Majesty will graciously direct that all be seated. The Ministers of the Imperial Guard, the Ministers of the Household, and all the officials on duty will kotow once and take their seats in order, after which the envoys will kneel and kotow once, and take their seats. His Majesty will then graciously order tea to be served. Tea will first be handed to his Majesty, upon which all will kneel and kotow. Tea will then be served to the Ministers and the envoys in order; all will kneel to receive it, and kotow once. The drinking being finished, all kneel as before. His Majesty will then soothingly ask a question, which will be passed on by the President of the Board, and answered in the form and manner already stated. The ceremonies being ended, the

President of the Board will conduct the envoys back to one of the waiting-rooms, where refreshments will be graciously provided by order of the Emperor. That being ended, the director in charge of the envoys will conduct them back to their residence."

It is a tribute to Lord Macartney's bearing and diplomacy that he succeeded in getting a satisfactory audience in spite of these provisions. And few more interesting chapters have been written, in the history of our intercourse, than those in which Sir George Staunton* describes that first interview of a British envoy with the sovereign whom the Jesuit missionaries called the greatest monarch in the world, and the best literate in his Empire. The question of the kotow came, of course, very early to the fore. The Emperor was at Zehol; but the Mandarins began speaking of it at Yuen-min-yuen, trying, already, to induce Lord Macartney to "practise" it before "the screen"—a function which has, in Chinese eyes, the significance of personal homage.† Having, however, no intention of performing the ceremony, he naturally declined the rehearsal, urging that the ceremonies practised by subjects were not to be expected from the representatives of Foreign Powers, and that he would incur serious responsibility if he did, in his representative character, anything that could be construed as an act of homage. He seems to have taken a leaf, however, out of the Russian book. The difficulty might, he said, be obviated if the Emperor would order an officer of the Court equal to himself in rank to perform before the picture of his Britannic Majesty, dressed in robes of State, the same ceremony that he was asked to perform before the Chinese throne; otherwise he must be guided by English custom. A people keenly alive to humor must have been tickled by the suggestion, how extravagant soever it may have seemed. Lord Macartney was asked what form of respect, then, he could consistently adopt; and answered that on approaching his own sovereign he bent on one knee, and he was willing to demonstrate in the same manner his respectful sentiments toward the Chinese Emperor.

* *An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China.* By Sir George Staunton, Bart. London. 1797.

† The King of Korea, for instance, kotows on receipt of an Imperial letter.

It is to the credit of Kienlung's good sense that the compromise was accepted: but an agreement was not improbably facilitated by the fact that the advent of the mission chanced to coincide with the Emperor's birthday, so that any concession in point of ceremonial might be obscured in the eyes of the people by the evidence of his arrival "from afar," on a visit of respect and congratulation. However that may be, the interview was held—in a great tent erected for the purpose in a garden of the palace: and we may quote Sir George Staunton's account of the ceremony. It is interesting to compare it with the regulations that have been quoted, and with the experience of later envoys.

"The Emperor, on his entrance into the tent, mounted the throne by the front steps consecrated to his use alone. The Chief Minister and two of the principal persons of the household were close to him, and always spoke to him upon their knees. The princes of his family, the tributaries and great officers of State being already arranged in their respective places in the tent, the President of the Board of Rites conducted Lord Macartney, who was attended by his page and Chinese interpreter, near to the foot of the throne." "The other gentlemen of the embassy, together with a great number of Mandarins and officers of inferior dignity, stood in the great opening of the tent, from whence most of the ceremonies could be observed." "The Ambassador, instructed by the President, held the box of gold adorned with jewels, in which was enclosed the King's letter between both hands lifted above his head, and in that manner, ascending the few steps that led to the throne and bending on one knee, presented the box with a short address to His Imperial Majesty, who, graciously receiving the same with his own hands, placed it by his side and expressed in a few courteous words pleasure at the reception of the embassy and the presents."

It is scarcely surprising, after what we have seen of Chinese pretension, to learn that "the Chinese considered this reception exceptionally honorable and distinguished: the privilege of delivering credentials into the Emperor's own hands being especially remarked. The condescension seems indeed to have been too much for the Court historiographer, who alleges the intervention of a Minister.

And here I venture again to draw on Mr. Jamieson, for the Chinese version of the transaction:

"In the 56th year of Kienlung (A.D. 1799) the English nation sent the envoy Ma-ho-er-ni and others to present tribute. His Majesty held court in a grand pavilion. The Ministers of the Grand Council and the Presidents of the Board of Ceremonies introduced the envoy, who respectfully presented the King's letter on his knees. The Emperor ordered one of the Ministers of the Presence to receive it, which was done, and the documents were handed up for the inspection of his Majesty."

Englishmen will not be disposed to credit the Chinese record in preference to Sir George Staunton's: though it must be noted, in confirmation of its general accuracy, that no allegation is made of Lord Macartney's kowtowing, and that mention is even made of the well-known incident of the Emperor's gift of a purse to his page! After the ceremony came a banquet, not of the mere perfunctory kind prescribed in the Regulations, but in the very society of the Emperor. Certain Burmese and Turkoman envoys having been introduced, "repeated nine times the most devout prostrations, and been quickly dismissed," Lord Macartney and his companions were conducted to cushions on the left* of the Emperor, about mid-way down the tent, while the princes, tributaries, and dignitaries of the Court were seated, according to their rank, nearer to or farther from the throne. "A table was laid for every two guests: as soon as all were seated these were uncovered and exhibited a sumptuous banquet. On each was a pyramid of dishes or bowls containing viands and fruits in vast variety. A table was placed likewise before the Emperor, who seemed to partake heartily of the fare set before him. . . . The dishes and cups were carried to him with hands uplifted over the head in the same manner as the gold box had been borne by the Ambassador." The Emperor sent dishes from his own table during the repast, and his attentions culminated, at the close, in calling his guests to the throne and presenting with his own hands a goblet of Chinese wine.

The Embassy arrived, as we have seen, on the occasion of Kienlung's eighty-third birthday: and Sir George's description of a "prostration before the screen" on the

* In China the left is the place of honor.

festal day may perhaps be quoted in illustration of that ceremony :

"The festival really lasted several days. The first was consecrated to the purpose of rendering a solemn, sacred and devout homage to the Supreme Majesty of the Emperor. This ceremony was no longer performed in a tent, nor did it partake of the nature of a banquet. The princes, tributaries, ambassadors, great officers of state, and principal mandarins were assembled in a vast hall, and upon particular notice were introduced into an inner building bearing the semblance of a temple. It was chiefly furnished with great instruments of music . . . to the sound of which a slow and solemn hymn was sung by eunuchs, who had such a command over their voices as to resemble the sound of musical glasses at a distance. . . . During the performance, and at particular signals nine times repeated, all the persons present prostrated themselves nine times, except the Ambassador and his suite, who made a profound obeisance. But he whom it was meant to honor continued, as if it were in imitation of the Deity, invisible the whole time."

The exigencies of space forbid us to follow Sir George farther through his interesting narrative. Neither are we concerned with the political results of the mission : it will suffice to add that Lord Macartney seems to have been treated, during his stay, and on his return journey, with all the politeness he could expect. Nor need we dwell on the experiences of a Dutch Embassy, three years later, which is understood to have complied with the exigencies of Chinese ceremonial requirements, under difficulties heightened by the tightness of the nether costume, but without achieving any commensurate diplomatic success.

The next striking landmark is the mission despatched by George IV., when Prince Regent, in 1816. Lord Amherst's instructions seem to have been similar to his predecessor's, but his experience was widely different. The behavior of Kia-king, or at any rate of his courtiers, was as rude as that of Kienlung had been considerate and polite. Lord Amherst had no mind for the great overland journey from Canton. He went by sea to Tientsin, where he was hospitably received, but where the question of the kotow was at once raised. A screen had been arranged in the banqueting-room of the edifice to which he was conducted. Before it stood "a table covered with yellow cloth, and supporting a vessel of smoking incense, the whole being symbolical of the presence of the Emperor." Nearly two hours

were spent, according to the historian* of the mission, in the endeavor to persuade him to kotow before this simulacrum ; but his refusal at length prevailed, and the Chinese contented themselves with his promise to bow as often as they prostrated themselves. He "was placed accordingly, with Sir George Staunton, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Morrison, immediately before it, having six Mandarins of high rank on his right hand, and the gentlemen of his suite behind him. At a signal given by an officer, the Mandarins fell on their knees, knocked their heads three times against the ground and then arose : a second and a third time this signal was repeated, and a second and third time they knocked their heads against the earth ; the Ambassador and the gentlemen of his suite bowing respectfully nine times."

At Tungchow—which Li Hung-chang now wants to make the terminus of a railway toward Peking, but whither Lord Amherst was carried in boats bearing the "Tribute-bearer" flag—they were met by Duke Ho, whom Mr. Abel describes as President of the Foreign Board ; and the question of the kotow was again urged. The Chinese insisted ; Lord Amherst refused. The Duke "threatened to send him out of the Empire without seeing the Celestial face !" Lord Amherst declared his readiness to depart ; and his persistence at length prevailed. Word was brought that Kia-king would waive the kotow and receive him on his own terms. It was thought, naturally, that all difficulties were now removed, but the possibilities of Chinese official insolence are without bounds. Kia-king was at Yuen-min-yuen, and Lord Amherst was persuaded to start from Tungchow late in the afternoon, on the understanding that a halt would be made at Peking, which is only a few miles distant ; but he was carried past the walls, compelled to travel all night, and reached Yuen-min-yuen only at dawn of day.

"Arrived within a short distance of the Imperial palace, the Ambassador's carriage was stopped by some Mandarins in their dresses of ceremony, who requested him to enter the Imperial palace. His lordship at first refused, pleading fatigue and illness, and begging to be led to the quarters prepared for him ; but after repeated solicitations and assurances

* *Narrative, etc. etc., of Lord Amherst's Embassy to the Court of Peking.* By Clarke Abel, Chief Medical Officer, etc. London, 1818.

that he would only be detained to partake of refreshment, he alighted, and accompanied by a few of the gentlemen of his suite, passed through a multitude of Mandarins to the palace. The whole party were here pushed into a small room, which was at once crowded by Mandarins. Lord Amherst threw himself upon a bench, much exhausted by fatigue, watching, and agitation of mind . . . but the Chinese would suffer no repose. In a few minutes the President of the Board of Works announced the Emperor's desire to see him and the other Commissioners. Lord Amherst replied that fatigue, illness, and want of the necessary attire rendered compliance almost impossible, and requested that his Majesty would allow him that day to recover himself; but his excuses were not received. The Emperor's wish was again and again urged as not to be repeated, while his Excellency adhered to his remonstrance. . . . Finding that their entreaties were unavailing, the delegates retired, but were immediately succeeded by Duke Ho, who entered the room with a determined air and, turning up to the Ambassador, repeated the Emperor's desire to see him, adding that they would only be required to perform the English ceremony. On receiving the same answer, he caught his lordship rudely by the arm, beckoning at the same time to some surrounding Mandarins to assist him. They stepped forward, but before they reached him he started up and advanced toward him while in the act of shaking off his unmannerly assistant. This sudden movement stopped them, and they fell back with countenances full of astonishment. His lordship, freed from the Duke's grasp, protested with great dignity and firmness against the insult he had received, and claimed to be treated as the representative of a great and independent sovereign, declaring that force alone should carry him into the Imperial presence. The Duke at once altered his tone, endeavoring to make it appear that what he had considered an attempt to force the ambassador was only the Chinese mode of assisting a person unable to walk, and in the most persuasive manner entreated him to wait on the Emperor, who, he said, merely wished to see him on his arrival and would not detain him. Persuasion, however, if it could have availed at first, was now useless, and the Duke, defeated in his purpose, left the room in high displeasure.

Thus the story shows the party were at length conveyed to their intended quarters. Having, however, had their breakfast and thrown themselves down, and not to get some sleep when they were roused by a fresh summons. The plenipotentiary, conversed at the Ambassador's request to visit him, but commented on immediate departure.

Such was the apoplexy of the mind at attempts to open negotiations with a Chinese Emperor, and the narrative will probably be more than adequate ammunition to ex-

plain the importance attached to the conditions of the recent ceremony. Nothing better than Lord Amherst's experience could exhibit the overbearing pride which conceives China to be the central kingdom of the universe, and the Emperor, as its sovereign, to be so immeasurably exalted that there can be no question of aught but submission to his will. The degree of respect shown to foreign representatives at Peking constitutes, in fact, a sort of political barometer, indicating the degree of progress that has been made in overcoming these prejudices and in opening the eyes of the Chinese to their true relative position among the nations of the world. The difficulty lies as much, or perhaps more, with the great officials than with the Emperor himself. It is believed, for instance, that Kia-king was kept in ignorance of Lord Amherst having travelled all night and being unready in point of habiliment to enter his presence; and the fact that there ensued a wholesale infliction of penalties and degradation, immediately after his departure, appears to justify the surmise. It seems the literal truth that the Mandarins are, in China, more Imperial than the Emperor. It was the continued exhibition, by the provincial magnates at Canton, of the same overbearing insolence which had brought about the *saeco* at Yuen-min-yuen, that led to Admiral Parker's expedition and the dictation, in 1842, of the treaty of Nanking. It was their failure to appreciate the lesson then taught which led, sixteen years later, to the capture of Canton and the dictation (in 1858) of the treaty which opened China and stipulated for the residence of an English representative at Peking.

Circumstances prevented, however, even then, a settlement of the audience question on terms commensurate with the actual situation. The Emperor Hienfung died to-day, and died there shortly after the conclusion of peace. His successor was a minor, and not of the same age could the Foreign Ministers reasonably demand to be received.

Anticipating themselves of the opening of-
 toward by England and
 great Powers had negotiated treaties on a
 similar footing in the interval; and so,
 when the Russian Plenipotentiary came of age,
 the Ministers of
 Holland, Rus-
 sian and the
 and St. Thomas

Wade in proposing to offer their congratulations and deliver their credentials to him in person upon the occasion. Even the allied occupation of Peking had scarcely lowered the tone of the great majority of the Literati. The invader had come and had gone, as had happened before in Chinese history; but the Empire remained; the barbarian intruder was a barbarian still. Political education had, however, made so much progress among the chief statesmen of Peking that it was known refusal would be foolish, and that the kotow was out of the question. Tungche assumed the reins of power in February 1873, and the publication of the following edict in the *Peking Gazette* of June 15 announced that the plunge would be taken:

"The Tsungli Yamén [Foreign Office] having presented a memorial to the effect that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking have implored [us to grant] an audience, that they may deliver letters from their Governments, we command that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking who have brought letters from their Governments be accorded audience. Respect this!"

There were objections to the edict, not the least of which was the statement that the Ministers had humbly begged, or "implored," an audience. There were others, incidental to the Chinese composition, which it would be tiresome here to endeavor to explain. Exception was taken, also, to the locality chosen, which was outside the sacred precincts of the palace. Not even yet have the Mandarins been brought to admit the wisdom of recognizing frankly the equality of Western nations; and Prince Kung and his colleagues were anxious, then, to derogate as little as possible from their traditional pretensions. It was not till ten days later that a memorandum of etiquette was agreed upon; but the audience was at last fixed for the 29th, and I cannot do better than avail myself of the British Minister's despatch* to Lord Granville for a description of the incident. The place appointed was the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, or purple pavilion, a large building in the grounds west of the palace; and it had been settled that the Ministers should rendezvous at a building known as the Pei-t'ang, a Roman

Catholic cathedral and mission-house, which stood not far from the spot. I take up Sir Thomas Wade's narrative at this point:

"We rendezvoused accordingly at the Pei-t'ang, and were thence escorted by a Minister of the Yamén to the north gate of the palace grounds in our chairs; the thoroughfare across the marble bridge, which spans the piece of water above mentioned, being closed to the public eastward by desire of the Emperor. We had come to the Pei-t'ang through the west of the outer city, large numbers of people being already on the alert to see the foreigners who were to be presented to the Emperor without prostrating themselves. A dense crowd was assembled in the vicinity of the Pei-t'ang for the same purpose. At the Fu-Hua-Mén, the gate by which the palace grounds are here entered from the north, we left our chairs and were received by the Grand Secretary and all other Ministers of the Yamén, the Prince [Kung] and the Ministers Pao and Shên excepted. We had been told that they would be in attendance all the morning on his Majesty. We proceeded, according to the programme, to the Shih-ying-Kung, or palace of seasonableness, a temple in which, as circumstances require, the Emperor prays for rain or for cessation of rain. Confectionery, tea, and Chinese wine from the Emperor's buttery were offered us, and, after waiting above an hour, we moved on with the Ministers to a large tent pitched westward of the purple pavilion.

"The Emperor did not arrive at the pavilion as soon as we had been led to expect. The reason assigned was the receipt of important despatches from the seat of war in the northwest. The Prince of Kung and the two Ministers with him were already waiting outside the tent to explain the delay, and returned again and again, as it were apologetically, to keep us company with the rest. The grounds were thronged with officials; but except a few men wearing Chinese sabres of antique form, I saw nothing like a soldier in our immediate vicinity. At length, after we had waited in the tent at least an hour and a half, the Japanese Ambassador was summoned to the presence, and, his audience ended, came our turn.*

"In front of the pavilion in which we were received is a great platform of stone, accessible on three sides by flights of steps. We ascended, as it had been agreed, after some debate, we should, by the steps on the western side, and, entering the pavilion, found

* The representative of Germany had, in the mean time, left Peking; but an Ambassador from Japan had arrived, and claimed to be received on the same footing as his colleagues. It was arranged, indeed, that he should have his audience first, partly on account of his rank as Ambassador, partly because a letter with which he was charged of congratulation. The five Ministers of credence succeeded.

* China, I
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ourselves at once in a large hall divided by wooden pillars in the usual northern style, into five sections. We came into this by the second section from the west, filing into the centre section until we were opposite the throne on which the Emperor was seated at the north end of the hall. We then bowed to the Emperor, advanced a few paces and bowed again, then advanced a few paces farther bowing again, and halted before a long yellow table about half-way up the hall, I should say some ten or twelve paces distant from the throne.

"The throne was, I think, raised above the floor of the dais on which it stood by a couple of steps. The dais itself was separated from the hall by a light rail broken right and left of the throne by low flights of three stairs each. The Emperor was seated Manchu fashion, that is, cross-legged. Upon his left were the Prince of Kung, his brother, known as the seventh Prince, and another Prince, the son of the famous Sangolinsin, who repulsed our attack on the forts of Taku in 1859. To the right of His Majesty stood two other magnates, the nearest being the senior of the hereditary princes not of the Imperial house; the other, I believe, a son-in-law of the old Emperor, whose name was Pao-kuang. Below on either side was a double rank of high officials, which spread outward from the throne toward us, until their flanks reached the columns marking the outer line of the centre section in which we were standing. In rear of these were others filling the flank sections east and west up to the walls. On the whole the spectacle was fair to see, although I should not go so far as to style it imposing.

"Our party having halted as I have described, the Minister of Russia, General Vlangaly, as Doyen of the Corps, read aloud an address in French. A Chinese translation of this was then read by M. Bismarck, Secrétaire Interprète of the German Legation, who had been selected to act as Interpreter-General at our Conferences. As soon as the address was delivered we laid our letters of credence upon the table. The Emperor made a slight bow of acknowledgment, and the Prince of Kung falling upon both knees at the foot of the throne, his Majesty appeared to speak to him—I say appeared, because no sound reached my ears. We had been told, however, that the Emperor would speak in Manchu, and that the Prince would interpret. Accordingly, as soon as his Highness rose, he descended the steps, and informed us that his Majesty declared that the letters of credence had been received. Then returning to his place, he again fell upon his knees, and the Emperor having again spoken to him in a low tone, he again descended the steps, and coming up to us informed us that his Majesty trusted that our respective Rulers were in good health, and expressed a hope that foreign affairs might all be satisfactorily arranged between foreign Ministers and the Taungli Yamén. This closed the Audience, which may have lasted a little more than five minutes.

"We then all withdrew in the usual fashion, 'à reculons,' and bowing; with the ex-

ception of M. de Geofroy, Minister of France, who had a reply to deliver from his Government to the letter of explanations carried to France in 1870 by the Minister Chunghow. . . . It had been conceded, not without debate, that M. de Geofroy was for this second audience to be allowed the use of his own interpreter, M. Deveria. As we retired, therefore, that gentleman was introduced. The second audience was over as quickly as the first, and M. de Geofroy presently overtook us at the Shih-ying-Kung, whence, after a short session, we were conducted to our chairs by the Ministers of the Yamén, the Grand Secretary joining the rest at the gate."

So ended a ceremony which had been the subject of much anticipation, and which was at the time subjected to keen criticism. Obnoxious to criticism in some respects it undoubtedly was, but only the Ministers concerned probably are aware of the difficulties encountered in arriving even at a tolerable compromise; and while we criticise the remains of pretension actually displayed, we may remember that it was, in Chinese eyes, a remarkable concession for the Emperor to give audience at all to a number of foreigners declining not only to kotow, but even to bend the knee. We must remember, to quote again the language of Sir Thomas Wade's despatch, "the long standing pretension of the Emperor of China to this act of homage, and the tradition of isolated supremacy on which that pretension had been based. The Empire had, for the first time in its history, broken with that tradition; not perhaps with a good grace, but still broken with it past recall." It remained to be seen what would be the political outcome of the change.

One or two other interviews were, I believe, had, upon occasion, by other Ministers during the ensuing year; but another minority then intervened, to break off once more the thread of personal relations. Eighteen months later, in January 1875, the Emperor Tung-che "sped upward on the dragon to be a guest on high," and after a lively intrigue, with which we are not here concerned, a child of four was nominated in his stead. The Regency fell back into the hands of the Dowager Empresses, and fourteen years had to elapse before the formal accession of the now reigning monarch could bring the question again to the fore.

Much was happening, however, in the mean time, to break down the barrier of ignorance that separates China from the

West. I need hardly speak of Mr. Burlingame's roving mission, because that contributed more, perhaps, to soften the tone of Western diplomacy toward China than to enlighten the Chinese. But the so-called Tientsin massacre in 1870, entailed the despatch of a genuine Chinese mission of apology to Paris. The murder of our own countryman, Margary, on the borders of Yunnan, was made by Sir Thomas Wade the occasion for demanding that a Chinese Legation should be established permanently at St. James'. Chunghow was sent to St. Petersburg to procure the restitution of Kuldja. Ministers have since been accredited to the chief capitals of Europe and to Washington; and there has been a *va-et-vient* of envoys and *attachés*, of servants and underlings, who cannot but have contributed to enlighten home-staying Chinese, in some small degree, as to the actual facts about Western power and civilization.

Interest was therefore naturally felt as to the attitude which the young Emperor would have been taught to assume, and the recent audience may perhaps be taken as a fair indication of the progress made. Kwangsu came of age in 1889, and an intimation was, I believe, soon after conveyed that the foreign representatives would be pleased to offer him their congratulations on the event. The matter was, however, not pressed, and the Ministers themselves are said to have been somewhat taken by surprise by the decision expressed in the following edict, which appeared in the *Peking Gazette* on the 12th of December last:—

"Since the Treaties have been made with the various nations, letters and despatches under the seals of the Governments have passed to and fro making complimentary inquiries year by year without intermission. The harmony that has existed has become thus from time to time more and more secure. The Ministers of the various Powers residing in Peking have abundantly shown their loyal desire to maintain peaceful relations and international friendship. This I cordially recognize, and I rejoice in it.

"In the first and second months of last year (February 1888), when there were special reasons for expressing national joy, I received a Gracious Decree (from the Empress Dowager) ordering the Ministers of the Yamén for Foreign Affairs to entertain the Ministers of the foreign nations at a banquet. That occasion was a memorable and happy one. I have now been in charge of the Government for two years. The Ministers of foreign Powers ought

to be received by me at an audience, and I hereby decree that the audience to be held be in accordance with that of the 12th year of the reign of Tung Chih (1873). It is also hereby decreed that a day be fixed every year for an audience, in order to show my desire to treat with honor all the Ministers of the foreign Powers resident in Peking, whether fully empowered or temporarily in charge of the affairs of their Governments. The Ministers of the Yamén for Foreign Affairs are hereby ordered in the first month of the ensuing New Year to prepare a memorial asking that a time for the audience may be fixed. On the next day the Foreign Ministers are to be received at a banquet at the Foreign Office. The same is to be done every year in the first month, and the rule will be the same on each occasion. New Ministers coming will be received at this annual audience. At all times of national congratulation, when China and the foreign countries give suitable expression to their joy, the Ministers of the Foreign Office are also to offer a memorial asking for the bestowal of a banquet, to show the sincere and increasing desire of the Imperial Government for the maintenance of peace and the best possible relations between China and the Foreign States. In regard to the details, the Yamén is hereby ordered to memorialize for instructions on each occasion."

It will at once strike the most casual reader that this proclamation marks a distinct advance upon the curt edict of the Emperor Tung-che. Instead of a grudging assent, here is a willing proffer; and the conditions of foreign intercourse are recognized with frankness and cordiality. If there is still a flavor of concession and condescension, something may be allowed for the peculiarities of Chinese idiom. The reception itself, however, left more to be desired, and though I shrink from entering into details that become wearisome by repetition, I may be pardoned for indicating a few of the defects. The locality, for instance, was the same as in 1873; and if it be true that the foreign Ministers protested, requiring instead that audience should be given them within the precincts of the palace, but that the Chinese declared this impossible without the *kotow*, the inference seems irresistible that an audience in the grounds is considered an inferior function. The bald announcement, again, in the *Peking Gazette* of March 4, that "at half-past eleven on the morrow the Emperor would receive in audience, at the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, all the nations," would hardly distinguish the ceremony in Chinese eyes from a similar reception accorded a few days later in the same building to a crowd of Mongolian and

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined from 760 million to 600 million. The number of people who are malnourished has declined from 1.1 billion to 800 million. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*) is the primary photosynthetic pigment in most plants and algae. It is a green pigment that absorbs light energy in the blue and red regions of the visible spectrum. Chl *a* is essential for the light-dependent reactions of photosynthesis, where it converts light energy into chemical energy.

2. *Chlorophyll b* (Chl *b*) is an accessory pigment found in green plants and algae. It absorbs light energy in the blue and orange-red regions of the visible spectrum. Chl *b* transfers the absorbed energy to Chl *a* for use in photosynthesis.

3. *Carotenoids* are a group of pigments that include carotenes and xanthophylls. They absorb light energy in the blue and green regions of the visible spectrum. Carotenoids transfer energy to Chl *a* and also play a role in protecting the photosynthetic apparatus from damage by excess light energy.

4. *Xanthophylls* are a subset of carotenoids that include pigments like lutein and zeaxanthin. They absorb light energy in the blue and green regions of the visible spectrum and transfer energy to Chl *a*. Xanthophylls are also involved in the xanthophyll cycle, which helps regulate light energy absorption and protect the photosynthetic apparatus.

5. *Anthocyanins* are water-soluble pigments that give plants red, purple, and blue colors. They are not directly involved in photosynthesis but can act as antioxidants and protect plants from environmental stressors like UV radiation and herbivory.

6. *Flavonoids* are a large group of plant pigments that include flavones, flavonols, and flavanones. They are responsible for yellow, orange, and white colors in plants. Flavonoids have various functions, including acting as antioxidants, UV protectants, and signaling molecules.

7. *Anthoxanthins* are a group of pigments that include flavones and flavonols. They are responsible for yellow and white colors in plants. Anthoxanthins have various functions, including acting as antioxidants and signaling molecules.

8. *Anthocyanins* are water-soluble pigments that give plants red, purple, and blue colors. They are not directly involved in photosynthesis but can act as antioxidants and protect plants from environmental stressors like UV radiation and herbivory.

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10. *Anthocyanins* are water-soluble pigments that give plants red, purple, and blue colors. They are not directly involved in photosynthesis but can act as antioxidants and protect plants from environmental stressors like UV radiation and herbivory.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

Kienlung, it is remarked, a hundred years ago, not only remained, but showed personal courtesy to Lord Macartney and his suite, at the historical banquet at Zehol.

Differences of opinion exist on this as on most other subjects ; but the prevalent feeling among foreign residents seems questionably one of disappointment at the divergence from European custom and the concession to Chinese assumption which were still tolerated. There are, of course, some who make allowances for Chinese conservatism, and who point to the fact that the Emperor is already accused of pro-foreign proclivities, as evidence of the difficulties he has to encounter. It suffices these that he does receive the representatives of foreign Powers without prostration or genuflexion, and that progress is being gradually made toward a more liberal goal ; while others resent impatiently the vestiges of assumption which are still to be discerned. Foreign Ministers, it is urged, represent their sovereigns ; and anything in the shape of an inferior reception is to maintain an affectation of superiority on the part of the Chinese Emperor which lowers foreigners generally in the eye of Chinese : nor can it but accentuate that impression, that European monarchs should accord Chinese envoys full and equal privileges while our own representatives are grudging similar recognition.

I halt, however, on the threshold of a political dissertation. I have been concerned rather to produce an historical sketch that might explain the interest attaching to the Rite. And so we have noted the ceremonial in force at a time when the Emperor's universal supremacy was a dogma of political faith ; we have

seen Kienlung so far relaxing as to receive Lord Macartney on bended knee ; and we have seen the courtiers of Kia-king outraging hospitality and persuading him to drive Lord Amherst contumeliously away. We have noted the blows by which these pretensions were shattered. We have been present with Sir Thomas Wade at the first audience under the new *régime*, when prostration and genuflexion were alike omitted ; but when the Imperial edict was curt, and when an affectation of concession was still glaringly evident. And we have now beheld a further advance : all the foreign representatives at Peking have been invited, and politely received—not only they, but their full staff, in 1891. The etiquette observed may still fall short of what we conceive the circumstances to require ; but it marks at least a striking advance since the Emperor ranked as the Solitary Man, and all the Princes of the world as his tributaries and inferiors.

[The very serious anti-foreign riots that have broken out in the valley of the Yangtze since this article was written, do not affect the evidence given of the progress of political education in high places, though they prove how very easy it still is to excite popular hostility against foreigners. It is worthy of note that these riots are ascribed to the influence of secret societies, who are accused, in some quarters, of acting in revenge because the new Viceroy refused to pay blackmail, and in others, of wishing to embroil the Government with foreigners in order to weaken its power of resistance to projected rebellion.]—*Westminster Review*.

AN EPISTLE.

So, into Cornwall you go down,
And leave me loitering here in town.
For me, the ebb of London's wave,
Not ocean-thunder in Cornish cave.
My friends (save only one or two)
Gone to the glistening marge, like you,—
The opera season with blare and din
Dying sublime in *Lohengrin*,—
Houses darkened, whose blinded panes
All thoughts, save of the dead, preclude,—
The parks a puddle of tropic rains,—
Clubland a pensive solitude,—

The high gear work and music are funny.
The whole thing is really funny.

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ELECTRICAL EVAPORATION.

RATHER more than twenty-five years ago the writer of this article saw, in a well-known London laboratory, a funnel with a perpendicular tube and a lateral branch. Mercury fell from the funnel through the tube, and air was sucked in through the branch, a vacuum being thereby produced in any vessel attached to this branch. This simple piece of apparatus had just been designed by Dr. Hermann Sprengel, and it was destined to immortality in the history of science under the name of the Sprengel Pump. Dr. Sprengel showed that the vacuum so produced was a nearer approach to perfection than had hitherto been obtained; and, although the pump has since been modified in detail, it retains its pre-eminence at the present time. It was rapidly adopted by scientific men, and to it we owe a brilliant train of discoveries. Graham's researches on the "occlusion" or absorption of gases by metals; Frankland and Armstrong's method of water analysis, the incandescent system of electric lighting, and, above all, Mr. Crookes's marvellous discoveries in the unseen universe of molecules, would have been impossible without the pump. Our present concern is with Mr. Crookes's physical discoveries, and particularly with the latest, which was communicated to the Royal Society a few weeks ago under the title of "Electrical Evaporation." In order to make these discoveries intelligible to the general reader it is necessary to state briefly the modern theory of the constitution of matter, which is now generally accepted, and which is in substantial harmony with known phenomena.

Matter consists of minute particles called molecules, which are always in motion. There is constant attraction between them, analogous to the attraction of gravitation, which results in what we call cohesion and adhesion. Of the nature of this attraction we at present know but little. The molecular motion is otherwise described as heat. The absolute zero of temperature would be matter without motion. In a solid the molecules move, perhaps vibrate, without their permanent position in regard to one another being altered. In a liquid the molecules move freely, incessantly changing their positions in regard to one

another, but through distances so short that they still remain within the influence of each other's attraction. Hence the liquid possesses cohesion, and is only to a very limited extent elastic. In a gas the molecules move through much greater distances, and are but little affected by each other's attraction. The sum total of the motions of the molecules of a gas produce its elasticity; for the smallest quantity of gas introduced into the largest vacuum will rapidly occupy the whole space, in virtue of the proper motion of the molecules.

The first of Mr. Crookes's discoveries is represented by the scientific toy called the Radiometer, a small mill enclosed in a vacuum, which can now be seen in numberless shop-windows. The metallic vanes of this mill are set in motion by solar rays, mechanical motion being here the direct outcome of radiant energy. Then followed the introduction into the Sprengel vacuum of electrical energy. A powerful stream of electricity was passed through two platinum wires into the vacuum. It is well known that with any ordinary vacuum a well-known and beautiful discharge of electricity takes place between the platinum wires; but by carrying the exhaustion to an extent previously unattempted a totally new phenomenon appeared. Reduced to a very small fraction of their previous number, molecules fly from the electrified points through considerable distances before, coming into collision, they produce light. A dark space in the exhausted vessel now becomes apparent, which is occupied by matter in rapid rectilinear motion. Matter in this condition is not improperly described as "radiant matter;" it represents a fourth condition of matter, as distinct from gas as gas from liquid, or liquid from solid. It is found that the stream of molecules can be deflected into a curved line by the attraction of a magnet, and that small mills inside the vessel can, therefore, be set in motion by the application of a magnet to the outside of the glass. The straight path of the molecules is only arrested by their impact against other gaseous or solid molecules, and luminous effects can be produced by allowing the molecular hailstorm to fall upon gems and

other foreign substances. It is impossible here to describe these phenomena, or to give any idea of their beauty and interest, still less to explain the practical uses of the electrified vacuum.

The latest outcome of this train of researches gives its title to the present article. Every one knows that solids and liquids frequently pass into gases by a process known as evaporation. Sometimes the solid melts—that is, becomes liquid—before it passes into the gaseous condition, as when ice melts and afterward evaporates; but sometimes the solid passes at once into the gaseous condition. The evaporation of camphor is a good instance of this. Now, during the electrical discharge in vacuo it is known that on the inside of the glass near the platinum wires, and especially near the wire known to electricians as the negative pole, a black deposit of metallic platinum is, after a time, formed. It is clear that the electrical energy produces a volatilization of the metal which is comparable with the evaporation of camphor. It is properly described as electrical evaporation. The hailstorm of gaseous molecules, to which reference has already been made, continues as before, but the molecules of the platinum now add to the torrent, and are deposited on any neighboring surface, particularly on the surrounding glass, once more assuming the solid state. It will be seen that this phenomenon produced by electrical energy is somewhat similar to that observed in a stoppered bottle containing a few lumps of camphor. Before long a solid crystalline deposit is seen in the upper part of the bottle; molecules have detached themselves from the solid mass below, and, passing as gas, have, by impact against the upper part of the glass, lost the greater part of their molecular motion and returned to the solid state. The molecular motion proper to the gaseous state being arrested, the force of cohesion again exerts itself. In electrical evaporation the energy of electricity plays the part of heat in ordinary evaporation. Electricity as well as heat can provide a stimulus sufficient to drive molecules out of the range of each other's attraction.

In the investigation of this new field of research Mr. Crookes appears to have started from the liquid. He describes the upper surface of a liquid in terms so terse and vivid that a few lines at any rate must

be quoted:—"If we consider a liquid at atmospheric pressure—say, for instance, a basin of water in an open room—at molecular distances the boundary surface between the liquid and the superincumbent gas will not be a plane, but turbulent like a stormy ocean. The molecules at the surface of the liquid dart to and fro, rebound from their neighbors, and fly off in every direction. Their initial velocity may be either accelerated or retarded according to the direction of impact. The result of a collision may drive a molecule in such a direction that it remains part and parcel of the liquid; on the other hand, it may be sent upward without any diminution of speed, and it will then be carried beyond the range of attraction of neighboring molecules and fly off into and mingle with the superincumbent gas."

Evidently any additional motion communicated to the molecules of a volatile liquid tends to increase the number which, escaping from attraction, fly off as gas. It is also easy to understand that the escape of molecules from the "stormy ocean" of liquid must be hindered by the more stormy gaseous ocean above. It is true that in the gas the number of molecules is less, but then their motion is far greater than in the liquid, so that a point may be reached when the propulsion of molecules from the liquid is balanced by their repulsion by the gas. Hence evaporation into a limited space is limited in quantity, and, under ordinary conditions, depends on the temperature; while evaporation into unlimited space, or into space from which gas is continuously removed by exhaustion, is practically unlimited. Of the evaporation of a liquid into a gas of a different nature—as, for instance, the evaporation of water into air—it is not necessary now to speak.

It will be evident that the promotion of evaporation from a liquid surface by electrical instead of by heat energy is a logical deduction from the previous reasoning. A simple experiment soon showed the close analogy between the two operations. Equal weights of water in two porcelain dishes were placed in two pans of a balance, the surface of each being touched by a platinum wire. One of these wires was insulated, while the other communicated negative electricity to the water. It was found that evaporation from the electrified water took place more rapidly than

from the other basin. A positive electrical charge had but very slight action in stimulating evaporation; a new illustration being thereby incidentally afforded of the difference, at present inexplicable, that exists between the two kinds of electricity.

That solids evaporate by electricity has long been known. The arc light, only inferior in brilliancy to that of the sun, is not caused by a mere passage of electricity, but is accompanied by a transference of carbon from point to point. The discharge of a Leyden jar and the production of sparks from a common electrical machine are also phenomena which are accompanied by transference of matter. All such transferences may properly be described as cases of electrical evaporation. They are clearly comparable with the evaporation and resolidification of camphor. Passing, therefore, naturally from liquids to solids, Mr. Crookes stud-

ied, and has reported upon, the comparative ease with which different metals evaporate—or, in other words, are distilled—under electrical stress. Cadmium was the metal first operated upon, and it was found that when six grains were electrified in the vacuum tube almost the whole evaporated in thirty-five minutes. Tables were afterward constructed showing the comparative volatilities of different metals under fairly uniform conditions, and by a very interesting extension of the system it was found possible to separate the metals present in alloys by taking advantage of their different volatilities. Thus, from an alloy of gold and aluminium pure gold can be distilled, aluminium being very slightly volatile.

We shall look forward with interest to further extensions of the remarkable application of electrical energy here very briefly and imperfectly sketched.—*Saturday Review*.

GOETHE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH SCHILLER.*

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

OF the friendships of authors none is so illustrious as that of Goethe and Schiller, and none is more truly remarkable, for it was a friendship between two great spirits of opposite types; it overcame a long resistance, it resulted in the most strenuous co-operation for the highest ends, it bore the richest and the most abundant fruit.

In July, 1787, when Goethe, having returned from Sicily, was settling to his second and more deliberate study of Rome, Schiller visited Weimar. A deserted Weimar, for the Duke as well as Goethe was absent; but Wieland was to be found, and was willing to quit his translation of Lucian to greet a distinguished visitor. Herder was here, and was favorably impressed with what he had read of Schiller's latest play, *Don Carlos*; and in the presence of his friend and admirer, Charlotte von Kalb—ailing, unhappy, excitable, exacting—Schiller found an uneasy pleasure. In that year Goethe's age was thirty-eight; Schiller was ten years younger. He was already famous.

* Read before the Manchester Branch of the English Goethe Society.

The Robbers had made a conquest of young Germany when he was only twenty-one; since then his reputation had been sustained and widened, if not by *Fiesko*, certainly by *Kabale und Liebe* and his lyrical poems. But in his reception at Weimar there was clearly no enthusiasm; the ex-medical student and revolutionary playwright was made to feel that he was admitted somewhat on sufferance to the aristocratic circle of the Court; despondency descended upon him, and, partly to resist its invasion, he worked fiercely at the *Revolt of the Netherlands*. Everywhere he was met and foiled by a kind of tyrannous *numen*, a spiritual presence of the absent Goethe, to which all paid unquestioning homage. Now he encounters the Duke's favorite, Knebel, and finds that he sets small store by a young poet's criticisms and æsthetics—prefers, indeed, to these the gathering of herbs or examination of minerals; too evidently Knebel is of Goethe's faction. Now the Court-singer, Corona Schröter, reads aloud to an admiring audience Goethe's classical *Iphigenie*. Now it is Goethe's birthday, and in the wanderer's garden his friends

have gathered to drink his health ; Schiller must drink it, too, in a goblet of Rhenish ; " he little thinks, in Italy," wrote Schiller, " that he has me among his guests ; but fate brings men and things wonderfully together."

Schiller had already seen Goethe. When Goethe, in 1779, carried Karl August to Switzerland to work off some of his redundant energy, they stayed for a week at Stuttgart, and attended the distribution of prizes at the Military Academy. A lank, red-haired youth advanced to receive his three prizes and to kiss the hem of the Duke of Würtemberg's garment. It was Schiller, and there, on the right of " The Anointed," stood Karl August, of Weimar, and on the left, in stiff Court suit, the illustrious author of *Goetz* and *Werther*, conscious that he was gazed at, and coloring visibly.

Before Goethe's return from Italy, Schiller had left Weimar for the little village of Volkstädt, where he could wander on hill-side and river bank in company with his beloved Lotte. " I am very curious to see Goethe," he writes to Körner (27th July, 1788) ; " on the whole, I feel well disposed toward him, and there are few whose abilities I so honor." And a little later : " I have not yet seen Goethe, but we have exchanged greetings. He said he should have paid me a visit if he had known he must pass so near me on his way to Weimar. We were within three miles of each other. I am told he has retired from active life." In September of that year Schiller's desire was gratified. At Rudolstadt, in the house of his future mother-in-law, Frau von Lengefeld, the meeting took place. There, beside Schiller's Lotte and her more intellectual sister Caroline, were Herder's wife and Goethe's sometime friend and confidant, Frau von Stein. The first meeting did not inspire Schiller with any strong wish to advance from acquaintance to intimacy. There was, indeed, no coldness nor formality on either side ; Goethe was in a happy mood, and spoke much and delightfully of Italy, and the manners and morals of its people ; his movements seemed to Schiller—himself nervously irregular in his gestures—somewhat stiff, and his countenance not open ; but his eye could beam and rivet attention ; there was an earnest kindness in his expression, and his voice was singularly pleasing. But as he spoke the

ladies fluttered or settled around him ; there was small chance for the new-comer, unless it might be once on a ramble by the Saale, to converse with him alone. Schiller had looked forward with ardent expectation to this meeting ; it was over, and nothing had come of it ; he could not but feel somewhat mortified. " The high idea I had conceived of Goethe," he tells Körner, " is not in the slightest degree lessened by personal acquaintance ; but I doubt if we shall ever draw very close toward each other. Much that still interests me, that I still wish and hope for, he has outlived. He is so far ahead of me—not so much in years as in experience of the world and self-development—that we cannot meet on the road. His whole life, from the very first, has run in a contrary direction to mine ; his world is not my world. . . . But from so short an interview it is hard to draw a conclusion. Time will show."

Goethe has himself explained why it was impossible for him at this time to approach Schiller with cordiality. He had brought back with him from Italy, a conception of art which made him look, with something like impatient scorn, on the movement of which he had, himself, once been a leader—the movement of storm and revolt—and in which Schiller, as a dramatist, was now the banner-bearer. " An energetic, but immature talent had poured over the country in full torrent, just those ethical and theatrical paradoxes from which I was endeavoring to clear myself. . . . The applause universally bestowed on those extravagant abortions, by wild students as by the cultivated Court lady, fell like a shock on me. All the pains I had taken with myself seemed to me entirely lost." A past self which we have transcended sometimes seems to us to revive as our most hateful adversary. The earlier plays of Schiller were turbid and revolutionary. *Don Carlos* was doubtless felt by Goethe to be rhetorical and doctrinaire. And, on the other hand, Schiller, on reading *Egmont*, was conscious that it cast him down from his heights ; here in *Egmont* was a veritable hero, fashioned by history for the drama ; how he, himself, could have exalted and idealized Egmont ! And this hero who might have declaimed so eloquently on the great truths of politics, of freedom and nature and virtue, had been degraded by Goethe into the cave.

love intrigue ! The criticism of *Egmont*, published by Schiller, appeared to Goethe to prove that its writer knew more of morals and politics than of poetry. Perhaps, when, by his influence, Schiller was appointed to the Professorship of History at Jena, he supposed that he had rendered the young enthusiast a more than material service, that a better way was now opened for this crude intellect, and that out of a bad, or at least a mischievous, poet, he had helped to create a useful professor.

Schiller guessed that to this Pharisee of art he himself must appear irregular and riotous. *Don Carlos* had again drawn the eyes of Germany upon him ; but Goethe coldly averted his face. And he had the fatal power of binding other hearts in ice, for Moritz was also cold, and valued the smallest finished work of Goethe more than the most daring attempt of another. "It would make me unhappy," wrote Schiller, 2nd February, 1789, "to be much with Goethe ; he never overflows even to his closest friends ; nothing attaches him ; I believe that he is an egoist in a supreme degree. He possesses the talent of putting men under an obligation to him by small as well as great acts of courtesy ; but he always manages to remain free himself. He makes himself known by acts of beneficence, but only as a god, without giving himself. This mode of action seems to me a calculated plan to obtain the highest gratification for his self-love. Men should not tolerate near them a being of this kind. Hence he is hateful to me, though I love his intellect with all my heart, and have an exalted idea of him. . . . He has aroused in me a most singular combination of hate and love, a feeling not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have had for Cæsar. I could murder his spirit, and then love him from my heart." One more quotation from Schiller's letters to Körner will show how foiled he was by Goethe's unapproachable distance, and how, desiring to get rid of this mortifying sense of defeat, he gave it expression in bitter words that really meant more of disappointment than of wrath : "This man, this Goethe, is an impediment in my way ; and he reminds me too often how Fate has been to me. How his genius led on by Fate, even still to struggle ! I have lost—after thirty

refashion himself. . . . But I pluck up a good heart, and believe in a happy revolution in the future."

These words were written in the spring of 1789. Five years followed, during which no real advance toward friendship was made on either side. Goethe had returned from Italy an altered man. He saw his way, and would not be tempted to forsake it. He shook off the burden of miscellaneous public cares, and was resolved not again to give himself away to uncongenial tasks. Though still ready to advise and assist the Duke, he ceased to appear at the council table. The estrangement from Frau von Stein before long became complete. More and more Goethe secluded himself in his home. He had not gone forward with the stream of popular literature ; he was now in opposition. As a poet he was no favorite with the mass of readers, nor did he seek to please them ; he lived his life, and if his life yielded poetry, he wrote it down ; if not, he was silent. The collected edition of his poems was not warmly welcomed. He occupied himself more and more with scientific pursuits, and with the history of art. On his return from the disastrous French campaign, Goethe, saddened by the mournful events of the war, and oppressed by an unusual feeling of desolation, visited Jacobi at Pempelfort. Here, if anywhere, he would meet a genuine friend. A sorrowful change had indeed taken place in the household—Jacobi's bright wife ("one of Rubens' women," said Goethe) was dead ; but still there were some who would receive him with open arms. Alas, it soon appeared that even here Goethe's hermit spirit dwelt apart ; he was not less solitary than before ; nay, he was more so, for the sense of an impassable gulf between himself and his friend seemed a crowning proof of his isolation. They begged him to read aloud to them the *Iphigenie* ; he could not endure its pure and tender ideality. They produced the *Œdipus at Colonus* ; he could not get beyond a hundred lines. His mind had been hardened by the events of the campaign ; he was disposed to look on human affairs as a severe and satirical picture in the laws of nature, in the order of the phenomena of the world, or in the return to solitariness, as it were,

from the faculties of his own many-sided intellect. In the quiet of his Weimar home Goethe founded, as Herman Grimm has put it, "an invisible university, where he filled every department himself—rector, professor in all the faculties, private tutor, pupil, and beadle; everything revolves about him, and he cares for everything separately."

The dream of perfect union of heart with heart had faded away. If any woman could be the companion of his spirit it was Charlotte von Stein; and now her love was but a memory or a pang. If there was any man on whose heart his own could find repose it was Jacobi, and in Jacobi's house he was not happy. Perhaps he could altogether dispense with friendship; to find a true comrade might be impossible, but in the place of such an one he might establish many ministers to his intellect. Herman Grimm, from whom I have just quoted, observes justly that at this time Goethe ceased to cultivate companionship as of man with man, and attached to himself a number of specialists, each of whom could yield something to some fragment of his mind. He became a general with his adjutants; a prince with ministers who accept their portfolios for this department or for that. He was far from unhappy; he was delightfully and profitably occupied; and yet one thing was wanting. Nor was a serious danger absent—that in gathered materials, in variety of studies, in optics, and osteology, and botany, and art history, Goethe might lose himself, might parcel out his mind into fragments, and cease to possess the force and momentum of one living character, or as he himself would have said, one living nature.

The incident which brought together Goethe and Schiller has been often told, but a brief notice of it is necessary here as an essential part of the story, and because its significance has not always been accurately perceived. Leaving at the same moment a meeting of Batsch's Natural Research Association, Schiller and Goethe entered into conversation. It was remarked by the former that such a fragmentary way of treating nature as that adopted by the lecturer must fail to interest such of the audience as were not specialists. In these words he touched the very heart of Goethe's method of envisaging external nature. "There might, in-

deed, be another mode of presenting nature," said Goethe, "not dismembered and in fragments, but operative and alive, and striving definitely from the whole to differentiate itself in the parts." And thereupon he plunged into his theory of the metamorphosis of plants. When they reached Schiller's door, Goethe followed him into the house, and, seizing a pen, sketched the type-plant. "That is not an observation," said Schiller, "that is an idea." "My surprise," adds Goethe, in relating the incident, "was painful, for these words clearly indicated the line that divided us."

Thus at the moment when the union was effected, it was wrought through opposition. "That is not an observation but an idea:"—Goethe, gazing at an actual plant and comparing one plant with another, held that he really divined, really saw within the visible forms that typical form which they were striving to manifest. To Schiller, who, in his own creations, started from an idea and proceeded to adapt his material to the idea which he desired to set forth, it seemed as if Goethe were but following a like method—that he had conceived the typical plant *à priori*, and was accommodating by aid of his intellect and imagination the actual forms of leaf and flower to his preconceived idea.

The incident took place at a fortunate moment. In the preceding year Schiller had made the acquaintance of a man whose name is most honorably associated with the literary movement of the time—the publisher, Cotta. The scheme of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, still a leading journal of Germany, was in Cotta's head, and he proposed that Schiller, whose interest in politics was deep and whose historical studies had given him a certain political education, should become its first editor. His delicate health forbade the acceptance of so arduous a post, but he would gladly undertake the conduct of a monthly magazine, from which politics and religion should be excluded. To his surprise Cotta gladly listened to the proposal. The name *Die Horen* was approved; the most distinguished thinkers and men of letters in Germany were to be invited to assist; if Kant, Jacobi, Herder, Klopstock, Voss, Lichtenberg, Fichte, Humboldt, Goethe could be secured all would assuredly go well.

On the 13th of June, 1794, Schiller for-

warded to Goethe a prospectus of the magazine, and respectfully invited his co-operation, promising that, if he joined, he would find himself in good company. Goethe let ten days pass before he replied; then gave in his adhesion to the scheme of *Die Horen*. "Keep me in friendly remembrance," he wrote, a month later, "and believe me that I am looking forward with sincere pleasure to a frequent interchange of ideas with you." Such cordiality from an Olympian had in it something overpowering. The attractions of Batsch's Scientific Association and of the new periodical drew Goethe more than once from Weimar to Jena, and in friendly communion with Schiller the league was almost cemented. We can picture to ourselves the meetings—on the one side the stiff Geheimerath, a middle-aged courtier, now grown somewhat stout and heavy-jawed, enjoying a tranquil self-possession, having a fund of varied experience, and bearing a reputation for Epicurean tolerance; we can imagine him as he allowed his true personality gradually to reveal itself through the masks and disguises of life; and on the other side the eager idealist, his tall, spare figure, his narrow chest, his restless energy, his aspiring gaze, his exalted air, his phrases from the Kantian philosophy; and now his head drooped upon his breast, his racking cough, a martyr to enthusiasm, looking, said Goethe, like an *Eschmann*. They discussed philosophical questions. Schiller, as a believer in a system, was armed at all points; Goethe's philosophy was a vague pantheism, fed from a mass of observations of nature, both poetical and scientific; systems he waived aside as having of necessity only a subjective or personal validity. It was easy to worst Goethe in argument, and he was himself at times disturbed by the force with which Schiller assailed the grounds of his convictions; but somehow in the end he escaped from the tempest of argumentative discussion, and *Proterus stood free*. Now was it that in argument the *wise advocate* came to the side of Goethe's new friend; "Idealist" we name Schiller, and he is rightly so named. But it was equally apparent to Goethe that in the end of the thing new the idealist was his *wisdom*, and all the deeper and broader wisdom of human life, Goethe was *happier* the better instructed of the two.

Now Schiller.—Vol. II.

this or that case where difficulties or perplexities had arisen, Schiller would be alive at all points, would deal skilfully with this person and that, and extricate himself cleverly from an untoward position. Goethe would accept things with a large carelessness, and would somehow outlive them in the end.

Soon after they parted in July, 1794, Schiller wrote a long and memorable letter, which may be looked on as the real starting-point of that correspondence kept up incessantly for so many years, a correspondence which covers the whole time from 1794 to the month of Schiller's death, May, 1805. The entire period of the union of these two eminent spirits was ten years. In Schiller's brief life, ten years counts as a great epoch, and they were the crowning years of his existence, those toward which all the rest had tended, those during which he was advancing in the race with a runner's speed. Had Schiller died before he gained the friendship of Goethe we should have known him as a young, ambitious writer of irregular imagination, and an intellect afflicted with a tendency to philosophical speculations which did not aid his genius as a poet; and Goethe would have appeared to us, through Schiller's letters to Körner, as cold, calculating, egoistic. Happily, Schiller's martyrdom was slow; and hence we are the possessors of *Wallenstein*, *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, *William Tell*, the ballads, and the later lyrics: hence we can observe him at work by means of that long correspondence, to read which is like looking into a glass bee hive, and seeing the bees shape their cells, only that here the bees are poets, and the cells are filled with other sweetness than that of the heath-hell or the honeysuckle; hence, too, instead of Goethe the calculating egoist, we know Goethe the loyal and generous friend, such as he is described in a letter of Schiller (1804) to the Countess Schimmelfennig: "It is not the noble qualities of his intellect which bind me to him. If he had not the highest worth of all in my eyes—worth as a man, whom I have personally

known, I could only from afar, I can be six years during the union with honest been

his nature a lofty integrity and truth, together with the highest earnestness on behalf of what is right and good."

But let us return to the first remarkable letter of the correspondence. It is nothing else than an attempt on Schiller's part to set up a mirror in which Goethe may view his form and features, for "genius," he says, "ever remains the greatest mystery to itself." The chief impression left upon Schiller after their recent conversations was not that he had acquired a number of new ideas, but that he had been contemplating an extraordinary mind, and that this mind had a power to draw his own toward itself out of intricacies and extravagances, and into broad sane ways of feeling and of thought. "Your calm and clear way of looking at things," he writes, "keeps you from getting upon the by-roads, into which speculation as well as arbitrary or self-directed imagination is so apt to lead one astray. Your direct intuition grasps all things in their completeness which are sought for laboriously by analysis, and because this lies within you as a whole, the wealth of your mind is concealed from yourself; for alas! we know only that which we take to pieces. . . . You look on nature as a whole in order that you may obtain light as to each particular part." And so he goes on to point out how, getting as it were upon the track of nature, Goethe ascends from simpler organisms to more complex, until at last he arrives at man, and creates beautiful human forms and characters in the deep, silent, mysterious way of nature herself. "Had you been born a Greek, or even an Italian, and had you from the cradle been placed in the midst of choice natural surroundings and of an idealizing art, your path would have been infinitely shortened, perhaps even have been rendered quite superfluous. . . . But being born a German, and your Grecian spirit having been cast in this northern mould, you had no other choice but either to become a northern artist, or, by the power of thought, to furnish your imagination with what reality did not supply, and thus to create from within outward a land of Greece by a reasoning process." At first, in his romantic period of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, Goethe—so it is implied by the criticism—was a German, and in any attempt to correct this original Germanic nature there was a danger that he might

have remained in the region of abstract conceptions, and have never got so far as to translate these conceptions into intuitions and the concrete forms of art. From that danger Goethe had been most happily and completely delivered.

So runs on the letter, with its ingenious theory of Goethe's genius and its development—a singular opening to a series of friendly communications, but one characteristic of the whole correspondence in its conscious striving after the highest culture, its strenuous effort toward a clear comprehension of the conduct of a poet's mind. Schiller has more of system in his body of philosophic or æsthetic doctrine; Goethe is the broader and more penetrating in his glances. Both strive—and each in his own fashion—after things of the mind with rare intelligence and zeal, as others strive for worldly wealth or place and power. The correspondence is not easy reading; it taxes the patience of one who is fain to repose now and again in pleasant quietudes of feeling, or who would gladly overhear the gossip of daily life. We do not perceive its true value until we have formed acquaintance with the works of Schiller and Goethe which belong to these years, and study the correspondence partly as a commentary and partly as a document in the history of origins.

To Schiller's long letter of analysis and theory Goethe replied almost with effusion. Writing on the eve of his forty-fifth birthday, he tells his new friend how he regards the days of their first cordial intercourse as an epoch in his life; and how it pleases him to reflect that this union came in a natural, unforced way, "for it seems to me that after so unexpected a meeting we cannot but wander on together." He dares to hope that some of his manifold undertakings may be bequeathed to his young contemporary to carry to completion, and promises as soon as possible to place in Schiller's hands the proof-sheets of the book which occupies him at present. Nor can he be content that his friend should only hold an intellectual-mirror up before him; rather let Schiller write about himself, the course of his progress, and the point to which it has brought him.

The approach of mind to mind is very grave and noble. They do not throw themselves into each other's arms, as new

friends were accustomed twenty or thirty years earlier, and shed the tears of sentiment. Each maintains himself in his place, and gives the other his right hand in pledge of helpful comradeship of mind with mind. What higher, what more moving spectacle does the world afford than such loyal alliance of strong man with strong man, such fellowship of athletes wrestling for the solid prizes of the universe!

Very beautiful in its tone of moderation is Schiller's next letter: "Our acquaintance—late, but awakening in me many a delightful hope—is for me another proof of how much better it often is to let chance have its way than to forestall it with too much officiousness. . . . The very different paths along which you and I moved could not, with any advantage to ourselves, have brought us together sooner than at the present time. I now can hope, however, that for as much of the way as remains we may travel as companions, and with so much more advantage as the last travellers on a long journey have always the most to say to one another." Then, having finely remarked that all Goethe's mental powers seemed to have agreed with his imagination that it should be their representative, while in his own little world of man the philosophical and the poetic minds embarrass each other in their operations, he goes on to refer to his bodily infirmity: "I can scarcely hope for time to accomplish any great and general mental revolution in myself; but I will do what I can, and when at last the building falls, I shall, perhaps, after all, have snatched from the ruins what was most worthy of being preserved."

The activity of the new friends has been represented by Herman Grimm in an algebraic formula; it was, as he says, much more than doubled; the new force, as he puts it, was not simply $G + S$, but rather $(G + S) + (S + G)$. A new Goethe reinforced by Schiller stood side by side with a new Schiller reinforced by Goethe. There were boundless possibilities and ever-opening vistas in this friendship, for the friends were constantly faring forward, fellow-travellers in untried ways of intellectual experience, fellow-pioneers in new worlds of the imagination. And in its character the friendship was thoroughly masculine; neither spirit rushed into the other to be absorbed and lose its identity;

each held its own. There was no feigned consent of opinions; each could protect himself, if needful, against the other's influence. The first fact recognized by each was that of his own individuality; the next, that each individuality supplied something wanting to the other. And as time went on each was aware of a great accumulated gain. "The change which your personal influence has wrought in me," writes Schiller (12th August, 1796), "I feel to be perfectly marvellous, and though as regards one's essential self and one's ability nothing can be altered, a great purification has taken place in me." And Goethe (6th January, 1798): "If I have served you as the representative of much that is objective, you have led me back to myself from a too exclusive observation of outward things and their relations. . . . You have given me a second youth, and made me once again a poet, which I might be said to have ceased to be." And once again Schiller (23rd July, 1799): "My being will receive quite a new momentum when we are together again, for you always know how to propel me toward the outer world and into wider latitudes; when I am alone I sink back into myself." When the public had failed to distinguish the separate authorship of certain writings which they had published in association, Goethe finds pleasure in the evidence thus given that each of them was escaping from mannerisms, and was attaining an excellence free from merely personal peculiarities: "It will then be for us to consider," he goes on (26th December, 1795), "what a glorious space may be spanned by our each holding the other by one hand, and stretching out the other hand as far as nature will permit us to reach."

Herder would willingly have transformed the rulership of German literature into a triumvirate. His jealousy of Schiller, and the painful breach with the Duke and Goethe, in which questions relating to money were involved, rendered alliance with him impossible. There was much that was lovable in Herder's nature, and yet his temper was easily irritated, and springs of bitterness made all the sweeter waters brackish. Goethe valued Herder's powers highly, but his moods of barren harshness were peculiarly alien to Goethe's feelings. "Herder's two new volumes," he wrote in June, 1796, "I have read

completely intelligible, Goethe was often pleased to veil his true self, and he indulged a whim for disguises; thus he supposed that he might remain himself, whole and undivided, and produce his true impression by degrees, whereas if he were known in person, a group of notions connoted by the name of "Goethe" would, so to speak, be severed from his total self, and the real Goethe would be obliged to act up to this notional Goethe in the minds of other men—an irksome and unprofitable task. Sometimes this tendency carried him into idle mystifications, but it was deep-seated in his nature. In later days even the good Eckermann was now and again too painfully perplexed by the oracle. When his famulus humbly asked the master for some explanation of "the Mothers" in the second part of *Faust*, Goethe only turned his face full upon the inquirer and, with wide open eyes, repeated the line:—

"Die Mütter, die Mütter! 's klingt so wunderbarlich."

His meaning must be received whole by the imagination, and not be apprehended piecemeal by means of explanations designed for the understanding.

Lines of difference so deep-drawn between the pair of friends created no difficulty in their communion of thought and feeling, or if it did, that difficulty was happily overcome. Both felt strongly that popular taste in Germany needed to be elevated and purified, that a public opinion on matters of literature and art must be created and trained. "The public," writes Schiller, "no longer has that unity of taste which belongs to childhood, and still less that unity which is the outcome of perfected culture. It stands midway between both; hence it is a glorious time for bad authors." Schiller held that a true body of doctrine respecting works of art might be ascertained and inculcated, that a party might be formed under his own and Goethe's leadership, and that by a vigorous attack the pedants and obcurantists might be driven from the field. Goethe, if not cynical, at least older and more realistic, expected less from anything which they could do. Every effort to be made, but "who can swim against waves on which they are breaking?" In work- but

little headway." Something, however, might be done. "Things were the same," he writes, "twenty-five years ago, when I began, and will be even so long after I am gone. Yet . . . it does seem as if certain views and principles, without which no one ought to approach a work of art, must by degrees become more general."

As he read one day in Martial, it occurred to Goethe that a retort upon the enemies of *Die Horen* might be made in the skirmishing way of epigrams. Schiller eagerly took up the idea, and enlarged its scope; and so came into existence the *Xenia*, foxes with firebrands at their tails, let loose in the corn of Timnath. Literary mediocrity, learned pedantry, pietistic sentimentalism, metaphysical wordspinning—against each of these a lively attack was directed. To Schiller the *Xenia* were almost a serious poetical occupation; he looked on them as miniature works of art; and, in truth, his genius adapted itself more happily than did that of Goethe to the epigram. "What time I wasted over them!" was Goethe's feeling in later years, and while he wrote them it was with a half-cynical feeling that to be modest, able, and deserving during our threescore years and ten will not prevent the devil's advocate from appearing beside our corpse, and that perhaps it is better to anticipate his appearance by the aid of a little well-timed aggressiveness, which will compel our contemporaries to say what they have against us *in petto*, while we are still alive and stirring. A man can efface the impression produced by malignant comment or lie at any time, said Goethe, by his presence, his life, and his activity. Schiller was a little disturbed by the coarse attacks which the epigrams called forth; he was especially anxious that the *Xenia* should not be mistaken for vulgar satire, but rather be recognized as poetical productions in their own kind. "I hope," replies Goethe, taking things in his easy way, "that the *Xenia* will continue to produce an effect for some time to come, and that they will keep alive the evil spirit that has been raised against us. We will meanwhile advance with our positive works, and leave to it the torment of negation. If only our humor holds good we must again stir up their spleen from its very depths, but not till they are quite at ease, and think themselves secure."

In that remarkable letter with which the

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the advantages of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the challenges faced during the data collection process. It addresses issues such as data quality, consistency, and the potential for bias, providing strategies to mitigate these risks.

4. The fourth part discusses the ethical considerations surrounding data collection and analysis. It stresses the need for informed consent, data privacy, and the responsible use of information.

5. The fifth part presents the results of the study, showing the effectiveness of the proposed methods and the insights gained from the data analysis.

6. The sixth part concludes the document by summarizing the key findings and offering recommendations for future research and practice.

7. Finally, the document includes a list of references to the sources used throughout the study, ensuring that all information is properly cited and verifiable.

find him congratulating himself, while at work on *Wallenstein*, upon the circumstance that he feels coldly toward the characters of his drama; none of them can tempt him to put any of his own personality into them; he is not far from hating them all; therefore he can with single mind occupy himself with the poetic form of the piece. And though the coldness of Goethe's *Natural Daughter* is more apparent than real, we cannot rejoice to see a poet who, at his best, was so real, natural, and spontaneous, setting himself deliberately to create type-characters, like some of the *dramatis personæ* of that play, upon whom the author will not even condescend to bestow proper names. From abstractions it was easy to pass on to symbols; if once we leave the surface of this dear old mother-earth, we are but too likely to wander farther and farther toward the Inane. Some of the lifeless symbolism, the allegorical ingenuities of Goethe's later poetry, may be viewed as the last product of the intellectual movement which began so admirably in the form of ideal art and Hellenism. The scientific studies of Goethe, his passion for the discovery of type-forms in nature, indirectly confirmed this tendency in art; it seemed to accredit his new doctrine with the authority of Nature herself. But at the same time it is right to remember that his habit of observing natural phenomena helped also to keep Goethe in close connection with reality, and encouraged that method of intuition, that comprehensive and penetrating gaze from which, whether in science it led to discovery or error, some of his happiest poetical motives were derived.

The year of *Hermann und Dorothea*, 1797, was also the year of Ballads. Singularly enough, that year is memorable for ballad poetry in England as well as in Germany. Then it was that Southey, in his home at Westbury, caught, in *Bishop Bruno*, the right tone, as he conceived it, of the modern ballad. Then it was that Wordsworth and Coleridge, residing at Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, made that autumn excursion to Lynmouth on which was planned *The Ancient Mariner*, to be included next year among the *Lyrical Ballads*. Then, too, Goethe and Schiller, in Weimar and Jena, were adding to German literature a wealth of poetry now familiar to us all. In that year Goethe wrote *The*

Bride of Corinth, *The Magician's Apprentice*, *The God and the Bayadere*; Schiller produced in rapid succession *The Diver*, *The Glove*, *The Cranes of Ibycus*, *The Ring of Polycrates*, and other ballads which take rank among the best that he has written.

As contrasted with Goethe's early songs and lyrics, these poems of the period of his friendship with Schiller appear to be less the overflowings of instinct and spontaneous nature than the shapings of the self-conscious artist. "I had come," Goethe writes of his earlier period, "to look on my indwelling poetic gift quite as nature; the more so as I was inclined to regard external nature as its proper object. The exercise of this poetic gift could, indeed, be excited and determined by circumstances, but its most joyous and richest action was involuntary, or rather in opposition to the will:—

'Through field and forest roaming,
My little songs still humming,
So went it all day long.'

As I lay awake at night the same thing happened, and I often wished, like one of my predecessors, to get me a leather jerkin, and to accustom myself to write in the dark so as to fix at once such unpremeditated song. So frequently had it happened that after repeating a little song to myself I could not recall it, that I sometimes would hurry to the desk, make no delay to adjust the paper as it lay slantwise, and write down in diagonal lines the poem from beginning to end without once stirring from the spot. . . . For the poems which came thus into existence I had a particular reverence, for I felt toward them somewhat as the hen does toward the chickens which she sees hatched and chirping about her." These early poems, many of which are songs, springing sometimes from purely imaginative motives, sometimes from personal feeling or from incidents in Goethe's life, are perfect in technique, but the workmanship is seldom of an elaborate kind. From among the earlier ballads or romantic songs one may be named as illustrating the character of all, *The Fisher*, inspired, as Goethe told Eckermann, by the mysterious charm of water, the irresistible seduction of the rippling, lapping, whispering stream at noontide under a summer sun. Or we might name *The Erl-King*, a poem in which terror and love, the icy fears which cling

harsh as his verdict is, it is no harsher than that of Rousseau himself on his own work: "Any girl who opens this book," he says in the preface referred to by Dr. Burney, "may as well read on to the end, as if her eye but glances over one page she is hopelessly lost." What did Rousseau think in after days, when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* became the rage in Paris, and fine ladies stayed away from a ball, and sent away their carriages at dawn, unable to tear themselves away from the fascinating love story? Possibly it may have occurred to him that the state of things described in the book was a vast improvement on the actual condition of manners prevalent in Paris in 1757, when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was published, or he may have held the widespread theory that a married woman can read with impunity literature that is fraught with peril for a mere spinster.

However that might be, one thing is certain, that any one who expects consistency in Rousseau is doomed to woful disappointment. The well-meaning, ill-doing, ungrateful atom of humanity, with *l'esprit et la vanité comme quatre*, as Mlle. d'Ette truly says of him, had every opportunity of knowing men and seeing life in all its modes. But he mingled with his fellows possessed by a preconceived idea, and only found what he looked for, which was the bad side of the people that he met, and the unfortunate results of their mode of existence and of their education.

Still, in the intervals of heaping abuse on those who had shown him nothing but kindness, he gave his attention to improving the condition of the world generally, striking at once at the root of the matter, in the bringing up of the children. One of the most interesting and amusing aspects of the whole question is the gigantic effort of Rousseau to descend to practical details—Rousseau, who always cut the knot of a difficulty by calmly running away. It is likewise quite in keeping with this extraordinary being that in the midst of a whole host of transcendental notions, utterly incompatible with life in a community, he will lay down some precepts which are not only useful, but absolutely sensible and wise.

Before discussing the principles of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and of *Emile*, concerning the employment of our time with the ut-

most profit to ourselves and to others, a brief sketch of the plot of the first-named book is necessary. As everybody knows, the heroine, Julie d'Etanges, falls in love with the young tutor, dubbed St. Preux by the lively cousin who is the confidante of their affection. The lovers, in despair of gaining the consent of Julie's father, keep their meetings secret, till circumstances disclose the position of affairs to an Englishman, Lord Bomston, usually referred to as "Edward" by his acquaintances, in what they consider a truly British manner. Lord Bomston, in the act of sending his seconds to arrange a duel with St. Preux, who has challenged him, is appealed to by Julie, and immediately pockets his pride (and his pistols), espouses her cause, intercedes with her father to make the two lovers happy, and implores him, if money is all that is wanted, to allow him (Bomston) to fill the void. "What," he exclaims with the fervor natural to an English peer, "what is it that he lacks? Fortune? He shall have it. The third of my property will suffice to make him the richest private gentleman in Vaud, and if that is not enough I will give him half of what I possess." There seems no adequate motive for those Ahasuerus-like offers, which, fortunately for the heirs to the Bomston title, are refused; the Baron d'Etanges declines to permit his daughter to marry a man of low birth, and a few years later, when her mother is dead, and St. Preux gone on a voyage round the world, Julie accepts the hand of her father's old friend, M. de Wolmar.

It is with the habits of this Swiss household that the present article is concerned; and, to understand rightly Rousseau's views as to the conduct of a family, we must consider also the educational principles laid down in *Emile*, published four years later.

Both books are ostensibly a crusade against the luxury and artificiality of the age; yet in every page the self-consciousness and want of simplicity characteristic of their author are apparent. Apparent, too, is the inability to realize the bearings of things which no experience of society could ever teach Rousseau. The man who had lived with Genevese shop-keepers and Savoyard peasants, who had mixed familiarly with Diderot, Grimm, and the aristocracy of finance, who was the secretary

and friend of some of the greatest ladies in France, the Comtesse d'Égmont and Mme. de Brionne, was incapable, to the end of his life, of learning the lessons of facts. His precepts are totally unfitted for the give and take of society: they demand special beings amid special conditions in order to be carried out. "Have you ever been so foolish as to believe in Rousseau and his *Emile*?" writes the Abbe Galiani to Mme. d'Épinay in January 1771. "Do you really think that education, maxims, and lectures have any effect in moulding our minds? If so, take a wolf, and turn him into a dog."

This, of course, is an extreme way of putting the case: but Rousseau's people only blossom in a state of isolation, and are not fitted for contact with the world; and by his own showing, in the instance of the ideal *Emile's* ideal wife Sophie, when they *do* come into collision with it, their principles are apt to give way. We could, most of us, be good if we were not tempted, and if we lived under a perpetual rule of thumb. In spite of all Rousseau's talk about Freedom and Happiness, this is what his characters really do. To prove the truth of this statement, we have only to look at the regulations laid down for the Wolmar household, the neighboring village, and the education of children, all of which may be gathered from the letters of St. Preux, now an honored (though somewhat strange) guest of the Wolmars, to his friend Lord Bomston.

First, as to the servants and dependents. The main thing that strikes the reader (after the happy thought of choosing an English peer as the recipient of those details, imagine "old Q." in similar circumstances) is the artificiality of all those personages. No one has any opportunity of developing an individuality of his own, or is allowed a spontaneous movement. Every hour is regulated and employed; the servants only exist for the glorification of "*les maîtres*." Sublime self-confidence is the foundation of the Wolmar system, and a proportionately rooted mistrust of the schemes of others. It is a fixed principle with them to take their servants young and fresh from large families in the villages round, and to train them themselves, *because* it is a foregone conclusion that servants taken from another place will have learned nothing but

the vices of their employers, and so will ruin their masters (always meaning the Wolmars), and corrupt their children. Modern mistresses need not exclaim at the amount of time and trouble involved in educating a cook, for instance, in the manifold tricks of her trade: it was quite worth Mme. Wolmar's while to teach her, as no servant was ever known to give warning in that fortunate house, and, once there, she was certain to stay forever. One great inducement to the servants remaining lay in the fact that their wages were raised $\frac{1}{10}$ for twenty years. It would be interesting to see the sum that they started from; but Rousseau never commits himself to that. Then, great care is taken to keep the sexes properly apart, so that they never come across each other, either in their work or in their pleasures, except at stated times. The women usually walk out after dinner with Mme. Wolmar and the children, like prisoners under the eye of their jailer, and on Sunday evenings they are permitted in turn to ask a friend to a light collation of cakes and creams in the nursery. No "Sundays out" or "monthly holidays" for them! but then all that they desire is to bask in the presence of "*les maîtres*." While the female portion of the establishment is having its "constitutional," the men are turned out to work out of doors, and on summer Sundays have athletic sports in the meadow, with prizes, for which strangers of good reputation are invited to compete. In the winter evenings they all dance, part of the time in Julie's presence, and refresh themselves when tired with cake and wine.

A good many of those customs are sensible enough, and have their origin in the then perfectly unknown principle, care for the comfort and well-being of servants and laborers. But all is spoiled by the perpetual *surveillance* of Julie. It has an irritating effect on the reader, and must have tended to hypocrisy in many of the persons so haunted and watched. Even with all possible friendliness and consideration between servants and mistresses, the best servants in the world would feel awkward and constrained in the continual and uncalled-for presence of their masters, and their self-respect would resent the inevitable inference. But Julie's dependents are made of different stuff. They become radiant whenever she appears, and fall

into her innocent little schemes with gratitude. Happy and blessed as their existence is at all times, the crowning moment of bliss is during the vintaging. The whole household moves into the hills, and all day long the men work, singing over their toil like operative peasants. In the evenings they gather in a large room built by the thoughtful Julie, and card hemp. When Julie thinks that enough has been carded, she says, "Let us send up our fireworks." Each gathers up his bundle of hemp, and goes into the court, where a bonfire is made and set alight.

But "n'a pas est honneur qui vent ; Julie l'adjuge en présentant le flambeau à celui ou celle qui a fait ce soir-là le plus d'ouvrage. L'auguste cérémonie est accompagnée d'acclamations et de battements de mains ; on saute, on rit. Ensuite on offre à boire à toute l'assemblée ; chacun boit à la santé du vainqueur, et va se coucher, content d'une journée passée dans le travail, la gaité, l'innocence." (Vol. 2, p. 369.) Could anything be more puerile or more maddeningly self-conscious ? Yes : there is worse to come.

The relations of the Wolmars with the neighboring village are in every way as perfect and satisfactory as their relations with their household. They consider, with really good sense, that it is much wiser to try and make people content with "the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them" than to encourage them to push up the social ladder. They think, truly, that young men often mistake ambition (they might have added discontent) for genius, and that perhaps one in a hundred of those that leave their native place to seek their fortune ever finds it. So far we entirely agree with them ; but they overstep their fair limits when they go on, characteristically, to observe that the one who succeeds probably does so by crooked means.

So Julie and her husband live on their own property, keeping their equals at a civil distance, and taking real pleasure only in the society of their inferiors. This state of things has always a debasing tendency, as it develops in the meekest breast self-complacency and a love of managing. Of course, Rousseau intends us to see in it only another instance of the superiority of his ideal ; but a few healthy quarrels would have been

to M. and Mme. Wolmar than the smiling condescension with which they played their self-allotted part in life. One instance of their dealings with their "poorer brethren" is related, in ecstasies of rapture, by St. Preux and Lord Bomston. We have not got the answer of that long-suffering peer ; but it inspires the modern English reader with a violent desire to kick "les maîtres." The whole thing is so despicably silly and unreal that it is hardly possible to narrate it with patience. This is, however, the outline of the story—one example among many of their daily customs !

Julie is in the habit of frequently inviting some aged villager to dinner. He is always given the seat of honor beside his hostess, who helps him herself, makes much of him (*le caresse*), and enters into conversation with him. The old man, enchanted by such behavior, bubbles over with delight, and talks freely of his own affairs. At least, that appears to be the English equivalent of "se livre à l'épanchement de son cœur." He brightens up while telling of the good old times, of his *amours* (!) and of his crops, and the dinner passes off gayly. When it is over the children are secretly instructed to give the old man a present with which their mother has furnished them, and, in order to produce reciprocity of feeling, the villager returns the compliment by another gift, from the same source. Then he takes his leave, and hurries back to his cottage, where, amid tears of joy, he displays his gifts and relates to his family how he has been fêted, how attentive have been the servants, and how *empressés* the hosts. Blessings are showered on *les maîtres*, and the whole village is raised to such a pinnacle of exaltation at the honor shown to one of their number that a fresh incentive is given to virtue in the knowledge that when they too enter the vale of years they too shall be similarly rewarded.

And this is what Rousseau calls simplicity !

Before discussing Rousseau's views of education, we must glance for a moment at his theories of political economy as embodied in the all-wise M. de Wolmar. Even to a person not versed in the science, they appear a little unsound, and singularly lacking in common sense. They are mostly elicited by a conversation between Julie and St. Preux, who has been ob-

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the work.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the objectives are being met.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the plan and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

Vol. 2, p. 192.

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator who is assigned to the case. The investigator must first determine the nature of the problem and the scope of the investigation. This is done by reviewing the available information and by conducting interviews with the relevant parties. The investigator must also determine the objectives of the investigation and the methods to be used to achieve these objectives.

2. The second step in the process is the collection of data. This is done by the investigator who is assigned to the case. The investigator must first determine the sources of data and the methods to be used to collect the data. This is done by reviewing the available information and by conducting interviews with the relevant parties. The investigator must also determine the objectives of the investigation and the methods to be used to achieve these objectives.

3. The third step in the process is the analysis of the data. This is done by the investigator who is assigned to the case. The investigator must first determine the methods to be used to analyze the data. This is done by reviewing the available information and by conducting interviews with the relevant parties. The investigator must also determine the objectives of the investigation and the methods to be used to achieve these objectives.

4. The fourth step in the process is the interpretation of the results. This is done by the investigator who is assigned to the case. The investigator must first determine the methods to be used to interpret the results. This is done by reviewing the available information and by conducting interviews with the relevant parties. The investigator must also determine the objectives of the investigation and the methods to be used to achieve these objectives.

5. The fifth step in the process is the reporting of the results. This is done by the investigator who is assigned to the case. The investigator must first determine the methods to be used to report the results. This is done by reviewing the available information and by conducting interviews with the relevant parties. The investigator must also determine the objectives of the investigation and the methods to be used to achieve these objectives.

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the influence of a mother during the opening years of infancy, and expresses the boy from the moment he is able to speak to the care of what was neglected those days a governor. He does, indeed, give regulations for the proper treatment of the baby by his nurse, from its earliest moments, and even bestows attention on the very limited number of toys proper to an infant.

six months old. Was his interest in other people's children, we wonder, a kind of expiation of his desertion of his own? or was it merely the iconoclasm so deeply rooted in Rousseau's nature that caused him to strike such vigorous blows at the thralldom in which helpless little creatures passed the first portion of their lives? Be that as it may, Rousseau, aided by the celebrated and fashionable Dr. Tronchin, of Geneva, certainly did manage to effect a revolution in this important matter, and children have cause to bless him unto this day. Of course, he is often absurd and unpractical, and as artificial as the people he abuses, or he would not be Rousseau; but then he is surprisingly often sensible and even wise. Again and again he insists that we are not to expect too much of children, for to demand that they should be capable of reasoning like grown-up people is only to cultivate superficiality and affectation. The aim of early education, says Julie, is to render a child capable of receiving instruction, and to this end his mind should never be pushed. No one should ever talk to him of what he cannot understand, or allow him to hear descriptions above his head. In his early years his body should be cultivated and his mind let alone, and, above all, he should be taught never to take things for granted. Let him put every assertion to the proof before he accepts it. Rousseau had clearly not been brought into contact with children whose senses are keenly alive to the conversation of their elders, or he would have found some practical difficulties in the way of this plan; but then his creations are docile infants, who never ask inconvenient questions. He perpetually informs us that children should be free and happy; but it does not occur to him that companionship and friction are the most important of all elements in training for the work of life, and, as *Émile* happens to be an only child, he is kept in the absolute isolation which is always a necessary "factor" of Rousseau's projects. Unconscious development, instinct, the ideas that are blown about like the pollen of a flower, and germinate no one knows where, and no one knows why,—these things have no place in Rousseau's theories. His education is emphatically self-conscious; and the consequence is that the results, though often excellent, might

be attained with much less trouble some other way.

The first essential condition of Rousseau's method is that the same person should have charge of the child from Birth to Bridal. "I would not have undertaken *Émile* at all if I had not been allowed to exercise my judgment in choosing his wife," he says more than once. It will readily be supposed that the competition for tutorships under the Rousseau system would not be excessive, especially as another condition of equal weight is insisted on. "The Governor is to have no salary: he must be a family friend" (*Émile*, vol. 1, p. 68). A teacher who receives wages, like a person who receives gifts with gratitude, puts himself at once out of the reckoning, and draws down upon himself Rousseau's everlasting contempt. Compare his views in *Émile* with the passage in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, in which he treats of the same subject. "My father has returned," writes Julie to St. Preux, "and is well satisfied with my progress in music and drawing, and indeed with all my studies. But as soon as he discovered you were not of noble birth he inquired the amount of your monthly salary. My mother answered that it was impossible even to propose such an arrangement to you, and that you had even rejected any little presents she had tried to give you—presents such as any one might take. He then made up his mind that a certain payment should be offered, and that in the event of your refusal, you should, in spite of all your merits, be thanked for your instruction and politely dismissed" (*Nouvelle Héloïse*, vol. 1, p. 94). Of course, St. Preux is outraged by such a natural and sensible proposition. "What would my real position be if I consented to receive a salary in return for my lessons?" he writes, in reply. "In selling him part of my time,—that is, of myself,—I should become a paid servant—a sort of valet—and my faith would be tacitly engaged for the preservation of all that belonged to him, as if I was the meanest of his retainers. If, after that, I gave reins to my feelings (*i.e.*, made love to Julie), I should be grossly in fault" (vol. 1, p. 109).

St. Preux is so far right that, if he voluntarily accepted a paid position of trust, the betrayal of confidence would be even

selves whether some rather remarkable creations of that art are not to be met with which in reality dispense with such interest. The reply is easy, and, to take at random two very striking instances among theatrical works, *Macbeth* and *Athalie* may at once be cited as entirely deprived of that interest, and among novels *Le Cousin Pons* and *Le Curé de Tours* of Balzac, and the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe. These five works, so widely different are they, sufficiently enable us to draw the conclusion that in reality some of the masters of fiction have succeeded in producing the greatest tragic and pathetic effects without having recourse in any way to the magic of what Goethe called, in words so appropriate that they have become hackneyed, *Das ewig Weibliche*.

We seem, therefore, to have settled one point by the examination of facts. Yes, fiction can do without love. But if an isolated fact demonstrate a possibility, the value of the possibility is diminished by that very isolation. Now, the literary historian at once records this second and indisputable truth, that a *Macbeth*, an *Athalie*, a *Cousin Pons*, a *Curé de Tours* are exceptions among the works even of the authors by whom they were written, and still more so among the bulk of the works of every other author. Let us still employ the term fiction in its most extended sense, and we shall recognize that the dramas, the comedies, the novels, the poems from which the love interest is absent, when compared with the dramas, the comedies, the novels and the poems in which it prevails, are, proportionately, few indeed; so few that if a cultivated reader were asked to draw up a list of the works of fiction which do without love, he would be puzzled to name more than nine or ten. Would he even find as many? This observation, which tells both ways, shows that if love is not imperiously and absolutely necessary in fiction, it is, however, too useful to be considered as other than an almost inseparable element of the art. I think I perceive some reasons for this which I should like to point out, because, being technical reasons, they are too much neglected by the æsthetics, and yet they govern literary production.

It would seem, indeed, that every discussion upon a work of art should first of

all take into account the conditions under which that work of art was produced, and yet this is precisely what least occupies those who talk about it. To keep to the question before us, the persons who criticise as a monotonous abuse the employment of Love in novels and dramas always regard the subject from a purely ideal and philosophical point of view. They take pains to prove the self-evident truth, that love occupies in books and upon the stage a much more important place than in real life. "Love," say these theorists, "is with most men a dolorous or a delightful disorder for a very brief period. If that period be prolonged it is only among a small number of the idle, and just as the necessities of employment affect the disorder among people with occupations, so among these idle ones, who have leisure to think upon their sentiments, the ambition of caste, of wealth, of vanity, or of mere prosperity, soon insinuates itself into the heart, side by side with love, and diminishes its intensity. We have consequently a passion, powerful no doubt and assuredly interesting, but, after all, secondary, while in works of art it occupies a place much greater than all the others. This," continue these theorists, "is a survival of the time when the literature of fiction confined itself, as in France during the seventeenth century, to the delineation of Court life, all gallantry and intrigue. In the present day we require a more accurate and a more complete picture of life, and if we are to have such a picture the novelists and the dramatists must make up their minds to keep love in the background, or suppress it altogether, especially as they have already drawn from it every imaginable combination."

This argument, the force of which I hope I have not diminished, is a very specious one. In æsthetics we ought to mistrust very specious arguments, especially when they lead to no practical induction. But when those arguments are based upon the mysterious term *life*, their apparent logic serves only to hide a thoroughly sterile sophism. For we might use almost the same argument to demonstrate that the dramatic art is necessarily false, because the characters do not employ the same number of words they would in real life. Into five minutes, and the interval of a very short scene, you compress an interview which, in reality, would

est, the novel, and cause thousands of copies to be taken. The explanation is that a sale of art is not solely composed of elements applied to real life. It must include these elements and group them, and the conditions of this grouping govern an entire sphere of art. To return to the place occupied in fiction by scenes of love-life and dramatists have been so thoroughly sed, as it were, to give so much a place to that passion, the reason is that they are how much easier their intent is rendered. They perceived in it a particularly effective means of making observations, oftentimes quite foreign to the subject of love. A short analysis will show the reason of the preference for this passion, rather than for so many other.

Let us suppose that a painter of manners, a Molière, a Balzac, a Thackeray, has collected a great number of notes upon some social class, some calling, some spot in town or country. To give these various notes the unity of a drama he must, in the first place, create characters in which that class, that calling, those customs, are embodied and endowed with life. The primary condition of a narrative is that it must place individuals before us, and not be satisfied with reproducing mere notes. The second condition is that these individuals must act in juxtaposition. Now, what moral crisis is better adapted for this twofold purpose than a love crisis? Under what circumstances does our individuality display itself with more energy and freedom, whether we resist, or whether we yield to the transport of desire? When the character of a hypocrite is to be completely exposed to view, in even its most hidden recesses, what does Molière do? He throws Tartuffe at the feet of Elmire, for he knows that passion will cause the mask of the scoundrel to fall, and that in his imprudent and dangerous words he will completely betray himself. When the figure of a young man who is poor and who is consumed by a feverish desire to succeed in life is to be brought out in full relief, Balzac makes Delphine de Mueingen meet Rastignac (*Le Père Goriot*), Stendhal makes Julien Sorel meet Madame de Rênal and Mademoiselle de la Môle (*Le Rouge et le Noir*), and their ungovernable ambition and pride, with hearts precociously corrupted by the craving for luxury, are revealed all the more vividly, be-

cause Rastignac and Julien are at the sentimental age, and, notwithstanding their prosaic calculations, give way occasionally to unrestrained emotion, which is immediately repressed by the merceness of their dispositions. If strength of character in a noble heart has to be shown, Charlotte brings the old into the presence of a young man; and the love of the hero serves, by the strength with which he combats it, to show us how profound is that feeling of honor. If the moral ravages caused by the abuse of metaphysical over-idealism, and the atrophy of the will, have to be exhibited, Goethe creates Werther with his regard for Charlotte which he cannot overcome. It will be observed that in none of these cases has the writer had in view to study love for its own sake, like Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, or Racine in *Phedre*. Love has been made use of simply as a means of illustrating some characteristic feature, some habit of mind, or even some prejudice. It has seemed to the writer that no method was better adapted to display the characteristics of a person than to represent him as in love. Tartuffe without Elmire would be none the less Tartuffe, a false saint of the darkest perfidy; Rastignac and Julien, two frightful, smooth-faced scoundrels of the fashionable world; Rodrigue, a nobleman of an admirable race; and Werther, a poor sickly German visionary. Yes, they would be all that; but we should know less about them had we not seen them subjected to the most decisive ordeals a young man can undergo, and sometimes a man who is no longer young, such as Harpagon or Othello.

If a love crisis is a sovereign means of eliciting distinguishing characteristics it is perhaps even more sovereign in creating one of those passionate and tragical conflicts which are the very essence of the drama and the novel. Undoubtedly the rivalries of ambition, of self-esteem, of opinion, of race, occasion constant struggles and abound in prolonged conflicts. Love presents this advantage—I am regarding the subject from a purely technical point of view with an eye to composition—that the struggles it occasions are more rapid, more acute, more violent. The spectator or the reader is, besides, more disposed to accept sudden changes and incoherence, which the author often needs in order to arrive at fresh and un-

expected incidents. And here let me refer to one of the difficulties the least known and yet the most important of the art of fiction—I mean recourse to the unforeseen. If, indeed, a novelist or a dramatist confined himself to the incidents which proceed logically from the dispositions of his characters, the number of those incidents would, in the first place, be very limited and they would not seem real. Each of us has but to look into his own existence to recognize this truth, that although he has controlled one part of his life, he has had to submit to the other, owing to circumstances impossible to foresee and determine beforehand. In every one's destiny, therefore, a part is attributable to the will, and a part to chance. Nothing is more difficult than this distribution when fictitious incidents are concerned, and this again is one of the points on which the divergence is made manifest between the conditions of real life and the conditions of life reproduced by literature. Every-day accidents of the most commonplace and unexpected kind upset the destiny of numbers of persons in a simple and tragic manner; a carriage is overturned, a train runs off the rails, a ship founders, a terrible illness occurs. It would seem, therefore, that the employment of incidents such as these is authorized in fiction; and yet it is not so. When an author makes use of these means it is highly probable that the reader will remain incredulous. He sees in incidents thus presented a mere artifice. This is so generally recognized that when some unusual event occurs we continually hear the remark made by people who know nothing of æsthetics, "If that were met with in a book it would not be believed." The reason of this is that real life has no need to justify the facts it presents to us, however improbable they may be. They are facts, and that is enough. For instance, if a criminal condemned to death is saved, just as he is about to mount the scaffold, by an earthquake, that would be an extraordinary circumstance, but if it took place, it took place, and thus could not be disputed. On the other hand, fiction, if its incidents are to appear truthful, has to blend them together with so much skill that the accidents which must appear not only possible but probable. This is why novelists and dramatists are so ready to have recourse to the unforeseen. Every one knows

by experience how much this passion favors the unexpected. Ungovernable and irregular, the very defect which renders it so redoubtable in real life renders it incomparably useful in the novel and the drama. It is accepted as fatal, hazardous, and incoherent. A reader who would consider it a clumsy trick if in the midst of a narrative one of the characters broke his leg, or lost his fortune, would consider it quite natural if that same character fell in love, no matter what his time of life might be. It must be admitted that it is difficult for a narrator to abandon a source of incidents which of themselves, as it were, inspire belief, especially if we remember that the chief merit of a work of fiction is to convey the impression that what is related happened in that manner and in no other.

A final reason closely akin to the preceding may be adduced in order to explain why such a large space is occupied by love in the novel and the drama; it is the facility with which sympathy may be touched by the delineation of that sentiment. This point has also been much discussed, and the question has often been asked whether the novel and the stage can dispense with "sympathetic characters," that is to say, characters which the reader and the spectator adopt and attach themselves to, through good and evil fortune. Here again we must go to statistics, and I think it will be found that not a single novel or play is considered a masterpiece which fails to arouse sympathy. Moreover, a work totally devoid of this element would be a paradox. What motive in fact could the author himself have in writing the work if it had not some attraction to instigate him? In every work of fiction—the ancients recognized this long ago—there has been first of all personal labor, the faculty of the narrator to be himself captivated by his own work has been exercised. As Horace says:

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.*

"I shall be interested in your characters only to the same extent as you yourself, their creator, are interested in them." Literary history verifies this law and shows us that the great authors whose creations have, as Balzac said, added without legal formality to the population, are the first to be captivated by those creations. Every

one recollects the anecdote of that same Balzac, who, one day meeting a friend, said to him with a sadness that was not put on, "I have just killed Lucien de Rubempré. I feel very miserable." These gifted creators have thus had sympathies and antipathies roused by their own characters, just as by persons in real life, and that is why they arouse similar sentiments among their admirers. No writer, however heedless he may be, fails to take into account this necessity of sympathy directly he takes pen in hand, and no author fails to perceive at once that of all sentiments it is love which arouses sympathy most readily and most surely. If, indeed, it does not occupy the largest place in the sum total of existence, it occupies the sweetest place; is the most closely associated with ideas of youth, beauty, devotion; and for a period more or less long exercises the widest influence upon human destiny. The ambitious man and the miser, for instance, remain ambitious and miserly until their death, while the lover is in love only for a time. But ambition and avarice are met with only among a few, while love, or the dream of love, is met with among us all, including at some time or other even the ambitious man himself and the miser. The emotions inseparable from love may thus be felt by every reader and every spectator. Either in their present or their past, they find the traces of this passion with a joy which justifies the famous line of Boileau:—

Tout Paris pour Chimène eut les yeux de Rodrigue.

The author of *L'Art Poétique* has epitomized in a striking manner, with which every one is familiar, the kind of impression which the dramatist or novelist endeavors, instinctively or with premeditation, to produce when the interest excited by love enters into fiction.

The conclusion to be drawn from these remarks, in which it must again be stated the attempt has been made to deal especially with the technical side of the question, is that a work of fiction without love will always remain exceptional.

An author who undertakes to dispense with love is like a chessplayer who consents to play a game without the Queen. But this very difficulty is of a kind to tempt, and it has tempted, certain great

artists. Perhaps we are approaching a time when temptations of this kind will multiply, not because those great artists will be more frequently met with, but because the art of fiction is likely to undergo considerable modification. Indeed, it may be remarked that the tendency of the modern spirit is to enlarge more and more the domain of the novel; for instance, is not an attempt now made to introduce into it studies of intellectual emotion which formerly had no place there? The success of certain works devoted to religious questions of conscience like *Robert Elsmere*, or to vast pictures of social and military life like the *Germinal* of Zola and the *War and Peace* of Tolstoi, is a sign of a transformation in this class of literature which is still quite modern, for it is scarcely a hundred years old. We deem it possible, therefore, that a greater number of works will appear in which the emotion of ideas will be preferred to that of sentiments, and the element of love will be withdrawn from such works for the very reason which most frequently leads to its employment now, that is, to increase the interest. If we suppose that a novelist wishes, for instance, to take that fine theme, the loss or the acquisition of an individual faith, it is certain that the suppression of all feminine influence will increase the beauty of his analysis, by concentrating the drama upon a single passion, the passion for the Truth. In like manner much originality may be exhibited in depicting a politician such as Frederick II., or Napoleon, or, in our own time, Prince Bismarck, under the influence of an ambition which no sentimental consideration can disturb. Even the pictures of a social novel like *Germinal* cannot but gain by the suppression of love. But if such subjects are very elevated, they are also very rare, and it may well be asked whether the art of fiction, in thus expanding, is not likely to lose its own characteristics, and become undistinguishable from philosophy, history, or politics. Should we not rather desire that, notwithstanding the monotony of this love interest, the novelists and dramatists will continue to tell us of the joys and sorrows of their Romeos and Juliets, as the Spring continues, notwithstanding the monotony of the adornment, to deck itself with leaves and flowers every month of May? We must not forget that grace and charm

are essential to the art of fiction, and that without grace and charm it loses what constitutes its legitimate claims to recog-

nition, side by side with positive science and the other utilitarian arts.—*New Review*.

NOTE ON A NEW POET.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

THERE are who run about the world, like seventeenth century witch-finders, sticking pins right and left into minor bards to see whether or not they bleed true ichor. There are who, like Great Britain's navy in the *Bab Ballads*—

“Scour the blue,
Discovering kings and islands new”—

in the unexplored domain of our Britannic Apollo. But I am not of that squadron. Never in my life before did I pretend to spy a poet on my weather bow; and now that by chance I've accidentally sighted one, I feel the greater confidence on that account in calling on the crew at large, through this present speaking-trumpet, to take his bearings.

Brand-new in the very strictest sense of the word our poet is not. Some seven years since, indeed, Mr. William Watson—that is the name that will some day be famous—published at Liverpool (or in other words buried in the ground) a little collection of Epigrams, pure gems of lucent verse, cut and published with rare skill on many sides and facets. This year, again, he has set forth more publicly, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, a dainty volume of poems entitled *Wordsworth's Grave*, which has found readers and admirers, no doubt, since the edition (as I learn) is now well-nigh exhausted, but which, nevertheless, has failed as yet to obtain in full the high recognition it deserves in critical quarters. It was only the other day, indeed, that Mr. Howells chanced upon it, and spoke for it a few words of hearty commendation from the editor's chair in *Harper's*; only the other day that Mr. Walter Besant picked it up in a friend's house, and wrote well of it thereafter in the *Author* (the journal of our trades-union) as a rare and precious treasure of contemporary poetry. Seeing, then, that even those who take a living interest in the rising slopes of our English Parnassus have thus overlooked

these sweet flowers on its side so long, I may surely be pardoned, though at so tardy a date, in venturing, like a botanist that I am, to pull them to pieces now and curiously examine their inner structure. Why, when one comes to think of it, should we give two columns in hot haste to the latest trash that issues damp from the press, and deny a few appreciative words at our leisure to solid and enduring work which happens (perhaps by its own pure modesty) to have escaped due notice on its first appearance?

I was happy in my earliest glimpse of the new-found island. Wandering one day, as Keats phrases it, through the realms of gold which bards in fealty to Apollo hold, I came by chance across this little western archipelago, ruled over by a certain William Watson, till then unknown to me. Nor do I claim to be a Columbus in the critical world; I didn't discover it for myself; I was gently piloted thither by my friend Edward Clodd, who had sighted land already and explored its riches. He handed me the volume open at a little quatrain about Shelley and Harriet Westbrook. I read it as thus:

“A star look'd down from heaven and loved
a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an
hour:
“Let eyes which trace his orbit in the sphere
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears.”

One glimpse revealed the gold
up in surprise, and exclaimed

“This is *not* minor poetry

poetry it is not, for

those will readily

verse is. Shelley

little quatrain

which he

professes

to

o'clock in the afternoon in the full flood of Bond Street. But how much harder it is to do really striking things in the Centre! Oh, yes; to anticipate an obvious criticism, I will frankly admit at once—what has otherwise nothing at all to do with the matter in hand—that I belong to the Left—the Far Left, myself, in everything. All the more, then, am I anxious to do strict justice—no more—to this admirable work which comes to us, in every sense, from the Right Centre. For politically as well as poetically Mr. Watson is True Blue. He sails under the good old flag—the flag of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth. He is all for orthodoxy, patriotism, England, home, and duty. And yet he is fresh, vivid, striking, original. Not since Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* has any new poetry so stirred me with its novelty. And that is much indeed to say of a man who still treads in verse the beaten track—who bounces off at a tangent into no strange vagaries of sense or language, no devious byways of versification and metre.

Since Tennyson came and passed, the tendency of English verse has been all toward obscurities, affectations, eccentricities. Here is a poet who moves in a circle round the common centre. There have been bards unintelligible, bards hysterical, bards nympholeptic, bards abstruse, bards spasmodic, bards inarticulate, and bards babbling or infantile; but for the most part there has been a want in our era of good sound common-sense married to good sound poetry, clear, terse, and polished. Mr. Watson has come in the nick of time to fill this aching void in our contemporary Helicon. His own poetical summary of the situation in our day will make plainer than I can his peculiar position. This is what he thinks of living bards around him.

"Peace—peace—and rest! Ah, how the lyre
is loath,

Or powerless now, to give what all men
seek!

Either it deadens with ignoble sloth

Or deafens with shrill tumult, loudly
weak.

"Where is the singer whose large notes and
clear

Can heal and arm and plannish a
tain?

Lo, one with e
And one, the
brain.

"And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of
rhyme.

"And some go pranked in faded antique dress
Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;
And some parade a conscious naturalness,
The scholar's, not the child's, simplicity."

I quote this passage, not as a specimen of Mr. Watson's verse (for, admirable as it is in its way, it does not by any means come up to the still more admirable retrospect on English poetry from Pöpe to Wordsworth which immediately precedes it), but as defining to some extent its author's position and æsthetic creed. Nor do I mean that I wholly agree with all his criticisms: the little masters who make a toy of song have made, in my judgment, toys as beautiful of their kind as anything else in art—for example, Mr. Lang's "Ballade of Sleep," which will live by the side of almost any lyric in the English language.

"Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou wilt not hear me; no?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?"

But the passage is interesting as a poet's own view of the niche in the temple which most needs to be filled at the passing moment—his ideal of what he would wish to be himself, if power were granted him. And even those who admire most sincerely the poets tried in Mr. Watson's balance and so far found wanting, may surely rejoice none the less that the old, the orthodox, the catholic school of English verse should still find in our midst so worthy a representative.

Some streams conceal their shallowness by flowing turbid. Some display it too frankly. Mr. Watson is all for lucidity, with depth.

Cherishing such aims and ideals, it is not surprising our poet should most affect the sonnet and the quatrain, forms of verse in which great technical perfection and a certain re dignity of thought and language

above all inimitable. This
I wish to length-
too an icle, lest the
ra it the hos-
I venture to
finished

quatrains from Mr. Watson's earlier volume of Epigrams which will leave no doubt, I trust, on the ever-judicious reader's mind of our singer's true planetary position among modern Olympians. I print them as they stand in the little Liverpool book, with only the original numbers or headings of the verses to introduce them. Many of them may almost claim to rank side by side with Landor's immortal epitaph, one line of which at least—"I warmed both hands before the fire of life"—has passed into the language as common property.

VI.

" 'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole :
Second in order of felicity
I hold it, to have walk'd with such a soul."

XI.

" The beasts in field are glad, and have not wit
To know why leap'd their hearts when springtime shone.
Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers ; and 'tis gone."

XVI.

" KEATS.

" He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time,
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above.
He loved them : and, in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas ! gave him their fatal love."

XXIV.

" Momentous to himself, as I to me,
Hath each man been that ever woman bore ;
Once, in a lightning-flash of sympathy,
I felt this truth, an instant, and no more."

LXVI.

" DARWINISM UPSIDE-DOWN.

" The public voice, though faltering, still demurs
To own that men have apes for ancestors.
The inverse marvel fronts me daily, when
I talk with apes whose ancestors were men."

LXXX.

" Love, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;
But hush ! . . . remind not Eros of his wings."

I have quoted so much already from these two thin volumes, I am almost ashamed to quote any more. Yet I feel what Mr. Watson has to say himself is a far better introduction than anything I can say for him. And as almost all my examples hitherto have been in the alternate-rhymed quatrain, to prevent the sense of monotony I will venture to make yet one more excerpt in a different style and on a different subject.

" OUR EASTERN TREASURE.

" In cobwebb'd corners dusty and dim I hear
A thin voice pipingly revived of late
Which saith our India is a cumbrous weight,
An idle decoration, bought too dear.
The wiser world contemns not gorgeous gear ;
Just pride is no mean factor in a State ;
The sense of greatness keeps a nation great ;
And mighty they who mighty can appear.
It may be that if hands of greed could steal
From England's grasp the envied Orient prize,
This tide of gold would flood her still as now :
But were she the same England, made to feel
A brightness gone from out those starry eyes,
A splendor from that constellated brow ?"

This is a noble sonnet, not unmindful of Miltonic and Wordsworthian cadences ; and I feel its nobility none the less because I differ politically and ethically from almost every sentiment and idea it expresses. Many years ago I published in this Review an article, "Why Keep India?" and from that day to this I have never ceased to be an advocate of the wholesome Perish-India doctrine. But though I believe a nation shows itself greater by doing an act of justice than by successful robbery, and that to free one's slaves is a grander thing in the end than to be waited upon, hand and foot, by a vast cringing train of them, I cannot help recognizing that Mr. Watson has put the opposite view with a poetical stateliness and a magnanimity of thought which extorts unwilling admiration even from a hostile auditor.

I should like to quote more : but with a pang I refrain. My hope is that readers may be persuaded by these sample bricks to inspect for themselves the whole proportioned edifice. Severe, chaste, Ionic,

it is raised in the style of Landor and Matthew Arnold more nearly than of any other modern builder of the lofty rhyme : but it has a distinctive character of its own, a delicate refinement of detail in frieze and architrave, which gives it an individual claim to attention among its flamboyant neighbors. Before we part, however, I shall venture to cull one final flower from Mr. Watson's garden, which I have reserved on purpose to the last as a farewell posy.

"The poet gathers fruit from every tree,
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he.
Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose."

If our modern flower garden can afford to despise such lilies and such roses as these, then it must be even richer in bright blooms and sweet scents than the most ardent believer in its richness and its fertility has yet dared to picture it.—
Fortnightly Review.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

AUGUST 6, 1891.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

I.

Love and praise, and a length of days whose shadow cast upon time is light,
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to-day may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallowing hands on a sacred head—
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of fame as they smiled and fled :
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life began,
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the race they ran,
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years whose changes acclaimed the man.

II.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed us men,
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon England then—
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was opened of love to hear !
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit, the mounting cheer
Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not if love were fear !

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth enkindled of heaven were one ;
One white flame, that around his name grew keen and strong as the worldwide sun ;
Awe made bright with implied delight, as weft with weft of the rainbow spun.

III.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall never have
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids the soul as a foun
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his likeness (

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew ! e " ,
Light rang round it of shining sound,
stirred :
Joy, love, sorrow, t

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a darkening way :
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front of May :
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail to-day.

—*Athenæum*.

MILLENNIAL HOPES.

THE question which must sometimes suggest itself to all students of history—What is the value of those dreams of a changed condition in the organic relations of society and of the individual whereby man may be enabled to live a higher life?—has been revived at the present moment by the biography of a brilliant member of English society. The career of Laurence Oliphant—if, at least, its record has led to the study of what he would have felt his most important works—must have forced some readers to ponder the significance of that class of speculations which we associate with the name of the Millennium. The book also records the wide scope of such speculations, somewhat disguised by that name. For it opens a vista toward visions of a Golden Age which have nothing to do with religion. The second wife of Mr. Oliphant was the granddaughter of a man whose name, a couple of generations ago, was the watchword of non-religious Socialism; and the influence of Robert Owen's ideas on hers might be taken as an interesting chapter in a "Study of Inheritance." In truth, all religion and all philosophy dream of a Golden Age, and where it glimmers upon the path of humanity through the long vista of the past, it also nourishes ideas that blossom into hopes whenever they find a genial atmosphere. To remove the last chapters of Isaiah from the Bible, the fourth eclogue from Virgil, the "Republic" from Plato, the "Utopia" from English literature, would be to change the meaning of all we leave behind. What literature knows as the conscious work of imagination is traceable in actual life as the stirrings of yearning hope, and perhaps every age holds many traces, in little communities too obscure for the notice of history, of endeavors to prepare for a change that is anticipated as confidently as that from March to July. The coldest rationalism must note the hopes which tinge human effort, if it be only to label them as a curious form of insanity. At any rate, the historian who deems it his

business to ignore all such attempts as too insignificant or too crazy for serious contemplation, would pass over some of the most important influences that have made humanity what it is.

If the concession of such rationalism to the spirit of these ever-recurrent hopes must be that they form a part of the equipment of the human race, it must be admitted on the other side that it is impossible ever to translate them into actual history, in the sense that their fulfilment could ever be associated with a date. Both Laurence and Alice Oliphant evidently believed that a transformation of the human race was at hand which it would be no more possible for science to ignore, than to treat as a matter of opinion the slight lengthening of average life which statistics, we believe, have established as a characteristic of the last part of the nineteenth century. The future historian will hardly be able to pass over that period without recording a new breath of interest, taking form as speculation, belief, or anticipation, which has turned men's thoughts to the future as a source of inspiring hope; but if he have to connect any unquestionable facts with these beliefs and speculations—if he find it possible, for instance, to take up "*Sympneumata*," the strange book which was the joint production of husband and wife, and illustrate it by its bearing on the facts he has to narrate, as its authors evidently believed would be possible—then all we can say is, that this will be unlike anything that has happened in the world hitherto.

Do we thereby dismiss these Millennial dreams to the literature of insanity? Must we look upon their interest as belonging to that region which a modern novelist has depicted in the "*History of Human Error*" undertaken by the scholar who remains as his most charming creation? Far from it. If the father of *Pisistratus Caxton* had undertaken to write the *History of Human Illusions*, the chapter on Millennial dreams, we believe, would be

corded some convictions more important, and quite as true, as the largest certainties of science. Side by side with these, no doubt, he would have had to describe anticipations which the course of his narrative could not but disprove, and would probably have had much more to say about the last than about the first. The expectations which connect themselves with a particular place and a particular date, whether they are true or false, of course afford more material for narrative than any convictions, however potent, which events can neither establish nor confute. But, far from carrying on concession to what may seem its legitimate conclusion, and regarding these Millennial dreams as so much subtraction from the true discernment, and therefore the working-power of the race, we see in them the vehicle for all the discernment that most enriches life. That the reaction from hopes confuted by events, may sometimes lead to a repudiation of the beliefs which formed their basis, is undeniable; but, in fact, such a reaction is much rarer than we should have expected, and does not always follow such disappointment as might have seemed its inexorable prelude. We do not note this as a mere instance of divergence between desire and logic; we mean in sober earnest that mistake of fact may be in literal truth discovery of principle,—that to contemplate events which are illusory is for some minds the indispensable preliminary to receiving truths which are eternal.

If the contrast between the eternal and the transitory have any meaning—if, that is, there be an eternal life—we are in this world in the position of a traveller who arrives late at an inn, and spends the night in a lighted chamber, while from time to time flashes of lightning illumine the unknown scene beyond, and reduce his lamp-light to twilight. One illumination, dim but steady, reveals to him the walls, the ceiling, the furniture of his room; another, fitful and vivid, shows the distant mountain, the church-spire, the winding river, perhaps the midnight traveller. He never lifts his eyes without seeing the pattern on the wall, the table and the chair, the book or newspaper on the table, the trunk or bag upon the floor, and he watches for hours without seeing anything in the window but
 there come
 baggage and

scape is a vivid reality. The Millennial dreamer seems to us in the position of a person who should have his imagination so much impressed by one of these flashes, that the scenery should remain as the background of some vivid dream, and the distant hills which his approaching journey is actually to reveal to him should be woven in with the fancies of slumber. And if our parable be a true one, we cannot but think that the wild extravagance of such dreams, even when the details command no credence, more commends itself to some deep human yearnings than the sober and temperate anticipations of the orthodox creed, even when this is fully accepted.

For it appears to us that, in some important respects, the words of Lowell, " 'Tis Heaven must come, not we must go," point to a deeper truth than the vision of some far-off Heaven where the beloved dead are hidden away from human troubles. There can be no question, surely, that this is more in accordance with the language of the New Testament than any old-fashioned orthodox anticipations of Heaven: this is, indeed, one of the difficulties of the New Testament. It is also more in accordance with the hopes of those to whom that book is a collection of idle dreams. If we were to obtain from all parties a definition of their demands from the future, clothed in such terms as might approach nearest to the views from which they differed, might we not say that what all need is a more persistent consciousness of a common life? We do attain this at moments, and at very opposite moments. Sometimes in perfect health, sometimes in the weakness of illness; sometimes in great joy, and sometimes in great sorrow, we feel, as it were, the barriers of our individuality fall away, and a rising tide of human oneness flood the rock-pools which yet in this inundation lose nothing but their separateness. It is not that our individuality is less distinct; in looking back we see that we have never been more *ourselves* than when, in some mysterious way, *self* seems to lose its meaning. It is that we have attained at these moments some sense of the root-life beneath our branch-life. Whether the last words of William Pitt were "How I love," or, as we would think more probable, "How I love my country," we all feel that the statesman was never more himself

than when, "with Palinure's unaltered mood," he gave his last expressed thoughts to the fate of his nation and on the threshold of eternity, sighed for the salvation of England. For a smaller group such preoccupation is not very rare; but with its expansion it loses much of its elevating power, and it is only aspirations for the welfare of a nation which seem to us to gain a height where they may typify the hopes of the Millennium. But such aspirations, at their highest, are fitful things. If it seem an easy thing to die for one's country, that is because the aspiration is very rarely tested, because such a fate is never certain for those who confront it, and because a great deal that is adventitious is mixed up even with the actual sacrifice. It is not an easy thing for a man even to make some trifling sacrifice every day for thirty years that his children may be left better off; and every other sacrifice is harder than that which a man makes for his children. And difficulty, if it passes into ease at one end, passes into impossibility at the other; there are sacrifices we should wish to make for all which we cannot make for our dearest. Where this is ignored, we are certain it is because the whole question of sacrifice has passed into an unreal region, and a standard is adopted for all exhortation which in practical life is unconsciously dismissed as an unattainable "counsel of perfection." Now, the hope of a Millennium embodies all that is truest in the aspiration of mankind for a condition when this phase of impossibility shall pass away, when the need of the foe shall be felt with a pressure more irresistible than now belongs to the need of the brother. It is childish, it seems to us, to suppose that this can ever come about without a change in our organic conditions. The flesh is, and must remain in some sense, a wall of partition. *My* delight in beauty is the delight of all who care for beauty; *my* sorrow for our country's failure is the sorrow of my countrymen. But my hunger is mine alone, and so is its satisfaction. And it is just where this peculiar isolation begins that the peculiar tyranny of need begins also. No impulses are so irresistible as those which are limited to an individual experience,—in other words, as those which belong to the world of sensation.

Hence the hope of a better world, whatever form it takes, must always in logical

minds include the hope of changed conditions of our physical being. When such a world is placed beyond the grave, our strictly *physical* being is left behind. It is the fact that we drop the *limitations* of self on that threshold, which translates itself for some persons (whom we are not now addressing) into the belief that we end our existence here. When I have done with hunger and thirst, rheumatism and neuralgia, I am ready for a solidarity with my kind literally impossible while the most irresistible impulses of experience are isolated. Why, then, it may be asked, welcome the refracted shadow of that anticipation which comes into the brains of men who imagine a Millennium? If every one is soon to pass into a world where the *we* is more real than the *I*, why invent fables to perplex a conviction which may be held in its simplicity by every one who looks forward to life beyond the grave? Because, as far as history has gone yet, it appears to us that those have been nearest the truth who have imagined a concourse of human beings, set in new conditions, but still clothed in flesh. If death be no more than the dropping of the visible and the perishable, we better adjust our anticipations to its unveiling in recalling some bygone dream of the Millennium, than in turning toward the Heaven of sober orthodoxy. When we imagine our posterity, however far removed, living in visible and tangible shape upon this earth, but delivered from the limitations which isolate and oppress each son of man now, it appears to us that we gather up more solid and sober hope for the near future of every one than when we suppose death to mean the awakening in some distant world where the difficulties of earth are forgotten. What do we *know* of death? The words of the Burial Service express it with sober accuracy, that it is the "deliverance from the burden of the flesh." Conventional belief has added to this, that it is the discarding of the aims of this world; but for such a belief there is no evidence, either in Scripture, or in science, or in anything that can be called history,—in any direction, in short, in which evidence on such a subject is possible. The human race confesses, in a thousand blundering experiments, a million extravagant visions, that in this world as it is, *virtue is in some way at a disadvantage*; that *individual effort is doomed at the expense of the common good*.

failure ; that regeneration in this present world must remain a hidden thing, a seed, a hope ; that something more than an individual change is needed for its achievement. This "something more," it may be, is just that passing out of the realm of the visible and the tangible which in our misleading dialect we call "death." But till we have shaken off the most misleading influences of past speculation, we come nearer the truth in dreams of a New Jerusalem descending as a bride out of heaven—in the belief of Laurence and Alice Oli-

phant, that the closest union of earth symbolizes a union between this earth-life and a spirit-world—than in any hopes for the future in which the energy of earthly activities, and the concentration of these on earthly welfare, are left behind. We know that if we are to find in the future any satisfaction for our dearest hopes, it must promise us a closer union and a richer activity than we have yet experienced. If these be gained, their relation to the fact that we call "death" is comparatively a small thing.—*Spectator*.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

For at least a month to come the Continent will be closed to men of mature years and intelligence. No gentleman of somewhat self-indulgent habits dare commit himself to the soul-wearing scramble for rooms, to the overcrowded railway stations and carriages, and to the perils of being crushed under avalanches of luggage. It is a pity, for the months of August and September are almost as pleasant abroad as June and July, and the weather is decidedly more trustworthy. Holiday-making in the autumn is convenient for many reasons, but individuals must resign themselves to the progress of the world. Mr. Cook, who has lately celebrated one of the inevitable anniversaries, is emphatically the man of the time. The fame of the circumnavigator has been eclipsed in the growing reputation of the Excursion-Organizer. We have not a word to say against him, and we can only admire the practical genius which has "struck oil" everywhere, from the snowy passes of the Alps to the torrid sands of the Sahara. Cook of Leicester has cheapened hotel coupons by his cosmopolitan contracts ; he educates more or less successfully the middle-class Philistine ; he runs his steamers and hotels on the Upper Nile, and Lord Wolseley is content to share with him the laurels of the expedition that failed to relieve Khartoum. Had he been born ten or fifteen centuries sooner, he might have saved the world an unspeakable amount of suffering by personally conducting such monster expeditions, those of the Alaric and Attila, the Hermit. But the great man's

owe a grudge to the changed conditions which enrich him. It cannot be altogether the keener capacity for enjoyment in youth which makes us feel that some forty years ago touring was far better fun than it is now. Then, although the railways had been running the travelling carriages and the *fourgons* off the roads, there was still a dash of the traveller in the tourist. There was some hope of adventure and a touch of romance. Mr. Arthur O'Leary going about with a full purse, with a light knapsack, a tobacco-bag, and a big umbrella, might still be welcomed in Belgian châteaux. The proverbial munificence of the British milord was still a popular superstition. There was still a fair chance of being taken in by the plausible swindler of undeniable manners, birth, and connections, of whom, as Thackeray says, the Rawdon Crawleys were the precursors. There were tragical revelations as to horrors in solitary inns in passes now traversed daily by hundreds of pedestrians, where the landlords made midnight murder a trade, and hid the corpses away behind the wine bottles. The slow posts were irregular, and there were no telegraphs. In a brief absence, for anything you heard to the contrary, your whole family might have died and been buried. Half the baths, the hills, and the peaceful valleys which are now favorite health resorts were as yet as much undiscovered as Chamonix before the advent of Pococke and Wyndham. A church which has since been wrecked by the ruthless restorer, a village which has been sacked by the marauder, was still untouched. Everywhere, with

their passport and customs formalities almost as severe as those now in force on the Russian *ceinture*; you always approached them with a certain tremor and left them behind with exhilarating self-gratulation. For when there were wars or rumors of conspiracies and sedition, mistakes were very possible on the part of zealous officials, and if you chanced to be taken for some stealthy conspirator you might be summarily sent off to a gloomy State prison, with gratuitous board for an indefinite period. Yet that was in many ways the golden age of touring. There were still lumbering diligences and cramped *malles postes* that ran on for two or more days on end, but then there were generally alternative if more circuitous routes by railway. The inns had been enlarged and wonderfully improved, and in great cities there was brisk competition between hotels provided with all modern conveniences. Yet, except at two or three of the chief tourist centres in the very height of the season, there was seldom serious overcrowding. The Germans made their *Ausflüge*, or brief excursions, but they seldom went in for regular rounds. The visits of the Americans, if they were very unlike those of angels in other respects, were, at any rate, few and far between; and the modest ambition of the majority of well-to-do Britons was bounded by Boulogne if not by Margate. In short, touring had been cheapened, facilitated, and popularized; but it had not been vulgarized, nor did you feel anywhere and everywhere between Calais and Constantinople as if you had been caught up in the *queue* outside a popular theatre, scrambling emulously for front seats in a stuffy gallery.

We may be forgiven, perhaps, if we indulge in a few regretful glances at that vanished past. There was no cheap route from Liverpool Street to the Low Countries and Germany *viâ* Harwich. You got much more than fair value for your low fare in the long and doubtful passage between Dieppe and Newhaven. The harbor arrangements at Dover and Folkestone were still excessively primitive, and there was no Admiralty Pier by way of breakwater. The steamers were small and indifferently furnished in horsehair, and the hotels of "The Lord Warden" and "The Pavilion" profited thereby. Timid passengers and ladies in terror of sea-sickness

would pass days in the one house and the other, waiting for the winds and the waves to go down. Hence there were many opportunities of making agreeable acquaintances, if you were in no particular hurry yourself; and unprotected beauties were grateful for the advances they would have resented under less favorable circumstances. The foundations were laid for pleasant travelling flirtations, and meetings by a series of really marvellous coincidences were often continued for weeks in succession. Calais, between the tidal harbor and the marshes, was always *triste*; it seemed the very sort of place to leave its name as an appropriate *souvenir* on the heart of the truculent Queen Mary. But Boulogne was still something of the lively town which Thackeray has painted so lovingly in *The Adventures of Philip* and elsewhere. The refugees in debt and the ladies in difficulties managed somehow to lead merry enough lives, like the debtors confined in the Fleet or the convicts in old Newgate. There was something wonderfully bright about quaint Boulogne, before the Quai had been lined by cheap and flash restaurants, ready to initiate the South-Eastern tripper in the vilest practice of degraded French cookery. As for Ostend, few foreigners cared to linger among the sandbanks which have been covered since with palatial restaurants and hotels, generally resembling, in various respects, so many whited sepulchres. The Dutch, with their constitutional phlegm, on the whole have been moving slowly. They are indebted to the Germans for bringing Scheveningen into fashion, with its blank and bleak-looking caravanserai, and the capacious wicker-chairs which were a local speciality. The Hague was always a coquettish little diplomatic capital, with its fishponds, and gay gardens, and hotels festooned with flowers. Though Rotterdam has been developing its commerce with phenomenal activity, very much to the disadvantage of Antwerp, it is remarkable that, till comparatively the other day, no rival was started to the Bath and the Pays Bas Hotels, nor have they much to fear now from the new competition. Neither then nor since have we ever happened to meet a man who had passed a night at Haarlem among the tulips and ranunculuses; or at Leyden, the famous University which used to be the training school of the Scottish Bar. Many a pleas-

ant day have we spent in the old-fashioned inns of Amsterdam ; the Old Bible and the Doelen, looking placidly across at each other, through ancient casements mirrored on the surface of the sluggish canal. We always associate those inns with the Gouda cheese served for breakfast, which we then saw for the first time. Query : Was the practice to which Boswell so bitterly objected introduced from Holland into the Hebrides by the many islesmen who had take service under the Dutch colors, when Johnson and Boswell made their adventurous trip ? Amsterdam still seems to be under-hoteled, though the Amstel, if somewhat out of the busy world, must be a formidable rival to its quiet predecessors. One grand improvement in the Dutch metropolis—we are not concerned with wharves and sea canals—is the spacious picture gallery, which shows to advantage the masterpieces of Frans Hals, Van der Helst, and Rembrandt. In the old Trep-pen Huis, with its creaking wooden stairs and dimly lighted rooms, it was a toss-up how the lights might chance to fall, or whether there were any lights at all. What with the drip and the sea-fogs and the driving clouds, you might sometimes as well have tried to appreciate a Mieris hung inside a bathing machine.

Holland, lying to the north of the great tourist track, is still one of the countries where you may travel in primitive discomfort. A visit to the "dead cities of the Zuyder Zee" or to the dull cities of the mainland is not to be recommended to the sybarite. Even in flourishing commercial ports, such as Middleburgh and Flushing, the quartering is rough and the fare coarse. The rich Netherlands, on the contrary, have always been a land of good living. Dead-alive and decaying cities like Bruges, haunted by the melancholy ghosts of former magnificence, perpetuated the memories of former feasting, when land and sea were laid under contribution for sumptuous civic and feudal banquets. The Friday fish dinners of the Hôtel de Flandres, for example, were famous. But Belgian hotel cookery has been decidedly going down as the charges have been steadily going up. It is not so much that the quality has deteriorated as that the quantity has been cut down. Brussels in the good old days was a paradise of voluptuous frugality. Half-ruined gourmands used to go there in their declining years,

and billet themselves for a trifle in the lap of luxury in one of the innumerable hotels of the second class. There was game from the Ardennes ; there were fishes from the North Sea and salmon from the Rhine ; vegetables and fruits seemed to grow in spontaneous exuberance, and as for such common articles as chickens and the eggs for omelettes, apparently they were to be had for the asking. At the great hotels on the Place Royale—at the Bellevue or the Flandres—the *table d'hôte* prices were miraculously low, and as you were positively pelted with dishes by pairs, and when even working single tides, there were few appetites and digestions which could stay the pace. The fragments sent down from the lavish plenty might have satisfied scores of hungry beggars, and in fact the Brussels beggars were in clover. There was something pleasant when one was young and strong in that Gargantuan profusion, reminding you of a fish and game piece by Snyders, with the miscellaneous contents of the hampers overflowing the tables and the floor. Now no man in fair gastric condition need fear indigestion in the best of the Brussels hotels. They are neither much better nor worse than their French or Rhenish neighbors, nor need the most sensitive conscience have the searchings that used to trouble us as to the gains of the landlord being ridiculously small.

Philanthropy should rejoice in national progress anywhere, and assuredly we do not grudge to Germany its growth in prosperity. But the elderly tourist must sorrowfully admit that the industrial enterprise of the North Germans has been playing the mischief with the romance of the Rhine. For half a century and more it has been the fashion to sneer at Rhineland as nothing better than a cockney playground ; but there never was a greater mistake. Of course, nineteen continental tourists in twenty had seen something of it, because the river was a highroad that led everywhere. But for almost all of them the country was really a *terra incognita*, as was significantly shown by the fact that most of the smaller towns were hotel-less. The stray sojourner had to make the best of some old-fashioned and odoriferous inns, with an aboriginal *cuisine* and a despotic landlord, which perpetuated something of the mediæval traditions that have been stereotyped in "Anne of Geier-

crack regiments that kept things going and the tread of the square-shouldered soldiers across the bridge of boats. We need not say how all has been revolutionized since Cologne became a great railway centre. The building of that neat caravanserai, the Hôtel du Nord, was the result and the symbol of the revolution. Cologne has embanked the Rhine, building winter docks and ice-havens. It has broken out of its girdle of old walls—more is the pity—and has launched out in lines of magnificent boulevards, protected by heavily-armed forts on the limits of the horizon. Building sites have been going up to fabulous values. The clergy have been enriched by the offerings of the grateful, for every one has been making money hand over hand, and nobody has any reason to complain, except the landlords of hotels that have been left comparatively high and dry, and the pilgrim to the city of the Three Kings, who went in quest of the historical and the mediæval. As for Bonn, in the shadows of the Kreuzberg and the Seven Mountains, it is no longer the quiet university town, where spectacled youths, guarded by gigantic boarhounds, had small opportunity for being led off their legs, though they might smoke their nerves into fiddle-strings or drink themselves into dropsies. Given over to the mercies of the speculative builder, it prides itself on being a centre of cultivated society, and consequently its *pensions* swarm with golden-haired and blue-eyed sirens. Coblenz is more like what it used to be; but we should have said that back-of-the-world Trèves had been altogether brought into the world by the great Luxemburg line and the other railways had it not been for the solemn proceedings of last week. The show of the Holy Coat would seem more like an anachronism were it not that, if an age of advertising, it brings grist to the episcopal mill; but, if we did not shrink from treading debateable ground, we should say there was nothing like such superstition for giving an impulse to scepticism. As we remember Trèves when it was only accessible by the high roads or the swift and shallow Moselle, the city its citizens declared to be the oldest in the West seemed the very spot for a treasure-

house of musty relics. Though the red-stone of that veritable “red land” was friable, time had dealt gently by the Cathedral and the Black Gate with its imported materials, and with many another memorial of the lingering past. The journey to Trèves was doubtful and difficult; one steamed up the rapid Moselle, with the odds considerably in favor of being stranded in the summer droughts; and it was by no means an easy place to get away from, for the steamer which undertook to do the down voyage in a single day took time by the forelock and started at sunrise. By far the pleasantest and most satisfactory plan was to sling a knapsack and walk. At the modest little Baths and other halting-places you not only found yourself in friendly company, but often stumbled on agreeable brands of the *Moselwein*, which you were prepared to enjoy with a genial thirst, without giving the *prononcé* bouquet time to pall. Then, we believe the more ordinary wines of the Rhine and Moselle were either consumed at home or exported as what they were. Now they are consigned in large quantities to Hamburg as a foundation for spiritualized ports and sherries and remarkable clarets with a body. A more honest manufacture is that of the Rhenish champagne, which is by no means a disagreeable tippie, and which has made the fortunes of some of the richest citizens of Mayence. And that old archiepiscopal city, like David Copperfield, has grown out of knowledge. The railway that ran between the houses and the Rhine bank, landing you at a station in the same street with your hotel, might have been something of a nuisance, had not the burghers been well accustomed to be lulled to sleep by the steam whistles. But at the new station, situated a long Sabbath day’s journey into the country, you feel as if you had been cast adrift at Tadmor in the Wilderness, and consequently, steeling your senses against the temptations of *brasseries* and beer-gardens, and turning your back on the superb *Dom Kirche* with its many monuments, you deem it prudent to give the go-by to modernized Mayence.

—*Saturday Review*.

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earthly Paradise has not yet come in England. English intelligence and culture and good breeding are not as yet under the feet of Whitechapel. Lowell knew very well that his comfortable life in Lowndes Square would be adjudicated upon at the New York gutters, and that the verdict would be "Too darned comfortable." Like every American, he had inherited a respect for that gutter verdict which to English people is a little puzzling. But what he had to do was to tell the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He told it, and the gutters took offence. In courage, in truthfulness, in everything, he was the type of the Puritan idea in its most bracing expression, as Hawthorne (a man of rarer and finer genius) is a type of fevered Puritanism on its most unhealthy side. His courage, his honesty, his proud uncompromising independence, were all his own, but Puritanism fostered them. With all his love of England, America did not hold a more loyal son than he. In her glorious destiny he had a faith as strong as it was wise. Though for many years America has been peculiarly happy in the ministers she has sent to St. James's, never did she send a nobler son than Lowell, and never was he more loyal than at the very moment when he was saying those kind words about England which angered certain Americans whose loyalty to their country means "bumptiousness," or else a selfish hardening of the national conscience.

In England his position was unique. In the high places of our land, where everything worthy is cherished and recognized except pure literature, a man like Lowell and in Lowell's position must form the only link between the English world of letters and the world of diplomatists and courtiers. History will have to record that this state of things has been the most noticeable and interesting feature of the present reign; but it will point to Lowell as the man who formed a link between the two worlds. Lowell's only true ambition being literary success, he was continually moving from one of these worlds into the other. His diplomatic functions shed lustre upon him as a literary figure, howsoever little his literary fame may have added to his position in that other world.

During one and the same day he might be met at luncheon at the house of a certain great poet, at a five-o'clock tea at Mrs. Proc-

ter's, and at dinner with people to whom these names conveyed some meaning perhaps, but less meaning than did the name of the late Mr. Fordham of Newmarket. But it might not be easy to say at which house Lowell made himself the most agreeable. To talk, as many Americans have talked, of Lowell's subservience to the English aristocracy is to talk with as much ignorance as spite. That stiffness of bearing in what is called specially "society," which at first used to be commented upon, but which soon passed away, was simply the raw expression of an invulnerable independence which once was rather too dogged and aggressive. He used to speak of himself as being an exceedingly shy man by nature. On one occasion I asked him to lunch with me to meet an eminent man of letters whom he had never seen and wanted to see. Noticing that he hesitated, I said—in irony of course—"I am afraid that the American minister who has jostled most of the grandees in Europe feels shy." He said, "I *do*, but never with grandees."

In order to realize what was the temper of the great Puritans of old, such as Milton and such as Cromwell, it was, I believe, almost necessary to be brought into personal contact with Lowell. Puritanism has been, and still is, a favorite butt with the poets, and no doubt in England in our own day it has got so mixed up with blatant quackery as to lend itself to ridicule. But this is not so in America in the circles where Lowell moved. Simply noble is such Puritanism as that. Have those who sneer at it ever asked themselves what true Puritanism is? Not they! It is the expression of a deep instinctive movement of man's nature. It has always existed, and its function has always been to act as a corrective to the over-activity of the pagan instinct which leads man to yield to the demands of the flesh. Without Puritanism the human race would have come to an end long ago. Man is in a different position from the lower animals. In yielding to the indulgence of the appetites the lower animals rarely exceed healthy limits, even in feeding, and never in sexual intercourse. The gorging of an animal like the boa constrictor (whose dinners are so few and far between) is healthy and necessary, and tends to preserve the race. The gustatory appetite of the animal is never, as in the case of the London

perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he might perhaps have got nearer to the truth, although, as regards prose, it must not be forgotten that the difference between writers like Balzac and writers like Scott is this: that inasmuch as the one criticises life, while the other projects it, the one adopts the prose method, while the other adopts the poetic method.

If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a "criticism of life," and is therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all "criticism of life." Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all. Most noble and brilliant and splendid writing it is, to be sure, and as such we cannot admire it too much. It was, moreover, entirely the expression of his own individuality.

In life his most striking characteristic—a characteristic indicated not only by the watchful gray eyes and the apparently conscious eyebrows that overshadowed them, but in every intonation of his voice and every movement of his limbs—was a marvellous sagacity. Delightful as was personal intercourse with him, the charm was not quite undisturbed. Every now and then you felt yourself to be under the microscope of a Yankee naturalist. You felt that you were being examined, weighed, and classified for America, perhaps for Boston. It is this sagacity that gives life to his prose. What is called his wit is merely this almost preternatural sagacity in rapid movement. What is called his humor is this same sagacity at rest and in a meditative mood. The obtrusion, however, of sagacity in poetry, unless it be in worldly verse, is fatal. Byron, the most sagacious of all nineteenth century poets before Browning, seems to have been aware of this either by intuition or reflection; for it is only in his poems written in the mock heroic vein, such as "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judg-

ment," "Beppo," etc., that he allows his sagacity to display itself and interfere with the impression that all serious poets must make in order to be accepted—the impression of being inspired by something deeper than sagacity. But the odd thing is that Lowell as a critic was perfectly conscious of all this. The vice of knowingness was, however, the one which he could never conquer. To say a thing epigrammatically and brilliantly was to him more than to say it poetically. The same remark applies to his humorous poems. Even in humor, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the humorist's sagacity may be too much in evidence, if it interfere with that poetic glow which belongs to the very greatest humor, whether it be quiet and Cervantic or Rabelaisian and noisy. In all first-rate humorous work the basis of the structure should *seem* to be not worldly sagacity, but poetic enjoyment illumined and strengthened by worldly sagacity. This will be seen at once if we compare the "Man Made of Money" and the "Chronicles of Clovernook" of that once popular humorist Douglas Jerrold with the humor of Dickens even when the latter has passed into satire. In the "Biglow Papers" everything seems to be vitalized not by humorous enjoyment, but by Lowell's keen sagacity. The writer's intention to pour intellectual matter into humorous form is too apparent. The highest humor is poetic in its substance, and consists of a projection rather than of a criticism of life, as we see in a thousand instances in Shakespeare and in Sterne. Christopher Sly's interjection,

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady,
Would 'twere done!

and the remark of the "foolish fat scullion" in "Tristram Shandy" on getting the news of her young master's death, are typical examples of the humorous way of projecting rather than of criticising life displayed by the greatest masters of poetic humor.

With regard to Lowell as a serious poet, there are those in his own country who think that in seeking the poet's crown he was, all his life, hunting a shadow.

Immediately after the death of an eminent writer it is not pleasant to indulge in any criticism of his work, except that of a laudatory kind; but it is very specially

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ness of Shakespeare and those who have followed in his wake has so dazzled the English imagination that the high clarity of Dante is out of their compass? If so it is a pity, for Dante's style is so pure and so high that it may be called the ideal style. By the side of him other poets may all be called mannered. It is the voice of Nature herself speaking; and if

it is the fact that a poet of high order like Rossetti can give his days and nights to Dante and yet fail to seize any one of his excellences, while the voice of Shakespeare is recalled in many a lovely turn and daring image, it shows how impossible it is to escape the influence of poetry written in one's mother tongue.—*Athenæum*.

ON THE ORIGIN, PROPAGATION, AND PREVENTION OF PHTHISIS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

It is now a little over nine years since I received here, at Hind Head, a memoir by Professor Koch on the "Etiology of Tuberculosis." Taking it in all its bearings, the memoir seemed to me of extraordinary interest and importance, not only to the medical men of England, but to the community at large. I, therefore, drew up and sent an account of it to the *Times*. The discovery of the tubercle bacillus was therein announced for the first time, and by experiments of the most definite and varied character the propagation and action of this terrible organism were demonstrated.

With regard to his recent labors, Professor Koch may or may not have been hasty in the publication of his remedies for consumption. On this point it would be out of place, on my part, to say a word. But the investigations which first rendered his name famous, and which, I believe, were introduced to the English public by myself, are irrefragable. His renowned inquiry on anthrax caused him to be transferred from a modest position, near Breslau, to the directorship of the Imperial Sanitary Institute of Berlin, where he was soon surrounded by able colleagues and assistants. Conspicuous among these was Dr. Georg Cornet, whose labors on the diffusion of tuberculosis constitute the subject of this article.

After the investigation of Koch, various questions of moment pushed themselves imperiously to the front:—How is phthisis generated? How is it propagated? What is the part played by the air as the vehicle of tubercle bacilli? How are healthy lungs to be protected from their ravages? What value is to be assigned to the hypothesis of predisposition and

hereditary transmission? Cornet describes the attempts made to answer these and other questions. The results were conflicting, and when subjected to critical examination they were proved, for the most part, inadequate and inconclusive. The art of experiment is different from that of observation; so much so, that good observers frequently prove but indifferent experimenters. It was his education as an experimenter that gave Pasteur such immense advantage over Pouchet in their celebrated controversy on "spontaneous generation;" and it is on the score of experiment that the writers examined by Cornet were found most wanting. One evil result of this conflict of opinions, as to the propagation and prevention of phthisis, was the unwarrantable indifference which it generated among medical men.

The researches referred to and criticised by Cornet are too voluminous to be mentioned in detail. Valuable information was, to some extent, yielded by these researches, but they nevertheless left the subject in a state of vagueness and uncertainty. Cornet, in fact, when he began his inquiry, found himself confronted by a practically untrodden domain. He entered it with a full knowledge of the gravity of his task. The result of his investigation is a memoir of 140 pages, the importance of which, and the vast amount of labor involved in it, can be appreciated by those only who have read it and studied it from beginning to end.

That the matter expectorated by phthisical patients is infectious had been placed by previous investigations beyond doubt. The principal question set before himself by Cornet had reference to the part played

sider the *probability* rather than the remote *possibility*, of infection. The possibility, even in places where no bacilli show themselves, may be admitted, while the probability is denied. Such places, Cornet contends, are practically free from danger.

In the differences as to infectiousness here pointed out, we have an illustration of wisely applied knowledge, care, and control, as contrasted with negligence, or ignorance, on the part of hospital authorities. And this may be a fitting place to refer to a most impressive example of what can be accomplished, by resolute supervision, on the part of hospital doctors and nurses. A glance at the state of things existing some years ago will enable us to realize more fully the ameliorations of to-day. I once had occasion to ask Professor Klebs, of Prague, for his opinion of the antiseptic system of surgery. He replied, "You in England are not in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the advance made by Lister. English surgeons were long ago led to recognize the connection between mortality and dirt, and they spared no pains in rendering their wards as clean as it was possible to make them. Wards thus purified showed a mortality almost as low as other wards in which the antiseptic system was employed. The condition of things in *our* hospitals is totally different; and it is only among us, on the Continent, that the vast amelioration introduced by Lister can be properly apprehended." I may say that Lister himself once described hospitals in his own country which, in regard to uncleanness and consequent mortality, might have vied with those on the Continent. Klebs's letter was written many years ago. Later on the authorities of German hospitals bestirred themselves, with the splendid result disclosed by Cornet, that institutions which were formerly the chief breeding-grounds of pathogenic organisms are now raised to a pitch of salubrity surpassing that of the open street.

Cornet thus grapples with the grave question which here occupies us. How, he asks, does the tubercle bacillus reach the lungs, and how is it transported thence into the air? Is it the sputum alone that carries the organism, or do the bacilli mingle with the breath? This is the problem of problems, the answer to

which will show whether we are able to protect ourselves against tuberculosis, whether we can impose limits on the scourge, or whether, with hands tied, we have to surrender ourselves to its malignant sway. If the tubercle bacilli are carried outward by the breath, then nothing remains for us but to wait till an infected puff of expired air conveys to us our doom. A kind of fatalism, sometimes dominant in relation to this question, would thus have its justification. There is no inhabited place without its proportion of phthisical subjects, who, if the foregoing supposition were correct, would be condemned to infect their neighbors. Terrible in this case would be the doom of the sufferer, whom we should be forced to avoid, as, in earlier ages, the plague-stricken were avoided. Terrible, moreover, to the invalid would be the consciousness that with every discharge from his lungs he was spreading death among those around him. "Such a state of things," says Cornet, "would soon loosen the bonds of the family and of society." Happily the facts of the case are very different from those here set forth.

"I would not," says our author, "go into this subject so fully, I would not here repeat what is already known, were I not convinced that, in regard to this special point, the most erroneous notions are prevalent, not only among the general public, but even among highly cultivated medical men. Misled by such notions, precautions are adopted which are simply calculated to defeat the end in view. Thus it is that while one physician anxiously guards against the expired breath of the phthisical patient, another is careful to have his spittoon so covered up that no bacilli can escape into the air by evaporation. Neither of them makes any inquiry about the really crucial point—whether the patient has deposited *all* his sputum in the spittoon, thus avoiding the possibility of the expectorated matter becoming dry, and reduced afterward to a powder capable of being inhaled.

"While a positive phthisiophobia appears to have taken possession of some minds, others ignore almost completely the possibility of infection. The fact that investigations have been published of late, with the object of discovering tubercle bacilli in the breath, sufficiently indi-

cates that the conclusive researches of earlier investigators have not received the proper amount of attention.

"We must regard it," says Cornet, "as firmly established that, under no circumstance, can the bacteria contained in a liquid, or strewn upon a wet surface, escape by evaporation or be carried away by currents of air. By an irrefragable series of experiments Nägeli has placed this beyond doubt."

The evidence that the sputum is the real source of tuberculous infection is conclusive; and here Cornet earnestly directs attention to the fact that in the houses of the poor the patient commonly spits upon the floor, where the sputum dries and is rubbed into infectious dust by the feet of persons passing over it. The danger becomes greatest when the dry floor is swept by brush or broom. There is a still graver danger connected with the habits of well-to-do people who occupy clean and salubrious houses. This is the common practice of spitting into pocket-handkerchiefs. Here the sputum is soon dried by the warmth of the pocket, the subsequent use of the handkerchief causing it to be rubbed into virulent dust. This constitutes a danger of the highest consequence, both to the individual using the handkerchief and to persons in his immediate neighborhood.

It is a primary doctrine with both Koch and Cornet that tuberculosis arises from infection by the tubercle bacillus. Predisposition, or hereditary tendency, as a *cause* of phthisis, is rejected by both of them. Facts, however, are not wanting which suggest the notion of predisposition. Cornet once attended, in a hotel, an actress far advanced in phthisis. A guest, taking possession of her room after her death, or removal, might undoubtedly become infected. The antecedents of the room being unknown, the case of such a guest would, in all probability, be referred to predisposition. It might be declared, with perfect sincerity, that for years he had had no communication with phthisical persons. There is very little doubt that numbers of cases of tuberculosis, which have been referred to predisposition or inheritance, are to be really accounted for by infection in some such obscure way.

Cornet draws attention to hotels and lodging-houses at, and on the way to,

health resorts. He regards them as sources of danger, and he insists on the necessity of disinfecting the rooms and effects after the death or removal of tuberculous patients. He recommends physicians, before sending patients abroad, or to health resorts at home, to inform themselves, by strict inquiry, regarding the precautions taken to avoid infectious diseases, tuberculosis among the number. The attention of those responsible for the sanitary arrangements in the health resorts of England may be invited to the following observation of Cornet:—"On a promenade, amid a hundred phthisical persons who are careful to expectorate into spittoons, the visitor is far safer than among a hundred men, taken at random, and embracing only the usual proportion of phthisical persons who spit upon the ground."

With regard to the *permanence* of the tubercle contagium, the following facts are illustrative. A woman, who had for two years suffered from a phthisical cough, and who had been in the habit of spitting first upon the ground, and afterward into a glass or a pocket-handkerchief, was visited by Cornet. During her life-time he proved the dust of her room to be infectious. Six weeks after her death he again visited the dwelling. Rubbing the dust from a square metre of the wall on which he had formerly found his infectious matter, and which had not been cleansed after the woman's death, he inoculated with it three of his guinea-pigs. Examined forty days after the inoculation, two of the three were found tuberculous. Cornet reasons thus:—"No doubt the dust which had thus proved its virulence would have retained it for a longer time. Schill and Fischer, indeed, have proved that, after six months' preservation, dried sputum may retain its virulence. During this period, therefore, the possibility of infection by this dust is obviously open. When, moreover, the quantity of infectious matter inhaled is very small, a considerable time elapses before the development of the bacilli renders the malady distinct. Even if a year should elapse after the death of a phthisical patient before another member of the same household shows symptoms of lung disease, we are not entitled to assume a hereditary tendency without further proof. Aware of

the facts above mentioned, we ought rather to ascribe the disease to infection by the dwelling, not to mention its possible derivation from other sources."

On January 14th, 1888, Cornet visited a patient who, for three-quarters of a year, had suffered from tuberculosis of the lung and larynx. The dust of the room occupied by this man was proved to contain virulent infective matter. A brother of the patient who, at the time of the examination of the dwelling, was alleged to be in perfect health, exhibited phthisis of the larynx four months afterward. "We are, surely," says Cornet, "warranted in ascribing this result, not to heredity, or any other hypothetical cause, but to the naked fact that the dust of this dwelling contained tubercle bacilli which were capable of infecting the lungs and larynx of a man, as they did the peritoneum of a guinea-pig."

On the 31st December, 1887, Cornet visited a man who for two years had suffered from phthisis. He lived in the same room with two brothers who were very robust, one of whom, however, had begun to cough, though without any further evidence of serious disorder. The patient had been at home for eight days, while previously he had acted as foreman in a tailoring establishment. It was proved, to a certainty, that this patient had taken the place of a colleague who had died from phthisis of the throat, and who had been in the habit of expectorating copiously upon the floor. In the work-room, moreover, the present sufferer had occupied a place next to the man who died. Cornet called upon the proprietor of the establishment, who allowed him every opportunity of examining the room, in which eight or ten workmen were engaged. With dust rubbed from about two square metres of the wall, near the spot where the patient now works, Cornet infected guinea-pigs and produced tuberculosis. He ridicules the notion of ascribing this man's malady to any hereditary endowment or predisposition, derived, say, from a phthisical mother, which, after sleeping for twenty years, woke up to action at the precise time when he was surrounded by infective matter. Our author regards this, and other similar cases which he adduces, as of special interest. The tuberculous virus was here found in rooms containing several workmen, who had thus an

opportunity of infecting each other. The infection, moreover, occurred among tailors, who are known to be special sufferers from phthisis.

The general belief some time ago, which, to some extent, may hold its ground to the present hour, was that this wasting malady arose from some peculiarity in the individual constitution, independent of infection from without. Enormous mischief has been done through exaggerated and incorrect notions regarding the influence of predisposition and inheritance. Members of the same family were observed to fall victims to this scourge, but each was regarded as an independent source of the disease, to the exclusion of the thought that the one had infected the other. Two or three days ago an old man here at Hind Head told me that he had lost three children in succession through phthisis; and he mentioned another case where five or six robust brothers had fallen, successively, victims to the same disease. "I am sure," said the man, with a flash of intelligence across his usually unintelligent countenance, "*it must be catching*." Cornet describes some cases which irresistibly suggest family infection. In 1887 he visited a patient, the father of a family, who, six years previously, had lost by consumption a little girl fourteen years old. A year and a half afterward a daughter of the same man, twenty-one years old, fell a victim to the disease. One or two years later a robust son succumbed, while, a fortnight before Cornet's visit, a child a year and a half old had been carried away. Without doing violence to the evidence, as Cornet remarks, these cases may be justly regarded as due to family infection. For many years the father had suffered from a phthisical cough, and directly or indirectly he, in all probability, infected his children.

In connection with this subject, I may be permitted to relate a sad experience of my own. It is an easy excursion from my cottage in the Alps to the remarkable promontory called "The Nessel," on which stands a cluster of huts, occupied by peasants during the summer months. On visiting The Nessel three years ago, I was requested to look into a hut occupied by a man suffering from a racking cough, accompanied by copious expectoration. I did so. It was easy to see that the

The action of the tubercle bacillus is determined by the state of the surface with which it comes into contact. Wounds or lesions, caused by previous diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, and scarlatina, may exist along the respiratory canal. By illness, moreover, the epithelium may be impaired, the inhaled bacilli being thus offered a convenient domicile. If it be thought desirable to call such a state of things "predisposition," Cornet will raise no objection. Wherever a wounded or decaying tissue exists the bacillus will find, unopposed, sufficient nutriment to enable it to increase in number, and to augment in vigor, before it comes into contact, and conflict, with the living cells underneath. It is not any such predisposition, but predisposition by inheritance as a *source* of phthisis that is contended against by Cornet. That Koch entertained a different opinion is declared to be absolutely erroneous. The admission that a disease may be favored, or promoted, by this or that circumstance is not tantamount to the assertion that in all, or nearly all cases, this circumstance is the cause, concomitant, or necessary precursor of the disease. This is the view generally entertained regarding "predisposition."

Cornet's further reasoning on this subject reveals his views so clearly that I will endeavor, in substance, to reproduce it here. Let a box be imagined filled with finely divided bacillus dust, and let a certain number of guinea-pigs be caused, for a very short time, to inhale this dust. A few of them will be infected, while the great majority will escape. If the inhalation be prolonged, the number of animals infected will increase, until at length only one or two remain. With an exposure still more prolonged the surviving ones would undoubtedly succumb. Why, then, in the first instance, does one animal contract tuberculosis and another not? Have they not all inhaled the same air, under the same conditions? Are the animals that have escaped the first contagion "disposed" than the survivors to the disease? Assuming the animals to be perfectly healthy, such differences are observed. But, supposing the animals weakened in different degrees by disorders, the differences in the case of healthy animals are

pronounced. This, with human beings, is the normal state of things.

Take the case of a veteran who has been to the front in fifty different battles, who, right and left of him, has seen his comrades fall, until haply he remains the sole survivor of his regiment, without scratch or contusion. Shall we call him bullet proof? Will his safety be ascribed to an absence of "predisposition" to attract the bullets—thus enjoying an immunity which the superstition of former ages would have ascribed to him? Is he more bullet proof or less vulnerable than the comrade who by the first volley in the first battle was shot down? "How often," says Cornet, "do such cases repeat themselves in life? and are we able to do more than describe them as accidents? Unscientific as this word may appear, it is more in harmony with the truth than any artificial hypothesis."

The opportunities for incorrect reasoning in regard to phthisis are manifold. It is observed, for example, that a hospital attendant, who has had for years, even for decades, consumptive patients in his charge, has, nevertheless, escaped infection. The popular conclusion finds vent in the words, "It cannot be so dangerous after all!" Here, however, attention is fixed on a single fortunate individual, while the hundreds who, during the same time, have succumbed are forgotten. The danger of infection in different hospitals is a variable danger. In some we find bacilli, while in others we do not find them. It is no wonder, then, that among attendants who are thus exposed to different degrees of danger, some should be infected and others not. When, in cases of diphtheria, typhus, cholera, small-pox, which are undeniably infectious diseases, an attendant escapes infection, we do not exclaim, "They are not so dangerous after all!" But this is the favorite expression when pulmonary consumption is in question. "When," adds Cornet, with a tone of indignation, "we observe the enormous case of phthisis among miners, and find this ascent of land labor, in connection with the expenditure of their strength, it would seem as if they were wilfully

Again and again our author insists on the necessity of the most searching oversight on the part of physicians who have consumptive patients in charge. "I cannot," he says, "accept as valid the assertion that in well-ordered hospitals provision is invariably made for expectoration into proper vessels, the conversion of the sputum into infectious dust being thereby rendered impossible. Take a case in point. One of the physicians to whose kindness I owe the possibility of carrying on my investigation, assured me in the most positive manner that the patients in his hospital invariably used spittoons. A few minutes after this assurance had been given, and under the eyes of the director himself, I drew from the bed of a patient a pocket-handkerchief filled with half-dried phlegm. I rubbed from the wall of the room, at a distance of half a metre from the bed of this patient, a quantity of dust, with which, as I predicted, tuberculosis was produced. If, therefore, physicians, attendants, and patients do not work in unison, if the patient and his attendants be not accurately instructed and strictly controlled, the presence of the spittoon will not diminish the danger."

In the dwellings of private patients the perils here glanced at were most impressively brought home to the inquirer. In fifteen out of twenty-one sick-rooms, that is to say, in more than two-thirds of them, Cornet found in the dust of the walls and bed furniture virulent tubercle bacilli. He refers to his published tables to prove that in no ward or room where the organism was found did the patients confine themselves to expectoration into spittoons, but were in the habit of spitting either upon the floors or into pocket-handkerchiefs. In no single case, on the other hand, where spitting on the floor or into pocket-handkerchiefs was strictly and effectually prohibited, did he find himself able to produce tuberculosis from the collected dust.

A point of considerable importance, more specially dealt with by Cornet in a further investigation, has reference to the allegation, that physicians who attend tuberculous patients do not show among themselves the frightful mortality from phthisis that might be expected. This is often adduced as proof of the comparative harmlessness of the tubercle bacillus. No investigation, however, has proved that

the mortality among physicians by phthisis does not far exceed the average. And even should this mortality show no great preponderance, it is to be borne in mind that the number of physicians who, thanks to their education, are able to discern the first approaches of the malady, and to master it in time, is by no means inconsiderable. In the health resorts of Germany, Italy, France and Africa, we find numbers of physicians who have been compelled, by their own condition, to establish their practice in such places.

The memorable paper of which I have here given a concentrated abstract concludes with a chapter on "Preventive Measures," which are assuredly worthy of grave attention on the part of governments, of hospital authorities, and of the public at large. The character of these measures may be, in great part, gathered from the foregoing pages. It is more than once enunciated in Cornet's memoir that the first and greatest danger to which the phthisical patient is exposed is *himself*. If he is careless in the disposal of his phlegm, if he suffers it to become dry and converted into dust, then, by the inhalation of a contagium derived from the diseased portions of his own lung, he may infect the healthy portions. "If, therefore," says Cornet, "the phthisical patient, to avoid the guilt of self-murder, is compelled to exercise the utmost caution, he is equally bound to do so for the sake of his family, his children, and his servants and attendants. He must bestow the most anxious care upon the disposal of his sputum. Within doors he must never, under any circumstances, spit upon the floor, or employ his pocket-handkerchief to receive his phlegm, but always and everywhere must use a proper spittoon. If he is absolutely faithful in the carrying out of these precautions, he may accept the tranquillizing assurance that he will neither injure himself nor prove a source of peril to those around him.

Though mindful of the danger of interfering with social arrangements, Cornet follows out his preventive measures in considerable detail. Hand-spittoons, with a cover, he recommends, not with the view of preventing evaporation, but because flies have been known to carry infection from open vessels. Without condemning the practice, he does not favor

the disinfection of sputum by carbolic acid and other chemicals. He deprecates the use of sand or sawdust in spittoons. On æsthetic grounds, he would have the spittoons of those who can afford it made ornamental, but earthenware saucers, such as those placed under flower-pots, are recommended for the use of the poor. The consumptive patient must take care that not only in his own house, but also in the offices and workshops where he may be engaged, he is supplied with a proper spittoon. In public buildings, as in private houses, the corridors and staircases ought to be well supplied with these necessities. The ascent of the stairs often provokes coughing and expectoration, and the means of disposing of the phlegm ought to be at hand. The directors of factories, and the masters of workshops, as well as the workmen themselves, ought to make sure that, under no circumstances, shall spitting on the floor or into a pocket-handkerchief be tolerated.

One final word is still to be spoken. If we are to fight this enemy with success, the public must make common cause with the physician. The fear of spreading panic among the community, and more particularly among hospital nurses, must be dismissed. Unless nurses, patients, and public, realize with clear intelligence the dangers to which they are exposed, they will not resort to the measures necessary for their protection. Should the sources of infection be only partially removed, the marked diminution of a malady, which now destroys more human beings than all other infective diseases taken together, will, as pointed out by Cornet, be "our exceeding great reward."

Dr. Cornet's great investigation, of which some account is given above, is entitled, "The Diffusion of Tubercle Bacilli exterior to the Body." It was published in 1888. A shorter, though not less important inquiry, on "The Mortality of the Nursing Orders," was published in 1889. These two memoirs will be found permanently embodied in the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Zeitschrift für Hygiene*. From a former pamphlet it will be seen that Cornet's studies have been directed to show that, if others, come close to infectious dis-

upon the notion that neither physicians nor nurses suffer from this proximity. No definite and thorough inquiry had, however, been made into this grave question. In face of the vague and contradictory statements which issued from the authorities of different hospitals, the problem cried aloud for solution. For aid and data, under these circumstances, Cornet resorted to Herr von Gossler, the Prussian Minister of State, who, at that time, had medical matters under his control. From him he received the most hearty furtherance and encouragement. Dr. Von Gossler has recently resigned his post in the Prussian Ministry, but his readiness to forward the momentous inquiry on which Cornet was engaged merits the grateful recognition of the public, and the praise of scientific men.

The number of female nurses in Prussia, as shown by the statistics of the Royal Bureau of Berlin for 1885, was 11,048. Of these the Catholic Sisters of Mercy numbered 5,470, or 49.51 per cent.; Evangelical nurses, 2,496, or 22.59 per cent.; nurses belonging to other societies and associations, 352, or 3.19 per cent.; while of unclassified nurses there were 2,730, or 24.71 per cent. of the whole. The male attendants, at the same time, numbered 3,163. Of these, 383 were Brothers of Mercy, 205 were deacons, while of unclassified attendants there were 2,574.

The sifting of these numbers was a labor of anxious care to Dr. Cornet. It had already been remarked by Guttstadt that the commercial attractions of hospital service were insufficient, without the help of some ideal motive, to secure a permanent staff. This motive was found in devotion through a sense of religious duty to the service of the sick. The sifting of his material made it clear to Cornet that, to secure a safe basis of generalization, by causing it to embrace a sufficient number of years, he must confine himself solely to the nurses of the Catholic orders. The greater freedom enjoyed and practised by Protestants, in changing their occupation, in entering the married state, or through other modes of free action, rendered them unsuitable to the purpose he had in view. Cornet's study extended over a quarter of a century. The nurses furnished by the Prussian Government were served by Catholic and embracing a

yearly average of 4,020 attendants, showed the number of deaths during the period mentioned to be 2,099. Of these 1,320 were caused by tuberculosis. In the State, as a whole, the proportion of deaths from this malady to the total number of deaths is known to be very high, reaching from one-fifth to one-seventh of the whole. In the hospitals this proportion was enormously increased. It rose on the average to almost two-thirds, or close upon 63 per cent. of the total number of deaths. In nearly half the hospitals even this high proportion was surpassed, the deaths in these amounting to three-fourths of the whole. Scarcely any other occupation, however injurious to health, shows a mortality equal to that found in these hospitals.

The following statistics furnish a picture of the state of things prevalent during the five-and-twenty years referred to. A healthy girl of 17, devoting herself to hospital nursing, dies on the average 21½ years sooner than a girl of the same age moving among the general population. A hospital nurse of the age of 25 has the same expectation of life as a person of the age of 58 in the general community. The age of 33 years in the hospital is of the same value as the age of 62 in common life. The difference between life-value in the hospital and life-value in the State increases from the age of 17 to the age of 24; nurses of this latter age dying 22 years sooner than girls of the same age in the outside population. The difference afterward becomes less. In the fifties it amounts to only six or seven years, while later on it vanishes altogether. The reason of this is that the older nurses are gradually withdrawn from the heavier duties of their position and the attendant danger of infection.

In these hospitals deaths from typhus and other infectious disorders exhibit a frequency far beyond the normal; but the enormous total augmentation is mainly to be ascribed to the frequency of deaths from tuberculosis. The excess of mortality is to be referred to the vocation of nursing, and the chances of infection involved in it. Cornet examines other assumptions that might be made to account for the mortality, and gives cogent reasons for dismissing them all. The tranquil lives led by the nurses, the freedom from all anxiety in regard to subsistence, the

moderation observed in food and drink, all tend to the preservation of health. They live in peace, free from the irregularities of outside life, and their contentment and circumstances generally are calculated rather to prolong their days than to shorten them.

Cornet is very warm in his recognition of the devotion of these Catholic nurses, two-thirds of whom are sacrificed in the service which they render to suffering humanity. And they are sacrificed for the most part in the blossom of their years; for it is the younger nurses, engaged in the work of sweeping and dusting, whose occupation charges the air they breathe with virulent bacilli. The statistics of their mortality Cornet regards as a monumental record of their lofty self-denial, their noble, beneficent, and modest fidelity to what they regard as the religious duty of their lives.

But, he asks, is it necessary that this sacrifice should continue? His answer is an emphatic negative, to establish which he again sums up the results which we have learned from his first memoir:—It is universally recognized that tuberculosis is caused by tubercle bacilli, which reach the lungs through the inhalation of air in which the bacilli are diffused. They come almost exclusively from the dried sputum of consumptive persons. The moist sputum, as also the expired breath of the consumptive patient is, for this mode of infection, without danger. If we can prevent the drying of the expectorated matter, we prevent in the same degree the possibility of infection. It is not, however, sufficient to place a spittoon at the disposal of the patient. The strictest surveillance must be exercised by both physicians and attendants, to enforce the proper use of the spittoon, and to prevent the reckless disposal of the infective phlegm. Spitting on the floor or into pocket-handkerchiefs is the main source of peril. To this must be added the soiling of the bed-clothes and the wiping of the patient's mouth. The handkerchiefs used for this purpose must be handled with care, and boiled without delay. Various other sources of danger, kissing among them, will occur to the physician. A phthisical mother, by kissing her healthy child, may seal its doom. Notices, impressing on the patients the danger of not attending to the precautions laid down in the hospital

must of necessity be somewhat above the average of womankind—why, then, do they apply the expression, “a man’s man,” only to those of the other sex who are the least gracious and attractive of human beings, and the most uncouth of their kind? And why is it that they are so sure that the qualities that recommend themselves to a woman can never recommend themselves to a man, and that a woman’s woman and a man’s woman can never be found in the same person? As a matter of fact, the expressions, wherever and however they may be used, will nearly always be found to be based upon the contempt that one sex has for the judgment and powers of discrimination of the other, when the character of one of themselves is in question. When one man speaks of another as being a ladies’ man, he means to imply that he is a poor creature, deficient in both body and spirit, who is better fitted to adorn a lady’s drawing-room than to fight in the rough battle of life. When, on the other hand, a woman says of another woman that she “gets on very well with gentlemen,” or that she is the kind of girl that men admire, she means that she is a daunting, flirting young person whose manners are as free as her speech. It is merely the way in which one sex is accustomed to libel the other; and yet, just as there is hardly any libel that does not contain some measure of truth, and the greater the measure of truth the more cruel the libel, so there is a certain amount of reason in this mutual accusation, and it is only when the reason is apparently just that the accusation is resented.

We honestly believe that, as a general rule, the qualities that stand highest in a woman’s estimation of her own sex, are those that also stand highest in a man’s estimation, and *vice versa*; that no woman, for instance, can have more regard for modesty and tenderness than a man has, and that no man puts a higher value upon courage and honesty than a woman does. And yet, although both sexes seem thoroughly agreed as to what is desirable in the other, they still continue to show a curious perversity, not in admiring, but in excusing and condoning the want of what is desirable, even the actual existence of what is undesirable. The failing which in a man’s eyes is the unpardonable sin, is one which a woman most readily forgives,

and very naturally, because in a woman the same offence is hardly a failing; but it does not follow, because a woman is merciful to a man who shows a want of courage, that she prefers cowardice in the other sex, any more than it follows that because a man is most willing to excuse a certain recklessness of demeanor and freedom of speech—which, after all, are but faint shadows of his own—he does not prefer ways that are more modest and guarded. The apparent divergence of opinion on this subject arises, not from the fact that the two sexes admire different qualities, but that they do not attach the same amount of blame to the want of those qualities; and the misunderstanding which results is almost entirely upon the woman’s side. With a woman, condonation always means approval. Any man who ventures to condone, or find excuses for, what seems to her to be unseemly, must of necessity, in her eyes, not only approve it but admire it. She never applies the same rule to herself. And why? Because she says that she is a woman, and ought not to be expected to be logical. A man, apparently, is expected not only to be logical, but to be capable of no half-way feelings. It is for this reason that the expression, “a woman’s woman,” as it is used by Miss Cleveland, rankles in the manly breast. In calling Mrs. Leslie by that name, she intended not only to give the highest praise that was possible to her subject, but also to deal a back-handed blow at the other sex. “This is a woman,” she seems to say, “of such rare excellence as only another woman can appreciate, a woman’s woman, not such as men admire, whose eyes are proverbially blind to what is really beautiful, but such a woman as we ourselves know to be best and most desirable,—in fact, the most gracious and attractive of all human beings.” Why should Miss Cleveland, or any other woman, assume this dulness and shortsightedness on the part of men, or suppose that they cannot be attracted by real grace? Is not the supposition a little unfair upon the part of the fair sex? In common justice to the male sex, we would ask if any one has ever heard a man use the expression, “a man’s man,” in the same invidious sense, or, indeed, has ever heard a man use that expression at all? No, no, it is a woman’s phrase, and by something else.

reverse of complimentary,—an uncouth being, savage, and devoid of gentle merits. We have already admitted that the term, “a lady’s man,” is used by men to denote something that does not seem to them to be altogether admirable; but we humbly submit that no man would ever have the arrogance to suppose that woman is incapable of appreciating his highest qualities, however much he may be perplexed to account for the toleration which she displays toward qualities which he considers detestable. However, inasmuch as womankind is most to blame in bringing about this misapprehension of man’s ideal of feminine graces, so upon their heads have fallen the deplorable consequence. Probably there is hardly one man in a hundred who has such a mistaken idea of what a woman likes and dislikes, that he would deliberately try to ingratiate himself with her by pretending to qualities that are more proper to her sex than to his. There are many men, it is true, who incur the reproach of effeminacy, and whose lack of manliness succeeds in procuring them that pity which is but one step toward the affection of womankind; but the rôle that they play is not the outcome of premeditation, but the unfortunate result of their own temperament. On the other hand, there are very many women who, victims to their own fond imaginings, deliberately discard their most womanly characteristics for the purpose of seeking man’s favor, and really believe that by assuming a manish swagger and—want of delicacy, we will say—they more easily commend themselves to his good graces. They may perhaps attract the attention and favor of certain men of the baser sort; but we will do them the charity to believe that it is not the baser sort that they wish to attract.

Really, some lady-novelists have much

to answer for. The persistent way in which they have decried man’s judgment, and misrepresented his feelings, is enough by itself to have demoralized their readers’ ideas. No great novelist of the other sex has ever ventured to make his heroine anything but most womanly. Perhaps “Diana of the Crossways” may be cited as a woman who, in woman’s parlance, “got on very well with gentlemen,” and who did not get on very well with her own sex; but Mr. George Meredith has been careful to endow Diana with graces and failings that make her the most feminine of women, and prove that either result was rather her misfortune than her fault. We cannot honestly say that we should have fallen in love with Amelia Sedley, whose womanly virtues have been rather caricatured in Thackeray’s hands, but at least we should have preferred her to Becky Sharp, who was the very opposite to what Miss Cleveland and others term a woman’s woman. It is necessary in the commerce between men and women, that one side should attempt to meet the other half-way; but if the meeting is impracticable at that distance, it is better that it should never take place at all. The man or the woman who crosses that mark, who goes a greater distance to meet a member of the other sex upon their own ground, only suffers a loss of dignity, and justly incurs the reproach that is contained in the contemptuous phrases which we have quoted. For if Miss Cleveland, and other ladies who write, would only believe it, we would respectfully assure them that it is not by man’s wish or invitation that women cross the line. They really are most to blame for keeping alive a delusion which is perfectly unfounded, and which cruelly misrepresents the humbler sex.—*Spectator*.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S REMINISCENCES.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

My most prominent colleague in the Russo-Turkish war was Mr. Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, by extraction an Irishman, by birth an American. Of all the men who have earned reputation in this profession of ours, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of

that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia, to overtake Kaufmann’s Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the “Bul-

garian Atrocities." It is no exaggeration indeed to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish war. His pen-pictures of the atrocities so excited the fury of the Slave population of Russia, that their passionate demand for retribution on the "unspeakable Turk" compelled the Emperor Alexander to undertake the war. MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions quite stupendous, yet he was suffering all through from a lameness that would have disabled altogether eleven out of twelve men. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I met him first the joint was encased in plaster of Paris. He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans; and in the Hankioj Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again. But the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalided by this misfortune. He quietly had himself hoisted on to a tumbril, and so went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved thus helpless in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks. He kept the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever; he chronicled the fall of Plevna; he crossed the Balkans with Skobelev in the dead of the terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship. When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople waiting for the arrangement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer attached to the Russian army, fell sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the service of nursing his countryman. His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus; and a few days later they laid him in his far-off foreign grave, around which stood weeping mourners of a dozen nationalities.

• Another colleague was Mr. Frank Millet, who, still young, has forsaken the war-path, and appears to be on the high road to the inferior position of a Royal Academician. Millet, like MacGahan, is an American. He accompanied Gourko across the Balkans after the fall of Plevna.

The hardships he blithely endured when men were frozen around him in their wretched bivouacs among the snow, and when to write his letters he had to thaw his frozen ink and chafe sensation into his numbed fingers, move admiration not less than the brilliant quality of the work performed under conditions so arduous. Lieutenant Greene, in his work on the campaign, which constitutes its history, remarks that of the seventy-five correspondents who began the campaign, only three, and those all Americans—MacGahan and Millet of the *Daily News* and Grant of the *Times*—followed its fortunes to the close. But this is not strictly correct; one other member of our profession—for that profession surely includes the war-artist—saw the war from beginning to end, Frederic Villiers, the artist and correspondent of the *Graphic*.

The first serious fighting in the campaign occurred on that June morning when General Dragomiroff's division of the Russian army forced the passage of the Danube under the fire of the Turkish batteries about Sistova. Of that crossing it happened that I was the only correspondent who was a spectator.

It was about midnight when we threaded our way through the chaos in the streets of Simnitsa, and at length made our way down into the willow grove on the Danube side, where Yolchine's brigade was waiting until the pontoon boats should be ready for its embarkation. It was a strange, weird time. The darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen around one; and the Turkish bank was only just to be discerned, looming black and dark up against the hardly less dark and sullen sky. Stumbling forward, through mud and over roots, I struck against something like a wall, yet the wall was soft and warm. It was a column of soldiers, silent and motionless till the time should come to move. Not a light was permitted—not even a cigarette was allowed to be smoked. When men spoke at all it was in whispers, and there was only a soft hum of low talk, half drowned by the gurgle of the Danube, and broken occasionally by the splash caused by the launching of a pontoon boat. The gray dawn faintly began to break. I could dimly discern Dragomiroff, mud almost to the waist, directing the marshalling of the pontoon boats, close to the water's

edge. Here come the "Avengers," a stern, silent band, the cross in silver standing out from the sombre fur of their caps. They have the place of honor in the first boat. As it is pulling off, Liegnitz, the gallant German attaché, darts forward and leaps on board. The stalwart linesmen of Yolchine's brigade are manning the other boats. The strong strokes of the sailors shoot us into the stream. The gloom of the night is waning fast, and now we can faintly discern, across the broad swirl of water, the crags of the Turkish bank and the steep slope above. What if the Turks are there in force? A grim precipice that, truly, to carry at the bayonet point, in the teeth of a determined enemy! And an enemy is there, sure enough, and on the alert. There is a flash out of the gloom, and the near whistle and scream of a shell thrills us, as it speeds over us and bursts among the men in the willows behind us. There follows shell after shell, from due opposite, from higher up, and from the knoll still higher up, close to which the minarets of Sistova are now dimly visible. The shells are falling and bursting on the surface of the Danube; they splash us with the spray they raise; their jagged splinters fly yelling by us. There is no shelter; we must stand here in the open boat, this densely packed mass of men, and take what fortune Heaven may send us. The face of the Danube, pitted with falling shells, is flecked, too, with craft crowded to the gunwale. Hark to that crash, the splintering of wood, and the riving of iron, there on our starboard quarter! A huge pontoon, laden with guns and gunners, has been struck by a shell. It heaves heavily twice; its stern rises; there are wild cries—a confused turmoil of men and horses struggling in the water; the guns sink, and drowning men drift by us with the current down to their death. From out the foliage, now, in the little cove for which we are heading, belches forth volley after volley of musketry fire, helping the devilry of the shells. Several men of our company are down ere our craft touches the mud of the Danube shore. The "Avengers" are already landed: so is Yolchine, with a handful of his linesmen. As we tumble out of the boats with the bullets whizzing about our heads, and swarm up on to the bank, we are bidden, by energetic orders and not less ener-

getic gestures, to lie down. We fall prone in the thick glutinous slime, under the cover of a little bank. Already dead and wounded men lie here thick among the living. Boat after boat disembarks its freight. At length Yolchine thinks he has men enough. He who, with young Skobeleff, has never lain down, gives the word, and the two spring up the ascent; a billow of strong supple Russian soldiers, released from restraint, surges with resistless rush up the steep bank. The detachment of Turkish militiamen holding the post are overwhelmed, but they do not run. No; they die where they stand, neither quailing nor asking for quarter. For that brave band of Mustaphis, Abdul Kerim Pasha unconsciously furnished a noble epitaph. "They have never been heard of since," he wrote. No, nor will they, till the last trumpet sounds!

The day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the Emperor crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Sistova awaiting the coming of the Great White Czar, stood Dragomiroff, Yolchine, and Skobeleff, the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt. Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the Emperor embraced, and gave him the Cross of St. George; he shook hands warmly with Yolchine, the brigade commander, and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cheery little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Then the Emperor strode to where Skobeleff stood, and men watched the little scene with intent interest; for it was notorious that Skobeleff was in disfavor with his Sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct on the previous morning. Would Alexander maintain his umbrage, or would he make it manifest that it had been dispelled by Skobeleff's heroism? For at least a minute the Czar hesitated, as the two tall, proud, soldierly men confronted each other: you could trace in his countenance the struggle between disapproval and appreciation. It was soon over—and the wrong way for Skobeleff. The Emperor frowned, turned short on his heel, and strode abruptly away, without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the County of Los Angeles, California, for the year 1900, by the Board of Supervisors, at their regular meeting held on the 10th day of January, 1900.

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to fry lean meat without fat, lard, oil, or butter, you not only burn the meat, but you burn the frying-pan also.

In the early days of this campaign, with MacGahan away with Gourko and Millet far off in the Dobrutchá with Zimmermanno, the task was mine of covering Bulgaria from the right flank to the left flank of the Russian main advance, and I had to be in the saddle morning, noon, and night, for I had to try at least to see everything, and I had generally to be my own courier back to the telegraph base at Bucharest. General Ignatieff, the famous diplomatist, was a good friend in giving me timely hints of impending events. When we were parting after my first visit to him, the General said: "Come to me when you want anything. I like your paper because it is a Christian paper, and I am a very Christian man, and if I am not mistaken you are so also." I regarded this last observation as strong proof of the aphorism that discerning penetration is one of the leading attributes of a great diplomatist.

Probably there is no harder toil than that which the earnest war correspondent must undergo in a country destitute of communications and when important events are crowding fast one on the other. The telegraph wire is his goal; for us in Bulgaria the nearest available telegraph office was in Bucharest, scores of long miles away. The supply of trustworthy couriers was scanty, and the best courier will not strain ardently when he is not working for his own hand. I write in constant consciousness of being over-egotistic; but one would like the reader should know how he is served with war news. To this day I shudder at the recollection of those long weary rides on dead-tired horses from the Lom, or the Balkans, or the Plevna country, through the foodless region down to Sistova on the Danube, where the bridge of boats was. It was mostly night when I reached the Danube. Leaving my horses in Sistova, I would tramp in the darkness across the bridge, and over the islands and flats, ankle-deep in sand, the three miles trudge to Simnítza, the village on the Roumanian side of the great river. I have reached Simnítza so beaten that I could scarcely stagger up the slope. Once when I got to the bridge I found that it was forbidden to cross it. Two pontoons in the centre,

said the officer, were under water, and there was no thoroughfare; nobody, he said, was allowed to go upon it. I represented to him that, as I did not belong to the Russian army, it was nothing to him what might happen to me. He laughed, said if I drowned it was no affair of his, and, to quote his own lively expression, that I might go to the devil if I had a mind. I found the two pontoons submerged as he said, and a fierce current running over them, but the hand-rope was above water. This I clutched, and crossed the interval hand over hand along it, sloshing down with the current as the slack of the rope gave to my weight. Simnítza reached somehow, there were still about ninety miles to Bucharest. Off, then, to Giurgevo, fifty miles' night drive in a country rattletrap drawn by four half-broken ponies harnessed abreast. I have been upset freely all along that dreary plain; spilt into a river, capsized into a village, overturned by a dead horse into a dismal swamp. During the railway journey from Giurgevo to Bucharest it was possible to begin my round-hand telegram, writing a few words at a time when the stoppages occurred.

Bucharest finally reached, I had to finish my message without delaying even to wash, that it might be in time for next morning's paper in England. I have reached Bucharest so smeared with mud, so blackened with powder, so clotted with inch-deep dust, so blistered with heat, that the people of the hotel had difficulty in recognizing me. The telegram finished—long or short, there was no respite till that were done—came a bath and then food (they used to charge me double price for those meals, and I rather think they lost money); and then a few hours' sleep till the evening train back to Giurgevo should start. Up and off again by it, and so back without a halt to the position which I had quitted to despatch the telegram.

Villiers and myself were the only civilian spectators of the desperate and futile attack which the Russian soldiers, commanded by Krüdener and Schahoffskoy, made on that lovely June day of 1877 upon the girdle of earthworks with which Osman Pasha had surrounded the obscure little Bulgarian town of Plevna. Up among the oak shrubs on the height of Radischevo, while the Russian cannon

than the alarm arose that the Bashi-Bazouks were surrounding us. Again and again the little band wearily arose and struggled its way through the loose environment of the Turkish marauders. At length daylight came, and I rode away on the journey to Bucharest, the bearer to the world of the details of the catastrophe. Mile after mile of that dreary road my good horse covered loyally, weary and foodless as he was; but I felt him gradually dying away under me. The stride shortened, and the flanks began to heave ominously; I had to spur him sharply, although I felt every stab as if it had pierced myself. If he could only hold on to Sistova, rest and food awaited him there. But some three miles short of that place he staggered and went down. I had to leave the poor gallant brute where he fell, and tramp on into Sistova with my saddle on my head.

The personal aspect and bearing of the Russian Emperor were for me always of the deepest interest. No man was so engrossed and centred in the varying phases of the campaign as was this puissant monarch, whose bodily and mental health vibrated to every success and to every reverse. On the day he crossed the Danube, of which I have already spoken, he was a singularly imposing figure. Anxiety and ill-health had not then broken him down, and the most indifferent spectator could not but be impressed by the commanding nobility of his presence as he returned the greeting of his victorious soldiers. A man not far off sixty, he then looked exceptionally young for his age; the long dark mustache showed scarcely a streak of gray, the majestic figure was as straight as a pine, and he looked a very king of men. The late Colonel Charles Brackenbury it was who first wrote of him as "The Divine Figure from the North," but he did not invent the title. It was the exact translation of the phrase in which the Bulgarians of Sistova hailed the mighty potentate who on that afternoon, when first his foot touched their soil, shone before their eyes as the more than mortal being who was to be their saviour, their redeemer from their bondage to the heathen. The glamour of the hour stirred to idealization the stolid Bulgars; at that moment they would have worshipped the Great White Czar. His health suffered later from the squalor of Bjela, and during

his residence at Gorni Studen, when the evil days of misfortune weighed him down, he suffered from low fever, rheumatism, and asthma. He lived in discomfort there in a dismantled Turkish house, in the balcony of which I had an interview with him late in August, on my return journey from the Shipka with the tidings that Radetski was holding his own there against the furious assaults of Mehemet Ali. I had a difficulty in recognizing his Majesty, so changed was he from the early days at Simnitsa and Sistova. He had shrunk visibly, he stooped, his head had sunk between his shoulders, and his voice was broken and tremulous. He was gaunt, worn, and haggard; his nervous system seemed quite shattered. There was a hunted expression in his eye, and he gasped for breath in the spasms of the asthma that afflicted him. I left him with the vivid apprehension that he was not to break the spell which was said to condemn every Romanoff to the grave before the age of sixty.

He was in the field during the six days' struggle around Plevna, in the September of the war. The sappers had constructed for him, on a little eminence, a look-out place, from which was visible a great sweep of the scene of action. Behind it was a marquee, in which was a long table continually spread with food and wine, where the suite supported nature jovially while men in their thousands were dying hard by. As for Alexander himself, after the first two days no man saw him either eat or drink. Anxiety visibly devoured him. He could not be restrained from leaving the observatory and going about among the gunners. I watched him in his strained solitude on the little balcony of the look-out place, late in the afternoon of the fifth day of the fighting—it was his fête day, save the mark!—as he stood there in the sullen autumn weather, gazing out with haggard eager eyes at the efforts to storm the great Grevitza redoubt. Assault after assault had been delivered; assault after assault had failed: now the final desperate struggle was being made, the forlorn hope of the day. As the Turkish fire crushed down his Russians battling their way up the slope slippery already with Roumanian blood, the pale face on the balcony quivered, and the tall figure winced and cowered. As he stood there, bearing his cross in lonely anguish,

... SECRET ...

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

[illegible]

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2024

the globe from the fair city inside the Golden Gate. Puck professed himself able to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but this telegram sped half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all!

The Zulu war was my last campaign, and during it the cost of necessarily copious telegraphing bore hard on newspapers. Writhing under the expenditure, newspaper managers of reactionary tendency were heard to bewail that Benjamin Franklin had ever been invented; a regret which most of their correspondents have, I am sure, over and over again shared in. I had not reached South Africa when there occurred that ghastly misfortune, the massacre of Isandlwana. But I was of the first party which visited that fatal field, and the spectacle which it presented I can never forget. A thousand corpses had been lying there in rain and sun for four long months. In the precipitous ravine at the base of the slope stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned wagons dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discolored skin like leather covering the skeletons and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, mere heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced, by the ghastly token of dead men, the fitful line of flight. It was like a long string with knots in it: the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups had gathered to make a hopeless, gallant stand, and so die fighting.

Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stones, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered dead lay very thick, so that the string became a broad belt. On the bare ground on the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick; but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest, and more full of weird desolation than anything I had ever gazed upon. There was nothing of the stark blood-curdling horror of a fresh battle-field.

Nothing of all that makes the scene of a yesterday's battle so sickeningly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature. Grain had grown luxuriantly, sprouting from seed scattered from the wagon-loads, and falling on soil fertilized by the life-blood of the brave men whose poor remains were visible in the intervals of the maize-stems. As one strayed aimlessly about, one stumbled in the long grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. It was the miserablest work wandering about the desolate camp, amid the sour odor of stale death, and gathering mournful relics—letters from home, photographs of loved ones, blood-stained books, and other sad souvenirs.

The poor Prince Imperial I had met occasionally at home, but came to know him with some degree of intimacy in the early days of the Zululand campaign. He was a young man of great brightness and active sympathy, full of aptitude for military study, and with a keen sense of duty and discipline. He was fond, in the intervals of work, of gossiping with me about the events of the Franco-German war, and he told me some very interesting stories regarding the early days of that struggle, which had so changed the future of his young life. On the voyage to South Africa, as I have heard, he had expressed the wish that he might be wounded by an assegai stab at close quarters with a Zulu. Poor fellow, he was covered with assegai stabs from head to foot when I saw him lying, stone dead, on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi river. We found him lying on his back, stripped, his head so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward, the right arm stretched out, the left bent inward toward the thigh. The face, whose features were nowise distorted, but wore a faint smile that somewhat parted the lips, was stained with blood from a cut on the chin. On the trunk were a score and more of assegai wounds; most were superficial stabs, but there were two deep wounds on the side, one in the throat, and one destroying an eye and penetrating the head. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. His slayers had left a little gold chain which was clasped round his neck, and on which were strung a locket containing a miniature of his mother and another enclosing a relic. The relic was

that fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo the Third to Charlemagne on his coronation, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs have since worn as a talisman.

Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all, and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. An officer detached the necklet, and placed it in an envelope, with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his poor mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we then stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a blanket, was placed on lance-shafts, and on this extemporized bier it was borne by officers up the slope to the ambulance that was in waiting. It was a miserable ending, truly, for him who had once been the Son of France! It was strange that it should have happened to me to have stood by the first gun fired by the Germans from the heights of Saarbrück on that August morning of 1870 when the Prince Imperial received what his father grandiloquently styled the boy's "baptism of fire," and to stand thus by the corpse of him untimely slain in the obscure corner of a remote continent. I had seen the Emperor his father at the pinnacle of his Imperial power; I saw him in the hour of his bitter humiliation after the defeat of Sedan; I saw him lying dead in the corridor of Camden Place, and witnessed his coffin laid down in the little chapel under the elms of Chislehurst. And now I had lived to see his only son lying dead in a grassy hollow of Zululand, pierced to death by assegai stabs. It has been my lot to gaze on many dead who have died of wounds at the hands of an enemy; but never have I stood by death with profounder emotion than when I looked down that mournful morning on the corpse of the last heir of a splendid name.

After many delays the day at length came when, as our little army camped on the White Umfaloosi, there lay on the bosom of the wide plain over against us the great circular kraal of Ulundi, King Cetewayo's capital. After two days' futile delay, on the third morning the force crossed the river and moved forward across the plain, preserving on its march the formation of a great square, until a ble spot was reached whereon to halt except the assault of the Zulu hordes

that were showing in dense black masses all around. This point attained, the whole force then halted. Already there had been ringing out around the moving square the rattle of the musketry fire of Buller's horsemen as they faced and stung the ingathering impis.

The time had come. Buller's men, having done their work, galloped back into the shelter of the square till their time should come again. And lo! as they cleared the front, a living, concentric wave of Zulus was disclosed. On the slope toward Nodwengo the shells were crashing into the black masses that were rushing forward to the encounter. Into the hordes in front the Gatlings, with their measured volleys, were raining pitiless showers of death. Le Grice and Harness were pouring shell into the thickets of black forms showing on the left and rear. But those Zulus could die—ay, they could dare and die with a valor and devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of any age and of any nationality. They went down in numbers, but numbers stood up and sped swiftly and steadily on. The sharper din of the musketry fire filled the intervals between the hoarse roar of the cannon and the scream of the speeding shells. Still the Zulus would not stay the whirlwind of their converging attack. They fired and rushed on, halting to fire, and then rushing on again. There were those who had feared lest the sudden confront with the fierce Zulu rush should try the nerves of our beardless lads; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw his enemy face to face in the daylight. For half an hour the square stood grim and purposeful, doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. There was scarce any sound of human speech, save the quiet injunctions of the officers—"Fire low, men; get your aim; no wildness!" The Zulus could not get to close quarters simply because of the sheer weight of our fire. The canister tore through them like a harrow through weeds; the rockets ravaged their zigzag path through the masses. One rush came within a few yards, but it was their last effort. Their noble ardor could not endure in the face of the appliances of civilized warfare. They began to waver. The time for the cavalry had at length come. Lord Chelmsford caught the mo-

ment. Drury Lowe was sitting on his charger watching with ears and eyes intent for the word. It came tersely, "Off with you!" The infantrymen made a gap for the Lancers, and gave them, too, a cheer as they galloped out into the open—knees well into saddles, right hands with a firm grip of the lances down at the "engage." Drury Lowe collected his chestnut into a canter, and, glancing over his shoulder, gave the commands—"At a gallop; front form troops!" and then, "Front form line!" You may swear there was no dallying over those evolutions; just one pull to make good the cohesion, and then, with an eager quiver in the voice, "Now for it, my lads! Charge!" The Zulus strove to gain the rough ground, but the Lancers were upon them and among them before they could clear the long grass of the plain. It did one good to see the glorious old "white weapon" reassert once again its pristine prestige.

Lord Chelmsford on the evening of the battle announced that he did not intend to despatch a courier until the following morning with the intelligence of that victory, which was conclusive and virtually terminated the war. So I hardened my heart and determined to go myself, and that at once. The distance to Landsmann's Drift, where was the nearest telegraph office, was about 100 miles, and the route lay through a hostile region, with no road save that made on the grass by our wagon wheels as the column had marched up. It was necessary to skirt the sites of recently burned Zulu kraals, the dwellers in which were likely to have returned. The dispersal of the Zulu army by the defeat of the morning made it all but certain that stragglers would be prowling in the bush through which lay the first part of my ride. Young Lysons offered to b.t. me even that I would not get through, and, when I accepted, genially insisted that I should put the money down, since he did not expect to see me alive again. It was dreadfully gruesome work, that first long stretch through the sullen gloom of the early night, as I groped my way through the rugged bush trying to keep the trail of the wagon-wheels. I could see the dark figures of Zulus up

against the blaze of the fires in the destroyed kraals to right and left of my track, and their shouts came to me on the still night air. At length I altogether lost my way, and there was no resource but to halt till the moon should rise and show me my whereabouts. The longest twenty minutes I ever spent in my life was while sitting on my trembling horse in a little open glade of the bush, my hand on the butt of my revolver, waiting for the moon's rays to flash down into the hollow. At length they came. I discerned the right direction, and in half an hour more I was inside the reserve camp of Etongneni, and telling the news to a circle of eager listeners. The great danger was past; it was a comparatively remote chance that I should meet with molestation during the rest of the journey, although Lieutenant Scott-Elliott and Corporal Cotter were cut up on the same road the same night. The exertion was prolonged and arduous, but the recompense was adequate. I had the good fortune to be thanked for the tidings I brought by the General Commanding-in-Chief and by the Governor of South Africa; and it was something for a correspondent to be proud of that it was his narrative of the combat and of the victory which Her Majesty's Ministers read to both Houses of Parliament as the only intelligence that had been received up to date.

It may perhaps have occurred to some among those who have done me the honor to read this and a previous article under the same heading that the profession of war correspondent is a somewhat wearing one, calculated to make a man old before his time, and not to be pursued with any satisfaction or credit by any one who is not in the full heyday of physical and mental vigor. My personal experience is that ten years of toil, exposure, hardship, anxiety, and brain-strain, such as the electric fashion of war correspondence now exacts, suffices to impair the toughest organization. But given health and strength, it used to be an avocation of singular fascination. I do not know whether this attribute in its fulness remains with it under the limitations on freedom of action which now are in force.—*Nineteenth Century*.

DIAMOND-DIGGING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLOSEL KNOLLYS, R.A.

"COME, Mr. Joseph, do let us settle this little matter. Write us a check for £26,400 for this parcel of diamonds, and let us have done with it." But the diamond-broker retorts that the sum demanded is a trifle of £400 above its fair price; that he has recently been losing money by his "parcels;" and when I departed he was still carrying on, with the agent of the De Beers Company, the sarcastic bickering which is the very salt of that deteriorating avocation, material buying and selling. The subject in dispute consisted of about thirty little heaps of insignificant-looking white stones, rather more dull than dirty bits of bottle-glass, practically of no intrinsic utility, but possessing the attribute of exciting human vanity to such a pitch, that in order to grub for them a host of able business men have exchanged English civilization for South African privation; have embarked enormous sums, erected wondrous machinery, and taken into employment several thousands of human beings.* I purpose describing in detail the various stages of digging for, sifting, sorting, selling—and I may add, stealing—these stones, as illustrated by the "De Beers," the principal mine in Kimberley.

Although there is no secret whatever in any part of the operations, it is obvious that the most stringent precautions are necessary to prevent the easy theft of such *multum in parvo* treasures as precious stones; and therefore it is reasonably required that all visitors shall be provided with a permit to inspect the works. The diamondiferous area is enclosed and screened by means of high barbed wire-fencing and lofty corrugated-iron hoarding, as skilfully disposed as one of Vauban's fortresses; and is further safeguarded externally at night by numerous armed patrols, and by powerful electric lights casting a glare on every spot otherwise favorable to intending marauders. After having been somewhat carefully scrutinized, I am admitted through a narrow gateway, and find myself confronted with

a gigantic, apparently almost bottomless pit, compared with which the crater of Vesuvius would be puny, and which marks the earlier scenes of open ground labor. In course of time huge masses of earth began to slip down from the sides, entailing such peril, and—far more important to the eager owners—such a clogging of work, that the original process was abandoned in favor of sinking shafts and subterranean mining. Equipped in miner's slops, supplied with a bare candle, and chaperoned by one of the superintendents, I am shot down an ordinary incline to a depth of 700 feet below the surface, whence we further descend another 90 feet by means of slippery perpendicular ladders, leading down piercings just large enough to admit the body. Here we reach a widened level at the very heart of the diamond-bearing earth, which is hot, stifling, and intensely dark. Long low tunnels radiate through a scene of which the principal features are rushing trucks, flickering lights, and shouting workmen, common to all large mining operations, and calling for no special description. Only by degrees do I notice characteristics of detail so strange as to cause these mines to differ from all others. Hundreds of Kaffirs are plying pick and shovel, wheeling barrows, and tilting trucks, with a might-and-main earnestness rare among natives. Although they differ greatly in size and shades of darkness, owing to the variety of tribes gathered together from far-apart districts of South Africa, they are, on the whole, of fine physical development, with smooth lustrous skins and tense brawny muscles, and sweltering profusely under their tremendous exertions. Scantiness of clothing was to be anticipated; but in no part of the world, not even in Japan, have I seen a multitude of human beings so perfectly nude, and at the same time so perfectly unabashed as to be suggestive of the unconsciousness of the very beasts of the field. They work in shifts of twelve hours' duration, Sunday being a general rest day, and each native receives about 5s. a-day—an enormous sum for these aborigines, which gives rise to a keen competition for employ-

* The Kimberley mines find work for 1500 white men and 12,000 natives.

ment. Large gangs are supervised by single Europeans, who strongly exemplify the moral influence of race. Instant, cheerful, unquestioning obedience is the rule: occasionally a rough hustle, or a smack with the palm of the hand, is bestowed on the laggard or the careless; but when justly administered, this is never resented, and a careful observation of the demeanor and friendly verbal intercourse between superintendents and laborers failed to reveal to me any signs of habitual bodily tyranny. Without doubt, outbursts of the white man's brutality occasionally occur. During my stay at Kimberley a European was tried for having caused by violence the death of a native, and after a fair trial was acquitted. Yet, on the whole, there is no reason to believe that our rule is characterized by cruelty, and an air of happy contentment was generally prevalent.

Quitting the enlarged level at the bottom of the shaft, I grope through one of the low radiating tunnels, which twist about in a fashion reminding me of the catacombs of Rome. Diamond-mines are free from most of the dangers associated with other subterranean workings. There is no rush of fire-damp, and no wire-gauze is needed for the unprotected candles; no deadly emanations of gas, no sudden overwhelming of water, and no falling in of roofs—shoring-up being only needed to a very limited extent. Almost the only fatal accident of magnitude recorded in the annals of these mines occurred three years ago, when some timber caught fire, and over three hundred imprisoned natives were choked to death. The ruling passion for gain then proved strong up to the last: many bodies were found in attitudes which showed that their dying gasps had been expended in efforts to plunder their comrades of the little leather purses which most of them wear suspended round the waist. An explorer of the labyrinth must be all eyes and ears. The intense darkness seems to be augmented by the alternate glimmer of our spluttering naked candles, and the fierce glare of an occasional electric light: at one time I stumble ankle-deep into a churned-up slough of despond; at another I have to exercise the utmost activity to avoid being annihilated by the trucks, which rush, with deafening reverberations and at railway speed, along the

narrow inclined tramways, each conveying a load of earth and conducted by a Kaffir shouting out warnings. In a short time I am streaming with perspiration, soaking with roof-drippings, splashed from head to foot with grease and mud, and in my bedraggled miner's costume present an aspect compared with which that of a Whitechapel dog-fancier would be refined and respectable. But at Kimberley, both above and below ground, Englishmen are wont to put their hand to the plough, wisely resolved to perform their work thoroughly, and regardless of the externals of their normal social status; and here I find many a better man than myself similarly transformed. I speak a word or two to some Europeans who are heads of gangs, and whose appearance would justify attributing to them the minds and manners of bargees: they respond with the timbre of voice and the diction of highly educated gentlemen. I tentatively lead up to their antecedents, and I discover that many of the speakers are members of well-known English county families, and had been formerly residents of well-known English country homes, but that through stress of circumstances and the temptation of the De Beers payment of a guinea a-day, they are now bravely working as weekly laborers. One of the head officials told me of a tallyman who was occupying the intervals of counting trucks by reading, and to whom he remarked in a friendly manner, "A novel makes a pleasant change down here." "Yes; but this is not a novel," said the reader, holding out for inspection an elaborate treatise on conic sections. Then he explained that he had been a university man, had taken his degree, and had subsequently adopted the profession of civil engineer, but that owing to family misfortunes and poverty, he was now glad to accept the remunerative employment of tallyman in a Kimberley mine.

At the extremity of one of the tunnels was an enlarged chamber where receptacles were being drilled for explosive charges destined to break through some unusually obdurate rock, and here I was enabled to take leisurely note of further details concerning the Kaffir workmen. My questions were translated into native "pidgin" Kaffir, a jargon compounded of the numerous dialects of the various tribes. The men seemed cheerful and bright after

a fashion, but their replies lacked intelligence, and betrayed a low order of intellect. I must however, in justice, premise that this particular group was composed of the most inferior specimens of natives. For instance, I found that 9 or 10 comprised their highest familiar notation; 15 and upward puzzled them; higher figures could only be expressed by a clumsy periphrasis; while 200 or 300 was quite beyond their realization, and was vaguely conceived as "a very great number." "How old are you?" I inquired of one; but the overseer explained that none of them have the least idea of their own ages: their sole landmarks are certain important events which befell their tribes, such as some particular war, a great famine, a general drought or cattle-sickness. "Only last week," he added, "a Kaffir being asked a similar question, and replying in total ignorance, a European interposed—'Let me look at your teeth. I will soon tell you. Why, you must be 100 at least.' The native immediately assembled his fellows around him, and told them that the Baas (master) had pronounced him 100 years old, in an ecstasy of pride at the attainment of an age which he considered added so much to his dignity." One Kaffir rejoiced in a snake-skin charm round his neck; another wore a string—his sole article of vesture—tied to his thigh, whence depended a small leather pocket containing five or six shillings—a large sum for a wild native—and his working ticket. The only drinks allowed are tea, coffee, or water; and I was struck with the simple and clever device for a constantly cool supply of the last, by means of common bags of coarse canvas, which, when soaked, became sufficiently impermeable to retain the bulk of the fluid, but sufficiently porous to admit of a continual oozing and icy evaporation.

While we were casually conversing, I was startled by a terrific roar, followed by a reverberation and quivering of the walls and arches as though convulsed by an earthquake, and by a violent rush of wind which instantly extinguished every light in the vicinity. "Doubtless a hideous catastrophe," I reflected: "some portion of the mine has fallen in; we are imprisoned like rats in a trap, and shall feed on each other's carcasses until released by a lingering death." Profound silence in the pitch-darkness, only broken

by the heavy breathing of the native workmen, and after a few seconds by the scraping of lucifer-matches for relighting our candles. Nobody seemed in the least discomposed, and the answer to my awe-stricken inquiry was, "Oh, nothing at all; only dynamite blasting in an adjacent chamber." I afterward found that these explosions were of frequent occurrence; but on each occasion, to resist the impulse of a startled jump taxed the strongest nerves.

Let us turn our attention from the personal to the material for which thousands of human beings in this district are toiling day and night about 800 feet below ground. The diamondiferous earth, locally termed the "blue," is reached at a varying depth, and is found in a hardened but friable condition. It is detached with comparative ease, and the process of filling trucks, each of which holds 1600 lb., is carried on unceasingly, on a very large scale, and with the utmost rapidity. The contents are hauled to the top by powerful steam machinery; and if we follow their further destination, the scene changes in sudden and wondrous contrast from dark stifling tunnels to bright sunshiny farms, where the soil is turned up, and watered and harrowed, and vivified by the action of wind and sun, and where the resulting crop is—diamonds. On reaching the surface the "blue" is tilted into railway wagons, and by means of divergent lines of rails and wire-ropes, is hauled in vast masses into the adjacent open country, where it is distributed over the flat to a depth of 2½ feet. The extensive area so occupied is protected by barbed-wire fencing 10 feet high, and is guarded by patrols both by day and by night. The effects of the weather cause the friable lumps to disintegrate still further, the process is aided by alternate harrowing and watering, and in about six months all but the most obdurate fragments, which are left for further treatment varying from three months to a year, are reduced to a size which admits of their being subjected to the washing-machines. Trains of carts convey the harvest to machinery sheds, where it is subjected to processes which in corn would be analogous to threshing, winnowing, and sifting. Roughly described, an endless chain supporting large pans carries the diamond-earth up to a platform, and thence pitches

it, automatically, into cisterns of water; revolving metal arms stir and break up the mass; the muddy liquid flows away, and the solid residue passes over a succession of large vibrating sieves with different-sized meshes, thus effecting a separation into four sizes. The largest is composed of pebbles somewhat smaller than walnuts, is turned over by searchers on the chance that it may contain some unusually large diamonds, and is then carted away as rubbish. I may remark that the amount of *débris* from various sources is so considerable that its disposal is somewhat of a puzzle, and is the origin of gigantic earth-mounds in various parts of the country, and that the superficial crater of one of the mines, the "Kimberley," is marked by the spontaneous, never-ending combustion of waste shale. The other three sizes are subjected to a process devised at Kimberley, and absolutely charming through its efficiency, simplicity, and ingenuity. Without illustrations, a complete description of this "pulsator," as it is called, would be impracticable, but the following statement may serve to explain its general principle:—

[Be it remembered that the diamondiferous mass is made up of substances of different specific gravity, whereof the greater part, which consists of natural soil, mica, and other components, is the lightest; while the small residue, consisting of garnets, "olivine," iron pyrites, and diamonds, are much heavier. We must also bear in mind that the property of a fluid is to transmit a pressure applied to it in every direction, irrespective of distance, area, bulk, etc. Now imagine a No. 1 pan half filled with water, and just above the fluid a fixed zinc perforated plate. The plate is covered with a layer of buckshot, and above the buckshot is some of the sifted earth in which the diamonds are lurking. The apparatus is completed by an adjacent open No. 2 pan of water, which communicates with No. 1 by a broad tube. Set the machinery at work. A large flap of wood bestows a smart box on the ear—speaking in hyperbolic language—on the water-surface of No. 2 pan; the fluid quivers with indignation, transmits its quivering downward, then through the broad connecting-tube,

and so on to the water in No. 1 pan. Here, too, the water vexedly throbs up, squirts through the perforated plate, hustles the layer of buckshot, and thereby stirs up the superincumbent diamondiferous layer. But the irritated fluid rapidly regains its composure, is followed by the buckshot in a great hurry, then by the heavier particles among which are the diamonds, while on the top of all leisurely reposes the lightest useless residue which has been successfully eliminated. I estimated the number of these pulsations at 110 per minute. Now stop the machine; let all the water drain off the zinc plate; remove the thick top layer, which is worthless, and then gather together the deposit spread over the buckshot, and to which all the diamonds have fled.]

The name "pulsator" is very appropriately bestowed on this clever piece of mechanism. Gently placing my hand on the top of the mass being treated, I am startled by a sensation of lifelike throbbing throughout the whole of the substance—precisely such as one might suppose the throbbing of the femoral artery of an elephant in a raging fever. For the sake of simplicity I have omitted two or three ingenious little details. For instance, the size of the stirabout buckshot varies in proportion to that of the component particles of the stuff to be "pulsated," but each machine acts with such unerring fidelity that never by any chance is a diamond allowed to loiter in the top rubbishy layer. "Here," said my guide, picking out a tiny white pebble, "is a 1½-carat stone, worth about £2 in its present condition," and he flicked it away as carelessly as though shooting a pea into a pig-tub. "I congratulate your Company on its affluence," I remarked with would-be irony, "since it can afford thus to throw £2 into the dirt." "You are mistaken," was the rejoinder; "that diamond will inevitably be brought to light again. To test the accuracy of our working, we are wont constantly to throw marked diamonds into the pulsating-pan, and we never fail to recover them."

On the assumption—which is generally received as approximately accurate—that the previous processes of elimination have reduced the original bulk contained in a truck to its one-hundredth part, the proverbial difficulty of finding a needle in a bottle of hay is applicable here, and hence—

* The reader who hates explanations can skip the part between the brackets.

forth the diamond-charged residue is scrutinized almost particle by particle. The seeking or "sorting" house consists of a long hut, with tables so disposed as to be searchingly illuminated by the rays of the sun. Here are assembled, in comparatively noiseless activity, a multitude of black convicts, with a sprinkling of white sorters. A Kaffir half fills a common hand-sieve with the precious material, pours some water over it, swirls it about with a peculiar jerk which tends to send the heavier diamonds down to the bottom, and then with a bump empties the sieve upside down in front of a European. Most of the diamonds present appear on the reversed surface of the topsyturvied heap; but numerous stragglers are also found by turning over *seriatim*, with a bricklayer's small trowel, the bright pretty pile of olivine (a species of jade), garnets (false), non-magnetic iron, and diamonds, which, slightly dripping to aid selection, glitters in the sun like a child's box of beads. Each searcher is supplied with a common little tin box, into which he drops his findings. I peer into one of them taken haphazard: it contains about a dozen small stones, representing the results of one man's searching for three or four hours, and is approximately equivalent to the value of £1600. The monotony of investigation naturally brings about a tendency to become careless; and in order to keep attention on the full stretch, variety is afforded by frequently changing the sorters to different-sized siftings; so that at one spell the prizes to be discovered consist of stones no larger than peppercorns, while at another they are as big as hazel-nuts. The facilities for theft by European workers are obvious, inasmuch as searching of their persons—as in the case of natives, to be hereafter described—is out of the question; and there is no doubt that the Company is consequently subjected to heavy losses, which some experts estimate as being as high as 10 per cent—i.e., £10 worth is stolen out of every £100 worth discovered. Numerous placards forbid visitors to handle the gravel. "How do you know," I inquire, "that I, a perfect stranger to you, have not already secreted two or three diamonds under my tongue or up my sleeve?" "No fear," is the smiling reply; "unknown to yourself, you are being carefully and incessantly watched." And this startling

discovery that I am shadowed prompts me to be less ready to trickle handfuls of diamonds through my fingers, and to tuck up my cuffs ostentatiously, to disarm suspicion that I may be exercising a little legerdemain.

After the English sorters have secured the greater part of the contained treasure—have, as it were, picked the plums out of the pudding—the *débris* is passed on to the native convicts for the discovery of the casually remaining currants. They turn the stuff over twice, and their findings are dropped into boxes with padlocked covers. One which I examined contained nine or ten seed-stones, as the result of five or six hours' work; but their total value was reckoned at about £50. The prisoners receive a special money reward in proportion to their success, amounting, as far as I remember, to 1½d. per carat. It is manifest that without some such inducement they would scamp their investigation.

For diamond labor the Company hires from Government sixty-five Kaffir convicts, of whose maintenance it bears the entire expense, and whose condition in the prison, which I subsequently inspected, might almost be called enviable. They are grouped together by tribes; the separate and silent system is ignored; they are well and warmly housed; an occasional whack from the warders habitually constitutes their punishments; and their food comprises, together with other allowances, the enormous daily meat-ration of 1½ lb., *plus* a large supply of bread. The traditional rollicking "life on the ocean wave" dwindles into dulness compared with a "life in a convict-yard" at Kimberley. They are every night searched to the very skin to prevent them pilfering diamonds.

Thus we have followed the stages of mining, fanning, washing, sifting, searching, and finding, during which diamonds have been discovered in small numbers, but generally of exceptional size, in the mine, a few more in the "blue" exposed in the open fields, but by far the greater number in the sorting-houses. Next, the scene reverts to the rooms in the De Beers office, where all the stones are sent for sale. Considering the vast treasure it contains, the building is of a flimsy nature, with little provision against fire or thieves beyond one or two safes, and a

few loaded revolvers on the table, ready to be snatched up for instant use. Mr. Joseph, we may assume, is still arguing the question of £26,000 or £26,400 before one parcel; but on another adjacent table are spread out other diamonds worth about £60,000 in their rough state. These are arranged in about eight rows, each containing seven or eight little heaps, and, moreover, so disposed as to be graduated both according to color, from white to darkish yellow—and to size, from pin's heads to nutmegs. A large proportion are characterized by a curious mathematical regularity of shape—perfect octahedrons being the most frequent, with occasional dodecahedrons; but it is out of the question to muster up any admiration for them in their present condition. They have been cleaned by immersion in a solution of boiling water and acid; yet they still resemble bits of common dull glass, and can only be rendered interesting by a peremptory demand on prophetic imagination. Even a 400-carat diamond, found the previous day, marking an era in the De Beers discoveries, and which is now produced out of an old tin box easily to be prized open by a schoolboy with his knife, cannot produce a vestige of enthusiasm among the Company, although it makes a stir among the outside public. It is a perfect octahedron of a distinctly yellow color, about the size of a partridge's egg, and even when cut will be of a weight far in excess of the Koh-i-noor. Though of very high value, it can never become of world-wide repute, inasmuch as it is not of the first water. Indeed there is reason to surmise that only a minority of the Kimberley findings are brilliants, and that all such are absorbed into the Brazilian diamonds which constitute family jewelry handed down as heirlooms of great value. "How can you distinguish true from false diamonds?" I ask. "By common-sense," is the contemptuous reply of experts so trained by long experience that they jump at accurate conclusions without being able to trace the process thereof. It was pointed out, besides, that by crackling large stones together in the hand the noise produced is of a peculiar sharp grating sound. Admirable! only unfortunately few of us possess enough large stones to enable us to carry out the experiment. The expense of cutting and

high as 60 per cent of their value, and the loss of weight incurred thereby frequently amounts to two-thirds of their original carats. Among the curiosities of the collection are fancy stones of queer shapes and colors—deep yellow, dark purple, and prismatic shades. But all diamonds—good, bad, and indifferent—are transmitted to Europe at the present rate of 40,000 or 50,000 carats weekly, and ultimately find their way into the hands of the Amsterdam cutters.*

By degrees the De Beers Company has bought up the four principal mines in the district, which are included in the limited space of four square miles, and comprise the Kimberley, area 31 acres; Du Toits, 35 acres; Bultfontein, 27 acres; while the De Beers proper, the most valuable of all, spreads over 18½ acres. In addition, it has a large proprietorship in Brazilian mines. The directors therefore strenuously insist, with every appearance of sound reasoning, that the purchase of their shares should not be regarded as a speculation like gold-mine property, but as a safe and permanent investment. They claim that, being the chief diamond-producers in the world, they can so regulate the issues of stones to the market that they can maintain a steadily uniform price, and that their unworked "blue," even at the present level, will suffice for many years' harvest on the existing scale. But as yet the bottom has not been plumbed, and the deeper the shaft the richer the produce. I may mention the theory, which, however crude, is not entirely without verisimilitude, that the diamondiferous material has been thrust up by igneous agency from immense profundity through a superincumbent mass; that the same agent had long ago crystallized the diamonds; and that if we could dig down to that crust we should find the precious stones sticking to the roof like pieces of suet in a pudding. Nor is it argued—can there be the smallest doubt?—after such long and extensive experience, as to the uniform average richness of the earth. For instance, the accepted estimate that one De Beers truck-load will produce 1½ carat is useful and true in theory only, but that a thousand loads will

* The value of the diamonds produced from the four principal Kimberley mines in 1887 was £4,033,332.

bring to light 1500 carats is perfectly accurate in practice.

One morning when I was inspecting the works, the 400-carat stone to which I have already alluded was discovered, and great was the curiosity and interest excited throughout Kimberley generally. But the mining managers were supremely indifferent: the find would merely help to balance the average, and its direct influence on the gross receipts would be quite inappreciable. Should there be any temporary surfeit of stones in England, the demand in America, and especially in the States, is steadily increasing, and there is an encouraging prospect of a fresh field for sale in the vast and populous Chinese empire. On the other hand, the counter-arguments must be conceded, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility the demand for diamonds may simultaneously diminish throughout the world; and there exists the still more serious contingency of the discovery of fresh and extensive surface-washings, so inexpensive in working as to lessen materially the value of the Kimberley mines with their costly machinery.

With some sensation of relief I turn from poring over these—shall I say stupid?—stones, to the remarkable system of native labor organized for their collection. I have already alluded to the extreme facilities for pilfering them; and to counteract this as effectually as possible, a large native compound—an enclosure within the mining enclosure—has been established, comprising an area of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acre, surrounded by corrugated-iron sheeting, about 10 feet high and very difficult to climb. Incessant watch and ward, iron portals, bolts and bars, are safeguards against the escape of insiders; and all outsiders are subjected, like ourselves, to a scrutiny of our appearance and an examination of our passes, ere admitted within the precincts of that anomaly—a prison for free men. One working shift is being actually employed in the mines; but the remainder, 1400 or 1500 in number, constitute a strange collection of numerous tribes, collected from every quarter of South Africa, which would engross the interest of an enthusiastic ethnologist. Nor is the sight altogether displeasing: laughing and talking, basking and sleeping, eating, smoking, and playing, are in full swing; but the concourse of so many

perfectly nude blacks represents a type of life so strangely removed from civilization, that we need all the dictates of humanity and religion to prevent our constantly forgetting "after whose image" all these men are made. An English superintendent conducts me through the establishment, and by degrees the impression of noisy chaos is changed into an appreciation of the system and order maintained. In one corner are quarters reserved for the European warders; elsewhere is a large butchery, where good mutton is sold at 4d. and beef at 3d. a pound. The superior tribes—that is to say, the most industrious, intelligent, reliable, and stalwart, such as the Zulus—are flesh-eating, and habitually consume as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. daily; the inferior—as, for example, the Korannas and Bushmen—subsist entirely on mealies and other vegetable diet. Here is a canteen on an extensive and comprehensive scale, furnishing the natives with every article of daily life they have learned to require by association with Europeans, and with every description of grocery for which they have a fancy. Beer, spirits, or alcohol in any form whatsoever, are, however, rigidly excluded; and although Kaffirs are prone to excessive intemperance, and here have plenty of money at their disposal, they readily accept the restriction—one more instance of the advantageous practicability of suddenly depriving habitual inebriates of their poison. The receipt of high wages powerfully develops the craze for gambling, as innate in blacks as in whites. A group is collected in a shady corner absorbed in a game of childish simplicity with cards, which a Kaffir deals with the neatness and rapidity of a professed prestidigitator. The stakes are 5d. per deal—as ruinously high as unlimited loo would be to Englishmen—and the winners clutch at their gains with a frenzy quite at variance with the ideal impassiveness of the savage. Elsewhere, in the open, cooks are preparing food in large caldrons for their respective tribes. A hasty inspection of some of the nauseous seething messes conveys to me the impression that the chief constituents are heads and entrails. Tribes are kept apart in separate huts; for were there an indiscriminate mixture, one half would quickly be at the throats of the other half. The interiors of the dwellings mark curiously

the gradations of savagedom. In some—for example, among the Zulus—comparative neatness, order, and cleanliness prevail; their blankets and rugs are brightly striped, their rags are brilliant, their sleeping-places have some semblance of being human resorts, and even faint traces of attempted decoration can be detected. In others, notably among the Baralongs and Batlapins, the interiors are like nothing else than the lairs of grovelling beasts of the field. One habit, however, seems common to all. Whatever the heat of the weather or warmth of the spot, the sleeping savage is careful to envelop completely in his blanket not only his body but his head, leaving not the smallest chink for breathing, so that it is marvellous he is not asphyxiated. The higher tribes of Kaffirs are, however, clean in their habits, and delight in wallowing in the large compound tank provided for them, and are remarkably free from *bouquet de native*; whereas a single whiff of a Chinaman is sickening, and proximity even to a bath-loving Japanese elicits an involuntary “pheu.”

My conductor assures me that although the number of Europeans is a mere fraction of the total of black residents, not the slightest difficulty is experienced in maintaining order. This is due partly to the multiplicity of tribes, each one of which regards with distrust the others, and declines to combine; partly to the constant influx of fresh arrivals and departure of old hands; partly to the entire absence of women and children; and finally, to the fact that all are healthy adults, whose time is pretty well taken up in working, eating, and sleeping. Moreover, a certain number of tribal princelets, who receive wages but never do a stroke of work, materially contribute to suppress quarrels. My guide appeared to be on excellent terms with his charges, rousing numerous sleepers whom I wished to question, by gently pulling their ears, and eliciting from them willing if not intelligent replies. Among the representatives of races, taking them roughly in order of superiority, Zulus, Basutos, Delagoa Bay negroes, Hottentots, Baralongs, Batlapins, Korannas, and Bushmen. These give rise to a sombre repugnance amounting to a shuddering aversion that they are examples of the depths of a degraded humanity.

Characteristic distinction between monkey and man is the power possessed by the latter of opposability between the forefinger and thumb. This power is lacking in the Bushmen. “Pinch my finger,” I said to one of them; “pinch much harder.” In vain; the pressure would scarcely have injured a fly. Now, an anthropoidal ape possesses many human characteristics, but is essentially a monkey; a Bushman possesses many apish characteristics, but is essentially a man. A miserable, dwarfed, decrepit, repulsive man. One whom I measured was only four feet three inches in height, with a skinny feeble body to correspond, a screwed-up chest, drumstick legs and arms, very small cerebellum, prognathous jaws, high cheek-bones, acute facial angle, and lack-lustre eyes. His features were totally devoid of expression; his demeanor, when examined and handled, was more stolid than that of a sheep; his language could barely be called coherent; and in fact, it was difficult and painful to realize that this poor brutish animal must be classified in a genus which comprises a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakespeare. The only instance I witnessed of Bushman intelligence was in a tiny infant in Kimberley hospital. The creature was about the size of a puppy, and equally bright and vivacious, illustrating the theory that in a race of low intellect intelligence is in an inverse ratio to age.

To supply the incarcerated Kaffirs with any means of intellectual occupation—to give them books, paper, writing materials, etc.—would be like presenting ruffles to a man wanting a shirt. I inspected the small nominal school; it was a mere farce. I espied two or three Methodist hymn-books in possession of so-called converts; but alas! here, as elsewhere in South Africa, the expression “native convert” is, in cases which are numerous, synonymous with “inward darkness,” yet I

to leave him wallowing in the aforesaid gap. I refer the reader to Mr. Bodley's admirable "Ride in Kaffir Land" * for the further consideration of South African missionary undertakings, so imperatively required of us as a duty, so noble in their conception, and, alas! sometimes so feeble in their execution.

The compound hospital is admirable: the percentage of sick among sturdy laborers in the prime of life, and leading a model healthy existence, is naturally small. Every comfort and every essential requirement of modern medical science is here forthcoming: and albeit the Kaffirs are somewhat puzzled at a gratuitous compassion for suffering, they rejoice and believe in their English doctors.

Almost every traveller has encountered certain marvellous experiences which, if he be prudent, he will forbear detailing, under the penalty of being considered a bold-faced liar; and I only venture to allude to the following circumstance because it can be corroborated by many independent witnesses. The Kimberley Kaffirs are extremely fond of cigars, but they smoke with the lighted end in their mouths. When this peculiarity was first mentioned to me, I supposed that my informant was cracking a somewhat vacuous joke; but to my amazement I saw numerous instances of the reality in the compound. The native first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it round, he deftly arranged the hotly glowing end in his mouth, and tucking away his tongue in his cheek, proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, very gradually consuming the whole of the cigar. The smokers assured me that the process was warm, comforting, delicious, and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial I found that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.

The Kaffirs, when hired, enter into agreements for minimum periods of three months, and during these terms they are never suffered to quit the mining enclosure on any pretext whatever. They do not appear to find this restraint irksome; some, indeed, voluntarily thus pass three or four years in unbroken captivity, while others at the end of their contract rally forth for a week's swinish orgies, and then return to renew their engagements.

During their incarceration they are at all times liable, and are sometimes subjected, to sudden search, but the thorough and crucial investigation is carried out during their last seven days' residence. On reaching this margin they are separated from the mass of their fellows, closely confined in a large hut set aside for the purpose, and watched day and night like felons under sentence of death. Admitted within its precincts, I see about forty naked fellows either lying on the ground comfortably dozing or squatting, in the contented vacuity of do-nothingness so charming to all torpid intellects. Each Kaffir wears a pair of thick leather gloves, padlocked round the wrist and never for a moment removed. Being fingerless and resembling boxing-gloves without padding, they render the hands almost useless for purposes of hiding or picking and stealing. Their sole custodian is one sturdy Englishman, the picture of boredom, and who unassisted is perfectly competent to maintain order, stop squabbling, and to some extent baffle schemes for thieving. At my request he gives me an example of the way in which his captives are searched before being set free—in addition to certain other effectual measures. Awakening a sleeper by a friendly pull of the ear, "Jigger" is his first injunction, and forthwith the naked savage gravely begins to hop, skip, and jump, as though executing a horn-pipe. These movements would cause stones ensconced about the person to fall on the ground. Next the custodian minutely searches the hair, ears, toes, and every part of his charge's body; then he thrusts his fingers into the native's mouth and rummages about the teeth and inside the cheeks; and finally, the suspect is required to waggle his tongue in case any stone shall have been secreted about the root. Were "The History of a Diamond" written, like that of its cousin carbon, "The History of a Lump of Coal," it might furnish us with two scenes in such strange contrast as to leave us the alternative of a smile or a sneer.

Scene 1.—A squalid African hut; a white overseer is compelling a naked Kaffir prisoner to go through grotesquely degrading antics; a dirty little white stone, only useful to be strung like an ornamental bead, drops from the poor black carcass; overseer triumphantly pounces on the discovery.

* Blackwood's Magazine, February 1891.

Scene 2.—Six thousand miles distant ; a London ball-room with all accessories of civilized splendor ; the stone reappears cut, and in the shape of a brilliant enhancing the charms of some young loveliness, and prompting the instinct which bids us worship and honor her beauty, as though it were something divine.

Notwithstanding all the precautions I have indicated, the blacks occasionally succeed in besting the whites. Some have the knack of stowing a diamond for a few minutes a short distance down the throat, and when the search is over, working it back into the mouth by a muscular movement. I am shown several tin boxes used by the natives for holding the rag or two they may possess, and wherein stones have been most ingeniously concealed behind the metal lining plate or the handle. On one occasion a liberated Kaffir was passing the last outside sentry, swinging a small open flimsy basket, such as children use in England when gathering cowslips. "Let me look at it," said the warder, without any real suspicion, and in the mere vacuity of idleness. The wicker handle was a little loose ; it was lightly tacked on to a small slip of wood at the brim, and when pulled aside it was discovered that a neatly concealed cavity had been scooped out, and a valuable diamond deposited therein. Equally ingenious means have been devised for baffling the outside detectives, and for smuggling stones from Kimberley to a remote and safe locality. A diamond is wrapped in a piece of meat and given to a dog, which is conveyed out of the district and slaughtered, when the stone is removed from the intestines. Sometimes carrier-pigeons are utilized ; and for a long time the parcel-post was rendered an accomplice, by means of an ordinary book with a hollow cut out of the central pages, wherein the booty was ensconced. The detective department is elaborately and effectually organized, and breaches of the diamond laws are very properly punished with extreme severity, five years' penal servitude on the Government works being a not infrequent sentence. A convict digging at one of the Cape Town forts hid a very valuable diamond, which had escaped discovery when he was apprehended, in a corner of the parapet, as the surest place of concealment. He was unexpectedly transferred temporarily to another work,

and on his return found that a large mass of earth had been carted over his *cache*. The diamond has remained unrecovered up to the present day, and the 4-gun battery is invested with a halo in consequence of its latent treasure, quite irrespective of its value for annihilating an enemy's ships. Again, no one is allowed to deal in the rough stones without a special license ; only cut jewels—which exist in very small numbers in Kimberley—are open to free traffic. Were a casual wayfarer to pick up a chance diamond on a waste piece of land, the retention of it or any attempt to sell it would be penal. Yet, as I have already mentioned, the "I.D.B.," as it is called—illicit diamond-buying—is carried on to a serious extent, and I could quote one of the most prominently prosperous individuals in South Africa, who, as is generally admitted, amassed, in former days, a considerable sum by the nefarious traffic, and who is now flourishing in several public capacities, though, according to the rules of justice, he should be behind the bars of a jail. Some years back detectives lighted on a very hotbed of "I.D.B.," but were unable to obtain legal proof. At dead of night some disguised members of the force betook themselves to the thieves' den, and offered for sale a certain number of the precious stones. Only a woman was forthcoming, who handled them, admitted that they were genuine, but professing herself unable to do any business, restored them to the fictitious sellers. The detectives withdrew baffled, but were considerably more baffled the next morning on discovering that the intended victim had so cleverly exercised her sleight of hand as to have substituted her own imitation diamonds for the valuable stones originally tendered.

Thus far I have endeavored to explain the working of a diamond-mine in its perfected organization, with all the appliances of modern mechanical science ; but without following the sarcastic exhortation "*Commençons au déluge*," I must admit the expediency of describing the nature of its infancy some twenty-one years ago, when the entire district was a drear, scarcely inhabited wilderness. By a fortunate coincidence, at the very date I paid my visit to Kimberley, a new adjacent diamond-field, the Wesselton, had just been discovered—an event which may not occur once in a decade ; and I was a wit-

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed letter, covering many topics, including the state of the Union, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The President expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

2. The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the Treasury, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

3. The third part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the Interior, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

4. The fourth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the Navy, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

5. The fifth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the War, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

6. The sixth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the State, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

7. The seventh part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the War, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

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9. The ninth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the War, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

10. The tenth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State, dated January 3, 1862. It is a long and detailed report, covering many topics, including the state of the State, the progress of the war, and the administration of the government. The Secretary expresses his confidence in the Congress and the people, and asks for their support in the coming year.

nate *coups*. Some of the wards are entirely self-supporting, and are made up of private rooms for patients who are willing to pay a higher price—an indescribable blessing for those who have endured the bitter evil of illness in a strange country, far separated from relations. Some wards are partly self-supporting, and still more are entirely free. A careful classification of races is naturally most essential; and as I pass through the corridors, I observe that the inmates comprise all classes and all ages, from the infant to the old man, and from the wealthy European gentleman to the semi-animal Bushman; while the variety of the diseases ranges from the rickety Koranna baby to the appalling leper adult.* Probably some of the cases would prove of interest to the greatest scientists of the leading London hospitals. A Bushman boy of fourteen, walking about with a conspicuous cicatrice in his throat, is pointed out as the subject of successful tracheotomy for malignant growth. I am assured that the extraordinary number of 80 per cent of these fearful operations are successful in this "Carnarvon Hospital." The chief medical officer, Dr. Smith, to whom a large share of credit for the efficiency of the hospital must be awarded, stated that the natives possess a recuperative power, when subjected to corporeal wounds, which is characteristic of animals rather than of human beings; and he instanced the recent case of a native suffering from an incised wound in the abdomen, seven inches long, and so deep that the viscera were exposed though not injured. No means were available for antiseptic or any special treatment; cold water and common bandages were the sole expedients; but the wound healed by first intention, and in seven days the patient was walking about as sound as though he had never received a pin-prick in his life. The nurses, who possess advantages beyond the common of attractive appearance and ladylike demeanor, undergo a strictly orthodox, prac-

tical hospital training; and so high is their repute, that their services are not infrequently telegraphed for from fever-stricken, drain-soaked Cape Town, 600 miles distant. That scrupulous cleanliness and order should prevail throughout was a matter of course; but I was not prepared for the aspect of decorative comfort, of luxurious brightness, of the almost smiling spirits of the adults, and of the ecstasies of merriment among the children. To those who have contributed to infuse such happiness in the midst of wonted pain and sorrow, I venture to think we may fitly apply that quotation whereof the first words are, "Inasmuch as ye have done it . . ."

In truth, Englishmen have every reason to be proud of this South African town as worthily representing our nation. Free from much of the rowdiness and sharp practice of many gold-mining districts, from the surly loutishness and savage treatment of natives which render odious certain Boer settlements, and from the bar-and-billiard propensities of a very considerable section of torpid Cape Town manhood, the law-abiding characteristics of Kimberley are unimpeachable, its energy and enterprise are incontestable, and the gentleman-like highly educated tone of its society is unsurpassed throughout this part of the world. If I must needs qualify by some cynical detraction a description which otherwise might appear a mere eulogistic rhapsody, I can only refer to the prime motive power of all Kimberley's expenditure of toil, money, and ingenuity—the collection of small shining white stones, almost valueless except for the capricious adornment of youthful beauty which requires no such adventitious aids, or for the illustration of the ugliness of aged hags. The irony of the consideration can scarcely be exceeded by the matchless sarcasm of Captain Lemuel Gulliver when he parodies our craze for alphabetical titular distinctions, by representing the best and wisest of the Lilliputians as crouching and crawling, hopping, bounding, and grovelling, for the award of a piece of blue thread.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

* In the veldt districts leprosy is by no means uncommon among the natives.

to deteriorate. The process occurs once a year ; and this period of plucking, preparing, sorting, and packing for the market is the busiest time of the ostrich farmer. The owner of ostriches expects to lose fully ten per cent of his birds each year through their own incorrigible pugnacity and stupidity. Yet, on the whole, it is a very profitable branch of farming, and there seems to be no good reason why the business could not be acclimatized in the United States—perhaps in southwestern Texas and Arizona and southern California. It might be an experiment worth the trying, if indeed it has not already been tried in the latter named section. There is much in Mrs. Martin's book besides that which relates to ostriches : vivid sketches of South African life and scenery ; of the characteristic pleasures and hardships of the region, and of its various birds and animals. The author is enthusiastic about the value of the climate as a consumption cure, and does much to awaken a keen interest in a region the conditions of which vary so widely from our own.

A NEW NOVEL.

A MERCIFUL DIVORCE. A Story of Society. Town and Country Library. By F. W. Maude. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

The Appleton series of novels entitled the "Town and Country Library" sustains its standard of excellence. The latest issue, "A Merciful Divorce," offers a bright and sharp picture of English life, with mingled currents of noble aspiration and sordid materialism running side by side. The burden of the author's criticism of society, standing out clearly from the body of the story, though it is not precisely protruded as a moral, is the growing plutocracy and Philistinism of life ; the hard, selfish devotion to money and what money brings ; the disposition to measure everything by a financial test. This necessarily carries in its train the whole vile crew of sensual passions and vices, for money can only buy gratification of these—never one single boon of pure happiness, except so far as it can relieve the possessor from those sordid cares and worries which are only less degrading than excessive indulgence. The writer, in a strain bitterly just, says in the opening chapter : "You give life service to the beautiful Christian code of ethics ; you profess yourself scandalized that those who do not acquiesce in the dogmas of your religion should be allowed to legislate for you ; and yet if he be rich enough,

and knows how to spend his wealth for the gratification of your senses, a man may break the Christian decalogue—ay, and even the eleventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not be found out,' and command your company and approval. The fault is not in the code of morality you profess. That is austere beautiful enough in all conscience. The fault is not even in your own lives. Many of you are better in a dual conduct than you profess to be. The fact is, that you will not enforce against the rich and fashionable even the lowest of moral codes ; that you fathers will introduce your sons to men whom you know to be dishonest and immoral ; that you mothers throw your daughters into the society of women as shameless and mercenary (and with less excuse) as the wretched outcasts who earn a precarious livelihood on the streets of our great towns. And yet you wonder at the cynical, pessimistic sentiments which fall from the lips of your son, who not long since was a frank, enthusiastic schoolboy ; and your daughter, who till she came out was as pure-minded and optimistic as a young girl should be." All this is anent the career of a vile, crawling Hebrew, who had risen by unsavory practices to great wealth, and was received and caressed by people of the "smart set," because he lavished his ill-won guineas in catering to their needs and their pleasures. Why is it, by the way, that the novelist always selects a Jew to represent persons of this type ? There are disreputable parvenues who are not descendants of Jacob. This is a question not to be discussed now, however, for it sounds the key-note of a very intricate problem, with a Rothschild at one end of it and the filthy outcast of Russian tyranny at the other.

The novel before us deals with the fates of Sir Arthur Gerrardine and Lady Edith Carthage. The two had loved each other with devoted tenderness ; but Edith sacrifices her love to marry a rich and kind nonentity, that she might save her wretched father from the consequences of his own criminal folly ; and Arthur in turn weds a frivolous and heartless woman, who finally betrays him. How the old love springs into powerful flame after these ill-assorted marriages have made both their victims wretchedly unhappy, and how nearly they are betrayed into gratifying this irresistible feeling, at the expense of honor and duty, are narrated in the story with a freshness and grace of treatment which redeem a very threadbare motive. The host of subordinate people in this social drama are sketched with

a skilful touch, and the pictures of contemporaneous English society are excellent. Altogether it is an English novel of the better class and a clever though by no means a great book. It fills one of the necessary conditions of a good modern novel. The characters seem to be drawn naturally and truthfully from life; and the impression is that of a genuine picture, without being hampered with the unnecessary details of the so-called realistic fiction.

A GOOD BOY'S BOOK.

FOUR AND FIVE. A Story of a Lend-a-Hand Club. By Edward E. Hale, author of "Ten Times One is Ten," "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars," "How to Do It," "In His Name," and other stories. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Hale's new story is a charming contribution to the pleasures of boys, and is of a piece with those which have already made him so well known to the young people of America. The lessons taught are of the most bracing and stimulating sort—lessons of courage, helpfulness, self-reliance, and self forgetfulness, but all set in a narrative of much interest, told with great raciness. A club of four boys, who had spent a summer camping in the Catskills, are joined by four others the next summer, and they elect a quaint and delightful old Indian half-breed woman, living in the mountains, the ninth member. Gradually, as the lads return year after year to the camp for their summer vacation, they bring others, till at last the club numbers forty. It is the doings and sayings of these lads, ranging from those almost men to little boys, which, treated in Dr. Hale's delightful manner, constitute the interest of the book. They hunt, fish, build bridges, reservoirs, and irrigating canals, tell stories, and do all sorts of things dear to the hearts of healthy and hearty youngsters. It is thoroughly a boy's book, charmingly written, and stimulating to all that is best in boy's nature. Such books as these make a refreshing contrast to the goody-goody artificialities which were the current pabulum of lads a quarter of a century since. Dr. Hale's genius shines not less brightly in books of this kind than in the more pretentious works bearing his name.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE unexpected death of Mr. Raikes lends a melancholy interest to the account of the celebration of the jubilee of uniform inland penny postage, which has just been published

by the Jubilee Celebration Committee, in whose proceedings the late Postmaster-General took so active and kindly an interest. Amid much that is merely formal and ephemeral, the volume contains not a little matter of permanent interest in connection with the recent history of the Post-Office and its present organization, and these sources of interest are enhanced by the portraits and sketches with which it is illustrated.

DR. FURNIVALL is spending his holidays at Norwich and copying the earliest English wills, those of the Consistory Court, for a volume in the Early English Text Society. He hoped to find many instances of dialect and local trade and custom, but very few occur. As against the earliest English will at Somerset House, 1397, Norwich can show only a short English proviso, in a Latin will of 1427, shifting the testator's estate from one nephew to another, in case the first is not "of good gouernaunce and lyely persone to the word, and marie hym self bi the avys of the feoffees, the executors the forn seyde." The first complete English will was made in 1429, that of Sir Andrew Botiller, knight, and after this others came slowly till 1464. The first two registers have no English wills. "Surfiete," the third register (1427-35), has the proviso mentioned above, and five English wills; "Doke," the fourth register (1436-42), thirteen such wills; "Wylbey," the fifth register (1444-48), only one English will; "Aleyn," the sixth register (1448-55), only four, though a Latin will of Robert Martham recites word for word a marriage settlement of 22 Henry VI., made by the testator on the wedding of one of his two daughters. The seventh register, "Brosiard" (1454-64), contains eight English wills, some of Norwich citizens, and among them one of John Goose, no doubt the ancestor of A. Goose, the publisher lately retired who issued Mr. Walter Rye's "Book of Nonsense." A pretty "qwethe-word" for "devise or bequest" occurs in 1457; "be ingate and outegate into y^e gardine" in 1458. In 1452 John Bulston bequeathed to the Church of Hempstede "j pyxte, to putte ovre lord god in;" and there are several gifts of altarcloths, vestments, etc. For "shall" or "should," "xal" and "xulde" occasionally occur; "qwoesh" is sometimes found for "which," and *wh* for *qu*: "y^e whech xal be seld to a-whytt (acquit, pay) my dettis" (1457). A few words seem special to the Eastern counties: "ijf cadys of heryng, and xx crygs"

(1437), "fyve *Rasers* barly" (1434). Gifts of a combe of barly, etc., to the "plowlot" (1435) were probably to the "plowlight." "A *farindell* of elys" (1435), "xij last of *trufys*, ij *Sahures* and a *dydale*" (1438) are puzzles at present. When enough material is got together for a volume, it will be edited by Mr. Walter Rye and Dr. Furnivall.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS has, we are glad to learn, so far recovered her health as to be enabled to return to England after her lengthened sojourn in Italy. Her new volume, entitled "*Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*," will be published in this country by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., and in America by Messrs. Harper Brothers early in November.

THE *Dumfries Standard* describes a manuscript volume, purchased at an auction sale, which contains some unpublished poems by Burns. It is said to comprise "a very remarkable and most valuable collection." The effusions are mostly of a satirical character, some of them being couched in coarse language. The then Duke of Queensberry is somewhat severely handled in some of the poems.

THE expected edition of a "*Patrologia Syriaca*," under the direction of the Abbé R. Graffin, of the Catholic Institute, Paris, seems likely to become a reality. The first and second volumes of Aphrates's works will soon leave the press. They will contain the homilies, according to the lamented Dr. W. Wright's edition, but collated with all the known mss., which furnish good variations. A Latin translation will be added by Dom J. Parisot, of Solesmes. The size of the Syriac collection will be the same as that of Migne's "*Patrology*," and each volume will contain a vocabulary of special words used by the different authors.

A FESTIVE gathering has been held at Melbourne of the Melbourne Booksellers and Stationers' Association, at which the trades were largely represented, the chair being occupied by Mr. L. Hutchinson, the president of the association. Among the toasts given were "Success to Literature" and "Australian Authors."

THE museum of postage-stamps which has recently been opened at Vienna comprises more than 100,000 examples, arranged in three large rooms, and includes among its greatest rarities the stamps made for and used in the balloon and pigeon despatches of the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

WE learn from German sources that the publication of a new Latin dictionary, at the expense of the Prussian state, is in contemplation. The work, which is designed to surpass in magnitude and completeness all Latin lexicons hitherto published, is to be carried out under the direction of that distinguished classical scholar Professor Martin Hertz, of Breslau, with the assistance of a host of philologists, and will comprise not only classical, but also low and late Latin. The Academy of Sciences of Berlin is said to have approved of the plan, the execution of which will occupy full eighteen years and cost between 500,000 and 1,000,000 marks.

THE death is announced of M. J. Nerudo, the Czech journalist and poet, at the age of fifty-three.

WITH regard to the investigations contemplated by the India Office authorities among the archives at Lisbon for documents and records throwing light on the period of the Portuguese ascendancy in India, "*A Portuguese*" points out in a letter to *The Times* that a very complete and interesting collection of official documents has been published for some years at Lisbon, which embraces from the period of the conquest of India by the Portuguese in 1498 until the end of the eighteenth century, under the title "*Collecção de Tratados e Concertos de pazos que o Estado da India Portuguesa fez com os Reis e Senhores com quem teve relações nas partes da Asia e Africa Oriental*," por J. F. Judice Biker, Lisbon.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. have in preparation a new series, entitled "*The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen*," which will be written and illustrated exclusively by gentlewomen. The Queen has ordered two copies of each volume for the royal library, and the Princess of Wales is also a subscriber. The first volume of the series, which will be ready in September, will be by Lady Violet Greville on "*The Gentlewoman in Society*," and she will be followed by Dr. Kate Mitchell, who will write on "*Hygiene for Gentlewomen*." The claims of fiction will not be disregarded, arrangements having been made for new novels by, among others, Mrs. E. Lynn-Linton, Mrs. Alexander, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, Miss Iza Duffus-Hardy, and the author of the "*Anglo-Maniacs*." Besides writing the first volume, Lady Greville will also edit two volumes devoted to "*Gentlewomen's Sports*," the contributors to which will comprise, among

the first of these is the fact that the war has been a very successful one for the British, and that the French have been defeated in every battle.

The second fact is that the war has been a very successful one for the British, and that the French have been defeated in every battle.

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The tenth fact is that the war has been a very successful one for the British, and that the French have been defeated in every battle.

MISSISSIPPI

The eleventh fact is that the war has been a very successful one for the British, and that the French have been defeated in every battle.

campaign of 1813, when Napoleon, holding a central position on the Elbe, endeavored to strike from thence against the masses of allies formed in a great circle around him at Berlin, in Silesia, and in Bohemia, experience showed that it was by no means easy to crush with sufficient rapidity armies of 120,000 men so as to prevent them from being supported in time by others. As the allies gradually closed in on him, and the distances between their different forces diminished, this became continually more and more apparent. In fact, it became clear, if it had been doubtful beforehand, that the question was altogether a matter of proportion between time, distance, and the resisting-power of the several armies concerned. On the other hand, in 1814, when the nature of the country invaded caused a reduction in the size of the armies moving forward separately, Napoleon was able as of old to strike his blows right and left with telling effect. Now, if it were possible for an army of our day, supplied with all the implements with which modern science has provided it, to meet any army of equal numbers equipped as Napoleon's armies were equipped, the difference in power of the modern army would be such that it would almost be able to deal with its enemy as civilized armies provided with fire-arms were at first able to deal with savages possessed only of bows and arrows. The artillery of the days of Napoleon would not be able to act at all, for our modern infantry can fire with effect at a distance greater than could Napoleon's big guns. Our artillery would be able to destroy Napoleon's army before either his artillery or infantry could act against us. Thus an army of 50,000 men of our own time must be reckoned as possessing, at least, the resisting power of 100,000 of the days of Napoleon. It is obvious, therefore, that the relationship between time, distance, and the resisting power of armies has been greatly affected by the change in the character of weapons, and that calculations as to what a superior army can do in a given time to break up the force of an army opposing it, and to be free to deal with another army, are greatly modified.

In modern war the effort of the general is directed to maintaining in its full efficiency "the vast and complicated machine" which he handles, and to breaking up and destroying the efficiency of that to which he is opposed. This is the central fact to be kept in mind. Generals and soldiers, long accustomed to look at war from this point of view,

frequently embody their whole conception of strategy in a phrase which to a reader, taking it in its simple form, is apt to seem like a mere truism—that the great principle of strategy is to concentrate the largest possible force at the right moment at the decisive point. So stated, strategy may seem to have nothing exceptional in its nature, and to involve no study of the nature of the great organizations of men with which it is concerned. But, in fact, this study and this knowledge are presupposed by those who thus explain their art. It is because armies are not mere gatherings of armed men, but have a vitality of their own, that some very heavy blows may be struck against them without affecting a vital point, while a more skilfully directed stroke may destroy their whole future power of action. An army then, as it stands in the field, is of this character, that while the fighting force directly opposed to the enemy is an organism which depends for its vitality upon the trained spirit of order, discipline, and enthusiasm or devotion which holds it together, and on the trained capacity for mutual and effective fighting co-operation which makes it act like one man, it has also, reaching far behind it, a long and weak tail, on the safety of which its very existence depends.—*From "War," by Colonel Maurice.*

TOBACCO FERMENTATION.—A very essential process is brought about by firmly packing ripe tobacco in large quantities. It had been generally supposed that the fermentation is of purely chemical nature, but Herr Suchsland, of the German Botanical Society, finds that a fungus is concerned in it. In all the tobaccos he examined, he found large quantities of fungi, though of only two or three species. Bacteriaceæ were predominant, but Coccaceæ also occurred. When they were taken and increased by pure cultivation, and added to other kinds of tobacco, they produced changes of taste and smell which recalled those of their original nutritive base. In cultivation of tobacco in Germany it has been sought to get a good quality, chiefly by ground cultivation, and introduction of the best kinds of tobacco. But it is pointed out that failure of the best success may be due to the fact that the more active fermenting fungi of the original country are not brought with the seeds, and the ferments here cannot give such good results. Experiments made with a view to improvement on the lines suggested have apparently proved successful.—*Nature.*

[The page contains a large number of horizontal black lines, suggesting a heavily redacted or corrupted document. No legible text is visible.]

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the specific procedures for handling sensitive information. It stresses the need for strict confidentiality and the implementation of robust security measures to protect data from unauthorized access or disclosure.

3. The third part addresses the role of communication in organizational success. It highlights the importance of clear, concise, and timely communication between all levels of the organization to ensure effective collaboration and decision-making.

4. The fourth part focuses on the importance of continuous learning and professional development. It encourages individuals to stay updated on industry trends and acquire new skills to enhance their performance and contribute to the organization's growth.

5. The fifth part discusses the importance of maintaining a positive and inclusive work environment. It emphasizes the need for mutual respect, open communication, and a commitment to diversity and inclusion to foster a productive and supportive workplace culture.

6. The sixth part outlines the importance of adhering to ethical standards and legal requirements. It stresses the need for integrity, honesty, and transparency in all actions and decisions, ensuring compliance with applicable laws and regulations.

7. The seventh part discusses the importance of effective time management and prioritization. It encourages individuals to set clear goals, manage their time efficiently, and focus on high-priority tasks to maximize productivity and achieve organizational objectives.

8. The eighth part addresses the importance of maintaining accurate financial records and budgets. It emphasizes the need for careful planning, monitoring, and reporting of financial activities to ensure the organization's financial health and sustainability.

9. The ninth part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate personnel records and HR data. It emphasizes the need for accurate and up-to-date information regarding employee information, performance, and compensation to support effective HR management.

10. The tenth part outlines the importance of maintaining accurate inventory records and asset management. It emphasizes the need for accurate tracking and reporting of physical assets to ensure proper maintenance, security, and efficient use of resources.

11. The eleventh part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate project management records. It emphasizes the need for clear documentation of project goals, timelines, and progress to ensure successful project completion and effective resource allocation.

12. The twelfth part addresses the importance of maintaining accurate customer relationship management (CRM) data. It emphasizes the need for accurate and up-to-date information regarding customer interactions, preferences, and needs to enhance customer satisfaction and loyalty.

13. The thirteenth part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate marketing and sales data. It emphasizes the need for accurate tracking and reporting of marketing activities and sales performance to inform strategic decision-making and optimize marketing efforts.

14. The fourteenth part outlines the importance of maintaining accurate research and development (R&D) records. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of research findings, experiments, and innovations to support the organization's innovation pipeline and intellectual property management.

15. The fifteenth part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate legal and compliance records. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of legal matters, contracts, and regulatory requirements to ensure the organization's legal and compliance obligations are met.

16. The sixteenth part addresses the importance of maintaining accurate environmental, social, and governance (ESG) data. It emphasizes the need for accurate tracking and reporting of ESG metrics to support the organization's sustainability goals and transparency to stakeholders.

17. The seventeenth part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate information security records. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of security incidents, vulnerabilities, and mitigation efforts to protect the organization's information assets and maintain data integrity.

18. The eighteenth part outlines the importance of maintaining accurate risk management records. It emphasizes the need for accurate identification, assessment, and monitoring of risks to support effective risk mitigation and ensure the organization's resilience.

19. The nineteenth part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate corporate governance records. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of corporate governance practices, policies, and decisions to support the organization's ethical and legal obligations.

20. The twentieth part addresses the importance of maintaining accurate financial reporting records. It emphasizes the need for accurate and timely preparation and disclosure of financial statements to ensure transparency and accountability to investors and other stakeholders.

21. The twenty-first part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate tax records and compliance. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of tax-related activities and timely filing of tax returns to ensure the organization's compliance with tax laws and regulations.

22. The twenty-second part outlines the importance of maintaining accurate intellectual property (IP) records. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of IP assets, including patents, trademarks, and copyrights, to protect the organization's competitive advantage and innovation.

23. The twenty-third part discusses the importance of maintaining accurate human resources (HR) records and data. It emphasizes the need for accurate and up-to-date information regarding employee information, performance, and compensation to support effective HR management and organizational development.

24. The twenty-fourth part addresses the importance of maintaining accurate information technology (IT) records and data. It emphasizes the need for accurate documentation of IT systems, infrastructure, and data to support the organization's digital transformation and IT security.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. LIV., No. 5. }

NOVEMBER, 1891.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE NEW EMPEROR AND HIS NEW CHANCELLOR.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

ON the 31st December, 1888, about six months after his accession to the throne, William II. of Germany addressed his Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, a telegram as follows :—

Dear Prince,—The year which has brought us such severe afflictions and irreparable losses is drawing to a close. The thought that you still stand faithful at my side, and enter the New Year in vigorous strength, fills me with joy and comfort. From the bottom of my heart I desire for you happiness, blessings, and, above all, lasting health, and pray Heaven that I may long be permitted to work with you for the welfare and greatness of our Fatherland.

Within fifteen months of the date of this complimentary message the young Emperor had (on March 22, 1890) telegraphed to a friend in Weimar :—

“Many thanks for your friendly letter. I have indeed gone through bitter experiences,
New Series.—Vol. LIV., No. 5.

and have passed many painful hours. My heart is as sorrowful as if I had again lost my grandfather! But it is so appointed to me by God; and it has to be borne, even though I should fall under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the ship of State has fallen to my lot. Her course remains the same: so now full steam ahead!”

The recipient of this note was variously supposed, at the time, to be either the Emperor's relative, the Grand Duke of Weimar, or Admiral Bartsch; but the naval imagery employed in the telegram (for His Majesty can be all things to all men) seems to settle the point in favor of the Admiral, who, by the way, was at one time expected to succeed to Prince Bismarck. Well, then, within fifteen short months of his addressing a fervent hope for continued co-operation between himself and his political Palinurus, who had guided the ship of State through so many storms and perils, the Emperor had sud-

it is true will have it that nothing is so certain as the unexpected. Cloved as it is with the taste of manifold sensation, the palate of the European public was tickled, as it has never been before, by the revelation that even a Bismarck was not so much deemed indispensable to the continued welfare of his country as that a young and inexperienced ruler like the Emperor William had been capable of so supreme an act of courage as to disavow—all rather brusquely, too—the services of a man who had been the making of his nation. In our young Emperor's ear, indeed, it is clear, lies the danger of the future, lies this which will be not yet born, the danger to come. But truly his courage and capacity are great, and his sense is long enough and opportunity offers some prospect of his using it wisely, instead of breeding the forest over the ashes of the great Elector, not least himself, his land, and exclaiming, "*Messieurs, j'ai le feu, j'ai le feu.*"

It is not the object of the present article to discuss the causes which led the new Emperor to part with the old Chancellor. Those causes which were set forth with more or less fulness and accuracy at the time may be reduced to one species of explanation—incompatibility of age and temperament. "How was it possible," remarks a German diplomatist, when discussing the subject with me, "for a clear-sighted and self-willed young Emperor of thirty to continue running in the same leash (so to speak) with an autocratic Chancellor of over seventy?" An agreeable man

but this! He, who had the nerve of inheriting a fish market and a mother's kiss, of will, will! Let a mental force pervade him, and he showed a ready rebel against the submission of his mind to any authority save that of his instincts and intelligence; and in this, as is thought by many well-on heads in Berlin, he rendered—that no slight vice—a very considerable service to the monarchical principle in all Germany, for which his success will give him credit.

There can be little doubt that, in course of his long and magnificent career, Bismarck had necessarily established a kind of personal empire within the limits of the Prussian Crown. No one had fought more bravely than he to save the rights of crown from the encroaching encroachments of the revolutionary movement, as no one had been a valiant defender of these rights after they had at last been limited and reduced to their charter form by the revolutionary movement of '48. Yet, if the truth be told, this very same Bismarck had finally and perhaps even unconsciously ended by absorbing into his own the exercise of some of these rights, appropriated exclusively to his crown. He would doubtless be the first to go against this view; but if he can find count for his dismissal from office, a other general sort, there are those of his most wise and intelligent enemies who would be justified for it.

ing to his own avowal (for who does not remember the veiled reproaches against a certain statesman-colleague with which he began his lamentations and recriminations at Friedrichsruh ?), found his native Butlers, his Devcreux, his Leslies, and his Gordons. He suffered the inevitable penalty of all who have ever risen to transcendent heights of influence and power. In the course of his table-talk, during the French war, the ex-Chancellor once remarked that, though the Prussian people huzza'd and beclapped their great Frederick when alive, they secretly rubbed their hands in glee when finally the old tyrant had breathed his last. And the same remark applies, to some extent, to Bismarck's own official death, which certainly excited surprise throughout Germany, and sentimental sorrow, but comparatively little real regret and no great apprehension for the future. As a financial journal well expressed it at the time, "even the aspen-leaves of the Bourse never so much as quivered at the news of the mighty Chancellor's fall." His countrymen adored him, vowing to be eternally grateful for the great things he had done, and were intensely proud of him as part of their national greatness ; but, to speak the honest truth, they were beginning to groan under the weight of his personal authority and will, which overshadowed every walk of their public life ; and this was more especially the case with his colleagues and immediate subordinates, with whom the Iron Chancellor enjoyed as little official popularity as was inspired by Wellington in the hearts of the troops whom he so often led to victorious battle. Every one felt that Bismarck's life-work was done, and that there would now be no great danger—nay : that there would be a positive advantage—in his leaving the further pursuit and development of his task to younger and fresher hands. In the oft-quoted words of Schiller,—

"Der Mohr hat seine Schuldigkeit gethan,
Der Mohr kann gehen."

But it is a thousand times more easy to wean one's self from the love of drink than from the love of power, and the latter was a species of intoxication in which, as it had been his greatest passion through life, Bismarck desired to revel until the day of his death. It is only affirming that he is mortal to say that, with all his

splendid achievements, he committed some stupendous mistakes—his bootless combat with invincible Rome included—in the course of his life ; but, perhaps, his crowning error of judgment was his misconception of the moment when Germany, through his efforts, might now be said to be firmly seated in the saddle and be left to ride of herself. Bismarck has frequently expressed himself an admirer of the character of George Washington, boasting that Prussia was the first European State to recognize the great Republic of his creating ; but his admiration would have assumed a much more flattering form had he been careful to select the proper time for imitating the Cincinnatus of the West. Nor is it too much to assert that his grand historical figure would have gone down to posterity in more majestic and un mutilated shape had he, like Ariel, recognized when his "task was fairly done," and voluntarily surrendered the helm of the ship of State into other hands, resolved to spend the evening of his life in dignity and silence.

There is no reason to doubt that, when penning the telegram before quoted with reference to his assumption of the post of officer of the watch on this ship, the Emperor was perfectly sincere in saying that, in parting with Bismarck, he had suffered as much as if he had again lost his grandfather. Yet there is just as little reason to doubt that, from a particular date, it was His Majesty's fixed purpose to effect a divorce between himself and his Chancellor, even as it was the set determination of Nelson to get rid of his own wife after he had become infatuatedly attached to Lady Hamilton. Not that Lady Nelson had ceased to command the respect and even the love of her husband. "On the contrary," said her capricious lord, "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or your conduct, that I wish otherwise." And so it was pretty much with the maker of the German Empire, who was involuntarily divorced from the office which he had held with such distinction for about a quarter of a century, and loaded with valedictory honors, including his ducal title, which he has continued to despise and ignore.

"That will never do," the young Emperor is reported to have said to the author of the "Neue Herr" when attending a rehearsal of that historical play last win-

ter in the Schauspielhaus at Berlin. "Even when a Hohenzollern dismisses one of his ministers he loads him with honors. You must change all that." This criticism was said to have been addressed to Herr von Wildenbruch, a Foreign Office clerk—a sort of court poet, or unofficial laureate at Berlin—who might be called the would-be Wagner of the heroic rhymed verse drama in Germany. Certainly his plays, dealing by preference with subjects connected with the rise of the Hohenzollerns, and appealing to the popular sense of melodramatic patriotism, are frightfully full of swashbuckler sound and sword-clashing; and nothing would content this aspiring dramatist but that he should produce a play entitled the "Neue Herr," or the "New Ruler"—a play, strange to say, about which, and the sensation it created, the English Correspondents at Berlin found remarkably little to report at the time, though in the case of one of them, at least, this omission was simply due to the fact of his being under editorial orders to restrict the field of his observation and his comment. But who, then, was the "Neue Herr"? It was the young Emperor's own ancestor, the "Great Elector," one of whose first acts, on succeeding to the throne, was to dismiss from office Adam von Schwarzenberg, his predecessor's Chancellor, and virtually take all the reins of power into his own reforming hands. This incident forms one of the main motives in Wildenbruch's play; but who shall say whether the selection of this subject, with its obvious parallel between the past and the present, was due to accident or to design?

Was the dramatist's subject suggested to him, or did he select it himself, taking, perhaps, his "master's humor for a warrant"? I know not; but what was patent to all the world was that the Emperor himself took the very greatest interest in the matter and production of the piece, that he attended several dress rehearsals, and directed certain changes to be made (as above referred to), that he was foremost among the "first-nighters," and after the performance went behind the scenes, where he decorated the dramatist with the Red Eagle, besides showering studs, sleeve-links, breast pins, and other marks of favor on the principal actors, and that he afterward frequently hastened

away from evening parties to revel in the scenes and dialogues of the "Neue Herr."

On the literary merits of this play most of the critics were extremely hard, one of them—and a very good one, too—characterizing it as "*une hyper-loyale Radeau-Comédie*," which might be rendered "an ultra-loyal drama of the rowdy-dowdy type." But it was agreed by all that the author could not possibly feel hurt at those adverse comments, seeing that the achievement of political effect more than of literary excellence must have been his primary aim. Certainly the parting scenes between the Great Elector and his father's old Chancellor, Schwarzenberg—who finally went off in a fit of apoplexy—were felt by all who witnessed the piece to be extremely suggestive and painful; nor was little other than disgust excited by the picture of rude and ranting military nobles, with their repulsive immorality, in which the piece abounded. But it had at least one redeeming scene—as softened and touching as it was again suggestive. This was an apartment in the royal castle at Berlin, where a wayworn and breathless courier, just arrived from distant Königsberg, enters, and on bended knee announces to the Kur-Prinz (i.e., hereditary Prince) the death of his father, and his consequent succession to the crown. On being left alone, and after overcoming the first shocks of his grief, young Frederick William (destined to become and be called the Great Elector) falls to soliloquizing on the nature and duties of his high sovereign office; but from those reveries he is speedily aroused by the tumult of a myriad-headed multitude of his people, who, catching wind of the change of rulers, have already streamed from all quarters of the city to the Schloss to acclaim their "Neue Herr." Attracted by the sound, the young Elector (he was only eighteen) goes to the window and becomes a prey to emotion as he gazes down on this surging sea of his subjects—men, women, and children, with their weal and woe all depending on him. The sight of them fills him with an almost crushing sense of responsibility, and he ends by uttering holy vows to live for the good of his people and for nothing else, to be a home and fearless, proud and self-reliant Chancellor, in a lowly and op-

pressed, to put a chicken (so to speak) into every poor man's pot, and to be, in the highest sense of the word, a true *Landesvater* of his *Vaterland*.

It is doubtful whether Frederick the Great, with all his cultivated tastes and his abhorrence of transparent adulation, would have discovered much literary merit in Wildenbruch's dramatic attempt to imitate the manner of Plutarch in drawing historic parallels; but we have it on the authority of the new Emperor himself that the Great Elector, and not the Great King, is the exemplar of this preference in the annals of his own house; and it was, therefore, no wonder that last winter he seized the 250th anniversary of Frederick William's accession to the throne to celebrate the occasion with gorgeous military pomp, and to eulogize, in the most glowing terms, the extraordinary virtues of his favorite ancestor. Ancestor-worship is certainly a very marked note in the Emperor's character; nor does he ever speak with greater force and enthusiasm than when pointing a moral by reference to the deeds done by his predecessors. The *jus imaginum* is the private right in the exercise of which His Majesty takes most delight; and every statue or portrait of his sires seems to apostrophize and inspire him, in the words of Burns:

"Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again."

The Emperor has confessed that when at school, in Cassel, his historical education, as far as his own country was concerned, was shamefully neglected in favor of useless classical lore, and that at this period, consequently, the Great Elector was to him a "very nebulous personage;" but he has by this time rectified with a vengeance all those errors of his upbringing, and, moreover, taken care that none of his subjects shall henceforth labor under a similar disadvantage, directing that in future the youth of Germany shall learn their world-history by a process the reverse of that hitherto pursued—namely, by working their studious way back from Sedan and Gravelotte, *via* Rossbach, Leuthen, and Fehrbellin, to Mantinea and Thermopylae. Wildenbruch's portrait of the "Neue He" . . . illoquizing on the duties and responsibilities of his sovereign office, and regarding the future of his nation.

the Great Elector's ruling descendant, who burns with a high desire to walk in the footsteps of his forefathers. Of these, the greatest were the vanquisher of the Swedes, the victor of the Austrians in alliance with the half of Europe, and the conqueror of the French—the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, and William the Victorious. These three figures form the trinity of the new Emperor's historical worship, the chief objects of his emulation; and it may, therefore, be well to consider how far the qualities which His Majesty has hitherto displayed give promise of his filling up as large and luminous a page in the annals of his nation.

William II. has only occupied the throne for a little over three years, and it cannot be said that during this period his character has been slow of development. Since General Boulanger's beclouded star sank—seemingly forever—beneath the political horizon, that of the young German Emperor has been the cynosure of all eyes. Society must have a saviour of some kind; and at present His Majesty is the only candidate in the field for this honor, among the occupants of thrones at least. It is, therefore, only natural that all eyes should be bent upon him, and that his claims—unmistakable enough, if unexpressed—to be regarded as the leading Sovereign of his time should be closely scrutinized by the light of everything he says and does. It might be argued that hitherto his sayings, on the whole, have rather preponderated over his doings, and that he is thus incurring a very grave responsibility by flying so many drafts on the future. But it must be remembered that youth is the period of impetuosity, and, therefore, of privilege. Within the brief period of his reign, the Emperor has certainly spoken a great deal—nearly as much, indeed, as his grandfather did during all his life-time;—but then it must be admitted that, though his speeches are often very bold and startling, they are never witless or absurd. Bismarck once said that, when first introduced among the dull old diplomatists at the Diet in Frankfort, he acted among them, with his unconventional and audacious ways, like so much cayenne pepper; and a similar effect has now been produced by the present Emperor in the circle of his fellow-sovereigns, who still cling to the old traditions as to the nature and uses of a throne.

Date	Description	Debit	Credit
1890			
Jan 1	Balance		100.00
Feb 1	Interest	5.00	
Mar 1	Interest	5.00	
Apr 1	Interest	5.00	
May 1	Interest	5.00	
Jun 1	Interest	5.00	
Jul 1	Interest	5.00	
Aug 1	Interest	5.00	
Sep 1	Interest	5.00	
Oct 1	Interest	5.00	
Nov 1	Interest	5.00	
Dec 1	Interest	5.00	
1891			
Jan 1	Balance		100.00
Feb 1	Interest	5.00	
Mar 1	Interest	5.00	
Apr 1	Interest	5.00	
May 1	Interest	5.00	
Jun 1	Interest	5.00	
Jul 1	Interest	5.00	
Aug 1	Interest	5.00	
Sep 1	Interest	5.00	
Oct 1	Interest	5.00	
Nov 1	Interest	5.00	
Dec 1	Interest	5.00	

spirit of the Press that he assumed to be under its immediate inspiration and control. This was just after his return from his first trip to Russia, when a civic deputation, headed by the Burgomaster, waited upon His Majesty to offer him the erection of a fountain (by a master-hand) as a token of loyalty as well as of joy at his safe return home. This offer the Emperor was graciously pleased to accept; but at the same time he profited by the occasion to read the astounded deputation a most cutting lecture on the sins of its supposititious organs, which had been guilty of meddling with the private affairs of his family, and which, therefore, the city fathers ought to whistle into heel, as yelping hounds who were preparing to set upon an illegitimate quarry. Perhaps it was this first unfortunate experience of his with the Press of Berlin—which for some time after his accession was full of painful Court scandals and controversies—that inspired the young Emperor with a deep aversion from journalists, to whom he contemptuously referred in his opening speech at the Conference on Educational Reform, as “Press-scamps” (*Press-Bengel*); and apparently this feeling of contempt was uppermost in His Majesty’s heart when he decreed, in opposition to the practice observed by his grandfather, that no foreign Correspondent could be received at his Court, even though he had been previously presented to his own Sovereign. At the same time, His Majesty, like his father, is a diligent, and indeed voracious, reader of newspapers; and one of the first things he does of a morning is to peruse the extracts from the Press of Germany and Europe, which are selected for him and gummed on to folio-pages by the officials of the Press Bureau—an institution of which this is now the main, if not, indeed, the only function, but concerning which more downright nonsense has been written than about any other part of the organism of the Prussian State. These extracts the Emperor frequently annotates in this or that sense, and it is such marginal remarks which serve as the basis of many a semi-official *démenti* or rectification.

From journalism to literature there is but one step—or call it a stride;—but there is nothing to show that, while desiring in many other ways to emulate the example set by Frederick the Great, Will-

iam II. is also eager to play the part of a Mæcenas of the Muses. I was once at a dinner-party in Berlin which included some of the chief authors of the capital; and afterward, in the smoking-room, the talk was of Literature and its relation to the Crown. Said one of these writers—a novelist whose personal modesty is scarcely equal to his European reputation,—“But, gentlemen, just consider my case. Here am I, one of the foremost writers in Germany, and I have never yet been bidden to court: what think you of that, *meine Herren?*” It must be admitted, in all candor, that German authors, as a rule, are a most uncourtly class of creatures; but very few of them, indeed, are ever admitted even to a back seat in the social assemblages which, in the winter season, gather round the Throne, though the artists, as being a more innocuous race—less prone, that is to say, to taint their creations with the hue of party politics—are slightly favored in this respect. The Emperor will go to a theatre, and ask the manager or a leading actor round to his box, to discuss with him, in the face of all the house, “some necessary question of the play,” and even send him a decoration now and then. But when a Berlin actor hears that prominent members of his own guild in England are occasionally invited to Marlborough House, he simply rolls his eyes and clasps his hands in petrified astonishment. The worst of it (or the best of it, according to fancy) is that most of the leading authors and actors in Germany are of Semitic origin: a fact that tends to complicate the question of their social status in the eyes of a proud aristocratic community, which reasons that equality before the law need not carry with it the privilege of equality before the social lord or lady. Here, in England, I have heard expressions of some little astonishment that the Emperor did not try to widen the field of his experience, during his recent visit to us, by inviting the acquaintance of some of our most representative men in art, science, and literature. But can a man, even when endowed with all the Emperor’s surpassing energy, do everything? And how, indeed, could English Science and Literature hope to fare well at his hands, when His Majesty found it impossible to pay even so much as a flying visit to the Exhibition of his own country’s art and industry?

One of the most interesting objects in all this Exhibition—picture gallery section—is the copy of a fine battle-ship, of the old three-decker type, from the hand of the Emperor himself (when Prince William), which proves that, apart from the other splendid qualities of heart and head bequeathed to him by his English mother (and he has much more of his mother's than his father's character and temperament), he has inherited her love of, and capacity for art. It has long been a tradition of the House of Hohenzollern that each of its sons should learn some handicraft or other, and it is clear that the present head of that House might have become a very respectable artist instead of an artisan. As it is, he loses no opportunity of promoting the interests of Art as a necessary element in national culture, while his accession to the Throne proved a perfect godsend to the portrait painters and sculptors of Berlin—a very numerous class. For there are few of them, at the top of their profession, to whom His Majesty has not himself repeatedly sat. Frederick the Great was very chary of having himself reproduced, and, indeed, he left behind him but few original portraits of himself—you might number them all on the fingers of one hand. But the various counterfeit presentments of his reigning descendant, already in existence, would fill a goodly picture gallery by themselves. One reason for this artistic multiplication of himself on such an extensive scale is that the Emperor is chief of so many regiments, native and foreign, in the mess-rooms of which he naturally enough desires his portrait, in the appropriate uniform, to be hung; while, again, his numerous visits to the Courts of Europe, where they load him with honors, entails upon him the obligation of counter favors, which generally take the shape of his own speaking likeness. And can a monarch pay a higher personal compliment than is embodied in his bust or his portrait?

But while speaking of portraits I may as well recount an incident which sheds not a little light on the character of the Emperor. One of the chief attractions at Berlin this year is an International Exhibition of Art, which was got up by the Society of Berlin Artists to celebrate the jubilee of their existence—for is this not an age of universal jubilee? Neverthe-

less, this exhibition brought anything but jubilation to a lady artist from Hungary, Madame P—— by name, whose achievements with the brush entitled her to believe that she had a splendid future before her and an easy triumph in Berlin. Now, among her other *chefs d'œuvre*, this lady claimed to reckon a portrait of Count Moltke, who, when Madame had expressed her joy at having been able thus to delineate a man so famous for the making of *Weltgeschichte* (world-history), capped the compliment by saying that this portrait of his decidedly seemed to mark an era in *Kunstgeschichte* (history of art). What, therefore, was the surprise and mortification of the fair artist to find that the Hanging Committee of the Exhibition affected to consider her presentment of the great strategist as beneath the standard of excellence necessary to admit it to their art-show! Rage and protest, naturally enough, on the part of Madame P——, who vowed that she had been made the victim of professional jealousy and intrigue; but nothing would avail against the decision of the jury, who firmly closed its doors in the face of the Hungarian lady and her "epoch-making" portrait of Moltke. But she bided her time, and had her revenge. For the Emperor, returning to town from one of his excursions, was struck by the violence of the storm that was raging, and made haste to send for Madame and her picture, with the excellence of which His Majesty was so deeply impressed that he there and then gave a handsome price for it, and, exercising his royal privilege, sent it straight to the Exhibition with instructions that it should be hung at once in the *Salon d'honneur*, and after that in the National Gallery! Then we had shushed looks and bated breath on the part of the Hanging Committee, as well as rude awaking from the complacent dream that they were better critics than a young Emperor. It was in the same spirit of superior judgment that made His Majesty sweep away, by one impatient motion of the hand, the mountain of models which was the result of the competition for the National Monument to be erected to his grandfather. The jury had awarded the highest prizes to architects who, aiming only at effect, and forgetful of the wherewithal that would be necessary to realize their schemes, had embodied their ideas in stupendous piles

of a most grandiose character. But the Emperor, with a sharp eye to all the practical as well as the patriotic aspects of the question, brusquely turned his back upon all the colossal projects, declaring that the simpler work of a sculptor must suffice ; and since then the decision of the matter has mainly rested with him. Thus, contrary to the original sense of Parliament, the erection of the old Emperor's monument promises to be the final outcome neither of representative opinion nor of free artistic competition.

Minerva is by no means distasteful to the Emperor ; but he is fondest of this goddess when she exerts herself in the service of Mars. Military and naval pictures are his chief delight ; and on all his journeys by sea he is accompanied by a marine painter (Herr Salzmann), whose duty it is to transfer to canvas the chief scenes and incidents of his master's devious wanderings. He hastens to buy up every military piece of art he can lay his hands on ; and thus it was that, when at Constantinople, and hearing that Kaulbach's " Battle of Salamis " was for sale, he telegraphed to the widow of that great artist begging her to name her own price for the piece. It will still be fresh in memory how, on the death of Meissonier, the Emperor hastened to convey to the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris his grief at the loss of this master, who was " one of the greatest glories of France and of the Art of the whole world ; " but it is doubtful whether His Majesty's encomiums would have been half so warm, or his sorrow so acute, had Meissonier not been a painter of battles.

I do not believe that, like Frederick the Great,—whose own confession is the justification of the statement—the Emperor William would plunge his people into a war merely in order to get himself talked about, and to cull what is called glory. His Majesty is not bellicose ; but, at the same time, his whole soul is wrapped up in soldiering. As long as he is seated on the Throne, Germany will never be hurried into a heedless or unjust war. If she draws the sword at all, it will only be in her own defence or that of her allies. Of that the world may be absolute though the French still affect, the discredit their auspicious is not agreed

all Europe. His passion for reviews (*defilirium tremens*, as the wanton wit of a Frenchman called it) is absorbing ; and of all the great state functions of the year in which he has to figure, that of the grand autumn manœuvres pleases him best. On these occasions His Majesty generally takes personal command of an Army Corps. Last year he directed the movements of two, which he did with singular ability. As I wrote at the time : " This is not mere flattery, but the clear and deliberate opinion of those who are best entitled to judge, and who maintain that, both as an active commander and as a critic of others in the field, the present occupant of the Throne of Prussia, among his other sterling gifts, shows indications of a military genius of the very highest promise." Even his favorite diversions are military, a game of *Kriegspiel* or a lecture on some campaign ; but more attractive to him still than either of those occupations is the serious pastime of taking garrisons unawares. In this respect the Emperor seems ubiquitous : like the ghost in *Hamlet*, "'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis gone ; " so that, for miles around any particular place where His Majesty chances to be, the troops have learned the useful art of sleeping with one eye open and either ear attent. But of all these alarmings, the most sensational, because the most surprising, happened on the day of the last General Election to the Reichstag, when the electors (and they have universal suffrage over there) were crowding in their thousands to the urns. One would have thought that the very shadow of superior power would have been withheld from the sight of the voters on such a day. But no ; for, as all over Berlin they were trooping to the polls, their paths were crossed and deflected by ten thousand troops of all arms, who had suddenly been called out by sound of bugle and tuck of drum, and were racing, helter-skelter, to meet their supreme " War Lord " on the trysting ground—a remarkable spectacle, to be sure, and one well-calculated (as it was doubtless intended) to remind the electors that, after all, there was a very much higher power for good in Germany than the ballot-box, and that the Fatherland owed far more to her

than to her Parliaments.

It is characteristic of the two men Frederick III., on succeed-

ing that the Emperor's speech is a first presentation, which, although written, is ten years before the unfortunate Prussian king's death, as people say, and the text to his army, as when William I. once reversed his order of address, and, in his own words of burning devotion, spoke primarily to his army, and then to his navy. It was his people's arms. The first thought, and after that his citizen subjects, and a very large proportion of the German people, say, "How the German navy, which is the object of so much sympathy and devotion on the part of the Emperor as of his army. As the Russian army, the most perfect instrument of its kind in the world, had ever seen, was inherited by the young Emperor by Frederick the Great from his father, so William I. bequeathed to his grandson another equally powerful fighting machine—namely, the German navy, which, as I have always thought, is one of the most astounding facts connected with the founding of the Empire, being that this fleet, which scarcely existed in embryo after the French war, is now second to the French navy among the fleets of the Continental Powers. William I. grew up with the building of this navy, of which he was quick to grasp the significance, especially in an age when his countrymen (recovering from the colonial indifference that seized upon them after the death of the Great Elector) were all beginning to grope about for further elbow-room beyond the sea; and of this movement for creating a new Germany *outre mer*, thus making the Fatherland a World Power as well as a Continental Power, he has constituted himself the ardent yet circumspect champion. The German fleet knows that its Kaiser has its interests just as much at heart as those of the army, and repays this devotion by making him its darling. For sea life, too, as well as for the naval traditions of England, he bears an emulating fondness; and I am quite sure that, of all the compliments which have been paid him by foreign sovereigns, none ever filled him with half so much pride and pleasure as the Queen's appointment of him to be an Admiral of her Fleet.

But, with all this, his master passion is the army. William II. has inherited to the full the military tastes and instincts of his grandfather, while to these he has added an originality and force of charac-

ter capable of raising him above the rank of a mere plodding organizer to that of an independent commander. It is, indeed, doubtful whether there will be any room for Moltke (who was entirely responsible for the strategy both of 1866 and of 1870) beside the present Emperor, in the event of his ever having to take the field. Certainly, at least, he aspires to be his own chief of the Staff as well as his own Chancellor, and there is no one among those who know him best that is prepared to look at his double ambition.

I was once discussing this subject with a high official in Berlin, who had enjoyed exceptional opportunities of reading the character of the new Emperor; and he declared his honest opinion that, taking him all round, His Majesty was by far the most capable and promising monarch who had mounted the throne of Prussia since it was vacated by Frederick the Great. Some of his marginal notes on official documents were truly striking in their force and clearness, and in respect of their indication of an ability to go straight to the root of a question through all encumbering side issues and obscurities. His Majesty is not fond of reading reports; but he is a willing listener, and, having a retentive memory, he prefers oral dealings with his subordinates. Nor do many of these subordinates find that they know very much more of a particular subject than their Imperial master, who is as full of information about things in general as he is eager to learn more. When Sir John Gorst and his fellow-delegates went to the Labor Conference in Berlin they were quite taken aback by the Emperor's grasp of economic questions in all their details; and I remember the case of an English officer who marveled much at His Majesty's acquaintance with the separate history of certain British regiments. Similarly, an American attaché who had an interview with the Emperor came away astounded at His Majesty's familiarity with English naval nomenclature. It is quite true, as the Scotch proverb has it, that "a king's calf [i.e., chaff; and you can take it in the banter sense, if you like] is aye better thanither founk's corn;" but, indeed, there is remarkably little "calf" in the conversation of the Emperor, who is always ready with an apposite fact, a well-reasoned opinion, or a rattling good joke—as when, in good-

humored desire to cap the popular skits on his mania for travelling, he is said to have exclaimed, on hearing of the deposition and departure for Europe of the Emperor of Brazil: "Confound it all: I was just going over to see him!" The story may not be true; but it is exceedingly *ben trovato*. The passion of the Emperor for travelling—for showing himself off, as it were, as well as garnering experience of Courts and men and things—has procured for him the title of the "Hadrian of the nineteenth century;" but such is his many-sidedness that his prototype must be sought for in the characters of several monarchs. It is this many-sidedness of his, this restless energy and ambition, this habit of always keeping himself *en evidence* before the world, that has caused him to be as much talked about during his brief reign as if he had been engaged in a war for the same period. When he mounted the Throne three years ago he was a mystery; and now he is the leading man of his time, with all eyes on the watch for the fruits of his further development. Like other men, he has failings; but, as a monarch, he promises fair to be a blessing to his people. Though outwardly a little histrionic, perhaps, in some things, he is at heart perfectly sincere and penetrated with a living sense of reality; and his deep religious sentiments, which have descended to him in orthodox integrity from his grandfather, leave him not the slightest ground for doubting the doctrine of Kingship by the Grace of God—a doctrine, with regard to himself, which he has repeatedly asseverated and with over-increasing emphasis. Feeling very strongly on all subjects, the Emperor entertains very pronounced likes and dislikes; and even his most ardent admirers will scarcely contend that he has not already, by his self-willed and peculiar methods, produced personal bitterness, disappointment, and even disaffection, in certain quarters. But such a result is only a further testimony to the strength of his character; and the nation at large only beholds in him a Sovereign of whom it is intensely proud—a Sovereign who, succeeding in his *métier* beyond all expectations, has belied the prophecies of many and falsified the fears of more, who has hitherto committed no serious mistake either of omission or of commission, who has shown that he combines the sagacity

of the statesman with the courage and resourcefulness of the soldier, and who, while maintaining intact abroad the power and position of Germany—which, under his guidance, continues to be the main pillar of the European peace—has also managed to accelerate the healing process of some of its own domestic sores, and thus increase the contentment of his subjects.

These are splendid results which have been achieved in the course of his first voyage (so to speak) by the captain of the ship of State (to repeat his own simile); but that captain, I think, would be the first to offer a share of the merit of their accomplishment to his ever wise and watchful first-lieutenant, whom he put into the place of his old discarded pilot. And here it may at once be said that the success of General von Caprivi, as Imperial Chancellor, has so far been quite as striking and complete as that of his Sovereign. When he stepped into the shoes of Prince Bismarck, General Caprivi was to all intents and purposes (politically speaking) a *novus homo*, and even more of a mystery and a risk than his Imperial master; but now his reputation as a statesman is founded on a broad and ever-widening basis. At the time of his appointment, which excited general surprise, it was well said of him by a Radical deputy that, if the question of a successor to Prince Bismarck had been put to a *plébiscite*, not three votes in all Germany would have been recorded for General Caprivi; and this was not because people doubted him, but simply because they did not know him. As that of a man who had comported himself with bravery and distinction as a staff officer in the wars of 1866 and 1870, his name, of course, was familiar to his countrymen, who had, moreover, received ample cause to be grateful to him for the silent yet effective services he had rendered the Empire as Chief of the Admiralty, in which capacity he labored unceasingly and successfully for the increase of the fleet and its adaptation to the latest requirements of naval progress. As the holder of this office, he had now and then spoken in the Reichstag on technical topics appertaining to his Department, and he had always spoken sensibly and well. But no one had ever suspected that under the guise of this simple soldier-sailor there lurked

the personal acquaintance of all and sundry his subordinates, who hail in him a chief that can exact discipline without domineering, and, while careful of his own dignity as Chancellor, he considerate toward their feelings as men. Although not a married man,—and he has the reputation of having been very shy of ladies (*Damenscheu*) ever since he was a young lieutenant—the new Chancellor is as gentle and fastidious in his manners as if he had always lived under the refining influence of women, and altogether his personality bears the impress of a polish which is rarely acquired in German camps and barracks.

Nor is this polish ever more conspicuous than when he stands up to address Parliament—a duty in the performance of which Prince Bismarck compared with him unfavorably. Certainly the Prince had his merits as a speaker—his personal weight, the spell of his name, his obvious earnestness, his winged words, his witty sayings and historical reminiscences, his crushing power of repartee, his ardent loyalty, and his lofty sense of patriotism. But his voice was bad, his manner awkward and masterful, his matter sometimes most distractingly arranged, and the construction of his sentences long and complicated; while, worst of all, it was next to impossible for him to command his temper, and the half of his speeches, in consequence, were mere personal wranglings with party opponents. But none of these defects appears in the parliamentary oratory of General Caprivi, whom I take to be one of the very best speakers in the Reichstag—not, perhaps, in the declamatory or Demos-thenic sense, but as a suave and terse expositor, an insinuating and forcible advocate, or a perspicacious and convincing reasoner. The best writers in Germany are—not its professional authors, but—its professional soldiers—such of them, at least, as enjoy a General Staff training—which teaches them the art of narration in its clearest, simplest, and therefore most effective form, as any one may judge for himself by turning over the official history of Germany's great wars. It was Moltke who founded this great modern school of German prose-writers, and of Moltke's pupils General Caprivi is the chief. These pupils were taught to speak as they write, as well as to write as they speak—the *ne plus ultra* of the dual art of expression;

—and when, therefore, the new Chancellor rises up to place his ideas before the Reichstag, one might almost fancy that he was reciting from memory, with graceful elocutionary style that knows no stops or stammering, a carefully written and closely-reasoned paper. It is a real treat to listen to him, and he never fails to please even where he does not manage to persuade. He has a subtle power of blending diffidence with audacity, and deference with authority; and he is content to pay a disarming compliment where his predecessor would have delivered the cut downright or thrust direct. Prince Bismarck piled up his matter and argument, and even fought his adversaries, by the Cyclopean method; but his successor affects a more advanced style of dialectical architecture and of fence. Nor is he devoid of humor—without which, it is said, no man can be truly great—or of the lighter graces of the public speaker, including the happy knack of making memorable phrases, as when, in a debate on the East African question, he insisted on a policy of “bullet and Bible” as the best means of putting down the slave-trade, though it is possible that this prescription had been suggested to him by his predecessor's immortal remedy of “blood and iron.” This was the first time—this “bullet and Bible” debate—that General Caprivi, as Chancellor, addressed the Reichstag; and I think I cannot do better, for the sake of unity and completeness, than quote my own description, penned on the same day, of the impression produced by the speech.

It was freely confessed, both by deputies and journalists, that it was long since they had been treated to such a speech from the place assigned to the Reichskanzler. It was, indeed, a little masterpiece and model in its way. General von Caprivi has proved to-day that he possesses the art of expressing his thoughts in a clear, temperate, convincing, and graceful manner. He is firm without being too emphatic, and can refute an adversary without offending him. He combines soldierly bluntness with the suave adroitness of the diplomatist, and impresses his hearers with the belief that his character is as simple as it is sincere. He never stammers nor stops for a word, and his periods, though spoken on the spur of the moment, are most perspicuous and rhythmical. The arrangement of his subject-matter, too, is symmetry itself. Again, the nerve of General von Caprivi is simply perfect. He was as cool to-day, when facing for the first time the representatives of

the German people and making to them his maiden speech as Chancellor on a most momentous topic, as we may suppose him to have been twenty years ago when calmly confronting the French with the 10th Army Corps (Hanoverian) on the banks of the Loire. He is not the man who would be likely to lose his coolness in the roar of a battle, much less in the excitement of a popular assembly. There are several members of the Reichstag, men like Eugene Richter, Herr Bamberger, and others, who derived much of their notoriety and importance from the fact that they had a knack of irritating Prince Bismarck and goading him into explosions of temper and personal recriminations. But I am very much mistaken if such orators do not lose sadly in prestige under a Chancellor whom they will neither be able to anger nor offend. General von Caprivi has been too long accustomed as a soldier to control himself in commanding others to lose his temper in dealing with a fractious Parliamentary Opposition. But, indeed, of this fractious spirit there is as yet little sign, as the new Chancellor himself is most affable and conciliatory in his bearing, making the Reichstag feel that he is both in it and of it, and not so very much above it, while the House on its part is animated by sentiments of personal consideration and critical forbearance toward a man who may be said to be almost wholly new to the office of enormous responsibility which he has so courageously yet modestly assumed.

His power of continuous work is quite equal to, if not, indeed, greater than, that of his predecessor; and since taking office he has applied himself strenuously, without the intermission of a single holiday, to the mastering of all the questions—ranging from colonial politics and the Culturkampf to factory and workshop legislation and commercial treaties—that have come before Parliament; nor is it too much to say that, in the treatment of all those subjects this soldier-bred and sexagenarian Chancellor has displayed a faculty of rapid assimilation which has won him general respect and admiration. His judgment is as sound as his knowledge is comprehensive; but the strength of his convictions does not debar him from being deferential to the opinion of others, while his good taste and tact are perfect. Not that he aims at pursuing a general policy different from that of his predecessor. On the contrary, "*der Kurs bleibt der alte*," as the Emperor said: "the ship's course is the same as before." But its sailing tactics are altered a little for the better; and this change has already made itself markedly felt, for one thing, in the political life of the nation.

With the accession of General Caprivi to office this life has lost much of its previous stress and storminess: the new Chancellor has acted like oil on the troubled waters of Parliamentary warfare. Unlike Bismarck, he has no old scores to pay off, while the Opposition cannot "draw" him as it could his predecessor. Ever since the old Chancellor went there have been no "scenes" in the Reichstag, which every now and then during the Bismarck days compared unfavorably even with the French Chamber when Paul de Cassagnac fell into his tantrums, or with the House of Commons when the Irish Members were in the ascendant. There is now very much less party friction in the Parliamentary life of Germany—a result which is due, in a great measure, to the change of Chancellors;—but the benefits of this change are not exclusively confined to the domestic life of the Empire.

Several years before the fall of Bismarck some writer of note, I remember, asserted that the death of the Prince would be regarded by the French as a diminution of Germany's *prestige* equivalent, at least, to the loss of half a dozen Army Corps. But at the Prince's official death—which was practically tantamount to his natural demise—it was just the other way about. I confess that, of all the circumstances connected with the retirement of the old Chancellor, nothing surprised and puzzled me half so much as the peculiar attitude of the French, in whose Press—the Patriotic League part of it, at least—one would have expected to find howls of exultation, accompanied by a bursting forth anew of the latent spirit of revengefulness, now that at last Bismarck was out of the way and France's fancied opportunity come. But as a matter of fact there was little or nothing of the kind, and ever since the dismissal from his post of one of the chief signatories of the Treaty of Frankfort the journalistic armistice between the two nations has only been seriously broken by the storm which was evoked by the unfortunate visit of the Empress Frederick to Paris. Here it is not a question of what Prince Bismarck in reality felt toward and planned against France, but of what the French believed him to feel and plan; and the French were forever discovering the reflection of his mind and his feelings in the various journals that were in his official, semi-

official, and demi-semi-official service. Sometimes by express authority, but oftener still mistaking their master's humor for a warrant, those obsequious journals would speak about France and her policy in a way which could not fail to irritate and alarm the equally sensitive and revengeful Gauls, and thus it came to be more the exception than the rule that the relationship of the two countries was not suffering from the tension of a cantankerous Press feud. But all this, like the political life of Germany, has now changed for the better, and the change is due to the fact that the new Chancellor has completely discarded all the old journalistic Jack-in-the-box machinery of his predecessor. Unlike the Emperor, General Caprivi does not bear a personal aversion from newspaper men. On the contrary, he speaks appreciatively of their profession; and when I had the honor of being introduced to him, at his first parliamentary soirée, he regaled me, with marvellous freshness of memory, with genial anecdotes about the characters and methods of some English Correspondents whom he had known during the Bohemian and the French campaigns. But, being determined to give no handle for the charges of abusing the power of the Press that were continually urged against his predecessor, he entertains no relationship, direct or indirect, with any journal save the official *Reichsanzeiger*, where anything appears which it concerns him to make public. And as for the so-called "Reptile Press Bureau"—that, I think, only now exists in the diseased imaginations of those who would fain draw upon its supposititious store of ready subsidies, but cannot. For this new departure the French as well as other nations are grateful to the new German Chancellor, who, for the rest, has produced as favorable an impression on the diplomatists of Berlin as upon the various foreign statesmen (including Signor Crispi, M. de Giers, and Count Kalnoky) whom he has already met, and who have all been fascinated by his simplicity, sincerity, and straightforwardness. The Czar, I happen to know, was particularly pleased with his character; and Englishmen, too, have every reason to extend to him their confidence and sympathy, seeing that he is second to none of his countrymen, including the Emperor, in the ardor of his desire to establish and main-

tain friendly relationship with the greatest naval Power in the world—and this while freely recognizing the reasons which must always restrain England from giving her formal, hard-and-fast adhesion to the Triple Alliance.

Frequently, since returning to England, I have been asked the question, "Do you think Prince Bismarck will ever return to power?" To this my answer has always been, "No: certainly not: never!" and for the simple reason that he will never be wanted, even if he were willing to come. The new Emperor and his new Chancellor have already shown the stuff of which they are made, and proved that no emergency with which they could not cope is ever likely to arise. Amid what conceivable circumstances, then, would the Emperor ask his discarded Chancellor to resume office, even supposing that the personal breach between them, which was completed by the Bötticher incident and its revelation of State-money transactions, did not, after all, prove what it now appears to be—irreparable? Bismarck will certainly never return to power, and it is more than doubtful whether he will even return to Berlin to exercise his formal rights as a member of the Reichstag. For, apart from other considerations, how could he come back to the capital without calling on the Emperor? and how could he do that with a due regard to his pride? It is not, indeed, to be doubted that Prince Bismarck has left the service of the Emperor as definitively as Adam von Schwarzenberg did that of the Great Elector, and his countrymen are quite resigned to the prospect. The Prince has done a great and grand work in his time; but his day is over. He was a mighty fighter when in power; but his was the epoch when fierce battling was wanted. The era of combat has come to a close; the period of consolidation has dawned; and it is no disparagement to the great and immortal man who created Germany to say that the further development of his task might now be better entrusted to other hands. "*Meine Herren*," said General Caprivi, some little while ago, to a circle of parliamentary guests, "*Wir gehen einer sehr langweiligen Zeit entgegen*" (i.e., "Gentlemen, we have very dull times ahead of us"), meaning that the exciting period of Germany's birth-throes and precarious childhood had passed away;

that the ship of State had weathered the storms and dangers of her early voyage, and at last reached a broad expanse of placid water, where the crew, freed from their long struggle, might now turn their attention to the cleaning and trimming of their vessel. Happy is the country, it is

said, whose annals are dull ; and fortunate will be the Emperor and his new Chancellor if they can manage to render the annals of Germany for the next few years more dull than dramatic.—*National Review*.

THE GREAT WORK.

BY W. P. J.

A WRITER in the *Daily News*, for reasons of his own, entered a protest the other day against what he called the *Magnum Opus* theory. A man's friends and acquaintance, he complained, were continually urging him to write a Great Work. It was in vain that the victim protested that he did not want to write a Great Work ; or that he had written a Great Work which nobody ever heard of ; or that he could not live (in this mortal state) by a Great Work, and must produce things which would yield him his daily bread. He might have added that if he did write one, the very last to read it would be these same monitors.

That a man's female relations should hug the delusion that he was born for some high emprise and should persist in exhortation is, no doubt, in the order of nature. But less prejudiced advisers should know better. Certainly censors, whose admonitions get uttered in print, should know better. Believe me, the man who has a Great Work in him does not, save in very exceptional cases, require to have the sides of his intent pricked by the casual friend or the indolent irresponsible reviewer. Once in a way, a George Eliot may wait for the encouragement of a George Henry Lewes to turn from a Westminster Review to an *Adam Bede*. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is true that, admonition or no admonition, a man does exactly what he has it in him to do. If a man is not a Balzac, it is in vain that you will urge him to write a *Comédie Humaine*. If on the other hand he has a *Comédie Humaine* in him, he will go on writing rubbish for ten years, in the teeth of parental remonstrance and public neglect, sustained by inward consciousness of power in the sure

and certain hope that some day he will produce the Great Work and be famous.

From gentlemen with a bent for admonition, it must be said parenthetically, there is absolutely no way of escape. Delight your generation with occasional verse or graceful essays full of scholarship and urbane wit, and you are sternly bidden, or perhaps urged by way of flattering expostulation, to leave such trifling and do something worthy of your abilities. Essay an epic and you are recommended to content yourself with shorter flights. The three-volume novelist is reminded that bigness is not greatness. Masters of the short story are exhorted to do something more "important." One man pleads modestly, that to earn his living he must defer to the popular taste, and it is hinted that he is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Another in the proud consciousness of genius scorns to prostitute his Muse, and he is soundly rated for not thinking first of his family and his social obligations. You lead a life of literary leisure like Edward Fitzgerald, and you are reproved for giving the time to writing letters to your friends which ought to have been given to writing books for the publishers. You throw your soul into poetry like Shelley's or novels like George Sand's, and in the end the Olympian critic serenely pronounces that nothing but your private letters will live.

But about this *Magnum Opus*. There have been men no doubt, men of genius, who have said to themselves deliberately, "Go to, I will write a Great Work." For example, there was Gibbon. Everybody remembers the passage where Gibbon tells how the idea of his *History* occurred to him. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I was strolling amid

the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." And everybody knows to what good purpose he devoted himself to carrying out the conception into superb accomplishment. But for our present purpose, the interesting thing about Gibbon's case is, that he had made up his extremely well-regulated mind to write a great work of some sort, long before he had a glimmering of what the great work was to be. Then with equal deliberation he set about choosing a subject. Already in 1761, then at the age of twenty-five, he had passed in review a number of subjects for a large historical composition, and had at length selected the expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy. After this he successively chose and rejected the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, the Barons' Wars against John and Henry III., the history of Edward the Black Prince, the lives and comparisons of Henry V. and the Emperor Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and the life of the Marquise of Montrose. At length he seemed to have fixed on Sir Walter Raleigh for his hero; he was attracted by his eventful story varied by the characters of the soldier and the sailor, the courtier and the historian. Romantic subjects all of them, and so far not a hint of predilection for the period and subject which were to make him immortal. The next choice was equally wide of his final mark, the history namely of the Liberty of the Swiss, of that independence which a brave people rescued from the House of Austria, defended against a Dauphin of France, and finally sealed. From such a theme, so full of public spirit, of military glory, of examples of virtue, of lessons of government, the dullest stranger would catch fire; what might not himself hope, whose talents, whatsoever they might be, would be inflamed with the zeal of patriotism. For Switzerland was Gibbon's fatherland by adoption; it was the true *alma mater* to one who found the breasts of Oxford dry; and finally it was the country of Mlle. Curchod, the heroine and victim of the famous love-story in one sentence of the iconoclastic historian, "who sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son." This subject was rejected because the sources were inaccessible, fast locked in the obscurity of

an old barbarous German dialect, which he was ignorant of and not disposed to grapple with. By way of contrast he had in his mind's eye a history of the Republic of Florence under the House of the Medici;—singular men and singular events, the Medicis four times expelled and as often recalled, and the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding to the army of Charles V.; the character and fate of Savonarola, and the revival of arts and letters in Italy. At this point in his search for subjects came his foreign tour and the sojourn in Rome, during which, as we have seen, his true subject was revealed to him in a flash.

I have dwelt on Gibbon's case, partly to show the kind of mind which may dream of great works without imputation of fatuity; partly to show my own candor. Because it undoubtedly is a genuine case to support the theory of the *Magnum Opus*. Here was a youth with no notion what the work was to be, but possessed with a fixed idea that it was to be a Great Work. And the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is a great work; of that there can be no possible shadow of doubt.

Then again there is Bacon. There is a tradition that at sixteen, or thereabouts, young Francis Bacon had already determined to revolutionize the whole frame of human thought. That is no uncommon determination to come to at the age of sixteen. What is less common is that at sixty people should be able to persuade even themselves that they have done it. Least common of all is it for them to be able to persuade anybody else of that. Whether the story of Bacon be true or apocryphal, at any rate at the age of thirty-one, which is not old as we count oldness now, he wrote to his uncle, Lord Burleigh, calmly informing him that he had taken all knowledge to be his province. How Lord Burleigh must have nodded! Yet in due course there did veritably come the *Instauratio Magna*, the greatest birth of time!

Or to come to our own less spacious age, consider the magnificence of fixed resolve with which Mr. Herbert Spencer announced already in a prospectus of 1860 the whole mighty scheme of his *System of Philosophy*. It was to be gradually unfolded in five great treatises, each with its contents already mapped out under

multitudinous headings and sub-headings. And, in pity, think of the unhesitating, unrelenting persistency with which he has kept pegging away at that ichtheosauric programme ever since! One of the very reasons he gave for printing that prospectus was, that the outline of the scheme should remain, in case he should not live to complete the system. There you have the true spirit of the devotee of the *Magnum Opus*.

One need be very sure of one's self, and sure of a steady independent income to boot, even with genius, to deliberately embark on a Great Work. Gibbon was singularly sure of himself and enjoyed a monetary competency. Bacon was equally sure of himself, and got money independently of his philosophy in one way or the other, especially, it has been said, the other. The worst of it is that a man may be as sure of himself as Gibbon or Bacon, and after all produce instead of a *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* or a *Novum Organum*, an abortive key to All Mythologies or a monumental History of Europe to prove that Providence is on the side of the Tories. Providence, whether or not it is always on the side of the big battalions, is by no means always on the side of the big books. It is a solemn thing to sacrifice one's life, the only life of the sort one has, in manufacturing a book like Alison's History of Europe only to fill with its voluminous respectability an undisturbed shelf in every second-hand bookshop in the kingdom. Really, upon a rational calculation of the chances, it seems wiser for a young man just to rejoice in his youth, than to use it up in preparing or projecting a monumental History or a system of Synthetic Philosophy or a key to all the Mythologies, for all which things too, remember, God will bring him to judgment.

Well, perhaps, if we are to have world-histories and philosophic systems, the risk must be faced. It may be as in love so in literature.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

It is in truth a gallant sight to see Professor Freeman at his age, and alas! with enfeebled health, attacking on so lordly a scale so superb a subject as the History of Sicily. It was, it seems, his first histori-

cal love; the Rosaline to the Juliet he wedded first after all, that finely-developed Juliet, *The Norman Conquest*. More than once he has dwelt lovingly on the supreme interest and importance throughout history (Professor Freeman will not let us talk of ancient and modern history) of this mid-Mediterranean island, this old battle-field of decisive race-struggles. And now that Juliet is on the shelf, he turns once more to woo Rosaline. The first two volumes issued by the Clarendon Press bring that history, I understand, only to the eve of the struggle in the Peloponnesian War. Let the clever young man who dashes off his essay or his epigram between tea and dinner, pause to consider what Professor Freeman has still before him, and take off his hat to this dauntless spirit. Nay, let him take off his hat, not to the veteran leader only, but,—for research is a thing needful—to the rank and file, whether they are marching to the glory of Gibbon or the grave of Alison. The body of the most muddle-headed may fill a trench over which some day an historian of genius may pass to victory.

And yet, and yet, the irresponsible young man is sometimes tempted to hint that to-day it is not so much the *magnum* as the *maximus opus* that our industrious workers seem bent upon producing. Macaulay's historical essays, some learned men say, are woefully inaccurate. So conscious was Macaulay himself of the imperfection of his essays that he pleaded that his hand had been forced by unauthorized American publication or he would never have republished them. Yet these essays are at least as full of life as ever, while many an historical *Magnum Opus* is stone-dead. One ventures to hope and believe that when the novelty of laying open valuable historical sources has passed, when the mass of new material has been not only displayed but digested, the historian without sacrifice of science will once more have some conscience for form. Great histories, great beyond all cavilling, have been written which can be comfortably packed into a Tauchnitz pocket-volume or two.

In philosophy again, the largest of the Platonic Dialogues is not much longer than a shilling story-book; and Descartes's Discourse can be read almost at a sitting. And if Aristotle and Hegel bulk

large, it should be borne in mind that most of the volumes are made up of lectures, which in these days might be published journalistically, so to say, in *Mind*, only in those days they had not a *Mind* of that kind.

In his heart, let him confess it, the literary critic feels dislike and distrust of bulk and big pretensions. He feels as Heine did when he was attempting to explain to Frenchmen what the German philosophers were really driving at.

Distinguished German philosophers [he wrote], who may accidentally cast a glance over these pages will superciliously shrug their shoulders at the meagreness and incompleteness of all which I here offer. But they will be kind enough to bear in mind that the little which I say is expressed clearly and intelligibly, whereas their own works, although very profound,—unfathomably profound—very deep,—stupendously deep—are in the same degree unintelligible. Of what benefit to the people is the grain locked away in great granaries, to which they have no key? The masses are famishing for knowledge, and will thank me for the portion of intellectual bread, small though it be, which I honestly share with them . . . I am not one of the seven hundred wise men of Germany. I stand with the great masses at the portals of their wisdom. And if a truth slips through, and if this truth falls in my way, then I write it with pretty letters on paper, and give it to the compositor, who sets it in leaden type and gives it to the printer; the printer prints it, and then it belongs to the whole world.

Many have felt like Heine who have not had his wit to express their feelings. Even in the case of so English a philosopher as Lord Bacon, they remember that James I. who, if a fool, was at least acknowledged to be the wisest fool in Christendom, compared the *Novum Organum* to the peace which passeth understanding. Not James nor anybody else, wise or foolish, ever said anything of that kind about the Essays, those wonderful short Essays. As Bacon said of them in his own day, so have they been ever since, "of all his other works, the most current, for that it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms."

It is not, however, in the sphere of philosophy or history or science, but in the sphere of literature proper, literature as a pure art, that the theory of the *Magnum Opus* and the exhortations and protests founded thereon are so absurd, fly so directly, as it seems to me, in the face of the facts of literary history. With one

or two rare and remarkable exceptions, it has not been by saying, "Go to, we will write a *Magnum Opus*," that in this sphere the most enduring books have been written. Flaubert—and I give the adherents of the theory I deprecate the full benefit of his name as I pass—Flaubert marvelled that Ste. Beuve should be content to go on writing for the newspapers, when he was not in want of food and might write books. Yet books, big books, have been written and printed too, of less enduring value than the *Causeries*. Heine just wrote off a description of a walking-tour, and the *Reisebilder* are immortal. In writing *The Compleat Angler*, Walton said he did but make "a recreation of a recreation." Addison and Steele wrote papers to amuse the town, and Sir Roger de Coverley has outlived Cato. Mat Prior has considerably more life in him than Robert Montgomery, the efficient elixir of Macaulay notwithstanding; and it is not by his *Solomon, a Poem in Three Books*, that Mat Prior lives. Montaigne carries his years at least as well as Montesquieu. And certain stray papers written out of office-hours for a magazine by a clerk of the India House, whether or not it be fair to say that they have already outlived Mr. Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, have at least outlived the more ambitious works of two other distinguished servants of John Company, the Mills, father and son, with their Analyses of the Phenomena of the Human Mind and their Systems of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive.

What could be more unpremeditated than the way in which that almost nameless throng of singers poured forth their songs, who made, as was prettily said of Elizabethan England, a nest of singing birds? In those brave days their fashion was to throw off, or affect to throw off, their tuneful trifles without a thought of publication. For publication they meditated, or affected to meditate, some *Magnum Opus* to come later to justify them. But they would show these trifles to their friends; and these friends would persuade them to publish, or bold, bad men would take the bull by the horns and send the poems to the printer themselves.

"Courteous Reader," writes W. Percy by way of preface to his Cycle of Sonnets to the Fairest Cælia, "Whereas I was fully determined to have concealed my

Sonnets as things privy to myself, yet, of courtesy having lent them to some they were secretly committed to the Press and almost finished before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore, making as they say, Virtue of Necessity, I did deem it most convenient to prepose my epistle, only to beseech you to account of them as of toys and amorous devices; and ere long, I will impart unto the World another Poem, which shall be both more fruitful and ponderous. In the meanwhile I commit these as a pledge to your indifferent censure. W. Percy. London 1594." You see the indiscreet friend served the bashful Elizabethan the same turn that the American pirate served the bashful Macaulay. These Elizabethan toys and amorous devices are as fresh to-day as three centuries ago, and thanks to Dr. Grosart, Mr. Arber, and Mr. Arthur Bullen, are still ministering to our exceeding great enjoyment. Whether W. Percy ever imparted to the world his more fruitful and ponderous poem I am not Elizabethan scholar enough to say. At least I never heard of it. If he did, I dare swear it is not without reasons that the Sonnets to Cælia, which are not by any means the happiest examples of Elizabethan sonneteering, are still afloat, while the ponderous poem has gone to the bottom.

Lest such promises of a *Magnum Opus* to follow should be accounted the mere coxcombry of conventional mock-modesty, let me remind you, that in just such wise did Prior excuse himself for dedicating his light occasional verse to his *Mæcenas* Lord Dorset. "I humbly hope that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf and lay some pieces of a very different Nature (the product of my severer Studies) at your Lordship's Feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection," etc. Now Prior kept this promise. He achieved his *Magnum Opus*, the product of his severer studies, a piece of a very different nature from *Paulo Furganti* and *Hans Carvel*. It was *Solomon*, a Poem in Three Books. We hope it engaged his Lordship's more serious reflections. At least it seems worthy to engage our serious reflection in connection with the present discussion.

Pass to the supreme name not only in Elizabethan but in all literature. Shakespeare simply did with all his might the

theatrical work which came to his hand. Glorious as the work is, it was work done as a hack-playwright. All the little evidence we have points to that, all except Mr. Donnelly's: his position at the theatre; the sneers of the University wits; the traces of his manner of work, first his furbishing up of stock pieces, then his gradually transforming them by his genius, as occasion offered and as he felt his genius firm under him; and finally, for crowning proof, his placid early retirement, leaving a body of actors to complete the famous first folio without his assistance or direction. Not, mind you, that Shakespeare was not keenly and fully alive to the omnipotence of his genius; you have but to turn to the Sonnets to recognize serene pride of genius and a sense of triumphant achievement. But the set production of *Magna Opera* was, it would seem, the very last of his thoughts.

Certainly it was the very last of Scott's thoughts, when he poured forth the *Waverley* Novels in anonymous profusion. If ever there was a man free from all tinge of the superstition of the *Magnum Opus* that man was Walter Scott. Unless we had the convincing evidence of Lockhart's book and Scott's own letters and prefaces to prove it, it would be unimaginable that this Wizard of Romance should have flung forth his wonders with so unpremeditated prodigality and held by them and the fame of them so lightly. To remember the frank, unaffected, manly modesty of this man, who justly enjoyed in his lifetime unrivalled literary prestige; to think of the nonchalance of this giant, of the simplicity of spirit in which he poured out his immortal tales; and then to think of the punctilios and pretensions and professions and protestations of the novelists of the hour is matter for tears and laughter.

Scott with characteristic modesty had consulted James Ballantyne as to his hopes of him as a novelist. James's hopes were not high. Scott saw it at a glance; but all he said was that he did not see why he should not succeed as well as other people,—that is, remember, as well as "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe and Jane Porter. "The Edinburgh faith now is," wrote Scott to Mr. Morritt, one of the very few to whom from the first he entrusted the secret of the authorship, "that *Waverley* is written by Jeffrey

having been composed to lighten the tedium of his late Transatlantic voyage. So you see the unknown infant is like to come to preferment. In truth I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So whatever I may do of this kind, I shall whistle down the wind to prey on fortune." And the preface to the third edition of *Waverley* was in just the same strain of unaffected modesty. And if this was before the new success or in the early days of it, you may see how lasting his mood was by reading the prefaces in the collected edition of 1829-30, long after his literary empire, all unsolicited, had been universally acknowledged. Read, for example, the preface to *Ivanhoe*, the novel which had been received with a perfect acclaim of applause. Never was there less blowing of the trumpet and the new moon to accompany the birth of masterpieces. Scott was simply filled full to the lips with romance, and when his hour came he just let himself go. You remember the anecdote in Lockhart, of the hand ceaselessly writing which so bothered Menzies in his cups? "I have been watching it,—it fascinates my eye,—it never stops,—page after page is finished and thrown on a heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night,—I can't stand the sight of it, when I am not at my books." "Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed some giddy youth in the company. "No, boys," answered their host; "I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's." And when it came to still more rapid dictation, Scott preferred John Ballantyne as an amanuensis to Willie Laidlaw, because his pen was the faster and also because he kept it to the paper without interruption, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes and now and then an audible smack of his lips. Whereas Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not forbear interrupting with his, "Gude keep us a' ! the like o' that—eh, sirs, eh, sirs !" Thus was composed no less a work than the *Bride of Lammer-*

moor in the midst of intense physical suffering, the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching Scott to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," was the answer, "only see the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves."

While we are among these kingly names, let me be candid and make a present of one to the enemy. For one, and one of the mightiest, of the lords of English poetic literature the set production of a *Magnum Opus* was the first and last thought. Milton's was a life dedicated from the beginning. By the age of twenty-three, as appears from a letter to a Cambridge friend enclosing the second sonnet, he was cherishing a long-formed resolve to devote his life to some great work. This was his apology for standing aloof from the ordinary money-getting pursuits of early manhood. This was his excuse for his late spring, which still no bud nor blossom showed, as the sonnet phrased it. With this aspiration he encouraged himself, when he became "something suspicious of himself and did take notice of a certain belatedness in him." His deliberate aim was self-cultivation and self-devotion to the accomplishment of some great thing. Very early he found and took poetry to be his vocation. At twenty-eight he wrote the famous letter to his friend Diodati. "What am I thinking of? Why, with God's help, of immortality! Forgive the word, I only whisper it in your ear! Yes, I am pluming my wings for a flight." He wrote so at the end of the Horton period, when the minor poems had already been given to the world and he had already done enough, you might have thought, for one life's fame. The following year we find him casting his thoughts, as so many of our greatest poets have done, on the legend of Arthur for the subject of his great poem. Then in 1641, being thirty-two years of age, he publicly uttered his apologies and confessed his aspirations.

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waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the life of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious, select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs. Till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation, from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.

And again in that famous and often quoted passage :

Perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts, met with acceptance . . . I began to assent to them (my Italian friends) and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grows daily upon me, that by labor and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die.

And the accomplishment of this noble vow, the end of this nobly dedicated life, was the sublime Puritan Epic, *Paradise Lost*.

There, I hope that I have given away a handsome enough present in Milton. Yet really I am making no concession at all. Milton did say to himself, "Go to, I will write a Great Work," but therein he only followed "the strong propensity of nature." He did precisely what he had it in him to do. He, if ever any man, had the call from within. Such call when vouchsafed let all men follow. All my protest is against the call from without. Conceive, if you can, Milton turned aside from his high and almost holy purpose, by the allurements of journalism or the needs of the passing hour. Why, a civil war failed to turn him aside, and, a closer affliction still, his own total blindness. Neither the Protectorate and political employment, nor the Restoration and political disgrace, could make him forget his call. It is a flattering but mistaken and misleading notion, that the gentlemen who do political squibs and literary *causerie* for the newspapers could, by simply taking thought, add several thousand cubits to their stature and write a *Paradise Lost*. Take, just by way of example, the man

who has sometimes been regarded, who regarded himself as a victim sacrificed to journalistic task-work, the man whose life suggested the remarks in the *Daily News* with which I started, Theophile Gautier. What are the odds, if Gautier had been free from the obligation to turn out a weekly dramatic *feuilleton*, that he would have given the world any better poetry than *Émaux et Cambrés*? Are not the chances rather that, without the pressure of daily needs, we should have had to go without many of the very delightful volumes we now have from his pen, and have got nothing whatever in their place? Any way, the story goes, and it is an odd story when you come to think of it, that the young Theo in early manhood had to be shut up in his bedroom by his mother, to write *Mlle. de Maupin*!

Some bold spirits have not feared even in Milton's own case to take their stand against the superstition of the *Magnum Opus*. They would that he had dwelt all his life amid the glades of Horton and gone on giving them the magic of the minor poems. They lament the sacrifice of the poet of *Comus* and *Lycidas* to the poet of the *Paradise Lost*. They regret that many priceless trinkets and much matchless filigree work, which would have lent adornment and pleasantness to their daily living, must have been melted down to make that cold colossal statue. It is a fact at least, no doubt, that dozens have *Lycidas* by heart, for every reader who gets beyond the first book of the great Epic. The readers indeed of the twelve books of *Paradise Lost* are probably as select a band as the readers of the twelve cantos of the *Faerie Queene*, another of the *Magna Opera* of our poetic literature. Edgar Poe, who of course dearly loved a paradox, and had besides a theory of his own about poetry to support, went so far as to maintain that *Paradise Lost* was only to be enjoyed by being regarded as a series of minor poems!

Finally, let not the advocates of the *Magnum Opus* pretend that, at worst, these admonitions of theirs have a bracing effect and can do no harm. They may do a great deal of harm. There are instances to cite where the harm has been done. If Milton's religion of the stition does i w
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votion to the *Magnum Opus*. Not content just to put forth what he had to put forth, he was always gathering, pruning, preparing for something big to come,—which never came. The result was that his temper was soured, his life was a wasted life, and the world never reaped adequate advantage from his unquestioned ability and erudition.

If Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch* had contented himself with something short of a Key to all Mythologies, had contributed, let us say, pithy paragraphs for *The Guardian*, he would have been a more profitable writer as well as a better husband. I have a notion also, though I may very likely be wrong, that the late Mr. Cotter Morison was an able man sterilized by too large ideals.

But the typical martyr was the wretched

Amiel. Had not his friends insisted upon his regarding himself as a genius, he might have lived a prosperous life as a Swiss gentleman and father of a family, doing his duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call him as a lecturer to ladies. But once he got into his head that he was a genius from whom great things were expected, his life thenceforth was the life of the impotent man, longing, yet powerless, to struggle down into the troubled waters of literary production into which others continually plunged before his eyes. So he maundered in a *Journal Intime*. When people talk of the slavery of journalism, at least let it be confessed that it is better to be the slave of any respectable public journal than the slave of a *Journal Intime*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE ANTIPODEANS.*

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

II.

THE observant traveller is certain to find himself struck by one fact before he has been long in Australia. There are certain daring and adventurous things being done

* I am privately informed on high authority that my estimate of the relative positions of Victoria and its capital are curiously superficial and misleading. If Melbourne, with a population amounting to very nearly one-half of that of the whole colony, did only the business work of that colony—if, that is to say, forty-four non-producers lived on the profits of the labors of fifty-six producers—the thing might be regarded as abnormal, and even, possibly, as mischievous from an economic-social point of view. But Melbourne, so I am instructed, does the trade of the Australian continent, and my contention therefore falls to the ground. Let us see. In the year 1888—the latest of which I have complete statistical information—the total tonnage entered and cleared in Australian ports (not Australasian) amounted to 12,855,575. The total tonnage entered and cleared in Victorian ports for the same year amounted to about one-third of this—viz., 4,307,833. Of this 92 per cent. is credited to Melbourne, whose inhabitants form nearly a sixth of the entire population of the colony, while they do rather less than a sixth of its trade. Whether there be a realization or no, here, as in most abnormal:

in the way of constructive politics, and ideas which are only mooted at home are put into actual effect. Whether these movements are for the final good, or whether it will be seen wise in the long run to retrace some of the steps already taken, only time can show. But from the fact to the reason for it is a direct and single step. A considerable number of the men who hold Ministerial appointments are so young that, in the more crowded political spheres at home, they would be occupying (at their most advanced) positions which might more or less afford an opportunity for the display of promise. There nobody asks for probation. A clever and ambitious young man does not dream of waiting through a quarter of a century of public service, as he would be compelled to do with us, before he can be rewarded with the least responsible of Ministerial positions. Young brains are in demand, and the dreams of young heads are translated into fact more rapidly than those of old ones. As in politics, so in law, medicine, education, and business; lofty and responsible positions are held by men much younger than those who have found similar promotion in the older countries. There is more work to be done and there are fewer

competitors. In most cases the positions lose nothing in real dignity or in usefulness; but in politics there is an ever-present fear of over-impetuosity, and there is no safeguard against it. Within its own limits the feeling of democracy is absolute. The veto of the Crown has caused delay, and may cause delay again; but if the Australian voter sets his heart upon a thing he will have it, and the desires of the Mother Country will go for less than she imagines.

How far climate and environment may ultimately change the race no man can guess with any degree of certitude. It is a question on which Australians themselves are fond of speculating, and on which they like to induce their visitors and critics to speculate also. One of the contentions favored is that they are running to the Greek type. The average traveller will probably change his conception of the Greek type very broadly before he gives any warmth of acceptance to this claim. That they cannot long remain unchanged by the influences which pour in upon them every day seems certain. The average mean temperature of Melbourne itself is only slightly lower than that of Marseilles. Sydney is five or six degrees higher, Adelaide is higher yet, and part of Queensland is of course distinctly tropical. In the northernmost parts of Australia it is evidently impossible that any race of men can for many generations preserve the characteristics of European peoples. In the towns the people show less change than in the country. The country-bred man has already shown the beginning of a new racial type, a type less heavy and solid than the English, but taller, slimmer, and more alert. These men ride like centaurs, and drive at break-neck speed where an English charioteer would infallibly get down and lead his horses. They are born to the companionship of the horse, and ride almost as soon as they can walk. The riders of trained buck-jumpers in the "Wild West" shows excited derision among men who do the real thing in that direction constantly and in the way of business. They are rather ugly horsemen to an English eye, slouching and lanky, but they can take a horse anywhere and can sit anything that has four legs. No Briton, however expert, can hold a candle to the native-born colonial in this respect. In their races they

strike one as riding rather cruelly, and their distances are much heavier than ours. Lindsay Gordon, whose dashing Australian verse is hardly as well known in England as in the colonies, was a courageous and successful steeple-chase rider, and was praised for his faculty of getting "the last ounce out of a horse," a phrase which is less humane than its writer probably thought it. They breed grand horse-flesh, and it is open to doubt if there is a better horse than Carbine in the world. The noble beast is something of a fetish, and it was odd to see the skin of a deceased racer exhibited in the Intercolonial Exhibition recently held at Dunedin. I made the passing acquaintance of one youth who had travelled hundreds of miles to visit that show, and who, of all the things he had seen there, could recall, or thought it worth while to recall, nothing but the skin of "old Musket." Side by side with the leathery remnant of that equine hero nothing was worthy of remembrance.

In all up-country places men drink tea. They drink it all day long and at every meal, in amazing quantities, and at a most unwholesome strength. The method of preparation is simple, and one would think that if the aim were to brew a concoction altogether poisonous it ought to be effectual. On Sunday mornings the tea-maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee-colored liquid. On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea-leaves, he repeats the process. On Tuesday *da capo*, and on Wednesday *da capo*, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it, the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea-leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the "tea" is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post-and-rails" (the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump), and regards it as having been brought to the very pitch of perfection. Doctors tell of cases resulting from this abuse which closely border, in their manifestations, on the signs of delirium tremens. They have ample opportunity of com-

parison, as I shall have to show by-and-by.

Since the old days many changes have taken place. It used to be the fashion for shepherds, stock-riders, station hands, and others whose business held them in the wilds for months at a time, to draw their money at the expiry of a definite time, and to make it their immediate concern to "blow the check down" in a single orgie. Here is a true and characteristic sample, given to me by Sir William Clarke. A shepherd in the employ of Sir William's father drew a check for some fifty pounds, and, "humping his bluey" (Australian for "shouldering his blanket"), tramped down country and put up at the nearest shanty at which drink was obtainable. There, to the surprise of his host, he called for nothing but tea. It was known that he had a check with him, and day by day it grew to seem more wonderful that he made no attempt to spend it. The man sat on a felled gum-tree opposite the shanty-door, smoked his pipe, sipped his tea, and took stock of the few folks who dribbled along the lonely highway. At last he found what he waited for in the person of a passing sundowner, whom he hailed. "Hillo, matey! Want a job?" "Yes. What is it?" "Drink fair along o' me." "What's the wages?" "Dollar a day." "Right, I'm on." So they sat down together, and drank until the change for the check was exhausted. Then the shepherd arose to go, but his new-found mate stopped him by a question. "Want a job?" "No. What is it?" "Drink fair along o' me. Can't pay no wages; but we'll see *my* earnings out." So proposed, so done. The shepherd and the sundowner went their several ways when the final bout was over. The late owner of the check returned to his duties, and, after two or three days of illness, revived from the effects of his half-yearly outburst, and lived as a total abstainer until the next pay-day came round.

The shepherd had been robbed aforetime by dishonest landlords, and had felt he was not getting his money's worth. In those old days, which are not so very long ago, it was no rare thing for a man to get through the earnings of half a year in a day or two, "shouting" drinks for all and sundry until he was told that his check was "through," and was ignomin-

iously turned out to make room for the next hero. There was a man of New South Wales who used to open his half-yearly spell of madness by calling for half a dozen of champagne and washing his feet in the wine. The legend concerning him was that he had somehow come to ruin through champagne, and that he expressed in this fashion his contempt for the beverage. It was no uncommon thing when men had drunk until they could drink no more to set up full bottles of liquor and pelt them with empties. I heard a landlord of those old days boasting that he had sent in one half-dozen of champagne to one man's order four or five times, had taken it away each time unopened, and had each time charged for it as if it had been consumed. A similar story came to me from a magistrate, who received a complaint from a digger to the effect that while he had got drunk on whisky he was charged some fifty pounds for champagne. The magistrate rode over to the house in which the swindle was said to have been perpetrated, and demanded a view of the landlord's invoices. The rascal could show no invoice at all for wine, and could only find on his premises three empty old mouldy champagne bottles.

Here and there you may still find a conservative who clings to the good old ways of the good old times, but the race is practically extinct. The gross sum to the credit of depositors in the Australian Savings Banks is now nearly sixteen millions sterling, and this shows a higher average per head of population than exists in England. The shearers, who used to work in a very happy-go-lucky way, have now reduced their labor to a system. Vast gangs begin the year's work in Queensland, where the wool crop is ready earliest, then drop down to South Australia, then to Victoria, and so on in due order to Auckland and Otago. Many, perhaps most of the men, have other occupations to fall back upon in the off season. The world's total of sheep is nearly five hundred millions, and of these the colonies of the southern hemisphere own almost a fifth, so that the shearers are naturally a very large and important body. It is a contention very commonly offered to the traveller that the young colonial does not drink spirituous liquors at all. The figures would hardly seem to support this

The first part of the report contains a summary of the work done during the year. The second part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the Society during the year. The third part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been expelled from the Society during the year. The fourth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been suspended from the Society during the year. The fifth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been reinstated in the Society during the year. The sixth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the Society during the year. The seventh part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the Society during the year. The eighth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the Society during the year. The ninth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the Society during the year. The tenth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the Society during the year.

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Adamite fortress, the wild waters of the falls leaping from ledge to ledge : a spectacle never to be forgotten while life remains, strange beyond strangeness, gloomily splendid, the home of awful spirits of Solitude and Silence. The critics who say the scene is monotonous in color have a mere surface justification and no more. The color-scheme is severe, but there are a thousand *nuances* in 'it which the hand of genius can translate.

Trollope likened the Hawkesbury to the Rhine, not, I think very felicitously. The Rhine is trim and orderly, with garden-like banks of vineyard rising in gradual steps one above the other. The Rhine is romantic with a hundred castled heights, The Hawkesbury is savage, unkempt, bound in by forest as virgin as on the day when the undisturbed savage fished its waters and trapped its wild fowl. But it is memorably beautiful, and no comparison can help the untravelled reader to an actual conception of the forms its beauty takes.

The Bulli Pass is a lofty coastal road, rising to a height of two thousand feet above the sea. There are places from which one might drop a pebble straight to the sands. The outlook toward Sydney Heads is grand beyond expression. In the foreground enormous boulders lie heaped one above another—the rocky fragments at the base are huge as churches—the stunted wind-tormented trees are blown into all conceivable shapes—and in the growing distance headland after headland looks out loftily over amber sands and creaming foam, and a sea of veridian and sapphire and malachite.

Sydney is happy, too, in the possession of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and in New South Wales at least the landscape artist is in no danger of dying out for lack of material to work upon.

In a life, of which much has been given to travel in search of the picturesque, I have seen nothing so exquisite, so ethereal, so unearthly, so altogether apart from all other forms of beauty, as the Murray River in flood. I travelled by steamer from Morgan to Mildura, a journey of three days, and from the beginning to the end of it was enchanted. The stream at its widest is of an average width of five miles, and in places two days the

steamer held its way through a noble forest of eucalypt which stood knee-deep in water. In the lonely lovely forest glades the water slept so glassy still that every tree was mirrored to its finest twig and topmost leaf. There was not even a ring of moisture on the trunks to show where the real trees ended and the mirrored trees began. The doubled forest lay about us on every side save in the rear, where the ripple caused by the boat's passage confused the reflected forms. The sky lay jewel clear above, and jewel clear below. The flocks of wild-screaming white cockatoos which crossed our path at times were seen as clearly in the mirrored concave as in the actual atmosphere. The illusion was absolute and complete in many places where the sleeping waters gave not even a passing gleam, and the real rested on the pictured columns, and the real and the pictured masses of dark foliage hung under and over, as if the whole unreal beautiful scene were suspended before the eye by some strange enchantment, poised in rich-colored air. And to see the sunset pave the watery forest aisles with gold and amber, and scarlet and violet, and all sunset hues, and to see it build stained windows of exquisite dyes at the far end of the solemn ways, and to watch the windows, in aisle after aisle, as they faded and faded and faded, was to enjoy such a feast of beauty as I had never known before, and can hardly hope to find again.

Take it for all in all, the great Australian island-continent is stern and repellent to the unaccustomed eye, but there are countless spots of beauty in it, and the more familiar one grows even with the savage raggedness of the bush, or the awful desolation of the plains, the more one finds eye and spirit alike reconciled. The native-born colonial loves the country passionately, and finds beauty in desolation, and grandeur in the widespread miles of squalor and despair. He will have his word in art one of these days, and even if for awhile it may seem untranslatable to the outsider, it will none the less be spoken, and will none the less grow to be finally intelligible.

In the domain of art, as in whatsoever else is excellent and of good repute, one finds the men of wealth most open-handed and generous. In matters of art the vast mass of people are absolutely ignorant and uninterested. Very good. They shall

was already grown to manhood when he first landed there. Marcus Clarke sailed from England at the age of eighteen, and James Brunton Stevens did not emigrate until he was thirty-one. Gordon and Clarke are held in loving remembrance by all Australian readers. The memories of men who admire letters there cling with a tender and touching fidelity to these two, who were the first to carry authentic news of the literary promise of the colonies to the hearts of their relatives over seas. It is not probable that they consciously rank either of them with Burns, but they have much such a personal affection as Scotchmen extend to their great national bard. They pity their weaknesses, they condone their faults—in short, they *love* the men. Clarke can stand, and will, on his really great novel, "His Natural Life," but he has left little else which the world outside Australia will care to keep. He died young, and of all the flower of his splendid promise has left but that one ripened fruit. It was the first Antipodean novel which made a real mark in England, and it is safe to say that it will not be eclipsed by any newcomer for many a year.

Poor Gordon—it seems impossible to think of him in any other way—lives in the hearts of the whole Australian people. The very larrikin knows him—barracker, bushwhacker, sundowner, millionaire, shearer, young lady of the drawing-rooms, man of business, lonely shepherd, half-savage stock-rider, and blasphemous driver of the bullock team—everybody. I suppose that if a poll were taken it would be found that "How we beat the Favorite" is known to more Australians than any other poem in the world. The old "Doxology," "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen" might enter into competition with it, perhaps. Gordon was never a professed man of letters, and he left behind him but a single volume of verses, breathing here and there the very spirit of the land of his adoption, but of strangely unequal merit.

James Brunton Stevens, who is a more finished artist than either of his peers has not taken quite the hold he deserves to have, and would certainly have found in a community more widely cultured. It is certain that a more morous verse deserves at a "Convict Or

verbiage, though it is finely conceived and has many beautiful passages; but in some of his serious poems, notably in "The Dominion of Australia: a Forecast," he rises to an equal height with the best of modern poets.

"Already here to hearts intense
A spirit force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
To bid her tremble into form.
Already, like divining rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls."

I have no right to burden these pages with quotation, but any lover of real poetry may read for himself the conclusion of the majestic simile here opened, and may say if too high a praise is accorded to the writer.

In fiction the late Thomas Browne, writing under the pseudonym of "Rolf Boldrewood," brought Australia to the front quite recently by the publication of that remarkable book, "Robbery Under Arms," which depends for its strength on precisely that quality of truthfulness which makes the force of Clarke's widely different story. Browne knew the life of which he wrote, knew it personally and intimately. His book carries conviction, and presents its own credentials on every page. It is far and away the best picture of the life of its epoch and locality which has yet been given to the world. I read in the obituary notices of the author that he was sixty years of age, but, if that be true, the years which he had filled with so much toil had treated him with apparent lightness. When I last met him in Melbourne he looked alert and bright, and equal to many more years of labor.

The people of the colonies have not yet learned to trust their own unaided judgment in letters, and, until London has placed its imprimatur on the work of one of their own men, they are disposed to think little of him. Browne wrote in obscurity for years, until he secured a London publisher, when he sprang to fame with a suddenness which would have turned the heads of some men. It seemed to affect him very little, if at all. He had already scored his success when I met him first. I found him charmingly cordial, simple, and sincere; the sort of man who at once enlists esteem and liking. Australia suffers in his loss, for at present, at least, there is no one to take his

place. "Robbery Under Arms" is a quite phenomenal book, and in many respects it may be called a lucky one. The writer's experience fitted him perfectly for the task he chose; the life he painted so truly was new to ninety-nine people in every hundred to whom the story appealed, and the unadorned, simple, and manly style he adopted in it was exactly suited to his powers.

Not to multiply instances, it may be said generally that the tendency of Australian writers is wholesomely and honestly realistic. They write of what they know, and find that best which lies nearest. This is the only way to a national and distinctive literature. Writers find the opposition of the London book market cruelly oppressive, and for many who would fain follow letters as a profession the road looks sterile and difficult. Henry Kendall, in his *In Memoriam* verses over Marcus Clarke, makes heart-felt moan:

"The laurels in the pit were won;
He had to take the lot austere
That ever seems to wait upon
The man of letters here."

One can see that the thought was often present to his mind, for, in a dedication to his wife, he has employed the very words which he echoes unconsciously in the verse just quoted:

"Who faced for love's sole sake the life austere
Which waits upon the man of letters here."

Everywhere, of course, there are countless people who were born to fall and who strive to climb, and at the Antipodes, as elsewhere, there are literary aspirants whom no conspiracy of fortune could lift to the place they covet; but I speak out of personal knowledge when I say that there is much work done there which in a larger and more literary world would command respect, which waits, as yet in vain, for the light of day to shine upon it in the colonies. The wanderer in those climes who has a literary reputation at home is in one particular a man to be pitied. He is buried under an avalanche of manuscript, and if he read but half the matter submitted to him might far better be chained to the critic's oar at home. The efforts range, as they always do, from excellence to vileness. The most comical thing I ever saw was a manuscript submitted to me in New Zealand. In a cer-

tain town there which I will not name, a play of mine had been produced under my own supervision. Two elderly ladies called at my hotel, and one of them confided to my care as something precious the manuscript of a three-act drama. I was asked to collaborate in the finishing of this work, and to secure for it a London production. The earliest lines of the drama, which was untitled and gave no list of *dramatis personæ*, ran thus:—"Somebody has tolled Alice that she is no wife, but she is a wife. Three days later Alice's horse throngs Alice at the husband's door and his leg is broken." To this day I know no more of the drama. I left it free of those "finishing touches" I had been asked to supply, resolute that no meddling of mine should destroy its native charm. But if ever it is produced in its original form I promise it an audience of one.

Melbourne shines in respect to its musical organizations. Orchestral music there is a fashion, and the Victorian Orchestra could hold its own in any country. The part-singing of the *Liedertafel* is excellent. But in everything in the colonies there must be a vogue, a "boom," or it can have no success. Since Mr. Frederick Cowen created the fashion in the Victorian capital concerted music draws all ears. Madame Schiller played to empty benches. When Santley was singing his way through New Zealand, the great baritone and I stayed at the same hotel in Christchurch. I overheard a fragment of conversation at the bar, which seemed to me amusing and instructive. "Santley?" said a big energetic man with an explosive voice. "Santley! Santley can't sing the Village Blacksmith! You should hear my brother Jock!" There are some splendid singers, who ought to be quite sure of their position, to whom one would not like to repeat even so harmless a criticism, but Mr. Santley is not one of them. I met him a few minutes later and told him what I had heard. He laughed, and answered that he thought he must have met that man's brother Jock pretty often since he had left England. Writing of music reminds me of what I have said earlier respecting the droll little jealousies which exist between the colonies. Sydney built a majestic organ in its new Centennial Hall, an instrument which, if not *the* grandest, is among the grandest.

Sydney invited Mr. Best to inaugurate this splendid kist o' whistles. Mr. Best, accepting the invitation and the high and merited compliment it paid him, went out, and found that from some cause or other the great organ was not ready. While the musician waited, doing nothing, Melbourne thought it would like to hear him, and wrote him to that effect. The Sydney committee refused to allow his acceptance of this supplementary invitation. The hated Melbourne was not to reap any advantage from Sydney's enterprise. It is only a trifle, of course, but all trifles are blown in that direction fiercely, and they show the way of the wind. Melbourne was, and is, most lordly wrathful.

I have only quite recently re-read the critical essays of Marcus Clarke, and, *à propos* of the changes which must inevitably take place in the physique of the Australian people, I note this passage:—"In another hundred years the average Australian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a Democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain-power to sin with zest. In five hundred years—unless recruited from foreign nations—the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilization." These things being thus definitely settled for us, it is of course useless to speculate further, but there are some actual facts about the people who form the subject of this daring prophecy which may perhaps aid us in arriving at a conclusion which, if less definite, may not be much farther from the mark.

The go-ahead, tarry-for-nothing spirit of the people is curiously exemplified in the fact that there are a thousand boys in the colonies under the age of twenty-one who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of married life. The Australian boy is a man as soon as he is breeched. Parental control, as we know it in England, has faded out entirely. There is no reverence in the rising generation, and the ties of home are slight.

Age and experience count for little. Youth will have its way, and takes it, with a freedom less agreeable to the onlooker than to himself.

The whole country is filled with a feverish, restless, and reckless energy. Everybody is in a hurry to be rich. The ambition to turn the nimble ninepence pales before the desire to make a *coup*, and to achieve independence at a step. In 1888 there was an insolvency to every 1500 of the population of Australia, including Tasmania and New Zealand. Even in the disastrous 1879 we could only show half that in the United Kingdom, and the normal average is less than a quarter of the colonial record. Farmers, selectors, builders, contractors, and architects, stand high in the list of insolvents. The two former are subject to risks of drought and flood, and the other three are ruined by over-speculation. It is a matter of frequent boast in Melbourne that land there has realized higher prices than it has done even in the City of London. I am not in a position to verify the statement; but it has been offered to me proudly as a proof of the city's progress by many people. It is surely something of a pity if it be true, and at least it affords a fair instance of the mistakes men make in the calculation of a community's prosperity. The "land-boom," which only two or three years ago made Victorians imagine that they had come to a kind of financial millennium, has left business lax and languid. Of this fact the table of the Registrar-General's transactions and fees affords indisputable evidence. From 1888 to 1889 the fees fell by nearly one third of their total value. For crowds of Melbourne men, while the "boom" lasted, a river of champagne flowed over a bed of gold, and "all the delicacies of the season" bloomed at the edge of that delightful stream. Even now they boast that any community less vigorous than their own would have been killed or shattered by that prolonged delicious orgie. It is perfectly true that they have come out of it with less damage than might have been expected, and that in an older country the suffering would have been much greater. It is not easy to kill the resources of a country like Australia; but perhaps it is as well not to try too often.

In a land so new a certain element of boisterousness is to be looked for natu-

things, they appeal most to those who have least need of them, and least to those who have most need. This unhappily is always true, but it is truer in the colonies than elsewhere for many reasons.

There is no country in which so high a condition of general comfort, so lofty a standard of proved intelligence, and such large and varied means to intellectual excellence exist side by side with so much turbulence, so lax a commercial morality, and such overcharged statistics of drunkenness and crimes of violence. Why should a people which is among the best educated in the world be also among the least commercially sound, the rowdiest, and the most drunken? Let there be no mistake about the question, or about the charges which are involved in it. Australian insolvencies are to British as four to one. Convictions in Australia are to convictions in the United Kingdom as two to one. The figures given by Mr. H. H. Hayter, C.M.G., Government Statist of Victoria, though apparently clouded with a purpose, prove the last charge beyond the chance of refutation. The highest percentage of deaths from the abuse of alcohol is recorded in Australia. It is 113 as against 80 even in Switzerland, and as against 46 in England and Wales. In the figures given the issue is confused by the introduction of the statistics of "towns" and "principal towns" of some few countries, though even there Paris reaches no higher than 95 and London falls to 74. In Ireland the deaths from alcoholism are only a little over a quarter of those registered for the Australias. The towns of Denmark rise to the awful average of 274, but it is evident that a full statement of the facts would reduce it greatly.

The answer to the question propounded above cannot be given in a nutshell, but it can be made fairly clear. To begin with, it must be remembered that the law-abiding and law-breaking populations are divided with an unusual sharpness of distinction. The ordinary traveller, of ordinary culture, finds nothing as he makes his tour in the colonies which enables him very keenly to differentiate between the Home and the Colonial standards. In other words, he meets very much the same kind of people he meets at home, and, though he may tire of wool and gold as a substitute for Shakespeare and the musical

glasses as themes for converse, he will in the main find himself in the kind of moral and intellectual quarters to which he has been accustomed. The prosperous, well-conducted Australian may probably learn for the first time from these pages the fact that the country of which he is so proud stands on so evil an eminence. The balance of population, as against insolvency, crime, and drunkenness, might be very nearly normal, if it were not for the introduction of disturbing influences. These are traceable to our ancient and now abandoned habit of shooting the Imperial human refuse on Australian shores; to the natural boisterousness of a young and partially settled community; to the adventurous and frequently lawless character of the men drawn to great alluvial gold fields; and to the wild unsettled life still led by a considerable number of men in the far north and west.

It should be borne in mind that the facts charged press home only on four of the seven Australasian colonies. South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand stand either entirely or partially exempt. In New South Wales commercial morality is at its loosest—if the number of insolvencies can be accepted as a test—it stands second for drunkenness, and second for crimes of violence. Queensland swallows, *pro rata*, nearly three times as much alcoholic drink as the Mother Country can find stomach for, and, as a natural consequence, surpasses us in the same proportion in respect to suicide. Western Australia bears the bell against them all for drink and the kind of diversion which goes with it. Victoria shows no special preference, but maintains its exaggerated average.

The position of the facts cannot be rightly appreciated until the colonies are classified. Out of the seven, five may be said to be reduced to order as completely as a perfect system of magistrature and police can secure it. In the northern parts of Queensland, and in nearly the whole extra-mural regions of West Australia, the population is sparse and wild, and, though offenders are reached after the commission of crime, they are not quelled beforehand by the immediate threat and presence of the strong arm of the law. Now, of the five remaining colonies, New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Australia present characteristics

and subjects should be content to spend so much of his life away from his native land. If we glance for a moment at his pedigree, we shall find that he has not by direct descent a drop of Norwegian blood in his veins; his ancestors for several generations came of Danish, German and Scotch families. In this ancestry we find the source of Ibsen's deeper-lying characteristics; he possesses the Puritanism and idealism of the Scotch, combined with the German's delight in abstract thought and leaning toward speculative fancies.

Henrik Ibsen was born on the 20th of March, 1828, at Skien, a little homely town on the coast, busy and not unimportant, though containing scarcely 3000 inhabitants. Like many other little towns, Skien had its class distinctions, its "aristocracy" and its "plebeians," between whom insurmountable barriers were raised, not to be scaled by any acquired wealth. The Ibsens belonged to the aristocracy, both by birth and social circumstances, "keeping open house on a large and liberal scale." When Henrik Ibsen was eight years old this delightful social life came to a sudden close. Financial difficulties compelled his father to give up his home in Skien and to retire to Venstøb, a small, neglected estate, all that was left to him when creditors were satisfied. Such a change in social position was deeply felt by the family, and Henrik grew up with the consciousness of a dark shadow resting on the household. Doubtless this tended to make the poet more serious than Nature purposed him to be; he did not take either pleasure or interest in the games and boisterous play of his brothers and sisters, preferring to sit in his own room and pore over "sundry old volumes," those books of which Hedvig speaks in the third act of *Vildanden* ("The Wild Duck")—

"Most of them English, and I do not know English. Still I can look at the prints. Here is a heavy, big book called 'Harryson's History of London.' It must be quite a hundred years old, and is full of pictures."

Henrik also worked diligently with brush and pencil, making little figures and arranging them on a little stage, in groups as if in conversation—indications of his future career as a dramatist.

He attended the public school at Skien, and learned the "regular round of tasks

and a little Latin." In history and lessons on religion he took the greatest interest, but in no study except drawing showed any remarkable talent.

Financial circumstances limited Henrik's schooldays, as they did his choice of a profession. His wish was to become an artist, and, like Thackeray, he retained the love of pictorial art, and the fancy for earning his livelihood thereby, long after success had crowned his efforts as a writer. Ibsen's judgment in art shows that he does possess much talent for it, though circumstances fettered him and prevented its cultivation. The only possessions he cares to acquire are pictures, and in his collection of Renaissance pictures he has a valuable reminder of his frequent visits to Italy. This collection is the most noticeable feature in his house in Munich; the walls are nearly covered with genuine old masters, or good copies.

Ibsen was sixteen when he went to Grimstad to study as an apothecary, and except for two or three short visits he never returned to his native town. Perhaps its associations were not pleasant, but undoubtedly they powerfully influenced his development. Gloom and melancholy had a large share in the environment of his childhood. He was born in a house on the market-place, opposite a church which had on its right the town-pillory, on its left the town-hall with the prison and lock-up for mad persons. These buildings roused in the boy's mind dread and horror of all means used by the State against wrong-doers or against those suffering innocently, as in the case of lunatics, who "used to peer out" at the boy from "behind the bars, with pale and gloomy faces." The contrast of wealth and poverty had been brought home to him by bitter personal experience, and he had learned at Skien to feel the different estimation in which the rich and poor are held. He went out into the world to fight his own battle, taciturn, grave, undemonstrative, caring less for intercourse with men of the world than with those of his dreams.

Ibsen spent five years at Grimstad, and from the preface of *Catiline* we learn what his life was during this time. He grew mentally and became ambitious; he determined to study hard and become a doctor; he felt within him "the stirring of the poetic gift."

so that they pass in the world for men of honor; then bit by bit he strips them of their veneer and shows them to us in all "the nakedness of their self-seeking."

A Doll's House has been endlessly discussed and criticised in Norway, Denmark, Germany, England and America. It achieved notoriety, because in it Ibsen for the first time puts forward his demands for the individual development of women, and urges their claim to be independent human beings rather than simply some man's wife or mother. Hitherto Ibsen had depicted only women ready to sacrifice everything for the men they love, and enthusiastic only for the achievements of men; of this class are Aurelia, Eline, Margretha, Agnes, Brand's wife, and Lona Hessel. Ibsen is above everything the chivalrous poet of women, and his tenderest passages are in honor of them.

In *Ghosts* social morality is extensively dissected, while baseness and depravity are revealed with such force and tragic grandeur that "even the poet's friends started back at the first shock from the abyss he opened at their feet." They refused to believe that the ordinary notions of life, "the commonplace views which hover about us like soulless ghosts," could produce such terrible misery and disasters as the drama portrayed. It aroused fury and vituperation, such as had not been heard since the first performance of *The Comedy of Love*, and Ibsen was attacked publicly and privately.

His indignation vented itself in *An Enemy of Society*, in which the hero, Dr. Tomas Stockmann, is placed in the same position as Ibsen, and suffers as he does.

After the first blaze of wrath had died out, Ibsen seems to have been discouraged, to have felt that his determined hostility was of little use, men were not ready for his ideal views. This pessimistic mood found utterance in *Vildanden* ("The Wild Duck"), the saddest of all his plays.

Rosmersholm is closely connected with Ibsen's visit to Norway in the summer of 1885. It is a picture of party warfare showing the antagonistic aspects of Norwegian society after the great political struggle had been fought out. Apart from the political features of the piece, intense interest centres round the love of Rosmer and Rebecca. Self-sacrificing

love is the *credo* of the play; it is Ibsen's own confession of faith, and his watchword against all forms of selfishness.

In 1886 and 1887 the poet spent some weeks of the summer on the seashore of Norway, instead of going to the Tyrol as is his custom. The sea absorbed and fascinated him; he would take long solitary walks on the sandy shore, or spend hours gazing over the sea or into it. Ibsen has always been given to long solitary rambles; during them he does a great deal of his thinking work. *The Lady of the Sea* was the product of these weeks at the sea: it is a comedy, written in a tone of sunshine, "with a glamour of romance mystery and landscape beauty" over every part.

It is a great change to turn to *Hedda Gabler*, Ibsen's latest social drama, not altogether an agreeable change, for, in spite of the literary ability, the vigor and force of the writing, both plot and characters are disagreeable. Of all Ibsen's women Hedda Gabler is the most unlovely, "a selfish creature, longing for 'thrills,' utterly unscrupulous, ruthless and vain." Yet she is a real woman, even if a type of unpleasing kind, one who has emancipated herself from all duties and responsibilities, whose only object in life is to please herself, and who fails utterly.

The drama will be read, but it will be difficult to love or admire it; nor do competent critics think it will strengthen the already firm position Ibsen holds in the highest literary circles of to-day. Such criticisms, however, do not influence Ibsen; he holds that "neither thanks nor threats affect the man who wholly wills the thing he wills." He remains as unmoved by those who flatter as by those who misunderstand him and pronounce him obscure and unintelligible.

This independence of character is recognizable in the outer man. Though rather below than above the middle height, Ibsen gives the impression of importance; his whole frame suggests combativeness and strength; his face framed in gray hair and beard wears a look of determination; his mouth is firmly set, and above the steady eyes rises a powerful forehead. To those who visit him in the Maximilianstrasse, Munich, he is courteous though uncommunicative concerning his work. With increasing years Ibsen's reserve has

increased ; in company he is ill at ease, and only at home in his work.

The impression he produces is that of a dreamy, abstracted student, but he is neither dreamy nor abstracted in his own study ; vigor and activity mark his habits of systematic labor and regular hours for eating, sleeping, walking and working.

He lives very quietly, a happy family life, depending chiefly for companionship upon a very limited circle of friends, upon his wife and, until a short time ago, upon his son Sigurd Ibsen, now *attaché* to the Norwegian Minister at Washington, U.S.A.—*Temple Bar*.

ADVERTISING IN CHINA.

In the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* the late Lady Brassey translated from Brazilian newspapers certain advertisements of slaves for sale, remarking that the presence of announcements of such a kind in journals of standing showed, not only that the sale of slaves was carried on freely and openly in Brazil, but that Brazilian public opinion found nothing to object to in the practice. There can be little doubt, indeed, of the value to an inquiring sociologist of the advertising columns of a leading paper. Advertisements give unconscious, and therefore trustworthy, evidence of the current standards of intelligence, morality, and refinement, quite as much as of the prosperity or poverty of a country. It is not time wasted, then, to take up the advertisement-sheet of that comparatively modern institution the Chinese vernacular press, and see what light it throws on Chinese manners and morals.

In China proper there are at present four daily papers—one published at Canton, one at Tientsin, and two at Shanghai. Of these, the first is the only one not under foreign protection, and probably for this very reason its advertisement-sheet contains little of interest. It is largely occupied, in fact, by the puffs of an enterprising English druggist. The most characteristic advertisements are to be found, for those who have patience and eyesight, in the *Shên Pao*, or *Shanghai Gazette*. This paper was started in 1872 by an English resident as a commercial speculation. The native editor was given practically a free hand, while immunity from mandarin resentment was secured by the foreign ownership. In consequence the new venture, when its merits were once understood, became a Cave of Adullam for all Chinamen with a grievance. It took, in fact, the place of the indigenous "nameless placard." What that was

(and is) the unfortunate foreign settlers in the Yangtse valley know only too well. If a Chinaman considers himself wronged, and believes that the wrongdoer has the ear of the "parent of his people," the local magistrate, he does not—for that were folly—go to law. Nor does he lie in wait for his adversary and knife him surreptitiously—your true Chinaman is far too prudent for that. Early some morning appears on a convenient and conspicuous wall, by choice in the near neighborhood of the offender, a full and particular, though possibly not over-true, account of his transgression, the whole professedly written by a Friend to Justice. Precisely how far in the direction of scurrility the writer will venture to go depends on the amount of support he can expect from public opinion. If the party attacked be the self-denying Sisters of Mercy with their hospitals and *crèches*, or the Catholic missionaries (who, *pax* the correspondent of *Truth*, are not beloved by the Chinese), then any amount of filthy abuse may be indulged in with comparative impunity. Officialdom, on the other hand, must only be impugned in general terms. To say that "every civilian has three hands, every army officer three feet"—in other words, to impute venality to the magistrates and cowardice to the military—is a stale truism which no official would venture to confute by a beating ; but if the Friend of Justice indicts some individual magistrate by name, as he sometimes does, then matters will be made serious for him—when he is caught. Now, it very soon occurred to the Friends of Justice aforesaid that, all things considered, it would be much more satisfactory if the necessary reviling could be performed without any of the unpleasant consequences usually found to result from manuscript placarding. Accordingly they

hastened to patronize the new press, protected as it was by the still powerful foreigner. Of course, the obscene lies directed against foreign missionaries were inadmissible, and too luxuriant abuse was pruned down. Still, enough remained to furnish forth a crop of libel actions had China been blessed with a Lord Campbell, and to keep several deserving barristers from starvation if the genius had been known in China. For many weeks the columns of the Shanghai paper a few years ago were adorned with the portrait of a bespectacled and befeathered mandarin. Above the portrait appeared the legend, "He still wears a red button and a peacock's feather"—as who should say, He still styles himself a Right Honorable and a K.C.B. Below the portrait was the indictment, commencing with this promising sentence: "Behold a cashiered Intendant of Hupeh, a man without a conscience, an avaricious schemer, one whose villainy is patent to all!" Then followed names and details, which it were tedious to repeat. The defendant, if we may so regard him, had overdrawn his account at his pawnbroker's, and, as an official of his degree might do, had repudiated the debt. The sole redress the plaintiff could obtain was the pleasure of seeing his enemy posted everywhere as "expelled from the Service, leaving a legacy of disgrace to his descendants, ashamed of himself, but still boasting of his rank." The moral to us seems, How very much more lively, and to novelists of the Charles Reade school more valuable, would the columns of the *Tiser* be if English pawnbrokers were allowed to advertise their transactions and libel their customers in this very outspoken fashion!

Here is another advertisement of the same class, but of wider interest:—

A Husband in search of his Wife.

In July, 1878, I, Chang Shan-ch'un, of Wu-chang, married the daughter-in-law of one Wang, a girl whose maiden name had been Kung, in my native district, and marriage-papers were drawn up in evidence. We lived together as husband and wife in kindness and affection for seven years, without any break in our friendly relations. My wife is 27 years old this year. My nephew was transferred the year before last to Tientsin by H.E. Li Hung-chang, and invited me to accompany him, which, owing to the strong opposition of my wife, I did not do. Last June, however, I followed my battalion to their

quarters near the West Gate of Shanghai. This March we removed to the Hui-fang Lou, when, it seems, my wife, under the pseudonym of Chou Ai-ch'ing (*Chou l'Amoureuse*), began to frequent the Ti-i teahouse, a circumstance of which I was at the time in total ignorance. Later on a Huchou man, whose name I do not know, went privately with my wife to a temple to burn incense. He had the effrontery to wear a blue button and the medallion and beads of an official. This went on until at eight o'clock on the evening of the 17th instant my wife secretly fled from our house taking with her a bundle. I cross-questioned the nurse and so became acquainted with the foregoing facts.

I cannot control my wrath and bitterness. My wife has, it is plain, been enticed away by this rascal's deceit. How, I wonder, can a mere tailor's block like this succeed in beguiling a girl who has a lawful husband? Surely he has not law or justice before his eyes. It is on this account that I am advertising. Should any kind-hearted gentleman who can do so give me information by letter, I will reward him with twenty dollars; should he bring her back, I will gratefully give him forty. I will most certainly not eat my words. His kindness and benevolence for a myriad generations, to all eternity, shall not be forgotten.

But before my eyes is still my one-year-old baby-girl, wailing and weeping night and morning. Should that rascal presume on his position and obstinately retain her as his mistress, not only to all eternity shall he be infamous, not only shall he cut short the line of his ancestors and be bereft of posterity, but we three—father, son, and little daughter—will risk our lives to punish him. I hope and trust he will think thrice, and so avoid an after-repentance. I make this plain declaration expressly.

Letters may be addressed to No. 4 Hui-fang Lou.

Note the neat allusion to "my nephew," who is under the patronage of no less a person than His Excellency the Viceroy of Chihli.

About the same time appeared in the *Shên Pao* an advertisement which I translated for its English contemporary, the *North China Herald*. I was gratified, some months later, to find that it had, by the obliging instrumentality of the Central News Agency, been disseminated among various home papers. But the agent (to whom I make my bow) did not consider the form of my translation suited to English ideas. In my anxiety to preserve the spirit of the original I had translated it literally, so that the heading ran "Beware of incurring Death by Thunder!" The agent (I humbly acknowledge the extent of his erudition) knew that

death, if it happens at all under these circumstances, is not, in England nowadays, ascribed to thunder. He therefore altered the heading to "Death by Lightning." Last century one of the Jesuit missionaries in Peking (I think Père Amyot) complained, but not quite as deferentially as I have done, of similar editing. "I wrote," he said, "in my letters to Paris of the drawbacks to Peking streets, describing them as full of dust in winter and a sea of mud in summer. My publisher objected to this as contrary to universal—that is, to his—experience, and has made me speak of the mud in winter and the dust in summer, as though Peking were Paris." In Chinese thunderstorms the lightning plays a comparatively innocuous part: its sole use is to enable the offended deity to see his victim and so wield the bolt with deadlier effect. I had to thank the agent for other corrections which were no doubt, from a literary point of view, great improvements, but were not a closer rendering of the original. That ran as follows.—

Beware of incurring Death by Thunder!

Your mother is weeping bitterly as she writes this for her boy Joy to see. When you ran away on the 30th of the 8th moon the shop-people came and inquired for you, and that was the first news we had. I nearly died of fear at the time, and since then sleep and food have been in vain, and I am weeping and sobbing still. The letter that came from beyond the horizon I have, but it gives no place or abode where I might seek you. I am now at my last gasp, and the family has suffered for many days from grievous insults. If you delay longer and do not return, I cannot, cannot bear it, and shall surely seek an end to my life, and then you will stand in peril of death by thunder. If you come, no matter how, everything is sure to be arranged. I have thought of a plan, and your father may still be kept in ignorance. My life or death hangs on the issue of these few days. Only I pray that all kind-hearted people everywhere will spread this abroad so that the right person may hear of it. So will they lay up for themselves a boundless store of secret merit.

Written by one in Soochow city.

The hue and cry is constantly raised in the columns of the *Shên Pao* and its contemporaries. Advertisements of this class are headed, as a rule, by two characters, *hsün jen*, "search for a man." The latter of these two is, under ordinary circumstances, written much like the Greek Α; but where the "man" is in the honorable position of a husband or a son the

character is inverted, either to attract attention, or, as some Chinese explain it, "because a man, you see, cannot run away on his head." Some of these "searches" would seem as pathetically hopeless as was that of the aged father of one of the English officers murdered in Peking in 1860. Here, for instance, is a tragedy of that very year (the advertisement appeared some seventeen years later):—

The lady Huang, *née* Ssü-ma, of Yu-heng Hall, at Wuch'êng, seeks for her son. This son, Nien-tau ("Mindful of Ancestors"), was carried off by the Taiping rebels on Christmas Day, 1860. He was 14 years old at the time, and his father, Ts'ai, was dead. All these years nothing has been heard of him, and his mother's suspense and trouble have been very heavy. Should any who know of his whereabouts do her the honor to write and inform her, she will, as she is bound, gratefully recompense them. If they can bring him back to his home she will reward them with a hundred pieces of foreign money. She will assuredly not eat her words. A quest.

Wu-ch'êng, "The Five Ramparts," is a well-known country-town near Hui-chou, whence the Fychow teas take their name, and where Robert Fortune procured for Assam the tea-plants in the celebrated journey which has had such mixed results. It all but ruined the China tea-trade, but it supplied the local color for "By Proxy." The clan or family of Huang ("Yellow")—a common enough surname elsewhere—owns a great part of Wu-ch'êng. This family was represented for four generations in the Han-lin, the Academy of China, and forms part, therefore, of the strange literary aristocracy of that cultured empire. This wandering heir would rank (in that benighted land) with the cadets of Courtenay or the descendants of the Plantagenets.

Many other proofs of the devastation caused by the Taiping rebellion are to be found in the advertisement-sheets of today. Here is one which, at the same time, is an unconscious satire on the difficulties of communication; for Wuhsi, where the advertiser lives, is in the next province to Anch'ing:—

Chang Mei-erh, formerly in the registry office of the District Magistrate of Wuhsi, was carried off by the rebels in 1863. His wife, *née* Shao, has rebuilt their house on the old site, and employs a man to conduct the business for her. She is informed that her husband is living at Anch'ing, outside the West Gate. Should any gentleman do her the favor

to conduct him back to his home, she will be greatly indebted to him.

But the persons advertised for are not all victims of these old-time troubles. The kidnapper has something to answer for, or ill-advised curiosity.

Notice.

My second son, Hnai-po, a boy of tender years and no great parts, was educated at home in the country and had no knowledge of the world. Even when we came to Shanghai last year he stayed in-doors learning his lessons, and never left the house till one day, the 26th July last, when he went out to get cool and never returned. We searched everywhere for him, but found no trace. I ought to say that the boy was altogether unacquainted with the customs of Shanghai and the character of the people, and I fear that he has been decoyed away by scoundrels for some bad purpose. The gold charms he was wearing and the silver he had about him will not, I am afraid, be sufficient for his necessities: on the contrary, he will be borrowing money or doing something of the kind. In that case I will not hold myself liable. Should any of my relatives or friends see him, I earnestly hope they will direct him to return at once, and so earn my gratitude.

[Here follow the prudent advertiser's name and address.]

In the following advertisement, headed (despite its object) "Search for a Man," the "man" is not inverted, probably because he is only an insignificant slave-girl:—

Lost to-day, a slave-girl named Feng-p'ing ("Phoenix Screen"), aged just 14, a Cantonese, dark-complexioned, with slightly protrusive front teeth, dressed in a tunic of blue cotton, with a green wadded cotton jacket, black cotton drawers, white stockings, and cloth shoes, but with no other garments. She went out this morning at eight o'clock to buy things and has not been seen to return. Should any one detain her and bring her back, I will recompense him with ten large pieces of gift silver.

"Gift silver" is literally "flowery red silver," for dollars given as presents should bear some device cut in red paper, usually the character for "joy redoubled."

If I purposed to provide in the course of this one article an adequate description of the whole contents of an average advertisement-sheet of the *Saen Pao*, I should have been obliged to allow less space than I have done to the "hue and cry." Taking a number of the paper at random, I find that it contains 116 advertisements, which may be classified thus:—

Native theatres, 3: sales by auction, 9: lotteries, 15: medicines and medicos, 32: new books and new editions, 15: "hue and cry," 4: houses to let, 3: steamers to leave, 4: general trade announcements, 17: miscellaneous, 11.

Nearly half the general trade announcements and about a third of the "miscellaneous" are foreign, as are all the sales by auction and a fair proportion of the medicines. The rest may be taken as purely native.

The remarkable preponderance of gambling and medical advertisements will be noticed at once: indeed, I cannot help thinking that (except in the matter of theatres) the proportions which the various entries in this list bear to one another correspond pretty closely to the ingredients of a Chinaman's character. The one thing which he will import, whether into his country or himself, in practically unlimited quantities, is physic. China is the happy hunting-ground of the patent-medicine man. This is no new discovery, for more than one foreign drug company has flourished, and is flourishing, through the fact. With a spirit of reciprocity which she does not exhibit on all occasions, China returns the kindness of Messrs. Eno, Fellows, Beecham, etc., by exporting her medical men (save the mark!)—chiefly, I am happy to say, to the Pacific Slope. There in particular the next ruling passion of the Chinaman is given full play, if it be true that clauses are still inserted into labor contracts permitting the laborer to spend his evenings at "the card house." Every Chinaman is at heart a gambler, and though his native lotteries (one of them somewhat strangely known as "the White Pigeon") are spasmodically interdicted by his authorities, nothing prevents him from having a monthly fling at the Manila Lottery, that chief support of Philippine finance. But with all his fondness for plunging and quackery he is—the better sort of him—a reading animal, and 13 per cent. of advertisements devoted to literature is no bad measure of the interest he takes in books.

The three theatres whose advertisements appear day after day in the Shanghai native press are all situated within the limits of the Foreign Settlements, and are an ingenious combination of indigenous and imported ideas. Until their intro-

duction by Europeans some thirty years ago, the natives of Central China were accustomed to associate theatrical entertainments with some "joyous affair," such as marriage, the birth of a son, promotion in the Civil Service, or a successful speculation. A wealthy individual or guild provided the spectacle and, reserving the best places for the invited guests, admitted the company without charge to the rest of the space. Usually the entertainment was held in the courtyard of a temple or guildhall, on a permanent stage advanced from the centre of one side, and ten feet or so above the entrance to the enclosure. Opposite stood the shrines of the *p'u-sa*, or presiding deities, on either hand were galleries for the guests and their families, while the area was free to all. If no temple or guildhall was available, a rough platform roofed with matting was hastily erected on some vacant land, and the performance little less enjoyed. The actors were provided, on application, by a theatrical company, and varied in number from twenty or thirty to two or three hundred. The cost to the donor would in like manner range from 18 to 100 dollars a day—or from 3*l.* to 16*l.*

Such to this day remain the theatrical entertainments of China, except at a few places like Shanghai, where the influence of foreigners has been able to overcome a natural antipathy on the part of the Chinese public to pay for a spectacle. At Shanghai the scale of charges is as follows: Boxes, 6 dollars; stalls, per head, 40 cents (16*d.*); pit, 20 cents; front gallery, 10 cents; back gallery, 5 cents. These translations are, it is perhaps as well to add, only approximate. The general

plan of the theatres there resembles to a great extent the courtyard of a guildhall as already described; only in this case the whole is roofed in and lighted with the "self-lit flame" (gas or electricity), and no space is wasted on unappreciative *p'u-sa*. The stalls, more literally "the middle seats," consist of benches with attendant tables, on which cakes, samshoo, and melon-seeds are served to all who call for them. A more elaborate feast can be had in the private boxes, a ruder repast in the pit. In fact, it might be better to describe these places as music-halls rather than theatres, seeing there is no stint of drinking but of music or acting little or none. That, at least, is the impression a prejudiced Westerner brings away: to the native playgoer they are the supreme delight of the Paris of China, Shanghai.

Two performances are given daily, a *matinée* from one to four, and an evening performance from six till midnight. From first to last some twenty plays may be acted, no unnecessary time being lost by intervals between each. As at this rate even the considerable *répertoire* of Chinese playwrights would not long suffice, it frequently happens not only that the same house repeats its plays on successive nights, but that the same piece or pieces are announced for the same evening by more than one theatre. And this brings me back to the *Shên Pao* and its advertisements, which I have somewhat neglected. The names of the three theatres ("tea gardens" they prefer to call themselves) are the Old Red Cassia Tree, the Chant to the Rainbow, and the Celestial Fairies'. Here is one day's programme of the last of these:—

THE FAIRIES' TEA GARDEN.

The 9th of the 10th moon: Daylight performance.

An Empress' End.
The Dragon's Cloak.

The Assault on Hui-chou City.
The Jasper Terrace.

The Pass of Hao-t'ien.

The Women's Shop.

Snow in July.

The Roll of Pure Officials.
Battle in the Five Quarters.

The 9th of the 10th moon: Evening performance.

The Pacifying of the Northern Seas.
Story of a Changed Sword.

Two Faithful unto Death.
Abuse of Ts'ao-Ts'ao.

A new play dealing with Civil and Military Officials.

TEN TIMES A WARRIOR.

The Lamp of the Precious Lotus.
White Sparrow Temple.

The Mount of Fragrance.
Visiting the Ten Fanes.

The subjects of these are drawn, some from mythology, more from history, a few from everyday life. The "Dragon's Cloak," for instance, describes the investiture by his army of Chu Yuan-chang, the celebrated founder of the Ming Dynasty, in 1368; the "Jasper Terrace," the journeyings of the ancient emperor Mu (B.C. 985), and his visit to the Kunlun Mountains and the fairy Queen-mother of the West. The "Story of the Changed Sword" and the "Abuse of Ts'ao-Ts'ao" are both taken from the "Record of the Three Kingdoms" (A.D. 220-265), a well-known work, which, though it exonerates the Chinese from a certain apparent want of idealism, hardly deserves to be called, as some would call it, the prose Iliad of China. "Visiting the Ten Fanes" depicts the passage through the Ten Hells of Kuan-yin, Goddess of Mercy, and Buddhist counterpart of the Regina Cæli.

The auctioneers' notices, which come next in the advertisement-sheet, refer for the most part to the so-called auction sales of cargoes imported from Europe and disposed of piecemeal in Shanghai. Some few have relation to that more familiar domestic form which makes the auction a charm to young and a pain to old householders at home. In China we waste but little sympathy over a sale of our own or our neighbor's effects. Population is so fleeting that one has little time to become attached to a clock-case or an armchair. Both are parted with with no more regret—even to a Chinaman—than the inevitable depreciation in value must occasion. The only interest which the advertisements of these auction sales possess lies perhaps in the quaint mixture of Chinese and Chino-English which they exhibit. To take one at random and submit it to the somewhat unfair process of literal translation:—

Li pai 3 slap sale.

A statement determined on li pai 3 ten stroke clock this hong slap sell wei ssā kia large small bottle p'i liquor large small bottle pa te liquor every color chin liquor pa te hun she li po lan tien large small bottle hsiang ping lu mu such goods this divulged.

Lung mao hong statement.

I should observe, as some explanation of this, I fear, unintelligible jumble, that the Chinese possess a sufficient system of punctuation, but seldom condescend to use it; that *li pai* ("rites and rever-

ence"), a coined term to represent our "public worship," has come to mean "a week," and that no Chinese tradesman or, as a rule, foreign merchant in China, designates his "hong" or firm by his own or his partner's surname, but gives it some fanciful title, such as The Sign of the Lung-mao—"Opulence and Luxuriance." Nevertheless, it may be as well to adjoin the equivalent advertisement from the contemporary English paper:

Auction.—The undersigned will sell by auction on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, at their salesroom, an assortment of whisky, beer, and porter in pint and quart bottles, gin of various brands, port wine, sherry, brandy, champagne (pints and half pints), rum, etc., etc.—MacKenzie & Co., auctioneers.

It would be unfair to deal in a few lines, or even paragraphs, with the lottery and medical advertisements, to say nothing of the various miscellaneous announcements. One class of the latter, that relating to fortune-telling, would deserve a chapter to itself. I will content myself, and end this over long but incomplete paper, by reproducing here two medical advertisements of considerable standing. The general style of the puff medical is well illustrated by the former of these, which recounts the discovery and properties of the "Fairy Receipt for Lengthening Life." The whole production is worthy of the genius who evolved Mother Seigel and her syrup:—

This receipt has come down to us from a physician of the Ming Dynasty. A certain official was journeying in the hill country when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountains as if flying. In her hand she held a stick, and she was pursuing an old fellow of a hundred years. The mandarin asked the woman, saying, "Why do you beat that old man?" "He is my grandson," she answered; "for I am 500 years old, and he 111; he will not purify himself or take his medicine, and so I am beating him." The mandarin alighted from his horse, and knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying, "Give me, I pray you, this drug, that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation of mankind." Hence it got its name.

It will cure all affections of the five intestines and derangement of the seven emotions, constitutional debility, feebleness of limb, dimness of vision, rheumatic pains in the loins and knees, and cramp in the feet. A dose is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Take it for five days, and the body will feel light; take it for ten days, and your spirits will become brisk; for twenty days, and the voice will be strong and clear, and the hands and feet supple; for one year, and white hairs become black again, and you

move as though flying. Take it constantly, and all troubles will vanish, and you will pass a long life without growing old. Price per bottle, 3s. 3d.

Besides the numerous advertisements of cosmetics are some which deal with that other feminine vanity of China, the tiny feet. These "golden lilies," that will go into a shoe which a conscientious nurse at home would reject for a year-old baby, are not acquired without a certain inconvenience, not—as, however, the fair owner would most desire—to put too fine a point on it. Hence the justification of advertisements such as this:—

Medicine for Swathed Feet. Beware of Imitations.

Our Lily-print Powder has been sold for many years, and may be described as miraculous in its effects. By its use the foot can be bound tight without any painful swelling, and

yet be easily brought to a narrow point. Price per bottle, twopence. Also our Paragon Powder, the sole cure for fetid sores caused by binding. Threepence a bottle. Sold only at Prince's Drug Store, at the sign of Great Good Luck in Pao-shan ("Precious and Moral") Street, at Shanghai. All others are imitations.

The Chinese advertiser does not lack imagination: in picturesqueness he can give points to his Western rival. What he needs is a Herkomer or a Millais. So far he has been hampered in his flights by the limitation of the wood block: when he begins to import canvases and R.A.'s, then, ah, then! Pears, and Eno, and Beecham, and the Monkey Brand that won't wash clothes will have to lay in a new stock of poets and men of letters if they would vie successfully with the Chinese uses of advertisement.—*Cornhill Magazine.*



THE STORY OF A VIOLIN.

BY ERNEST DOWSON.

I.

At my dining place in old Soho,—I call it mine because there was a time when I became somewhat inveterate there, keeping my napkin (changed once a week) in a ring recognizable by myself and the waiter, my bottle of Beaume (replenished more frequently), and my accustomed seat—at this restaurant of mine, with its confusion of tongues, its various, foreign clients, amid all the coming and going, the nightly change of faces, there were some which remained the same; persons with whom, though one might never have spoken, one had nevertheless from the mere continuity of juxtaposition a certain sense of intimacy.

There was one old gentleman in particular, as inveterate as myself, who especially aroused my interest. A courteous, punctual, mild old man he was, with an air which deprecated notice; who conversed each evening for a minute or two with the proprietor as he rolled, always at the same hour, a valedictory cigarette, in a language that arrested my ear by its strangeness, and which proved to be his own, Hungarian; who addressed a brief remark to me at times, half apologetically,

in the precisest of English. We sat next each other at the same table, came and went at much the same hour; and for a long while our intercourse was restricted to formal courtesies, mutual inquiries after each other's health, a few urbane strictures on the climate. The little old gentleman, in spite of his aspect of shabby gentility, perhaps even because of this suggestion of fallen fortunes, bore himself with pathetic erectness, almost haughtily. He did not seem amenable to advances. It was a long time before I knew him well enough to rightly value this appearance, the timid defences, behind which a very shy and delicate nature took refuge from the world's coarse curiosity. I can smile now, with a certain sadness, when I remind myself that at one time I was somewhat in awe of M. Maurice Cristich and his little air of proud humility. Now that his place in that dim, foreign eating-house knows him no more, and his yellow napkin-ring, with its distinguishing number, has been passed on to some other customer, I have it in my mind to set down my impressions of him, the short history of our acquaintance. It began with an exchange of cards, a form to which he evidently attached a ceremonial

value, for after that piece of ritual his manner underwent a sensible softening and he showed by many subtle, indefinable shades in his courteous address that he did me the honor of including me in his friendship. I have his card before me now ; a large, oblong piece of pasteboard, with *M. Maurice Cristich, Theatre Royal*, inscribed upon it amid many florid flourishes. It enabled me to form my first definite notion of his calling, upon which I had previously wasted much conjecture ; though I had all along, and rightly as it appeared, associated him in some manner with music.

In time he was good enough to inform me further. He was a musician, a violinist ; and formerly, and in his own country, he had been a composer. But whether for some lack in him of original talent, or of patience, whether for some grossness in the public taste, on which the nervous delicacy and refinement of his execution was lost, he had not continued. He had been driven by poverty to London, had given lessons, and then for many years had played a second violin in the orchestra of the opera.

"It is not much, monsieur !" he observed deprecatingly, smoothing his hat with the cuff of his frayed coat-sleeve. "But it is sufficient, and I prefer it to teaching. In effect, they are very charming, the seraphic young girls of your country ! But they seem to care little for music ; and I am a difficult master, and have not enough patience. Once, you see, a long time ago, I had a perfect pupil, and perhaps that spoiled me. Yes ! I prefer the theatre, though it is less profitable. It is not as it once was," he added, with a half sigh ; "I am no longer ambitious. Yes, monsieur, when I was young I was ambitious. I wrote a symphony and several concertos. I even brought out at Vienna an opera which I thought would make me famous ; but the good folk of Vienna did not appreciate me, and they would have none of my music. They said it was antiquated, my opera, and absurd ; and yet it seemed to me good. I think that Gluck, that great genius, would have liked it ; and that is what I should have wished. Ah ! how long ago it seems, that time when I was ambitious ! But you must excuse me, monsieur, your good company makes me garrulous." I must be at the theatre. If

I am not in my place at the half-hour they fine me,—two shillings and sixpence ! that is a good deal, you know, monsieur."

In spite of his defeats, his long and ineffectual struggle with adversity, M. Cristich, I discovered, as our acquaintance ripened, had none of the spleen and little of the vanity of the unsuccessful artist. He seemed in his forlorn old age to have accepted his discomfiture with touching resignation, having acquired neither cynicism nor indifference. He was simply an innocent old man, in love with his violin and with his art, who had acquiesced in disappointment ; and it was impossible to decide whether he even believed in his talent, or had not silently accredited the verdict of musical Vienna, which had condemned his opera in those days when he was ambitious. The precariousness of the London opera was the one fact which I ever knew to excite him to expressions of personal resentment. When its doors were closed, his hard poverty (it was the only occasion when he protested against it) drove him, with his dear instrument and his accomplished fingers, into the orchestras of lighter houses, where he was compelled to play music which he despised. He grew silent and rueful during these periods of irksome servitude, rolled innumerable cigarettes, which he smoked with fierceness and great rapidity. When dinner was done he was often volubly indignant, in Hungarian, to the proprietor. But with the beginning of the season his mood lightened. He bore himself more sprucely, and would leave me, to assist at a representation of *Don Giovanni* or *Tannhäuser*, with a face which was almost radiant. I had known him a year before it struck me that I should like to see him in his professional capacity. I told him of my desire a little diffidently, not knowing how my purpose might strike him. He responded graciously, but with an air of intrigue, laying a gentle hand upon my coat sleeve and bidding me wait. A day or two later, as we sat over our coffee, M. Cristich with a hesitating urbanity offered me an order.

"If you would do me the honor to accept it, monsieur ? It is a stall, and a good one ! I have never asked for one before, all these years ; so they gave it to me easily. You see, I have few friends. It is for to-morrow, as you observe. I demanded it especially ; it is an ~~amusement~~

of great interest to me,—ah! an occasion! You will come?”

“You are too good, M. Cristich!” I said with genuine gratitude, for indeed the gift came in season, the opera being at that time a luxury I could seldom command. “Need I say that I shall be delighted? And to hear Madame Romanoff, a chance one has so seldom!”

The old gentleman’s mild, dull eyes glistened. “Madame Romanoff!” he repeated. “The marvellous Leonora! Yes, yes! She has sung only once before, in London. Ah, when I remember—” He broke off suddenly. As he rose, and prepared for departure, he held my hand a little longer than usual, giving it a more intimate pressure.

“My dear young friend, will you think me a presumptuous old man, if I ask you to come and see me to-morrow in my apartment, when it is over? I will give you a whisky, and we will smoke pipes, and you shall tell me your impressions. And then I will tell you why to-morrow I shall be so proud, why I show this emotion.”

II.

THE opera was *Fidelio*—that stately, splendid work, whose melody, if one may make a pictorial comparison, has something of that rich and sun-warm color which, certainly, on the canvases of Rubens, affects one as an almost musical quality. It offered brilliant opportunities, and the incomparable singer had wasted none of them. So that when, at last, I pushed my way out of the crowded house and joined M. Cristich at the stage door, where he waited with eyes full of expectancy, the music still lingered about me like the faint, past fragrance of incense, and I had no need to speak my thanks. He rested a light hand on my arm, and we walked toward his lodging silently, the musician carrying his instrument in its sombre case, and shivering from time to time, a tribute to the keen, spring night. He stooped as he walked, his eyes trailing the ground; and a certain listlessness in his manner struck me a little strangely, as though he came fresh from some solemn or hieratic experience, of which the emotion had already begun to set in tediously, leaving him at the last unstrung and jaded, a little weary of himself and the too strenuous occasion. It was

not until we had crossed the threshold of a dingy, high house in a by-way of Bloomsbury, and he had ushered me, with apologies, into his shabby room near the sky, that the sense of his hospitable duties seemed to renovate him.

He produced tumblers from an obscure recess behind his bed; set a kettle on the fire, which scarcely smouldered with flickers of depressing, sulphurous flame, talking of indifferent subjects as he watched for it to boil. Only when we had settled ourselves in uneasy chairs opposite each other, and he had composed me what he termed “a grog”—himself preferring the more innocent mixture known as *eau sucrée*—did he allude to *Fidelio*. I praised heartily the discipline of the orchestra, the *prima donna*, whom report made his country-woman, with her strong, sweet voice and her extraordinary beauty, the magnificence of the music, the fine impression of the whole.

M. Cristich, his glass in hand, nodded approval. He looked intently into the fire, which cast mocking shadows over his quaint, incongruous figure, his antiquated dress coat, his frost-bitten countenance, his cropped gray hair. “Yes,” he said, “yes! So it pleased you, and you thought her beautiful? I am glad.”

He turned round to me abruptly, and laid a thin hand impressively on my knee.

“You know I invented her, the Romanoff, discovered her, taught her all she learned. Yes, monsieur, I was proud to-night, very proud, to be there, playing for her, though she did not know. Ah! the beautiful creature! . . . and how badly I played! execrably! You could not notice that, monsieur, but they did, my *confrères*, and could not understand. How should they? How should they dream that I, Maurice Cristich, second violin in the orchestra of the opera, had to do with the Leonora; even I? Her voice thrilled them; ah, but it was I who taught her her notes! They praised her diamonds; yes, but once I gave her that she wanted more than diamonds, bread, and lodging, and love. Beautiful they called her; she was beautiful too when I carried her in my arms through Vienna. I am an old man now, and good for very little; and there have been days, God forgive me, when I have been angry with her; but it was not to-night. To see her there, so beautiful and so great, and to

feel that after all I had a hand in it—that I invented her. Yes, yes! I had my victory to-night, too, though it was so private; a secret between you and me, monsieur! Is it not?"

I assured him of my discretion, but he hardly seemed to hear. His sad eyes had wandered away to the live coals, and he considered them pensively as though he found them full of charming memories. I sat back respecting his remoteness; but my silence was charged with surprised conjecture, and indeed the quaint figure of the old musician, every line of his garments redolent of ill success, had become to me of a sudden strangely romantic. Destiny, so amorous of surprises, of pathetic or cynical contrasts, had in this instance excelled herself. My obscure acquaintance Maurice Cristich! The renowned Romanoff! Her name and acknowledged genius had been often in men's mouths of late, a certain luminous, scarcely sacred glamour attaching to it, in a hundred idle stories, due perhaps as much to the wonder of her sorrowful beauty, as to any justification in knowledge of her boundless extravagance, her magnificent fantasies, her various perversity, rumor pointing specially at those priceless diamonds, the favors (not altogether gratuitous it was said) of exalted personages. And with all deductions made, for malice, for the ingenuity of the curious, the impression of her perversity was left; she remained enigmatical and notorious, a somewhat scandalous heroine! And Cristich had known her; he had as he declared—and his accent was not that of braggadocio—invented her. The conjuncture puzzled and fascinated me. It did not make Cristich less interesting, nor the *prima donna* more perspicuous.

By and by the violinist looked up at me; he smiled with a little dazed air, as though his thoughts had been a far journey.

"Pardon me, monsieur! I beg you to fill your glass. I seem a poor host; but to tell you the truth I was dreaming; I was quite away, quite away."

He threw out his hands, with a vague, expansive gesture.

"Dear child!" he said to the flames, in French; "good little one! I do not forget thee." And he began to tell me.

"It was when I was at Vienna, ah! a long while ago. I was not rich, but

neither was I very poor; I still had my little patrimony, and I lived in the ——— Strasse, very economically; it is a quarter which many artists frequent. I husbanded my resources, that I might be able to work away at my art without the tedium of making it a means of livelihood. I refused many offers to play in public, that I might have more leisure. I should not do that now; but then I was very confident; I had great faith in me. And I worked very hard at my symphony, and I was full of desire to write an opera. It was a tall, dark house where I lived; there were many other lodgers; but I knew scarcely any of them. I went about with my head full of music, and I had my violin; I had no time to seek acquaintance. Only my neighbor at the other side of my passage I knew slightly, and bowed to him when we met on the stairs. He was a dark, lean man, of a very distinguished air; he must have lived very hard, he had death in his face. He was not an artist, like the rest of us: I suspect he was a great profligate and a gambler; but he had the manners of a gentleman. And when I came to talk to him he displayed the greatest knowledge of music that I have ever known. And it was the same with all; he talked divinely of everything in the world, but very wildly and bitterly. He seemed to have been everywhere, and done everything, and at last to be tired of it all, and of himself the most. From the people of the house I heard that he was a Pole, noble, and very poor; and, what surprised me, that he had a daughter with him, a little girl. I used to pity this child, who must have lived quite alone. For the Count was always out, and the child never appeared with him; and for the rest, with his black spleen and tempers, he must have been but sorry company for a little girl. I wished much to see her; for you see, monsieur, I am fond of children, almost as much as of music; and one day it came about. I was at home with my violin; I had been playing all the evening some songs I had made, and once or twice I had seemed to be interrupted by little tedious sounds. At last I stopped and opened the door, and there, crouching down, I found the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen in my life. It was the child of my neighbor. Yes, monsieur! you divine, you divine! That was the Leonora!"

"And she is not your compatriot?" I asked.

"A Hungarian? ah, no! Yet every piece of her pure Slav! But I weary you, monsieur; I make a long story."

I protested my interest, and after a little side glance of dubious scrutiny, he continued in a constrained monotone, as one who told over to himself some rosary of sad enchanting memories.

"Ah, yes! she was beautiful; that mysterious, sad Slavonic beauty! a thing quite special and apart. And, as a child, it was more tragical and strange; that dusky hair, those profound and luminous eyes, seeming to mourn over tragedies they had never known. A strange, wild, silent child! She might have been eight or nine then; but her little soul was hungry for music. It was a veritable passion: and when she became, at last, my good friend, she told me how often she had lain for long hours outside my door, listening to my violin. I gave her a kind of scolding, such as one could to so beautiful a little creature, for the passage was draughty and cold, and sent her away with some *bon-bons*. She shook back her long dark hair: 'You are not angry and I am not naughty,' she said; 'and I shall come back. I thank you for your *bon-bons*; but I like your music better than *bon-bons*, or fairy tales, or anything in the world.'

"But she never came back to the passage again, monsieur! The next time I came across the Count, I sent her an invitation, a little diffidently, for he had never spoken to me of her, and he was a strange and difficult man. Now he simply shrugged his shoulders, with a smile in which, for once, there seemed more entertainment than malice. The child could visit me when she chose; if it amused either of us, so much the better. And we were content, and she came to me often; after a while, indeed, she was with me almost always. Child as she was, she had already the promise of her magnificent voice; and I taught her to use it, to sing, and to play on the piano, and on the violin, to which she took the most readily. She was like a singing bird in the room, such pure, clear notes! And she grew very fond of me; she would fall asleep at last in my arms, and so stay until the Count would take her with him when he entered long after midnight. He came to

me naturally for her soon; and they never seemed long, those hours that I watched over her sleep. I never knew him harsh or unkind to the child; he seemed simply indifferent to her, as to everything else. He had exhausted life, and he hated it; and he knew that death was on him, and he hated that even more. And yet he was careful of her, after a fashion; buying her *bon-bons*, and little costumes, when he was in the vein; pitching his voice softly when he would stay and talk to me, as though he relished her sleep. One night he did not come to fetch her at all. I had wrapped a blanket round the child where she lay on my bed, and had sat down to watch by her; and presently I too fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but when I woke there was a gray light in the room. I was very cold and stiff, but I could hear, close by, the soft regular breathing of the child. There was a great uneasiness on me; and after a while I stole out across the passage and knocked at the Count's door. There was no answer, but it gave when I tried it, and so I went in. The lamp had smouldered out; there was a sick odor of *pétrol* everywhere, and the shutters were closed: but through the chinks the pitiless gray dawn streamed in, and showed me the Count sitting very still by the table. His face wore a most curious smile, and had not his great cavernous eyes been open, I should have believed him asleep: suddenly it came to me that he was dead. He was not a good man, monsieur, nor an amiable; but a true *virtuoso* and full of information, and I grieved. I have had masses said for the repose of his soul."

He paid a tribute of silence to the dead man's memory, and then he went on—"It seemed quite natural that I should take his child. There was no one to care, no one to object; it happened quite easily. We went, the little one and I, to another part of the city. We made quite a new life. Oh! my God! it is a very long time ago."

Quite suddenly his voice went tremulous; but after a pause, hardly perceptible, he recovered himself, and continued with an accent of apology: "I am a foolish old man, and very garrulous. It is not good to think of that nor to talk of it; I do not know why I do. But what would you have? She loved me then; and she had the voice and the disposition

of an angel. I have never been very happy ; I think sometimes, monsieur, that we others, who care much for art, are not permitted that. But certainly those few rapid days when she was a child were good ; and yet they were the days of my defeat. I found myself out then. I was never to be a great artist, a *maestro* ; a second-rate man, a good music-teacher for young ladies, a capable performer in an orchestra, what you will, but a great artist, never ! Yet in those days, even when my opera failed, I had consolation. I could say, I have a child ! I would have kept her with me always, but it could not be ; from the very first she would be a singer. I knew always that a day would come when she would not need me. She was meant to be the world's delight, and I had no right to keep her, even if I could. I held my beautiful strange bird in her cage, until she beat her wings against the bars ; then I opened the door. At the last, I think, that is all we can do for our children, our best beloved, our very heart-strings ; stand free of them ; let them go. The world is very weary, but we must all find that out for ourselves. Perhaps when they are tired they will come home ; perhaps not, perhaps not. It was to the Conservatoire at Milan that I sent her finally, and it was at La Scala that she afterward appeared. And at La Scala too, poor child, she met her evil genius, the man named Romanoff, a baritone in her company, own son of the devil, whom she married. Ah, if I could have prevented it, if I could have prevented it !"

He lapsed into a long silence ; a great weariness seemed to have come over him ; and in the gray light which filtered in through the dingy window blinds his face was pinched and wasted, unutterably old and forlorn.

"But I did not prevent it," he said at last, "for all my good will ; perhaps merely hastened it by unseasonable interference. And so we went in different ways with anger, I fear, and at least with sore hearts and misunderstanding."

He spoke with an accent of finality, and so sadly that in a sudden rush of pity I was moved to protest.

"But surely you meet sometimes ; surely this woman, who was as your own child—"

He stopped me with a solemn appealing gesture.

"You are young, and you do not altogether understand. You must not judge her ; you must not believe that she forgets, that she does not care. Only it is better like this, because it could never be as before. I could not help her. I want nothing that she can give me, no, not anything ; I have my memories. I hear of her from time to time ; I hear what the world says of her, the imbecile world, and I smile. Do I not know best ?—I, who carried her in my arms when she was that high !"

III.

I saw him once more at the little restaurant in Soho, before a sudden change of fortune, calling me abroad for an absence, as it happened, of years, closed the habit of our society. He gave me the God-speed of a brother artist, though mine was not the way of music, with many prophecies of my success ; and the pressure of his hand as he took leave of me was tremulous.

"I am an old man, monsieur, and we may not meet again in this world. I wish you all the chances you deserve in Paris ; but I—I shall greatly miss you. If you come back in time you will find me in the old places ; and if not—there are things of mine which I should wish you to have, that shall be sent you."

And indeed it proved to be our last meeting. I went to Paris ; a fitful correspondence intervened, grew infrequent ; ceased ; then a little later came to me the notification, very brief and official, of his death in the French Hospital of pneumonia. It was followed by a few remembrances of him, sent at his request, I learned, by the priest who had administered to him the last offices : some books that he had greatly cherished, works of Gluck, for the most part ; an antique ivory crucifix of very curious workmanship ; and his violin, a beautiful instrument dated 1670 and made at Nuremberg, yet with a tone which seemed to me at least as fine as that of the Cremonas. It had an intrinsic value to me apart from its associations, for I too was something of an amateur, and since this seasoned melodious wood had come into my possession, I was inspired to take my facility

more seriously. To play in public, indeed, I had neither leisure nor desire: but in certain *salons* of my acquaintance, where music was much in vogue, I made from time to time a desultory appearance. I set down these facts because, as it happened, this ineffectual talent of mine which poor Cristich's legacy had recalled to life was to procure me an interesting encounter. I had played at a house where I was a stranger, brought there by a friend, to whose insistence I had yielded somewhat reluctantly, although he had assured me—and, I believe, with reason—that it was a house where the indirect or Attic invitation greatly prevailed—in brief, a place where one met very queer people. The hostess was American, a charming woman of unimpeachable antecedents, but whose passion for society, which, while it must always be interesting, need not always be equally reputable, had exposed her evenings to the suspicion of her compatriots. And when I had discharged my part in the programme and had leisure to look around me, I saw at a glance that their suspicion was justified; very queer people indeed were there. The large, hot rooms were cosmopolitan—infidels and Jews, everybody and nobody; a scandalously promiscuous assemblage! And there with a half start, which was not at first recognition, my eyes stopped before a face which brought me a confused rush of memories. It was that of a woman, who sat on an ottoman in the smallest room which was almost empty. Her companion was a small vivacious man, with a gray imperial and the red ribbon in his buttonhole, to whose continuous stream of talk, eked out with meridional gestures, she had the air of being listlessly resigned. Her dress, a marvel of discretion, its color the yellow of old ivory, was of some very rich and stiff stuff cut high to her neck; that, and her great black hair, clustered to a crimson rose at the top of her head, made the pallor of her face a thing to marvel at. Her beauty was at once sombre and illuminating, and youthful too. It was the woman of thirty; but her complexion, and her arms, which were bare, were soft in texture as a young girl's.

I made my way, as well as I could for the crowd, to my hostess, listened, with what patience I might, to some polite praise of my playing, and made my request.

"Mrs. Destrier, I have an immense favor to ask; introduce me to Madame Romanoff!"

She gave me a quick, shrewd smile; then I remembered stories of her intimate quaintness.

"My dear young man, I have no objection. Only I warn you, she is not conversational; you will make no good of it, and you will be disappointed; perhaps that will be best. Please remember, I am responsible for nobody."

"Is she so dangerous?" I asked. "But never mind; I believe that I have something to say which may interest her."

"Oh, for that!" she smiled elliptically; "yes, she is most dangerous. But I will introduce you; you shall tell me how you succeed."

I bowed and smiled; she laid a light hand on my arm, and I piloted her to the desired corner. It seemed that the chance was with me. The little, fluent foreigner had just vacated his seat; and when the *prima donna* had acknowledged the hasty mention of my name, with a bare inclination of her head, I was emboldened to succeed to it. And then I was silent. In the perfection of that dolorous face I could not but be reminded of the tradition which has always ascribed something fatal and inevitable to the possession of great gifts, of genius, or uncommon fortune, or a singular personal beauty, and the commonplace of conversation failed me.

After a while she looked askance at me, with a sudden flash of resentment.

"You speak no French, monsieur! And yet you write it well enough; I have read your stories."

I acknowledged Madame's irony, permitting myself to hope that my efforts had met with Madame's approval.

"*A la bonne heure!* I perceive you also speak it. Is that why you wished to be presented, to hear my criticisms?"

"Let me answer that question when you have answered mine."

She glanced curiously over her feathered fan, then with the slightest upward inclination of her statuesque shoulders,—“I admire your books; but are you women quite just? I prefer your playing.”

"That is better, Madame! It was to talk of that I came."

"Your playing?"

"My violin."

"You want me to look at it? It is a Cremona?"

"It is not a Cremona; but if you like I will give it to you."

Her dark eyes shone out in amazed amusement.

"You are eccentric, monsieur! but your nation has a privilege of eccentricity. At least, you amuse me; and I have wearied myself enough this long evening. Show me your violin; I am something of a virtuosa."

I took the instrument from its case, handed it to her in silence, watching her gravely. She received it with the dexterous hands of a musician, looked at the splendid stains on the back, then bent over toward the light in a curious scrutiny of the little faded signature of its maker, the *fecit* of an obscure Bavarian of the seventeenth century. It was a long time before she raised her eyes.

When she spoke her rich voice had a note of imperious entreaty in it. "Your violin interests me, monsieur! Oh, I know that wood! It came to you—?"

"A legacy from an esteemed friend."

"His name?" she cried, with the flash which I waited for.

"Maurice Cristich, madame!"

We were deserted in our corner. The company had strayed in, one by one to the large *salon* with its great piano, where a young Russian musician, a pupil of Chopin, sat down to play with no conventional essay of preliminary chords an expected morsel. The strains of it waivered in just then through the heavy screening curtains; a mad waltz of his own, that no human feet could dance to; a pitiful, passionate thing that thrilled the nerves painfully, ringing the changes between voluptuous sorrow and the merriment of devils, and burdened always with the weariness of "all the Russias"—the proper *Weltschmerz* of a young, disconsolate people. It seemed to charge the air, like electricity, with passionate undertones; it gave intimate facilities, and a tense personal note to our interview.

"A legacy! so he is gone!" She swayed to me with a wail in her voice, in a sort of childish abandonment: "And you tell me! Ah!" She drew back, chilling suddenly with a touch of visible suspicion. "You hurt me, monsieur! Is it a stroke at random? You spoke of

a gift; you say you knew, esteemed him. You were with him! Perhaps a message—?"

"He died alone, madame! I have no message. If there were none, it might be, perhaps, that he believed you had not cared for it. If that were wrong, I could tell you that you were not forgotten. Oh! he loved you! I had his word for it, and the story. The violin is yours. Do not mistake me; it is not for your sake but his. He died alone; value it, as I should, madame!"

They were insolent words, perhaps cruel, provoked from me by the mixed nature of my attraction to her; the need of turning a reasonable and cool front to that pathetic beauty, that artful music, which whipped jaded nerves to mutiny. The arrow in them struck so true, that I was shocked at my work. It transfixed the child in her, latent in most women, which moaned at my feet; so that for sheer shame, as though it were actually a child I had hurt, I could have fallen and kissed her hands.

"Oh, you judge me hard; you believe the worst of me; and why not? I am against the world! At least he might have taught you to be generous, that kind old man! Have I forgotten, do you think? Am I so happy then? Oh, it is a just question! The world busies itself with me, and you are in the lap of its tongues. Has it ever accused me of that, of happiness? Cruel, cruel! I have paid my penalties, and a woman is not free to do as she will. But would not I have gone to him, for a word, a sign? Yes, for the sake of my childhood. And to-night when you showed me that," her white hand swept over the violin with something of a caress, "I thought it had come; yes, from the grave! and you make it more bitter by readings of your own. You strike me hard."

I bent forward in real humility; her voice had tears in it, though her splendid eyes were hard.

"Forgive me, madame! a vulgar stroke at random. I had no right to make it; he told me only good of you. Forgive me; and for proof of your pardon,—I am serious now—take his violin."

Her smile, as she refused me, was full of sad dignity.

"You have made it impossible, monsieur! It would remind me only now of

how ill you think of me. I beg you to keep it."

The music had died away suddenly, and its ceasing had been followed by a loud murmur of applause. The *prima donna* rose, and stood for a moment, observing me irresolutely.

"I leave you and your violin, monsieur! I have to sing presently, with such voice as our talk has left me. I bid you both adieu."

"Ah, madame!" I deprecated, "you will think again of this. I will send it you in the morning. I have no right—"

She shook her head; then with a sudden flash of amusement, or fantasy,—
"I agree, monsieur, on a condition. To prove your penitence you shall bring it me yourself."

I professed that her favor overpowered me. She named an hour when she would be at home; an address in the Avenue Des Champs Élysées, which I noted on my tablets.

"Not adieu, then, monsieur; but *au revoir!*"

I bowed perplexedly, holding the curtain aside to let her sweep through; and once more she turned back, gathering up her voluminous train, to repeat with a glance and accent, which I found mystifying: "Remember, monsieur, it is only *au revoir!*"

That last glimpse of her, with the strange mockery and an almost elfish malice in her fine eyes, went home with me later, to cause vague disquiet and fresh suspicion of her truth. The spell of her extraordinary personal charm removed, doubt would assert itself. Was she quite sincere? Was her fascination not a questionable one? Might not that almost childish outburst of a grief so touching and at the time convincing, be, after all, fictitious; the movement of a born actress and enchantress of men, quick to seize as by a nice professional instinct the oppor-

tunity of an effect? Had her whole attitude been a deliberate pose, a sort of trick? The sudden changes in her subtle voice, the undercurrent of mockery in an invitation which seemed inconsequent, put me on my guard, reinforced all my deep-seated prejudices against the candor of the feminine soul. It left me with a vision of her, fantastically vivid, recounting to an intimate circle, to an accompaniment of some discreet laughter and the popping of champagne corks, the success of her imposition, the sentimental concessions she had extorted from a notorious student of cynical moods.

"A dangerous woman!" cried Mrs. Destrier with the world, which might conceivably be right; at least, I was fain to add, a woman whose laughter would be merciless. Certainly I had no temper for adventures; and a visit to Madame Romanoff on so sentimental an errand seemed to me, the more I pondered it, to belong to this category, to be rich in distasteful possibilities. Must I write myself pusillanimous if I confess that I never made it; that I committed my old friend's violin into the hands of the woman who had been his pupil by the vulgar aid of a *commissionaire*?

Pusillanimous or simply prudent; or perhaps cruelly unjust to a person who had paid penalties and greatly needed kindness? It is a point I have never been able to decide, though I have tried to raise theories on the ground of her acquiescence. It seemed to me on the cards that my fiddle, bestowed so cavalierly, should be refused. And yet even the fact of her retaining it is open to two interpretations; and Cristich testified for her. Maurice Cristich! Madame Romanoff! the renowned Romanoff, Maurice Cristich! Have I been pusillanimous, prudent, or merely cruel? For the life of me I cannot say!—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.

BY J. A. FROUDE.

I.

THE fate of the great expedition sent by Philip the Second to restore the Papal authority in England has been related

often in prose and verse. It is the most dramatic incident in our national history, and the materials for a faithful account of it in the contemporary narratives are unusually excellent. The English nature on

that occasion was seen at its very best. The days had not yet come of inflated self praise, and the spirit which produces actions of real merit is usually simple in the description of such actions. Good wine needs no bush. The finest jewels need least a gaudy setting; and as the newspaper correspondent was not yet born, and the men who did the fighting wrote also the reports, the same fine and modest temper is equally seen in both.

Necessarily, however, Englishmen could only tell what they themselves had seen, and the other side of the story has been left untold. The Spanish historians have never attempted to minimize the magnitude of their disaster, but they have left the official records to sleep in the shades of their public offices, and what the Spanish commanders might have themselves to say of their defeat and its causes has been left hitherto unprinted. I discovered myself at Simancas the narrative of the Accountant-General of the Fleet, Don Pedro Cocco Calderon, and made use of it in my own history. But Don Pedro's account showed only how much more remained to be discovered, of which I myself could find no record either in print or MS.

The defect has now been supplied by the industry and patriotism of an officer in the present Spanish Navy, who has brought together a collection of letters and documents bearing on the subject which is signally curious and interesting. Captain Fernandez Duro deserves grateful thanks and recognition, as enabling us for the first time really to understand what took place. But more than that, he reproduces the spirit and genius of the time; he enables us to see, face to face, the De Valdez, the Recaldez, the Oquendos, the De Ley Vas, who had hitherto been only names to us. The "Iliad" would lose half its interest if we knew only Agamemnon and Achilles and knew nothing of Priam and Hector. The five days' battle in the English Channel in August 1588 was fought out between men on both sides of a signally gallant and noble nature; and when the asperities of theology shall have mellowed down at last, Spanish and English authorities together will furnish materials for a great epic poem.

Until that happy and still far-distant time shall arrive, we must appropriate and

take up into the story Captain Duro's contribution. With innocent necromancy he calls the dead out of their graves, and makes them play their drama over again. With his assistance we will turn to the city of Lisbon, on the 25th of April of the *Annus Mirabilis*. The preparations were then all but completed for the invasion of England and the overthrow of the Protestant heresy. From all parts of Catholic Europe the prayers of the faithful had ascended for more than a year in a stream of passionate entreaty that God would arise and make His power known. Masses had been said day after day on fifty thousand altars; and devout nuns had bruised their knees in midnight watches on the chapel pavements. The event so long hoped for was to come at last. On that day the consecrated standard was to be presented in state to the Commander-in-Chief of the Expedition. Catholics had collected from every corner of the world: Spanish and Italian, French and Irish, English and German owning a common nationality in the Church. The Portuguese alone of Catholic nations looked on in indifference. Portugal had been recently annexed by force to Spain. The wound was still bleeding, and even religion failed to unite the nobles and people in common cause with their conquerors. But Lisbon had ceased to be a Portuguese city. Philip dealt with it as he pleased, and the Church of Portugal, at least on this occasion, was at Philip's disposition.

There was something of real piety in what was going on; and there was much of the artificial emotion which bore the same relation to piety which the enthusiasm of the Knight of La Mancha bore to true chivalry. Philip himself in certain aspects of his character was not unlike Don Quixote. He believed that he was divinely commissioned to extirpate the dragons and monsters of heresy. As the adventure with the enchanted horse had been specially reserved for Don Quixote, so the "Enterprise of England," in the inflated language of the time, was said to have been reserved for Philip; and as analogies are apt to complete themselves, the fat, good-humored, and entirely incapable Medina Sidonia had a certain resemblance to Sancho. The Duke of Medina had no ambition for such adventures; he would have greatly preferred

staying at home, and only consented to take the command out of a certain dog-like obedience to his master. The representatives of the imaginary powers had been called in to bring him to accept the dangerous responsibility. A pious hermit told him that he had been instituted by the Almighty to promise him victory. The Prioress of the Annunciata Maria di la Visitacion, who had received the five wounds and was punished afterward as a detected impostor, had seen Santiago and two angels smiting Drake and his unbelieving comrades, and she assured the Duke of glory in both worlds if he went. The Duke's experience of English Admirals had been, so far, not glorious to him at all. He had been in command at Cadiz two years before when the English fleet sailed up the harbor, burned eighteen large ships, and went off unfought with, taking six more away with them. All Spain had cried shame and called the Duke a coward, but Philip had refused to be displeased, and had deliberately chosen him for an undertaking far more arduous than the defence of a provincial port. On this April 25 he was to receive his commission, with the standard under which he was to go into action, and the Catholic Church was to celebrate the occasion with its imposing splendors and imperious solemnities.

The Armada lay in the Tagus waiting the completion of the ceremony. It was the most powerful armament which had ever been collected in modern Europe, a hundred and thirty ships—great galleons from a thousand to thirteen hundred tons; galliasses rowed by three hundred slaves, carrying fifty guns; galleys almost as formidable, and other vessels, the best appointed which Spain and Italy could produce. They carried nine thousand seamen, seasoned mariners who had served in all parts of the world, and seventeen thousand soldiers, who were to join Parma and assist the conquest of England. Besides them were some hundreds of nobles and gentlemen who, with their servants and retainers, had volunteered for the new crusade, gallant high-spirited youths quite ready to fight with Satan himself in the cause of Spain and Holy Church. In them all was a fine profession of enthusiasm—qualified, indeed, among the seamen by a demand for wages in advance and a tendency to desert when they received

them. But a regiment of priests dispersed through the various squadrons kept alive in most the sense that they were going on the most glorious expedition ever undertaken by man.

The standard which was to be presented itself indicated the sacred character of the war. Into the Royal Arms of Spain there had been introduced as supporters on one side Christ on the Cross, on the other the Virgin mother, and on the scroll below was written: "Exsurge Deus et vindica causam tuam" "Arise, O Lord, and avenge thy cause." "Philip, by the grace of God King of Castille, of Leon, of Aragon, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Portugal, Navarre, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Sardinia, Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, Algaves, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, the Isles and Continents of the Ocean; Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and Milan, Count of Hapsburgh, Count of Flanders, Tirol, and Barcelona; Lord of Biscay and Molina," etc.; the monarch, in short, whose name was swathed in these innumerable titles, had determined to commit the sacred banner to his well-beloved Don Alonzo de Guzman, surnamed El Bueno, or the Good, and under its folds to sweep the ocean clear of the piratical squadrons of the English Queen. The scene was the great metropolitan church of Lisbon, the *Iglesia Major*. It was six o'clock in the morning; streets and squares were lined with troops who had been landed from the ships. The King was represented by his nephew, the Cardinal Archduke, who was Viceroy of Portugal. The Viceroy rode out of the Palace with the Duke on his right hand, followed by the gentlemen adventurers of the expedition in their splendid dresses. At the church they were received by the Archbishop. The standard was placed on the altar. Mass was sung. The Viceroy then led the Duke up the altar steps, lifted a fold of the standard and placed it in his hands, while, as the signal was passed outside, the ships in the river and the troops in the streets fired a salute—"una pequena salva," a small one, for powder was scarce and there was none to waste. The scene was not impressive; and the effect was frittered away in a complexity of details. The Archbishop took the Holy Sacrament and passed out

of the church, followed by a stream of monks and secular clergy. The Archduke and the newly-made Cardinal went after them, the standard being borne by the Duke's cousin, Don Luis of Cordova, who was to accompany him to England. In this order they crossed the great square to the Dominican Convent, where the scene in the Iglesia Major was repeated. The Dominicans received the procession at the door. The standard was again laid on the altar, this time by the Duke himself, as if to signify the consecration of his own person to the service of the beings whose forms were embroidered upon it. The religious part of the transaction finished, they returned to the Palace, and stood on the marble stairs while the troops fired a second volley. The men were then marched to their boats, with an eye on them to see that none deserted, and his Royal Highness and the Captain-General of the Ocean, as the Duke was now entitled, went in to breakfast.

The presentation had wanted dignity and perhaps seriousness. There was no spontaneous enthusiasm. The Portuguese aristocracy were pointedly absent, and the effect was rather of some artificial display got up by the clergy and the Government. And yet the expedition of which this scene was the preliminary had for sixty years been the dream of Catholic piety, and the discharge at last of a duty with which the Spanish nation appeared to be peculiarly charged. The Reformation in England had commenced with the divorce of a Spanish Princess. Half the English nation had been on Catherine's side and had invited Philip's father to send troops to help them to maintain her. As the quarrel deepened, and England became the stronghold of heresy, the English Catholics, the Popes, the clergy universally had entreated Charles, and Philip after him, to strike at the heart of the mischief and take a step which, if successful, would end the Protestant rebellion and give peace to Europe. The great Emperor and Philip too had listened reluctantly. Rulers responsible for the administration of kingdoms do not willingly encourage subjects in rebellion, even under the plea of religion. The divorce of Catherine had been an affront to Charles the Fifth and to Spain, yet it was not held to be a sufficient ground for war, and Philip had resisted for a quarter of a cen-

tury the supplications of the suffering saints to deliver them from the tyranny of Elizabeth. It was an age of revolt against established authority. New ideas, new obligations of duty were shaking mankind. Obedience to God was held as superior to obedience to man; while each man was forming for himself his own conception of what God required of him. The intellect of Europe was outgrowing its creed. Part of the world had discovered that doctrines and practices which had lasted for fifteen hundred years were false and idolatrous. The other and larger part called the dissentients rebels and children of the Devil, and set to work to burn and kill them. At such times kings and princes have enough to do to maintain order in their own dominions, and even when they are of opposite sides have a common interest in maintaining the principle of authority. Nor when the Pope himself spoke on the Catholic side were Catholic princes completely obedient. For the Pope's pretensions to deprive kings and dispose of kingdoms were only believed in by the clergy. No secular sovereign in Europe admitted a right which reduced him to the position of a Pope's vassal. Philip held that he sufficiently discharged his own duties in repressing heresy among his own subjects without interfering with his neighbors. Elizabeth was as little inclined to help Dutch and French and Scotch Calvinists. Yet the power of princes, even in the sixteenth century, was limited, and it rested after all on the good-will of their own people. Common sympathies bound Catholics to Catholics and Protestants to Protestants, and every country in Europe became a caldron of intrigue and conspiracy. Catholics disclaimed allegiance to Protestant sovereigns, Protestants in Catholic countries looked to their fellow-religionists elsewhere to save them from stake and sword, and thus between all parties, in one form or another, there were perpetual collisions, which the forbearance of statesmen alone prevented from breaking out into universal war.

Complete forbearance was not possible. Community of creed was a real bond which could not be ignored, nor in the general uncertainty could princes afford to reject absolutely and entirely the overtures made to them by each other's subjects. When they could not assist they

were obliged to humor and encourage. Charles the Fifth refused to go to war to enforce the sentence of Rome upon Henry the Eighth, but he allowed his ambassadors to thank and stimulate Catherine's English friends. Philip was honestly unwilling to draw the sword against his sister-in-law, Elizabeth; but he was the secular head of Catholic Christendom, bound to the maintenance of the faith. He had been titular King of England, and to him the English Catholics naturally looked as their protector. He had to permit his De Quadras and his Mendozas to intrigue with disaffection, to organize rebellion, and, if other means failed, to encourage the Queen's assassination. To kill dangerous or mischievous individuals was held permissible as an alternative for war, or as a means of ending disturbance. It was approved of even by Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. William the Silent was murdered in the Catholic interest. Henri Quatre was murdered in the Catholic interest, and any one who would do the same to the English Jezebel would be counted to have done good service. Elizabeth had to defend herself with such resources as she possessed. She could not afford to demand open satisfaction; but she could send secret help to the Prince of Orange; she could allow her privateers to seize Spanish treasures on the high seas or plunder Philip's West Indian cities. She could execute the traitorous priests who were found teaching rebellion in England. Philip in return could let the Inquisition burn English sailors as heretics when they could catch them. And thus the two nations had drifted on, still nominally at peace and each unwilling to declare open war; but peace each year was more difficult to preserve, and Philip was driven on by the necessities of things to some open and decided action. The fate of the Reformation in Europe turned on the event of a conflict between Spain and England. Were England conquered and recovered to the Papacy, it was believed universally that first the Low Countries and then Germany would be obliged to submit.

Several times a Catholic invasion of England had been distinctly contemplated. The Duke of Alva was to have tried it. Don John of Austria was to have tried it. The Duke of Guise was to have tried it. The nearest and latest occasion had been after the Conquest of Portugal and the

great defeat of the French at the Azores in 1583. The Spanish Navy was in splendid condition, excited by a brilliant victory, and led by an officer of real distinction, Alonzo de Bazan, Marques de Santa Cruz. A few English privateers had been in the defeated fleet at the battle of Terceira; and Santa Cruz, with the other naval commanders, was eager to follow up his success, and avenge the insults which had been offered for so many years to the Spanish flag by the English corsairs. France, like all Northern Europe, was torn into factions. The Valois princes were Liberal and anti-Spanish. The House of Guise was fanatically Catholic, and too powerful for the Crown to control. Santa Cruz was a diplomatist as well as a seaman. He had his correspondents in England. In Guise he had a friend and confederate. One of the many plots was formed for the murder of Elizabeth. Santa Cruz and the Spanish Navy were to hold the Channel. Guise was to cross under their protection and land an army in Sussex. The Catholics were to rise, set free Mary Stuart and make her Queen. Philip's permission was, however, a necessary condition. Santa Cruz was a rough old sailor, turned of seventy, who meant what he said and spoke his mind plainly. Like his countrymen generally, he was tired of seeing his master forever halting on his leaden foot (*pié de plomo*); and on August 9, 1583, while still at the Azores, he wrote to stimulate him to follow up his success by a still more splendid achievement. Philip was now master of the Portuguese Empire. He (Santa Cruz) was ready, if allowed, to add England to his dominions. The Low Countries would then surrender, and the Jezebel who had wrought so much evil in the world would meet her deserts.

Now was the time. The troops were ready, the fleet was ready. Philip talked of expense and difficulty. If difficulty was an objection, the bold admiral said that nothing grand could ever be achieved; and for money, great princes could find money if they wished. The King should have faith in God, whose work he would be doing; and if he was himself permitted to try, he promised that he would have as good success as in his other enterprises.*

* *La Armada Invencible.* Por el Capitan de

Charles the Fifth, among his other legacies to his son, had left him instructions to distrust France and to preserve the English alliance. The passionate Catholics assured him that the way to keep England was to restore the faith. But Elizabeth was still sovereign, and Catholic conspiracies so far had only brought their leaders to the scaffold. Mary Stuart was a true believer, but she was herself half a Frenchwoman, and Guise's father had defeated Philip's father at Metz, and Guise and Mary masters of France and England both was a perilous possibility. Philip did not assent; he did not refuse. He thanked Santa Cruz for his zeal, but said that he must still wait a little and watch. His waiting did not serve to clear his way. Elizabeth discovered what had been designed for her, and as a return Sir Francis Drake sacked St. Domingo and Carthage. More than that, she had sent open help to his insurgent provinces, and had taken charge, with the consent of the Hollanders, of Flushing and Brill. Santa Cruz could not but admire the daring of Drake and the genius of the English Queen. They were acting while his own master was asleep. He tried again to rouse him. The Queen, he said, had made herself a name in the world. She had enriched her own subjects out of Spanish spoil. In a single month they had taken a million and a half of ducats. Defensive war was always a failure. Once more the opportunity was his own. France was paralyzed, and Elizabeth, though strong abroad, was weak at home, through the disaffection of the Catholics. To delay longer would be to see England grow into a power which he would be unable to deal with. Spain would decline, and would lose in mere money more than four times the cost of war.*

This time, Philip listened more seriously. Before, he had been invited to act with the Duke of Guise, and Guise was to have the spoils. Now, at any rate, the operation was to be his own. He bade Santa Cruz send him a plan of operations and a calculation in detail of the ships and stores which would be required. He made him Lord High Admiral, commissioned him to collect squadrons at

Cadiz and Lisbon, take them to sea, and act against the English as he saw occasion. He would probably have been allowed his way to do what he pleased in the following year but for a new complication, which threw Philip again into perplexity. The object of any enterprise led by Santa Cruz would have been the execution of the Bull of Pope Pius, the dethronement of Elizabeth, and the transference of the crown to Mary Stuart, who, if placed on the throne by Spanish arms alone, might be relied on to be true to Spanish interests. Wearied out with Mary's perpetual plots, Elizabeth, when Santa Cruz's preparations were far advanced, sent her to the scaffold, and the blow of the axe which ended her disconcerted every arrangement which had been made. There was no longer a Catholic successor in England to whom the crown could go on Elizabeth's deposition, and it was useless to send an army to conquer the country till some purpose could be formed for disposing of it afterward. Philip had been called King of England once. He was of the blood of the House of Lancaster. He thought, naturally, that if he was to do the work, the prize ought to be his own. Unfortunately, the rest of the world claimed a voice in the matter. France would certainly be hostile. The English Catholics were divided. The Pope himself, when consulted, refused his assent. As Pope Sextus the Fifth, he was bound to desire the reduction of a rebellious island; as an Italian prince, he had no wish to see another wealthy kingdom added to the enormous empire of Spain. Mary Stuart's son was natural heir. He was a Protestant, but gratitude might convert him. At any rate, Philip should not take Elizabeth's place. Sextus was to have given a million crowns to the cost of the armament; he did not directly withdraw his promise, but he haggled with the Spanish Ambassador at the Holy See. He affected to doubt the possibility of Philip's success, and even his personal sincerity. He declined to advance a ducat till a Spanish army was actually on English soil. The Duke of Parma, who was to cross from Flanders and conduct the campaign in England itself, was diffident, if not unwilling; and Philip had to feel that even the successful occupation of London might prove the beginning of greater troubles. He

Navio Cesareo Fernández Duro, tomo i. p. 261.

* Santa Cruz to Philip the Second, January 13, 1586.

forward himself against his inclination. The chief movers in the enterprise, those who had fed the fire of religious animosity through Europe, and prevented a rational arrangement between the Spanish and English nations, were the Society of Jesus, those members of it especially who had been bred at Oxford in the Anglican Church, and hated it with the frenzy of renegades. From them came the endless conspiracies which Spain was forced to countenance, and the consequent severities of the English Government, which they shrieked in Philip's ears; and Philip, half a bigot and half a cautious statesman, wavered between two policies till fate decided for him. Both on Philip's part and on Elizabeth's part there was a desire for peace if peace could be had. Philip was weary of the long struggle in the Low Countries, which threatened to be endless if Elizabeth supported it. Elizabeth herself wished to be left in quiet, relieved of the necessity of supporting insurgent Protestants and hanging traitorous priests. An arrangement was possible, based on principles of general toleration.

The Pope was right in not wholly trusting Philip. The Spanish King was willing to agree that England should remain Protestant if England wished it, provided the Catholics were allowed the free exercise of their own religion, and provided Elizabeth would call in her privateers, surrender to him the towns which she held in Holland, and abandon her alliance with the Dutch States. Elizabeth was perfectly ready to tolerate Catholic worship if the Catholics would cease their plots against her and Spain would cease to encourage them. It was true that Flushing and Brill had been trusted to her charge by the States, and that if she withdrew her garrison she was bound in honor to replace them in the States' hands. But she regarded the revolt of the Low Countries as only justified by the atrocities of the Blood Council and the Inquisition. If she could secure for the Dutch Confederation the same toleration which she was willing herself to concede to the English Catholics, she might feel her honor to be acquitted sufficiently if she gave up to Philip towns which really were his own. Here only, so far as the two sovereigns were concerned, the difficulty was. Philip held himself bound by treaty to allow no liberty of religion in his sub-

jects. But if peace was made the Spanish garrisons were to be withdrawn from the Low Countries; the Executive Government would be left in the hands of the States themselves, who could be as tolerant practically as they pleased. On these terms it was certain that a general pacification was possible. The Duke of Parma strongly advised it. Philip himself wished for it. Half Elizabeth's Council recommended it, and she herself wished for it. Unless Catholics and Protestants intended to fight till one or other was exterminated, they must come to some such terms at last; and if at last, why not at once? With this purpose a conference was being held at Ostend between Elizabeth's and Parma's commissioners. The terms were rational. The principal parties, it is now possible to see—even Philip himself—were sincere about it. How long the terms of such a peace would have lasted, with the theological furnace at such a heat, may be fairly questioned. Bigotry and freedom of thought had two centuries of battle still before them till it could be seen which was to prevail, but an arrangement might then have been come to at Ostend, in the winter of 1587-8, which would have lasted Philip's and Elizabeth's lifetime, could either party have trusted the other. In both countries there was a fighting party and a peace party. In England it was said that the negotiations were a fraud, designed only to induce Elizabeth to relax her preparations for defence. In Spain it was urged that the larger and more menacing the force which could be collected, the more inclined Elizabeth would be to listen to reason; while Elizabeth had to show on her part that frightened she was not, and that if Philip preferred war she had no objection. The bolder her bearing, the more likely she would be to secure fair terms for the Hollanders.

The preparations at Cadiz and Lisbon were no secret. All Europe was talking of the enormous armament which Spain was preparing, and which Santa Cruz was to convoy to the English Channel. Both the Tagus and Cadiz Harbor were reported to be crowded with ships, though as yet unprovided with crews for them. With some misgivings, but in one of her bolder moments, the Queen in the spring of 1587 allowed Drake to take a flying squadron with him down the Spanish coast. She

hung about his neck a second in command to limit his movements ; but Drake took his own way, leaving his vice-admiral to go home and complain. He sailed into Cadiz Harbor, burned eighteen galleons which were lying there, and, remaining leisurely till he had finished his work, sailed away to repeat the operation at Lisbon. It might have been done with the same ease. The English squadron lay at the mouth of the river within sight of Santa Cruz, and the great admiral had to sit still and fume, unable to go out and meet him *por falta de gente*—for want of sailors to man his galleons. Drake might have gone in and burned them all, and would have done it had not Elizabeth felt that he had accomplished enough and that the negotiations would be broken off if he worked more destruction. He had singed the King's beard, as he called it ; and the King, though patient of affronts, was moved to a passing emotion. Seamen and soldiers were hurried down to the Tagus. Orders were sent to the Admiral to put to sea at once and chase the English off the shore. But Philip, too, on his side was afraid of Santa Cruz's too great audacity. He, too, did not wish for a collision which might make peace impossible. Another order followed. The fleet was to stay where it was and continue its preparations. It was to wait till the next spring, when the enterprise should be undertaken in earnest if the peace conference at Ostend should fail in finding a conclusion.

Thus the winter drove through. Peace was really impossible, however sincerely the high contracting parties might themselves desire it. Public opinion in Spain would have compelled Philip to leave the conqueror of Terceira in command of the expedition. Santa Cruz would have sailed in March for the English Channel, supported by officers whom he had himself trained ; and, although the Armada might still have failed, history would have had another tale to tell of its exploits and its fate. But a visible coldness had grown up between the King and the Admiral. Philip, like many men of small minds raised into great positions, had supreme confidence in his own powers of management. He chose to regulate everything, to the diet and daily habits of every sailor and soldier on board. He intended to direct and limit the action of the Armada

even when out and gone to its work. He had settled perhaps in his own mind that, since he could not himself be King of England, the happiest result for himself would be to leave Elizabeth where she was, reduced to the condition of his vassal, which she would become if she consented to his terms ; and the presence of an overpowering fleet in the Channel, a moderate but not too excessive use of force, an avoidance of extreme and violent measures, which would make the strife interminable and make an arrangement impossible, he conceived it likely would bring Elizabeth to her knees. For such a purpose Santa Cruz was not the most promising instrument ; he required some one of more malleable material who would obey his own instructions, and would not be led either by his own ambition or the enthusiasm and daring of his officers into desperate adventures. It was probably, therefore, rather to his relief than regret that in February, when the Armada was almost ready to sail, the old Admiral died at Lisbon. He was seventy-three years old. He had seen fifty years of service. Spanish tradition, mourning at the fatal consequence, said afterward that he had been broken-hearted at the King's hesitation. Anxiety for the honor of his country might have worn out a younger man. He went, and with him went the only chance of a successful issue of the expedition. He was proud of his country, which he saw that Philip was degrading. The invasion of England had been his dream for years, and he had correspondents of his own in England and Ireland. He was the ablest seaman that Spain possessed, and had studied long the problems with which he would have had to deal. Doubtless he had left men behind among those who had served under him who could have taken his place, and have done almost as well. But Philip had determined that, since the experiment was to be made, he would himself control it from his room in the Escorial, and in his choice of Santa Cruz's successor he showed that naval capacity and patriotic enthusiasm were the last qualities for which he was looking.

Don Alonzo de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, was the richest peer in Spain. He was now thirty-eight years old, and his experience as a public man was limited to his failure to defend Cadiz against

Drake. He was a short, broad-shouldered, olive-complexioned man, said to be a good rider; but if his wife was to be believed, he was of all men in Spain the least fitted to be trusted with the conduct of any critical undertaking. The Duchess, Doña Aña de Mendoza was the daughter of Philip's Minister, Ruy Gomez, and of the celebrated Princess of Eboli, whom later scandal called Philip's mistress, and whose influence was supposed to have influenced Philip in favor of her son-in-law. Royal scandals are dreary subjects. When they are once uttered the stain is indelible, for every one likes to believe them. The only contemporary witness for the amours of Philip and the Princess of Eboli is Antonio Perez, who, by his own confession, was a scoundrel who deserved the gallows. Something is known at last of the history of the lady. If there was a woman in Spain whom Philip detested, it was the wife of Ruy Gomez. If there was a man whom the Princess despised, it was the watery-blooded King. An intrigue between a wildcat of the mountain and a narrow-minded, conscientious sheep-dog would be about as probable as a love-affair between Philip and the Princess of Eboli; and at the time of her son-in-law's appointment she was locked up in a castle in defiant disgrace. The Duke had been married to her daughter when he was twenty-two and his bride was eleven, and Doña Aña, after sixteen years' experience of him, had observed to her friends that he was well enough in his own house among persons who did not know what he was; but that if he was employed on business of State the world would discover to its cost his real character. That such a man should have been chosen to succeed Alonzo de Bazan astonished every one. A commander of Gold, it was said, was taking the place of a commander of Iron. The choice was known to Santa Cruz while he still breathed, and did not comfort him in his departure.

The most astonished of all, when he learned the honor which was intended for him, was the Duke himself, and he drew a picture of his own incapacity as simple as Sancho's when appointed to govern his island.

"My health is bad," he wrote to Philip's secretary, "and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always sea-sick. I have no money which

I can spare. I owe a million ducats, and I have not a real to spend on my outfit. The expedition is on such a scale and the object is of such high importance that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of those essential qualifications. I have no acquaintances among the officers who are to serve under me. Santa Cruz had information about the state of things in England; I have none. Were I competent otherwise, I should have to act in the dark by the opinion of others, and I cannot tell to whom I may trust. The Adelantado of Castile would do better than I. Our Lord would help him, for he is a good Christian and has fought in naval battles. If you send me, depend upon it I shall have a bad account to render of my trust." *

The Duchess perhaps guided her husband's hand when he wrote so faithful an account of himself. But his vanity was flattered. Philip persisted that he must go. He and only he would answer the purpose in view, so he allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Since your Majesty still desires it, after my confession of incompetence," he wrote to Philip, "I will try to deserve your confidence. As I shall be doing God's work, I may hope that He will help me."

Philip gratefully replied: "You are sacrificing yourself for God's service and mine. I am so anxious, that if I was less occupied at home I would accompany the fleet myself and I should be certain that all would go well. Take heart; you have now an opportunity of showing the extraordinary qualities which God, the author of all good, has been pleased to bestow upon you. Happen what may, I charge myself with the care of your children. If you fail, you fail; but the cause being the cause of God, you will . . ."

Thus the Duke was to command the Armada and to sail at the moment, for the Channel was to be the scene of the meeting at Ostend. Santa Cruz was to march as he saw fit on account of his health.

Portugal. The Duke at the time of his nomination was at his house at San Lucar. He was directed to repair at once to Lisbon, where his commission would reach him. An experienced but cautious Admiral, Don Diego Flores de Valdez, was assigned to him as a nautical adviser, and Philip proceeded to inflict upon him a series of instructions and advice as wise and foolish as those with which Don Quixote furnished his squire. Every day brought fresh letters as suggestions rose in what Philip called his mind. Nothing was too trifling for his notice, nothing was to be left to the Duke's discretion which could possibly be provided for. In a secret despatch to the Duke of Parma, the King revealed alike his expectations and his wishes. He trusted that the appearance of the Armada and some moderate victory over the English fleet would force Elizabeth to an agreement. If the Catholic religion could be tolerated in England, and if Flushing and Brill were given up to him, he said that he was prepared to be satisfied. To Medina Sidonia he reported as his latest advice from England that the Queen was inclining to the treaty, but was dissuaded by Leicester and Walsingham, and he gave him a list of the English force which he might expect to meet, which was tolerably accurate and far inferior to his own.

So far he wrote like a responsible and sensible prince, but the smallest thing and the largest seemed to occupy him equally. He directed the Duke to provide himself with competent Channel pilots, as if this was a point which might be overlooked. It laid down regulations for the health of the crews, the allowances of biscuit and wine, salt fish and bacon. Beyond all, the Duke was to attend to their morals. They were in the service of the Lord, and the Lord must not be offended by the faults of His instruments. The clergy throughout Spain were praying for them and would continue to pray, but soldiers and sailors must do their part and live like Christians. They must not swear; they must not gamble, which led to swearing. If they used low language God would be displeased. Every man before he embarked must confess and commend himself to the Lord. Especially and pre-eminently, loose women must be kept away, and if any member of the expedition fell into the *pecado nefando* he must be chastised

to the example of the rest. Returning to secular subjects, he had heard, the King said, that the gentlemen adventurers wanted staterooms and private berths. It would encumber the ships, and the Duke was cautioned not to allow it. As the Duke knew nothing of navigation, here, too, the King held himself competent to instruct. He was to make straight for the English Channel, advance to the North Foreland, and put himself in communication with Parma. If foul weather came and the ships were scattered, they were to collect again, first at Finisterre, and then at the Scilly Isles. In the Channel he must keep on the English side, because the water was deeper there. Elizabeth's fleet, Philip understood, was divided, part being under Drake at Plymouth, and part in the Straits of Dover. If the Duke fell in with Drake he was to take no notice of him unless he was attacked, and was to keep on his course. If he found the two squadrons united, he would still be in superior force and might join battle, being careful to keep to windward.

There were limits even to Philip's confidence in his ability to guide. He admitted that he could not direct the Duke specifically how to form the ships for an engagement. Time and opportunity would have to determine. "Only," he said, "omit no advantage and so handle the fleet that one part shall support another. The enemy will try to fight at a distance with his guns. You will endeavor to close. You will observe that their practice is to shoot low into the hulls rather than into the rigging. You will find how to deal with this. Keep your vessels together, allow none to stray or go in advance. Do not let them hurry in pursuit of prizes after a victory. This fault has often caused disaster both on sea and land. Conquer first, and then you will have spoil enough. The Council of War will order the distribution of it. What I am now saying implies that a battle will have to be fought; but if the enemy can be got rid of without an action, so much the better. The effect will be produced without loss to yourself. Should the Prince be able to cross the Channel, he will remain with the Armada at the mouth of the Thames, lendi h ~~and~~ you can. Consult with g. ~~and~~ land none of your fo a ~~and~~

proval. Remember that your only business is to fight at sea. Differences between leaders are injurious, and always to be avoided. I am confident that you will co-operate cordially with the Prince as my service demands; but I must charge you to follow these injunctions of mine strictly according to the exact words. I have similarly directed the Prince on his own conduct, and if you two acting together can succeed in your undertaking, there will be honor to spare for both of you. You will remain at the Thames' mouth till the work is done. You may then, if the Prince approves, take in hand Ireland, in which case you will leave your Spanish troops with him and exchange them for Germans and Italians. You will be careful in what you spend. You know how costly the Armada has been to me. You will also see that I am not cheated in the muster rolls, and that the provisions are sound and sufficient. You will watch the conduct of the officers and keep them attentive to their duties.

"This is all which occurs to me at present. I must leave the rest to your own care and prudence, and for any further advices which I may have to send you." *

Much of all this was no doubt reasonable and true. But Generals chosen to conduct great enterprises do not require to be taught the elements of their duties. That Philip thought it necessary to write all these details was characteristic both of himself and of the Duke. The special commission was to cover the crossing of the Duke of Parma by defeating or dispersing the English fleet; but it was possible that the English fleet might not be so easily got rid of, and that Parma could not cross, in which case, by a second secret instruction, the Duke was told that he might take possession of the Isle of Wight and fortify it. But this was only an alternative in case of failure at the North Foreland, and in no case was to be attempted on his first advance. It was to be hoped that God would make the cause His own, however, and that there would be no need of any secondary expedients. If the negotiations failed at Ostend, if Parma succeeded in effecting a landing, he was to advance to Lo

possession of the Government, Cardinal Allen inviting the English nobility to join in restoring the Church. But to Parma himself were given instructions, also secret, of a more temperate kind, which the Duke was to deliver to him. If the Armada won a battle, or if the enemy feared to encounter it, he was to pass over with his army in the name of God and carry out the purpose agreed upon. Should the success, however, be less complete, and should he think peace desirable, he would use the presence of the fleet to enforce favorable conditions. It was indispensable that the Catholics should be allowed their services and the ports in Holland be restored. He might demand compensation for past injuries, but this might be sacrificed if he could obtain religious liberty for the English Catholics. He might argue that the Huguenots were tolerated in France, and if it was answered that they were not tolerated in Flanders, he might say that the case was different. He might demand hostages also, and retain certain fortified positions on the coast to be held for a number of years, till it could be seen how things would go. In that case the Isle of Wight might be useful, as the Armada could lie in the Solent.

Disaster it is evident that Philip did not anticipate. Something less than complete success he probably did anticipate, and on the whole might prefer it. Satisfied with having provided for all contingencies, he was now only anxious to see the Armada on its way; while the nuns and hermits had removed the alarms of Medina Sidonia, had convinced him that God could not neglect a business in which He was so peculiarly concerned, and that, in the fine language of theological knight-errantry, the service which he was to execute had been specially reserved by Providence for the King to achieve.*

Such thoughts and such experiences were doubtless indications of a high-wrought frame of mind; but men may dwell too exclusively on the conviction that God is on their side, and perhaps forget that God will not be found there if they neglect to do their own parts. While the priests were praying and the

* Philip the Secret to
Sidonia, April 1.

* "Y lo g o á V. Md. para
- son. an zelo y chris-
- d al gremio y
dina Sidonia

King and the Duke were calculating on the Divine assistance, they were omitting, all of them, the most obvious precautions by which moderate success could be looked for. Santa Cruz had reported that the fleet was almost ready to sail. The stores of provisions had been laid in while he was still alive, and the water-casks had been filled. But after his death there was no responsible person left in Lisbon who had exerted himself to see to anything. Great naval expeditions were nothing new in Spain. The West Indies and Mexico and Peru had not been conquered by men in their sleep; and what ships and ships' crews required for dangerous voyages was as well understood at Lisbon and Cadiz as in any harbor in the world. But the Armada was surrounded by a halo of devout imagination which seemed to paralyze all ordinary sense. It was to have sailed in March, but, even to the inexperienced eye of Medina Sidonia when he arrived at his command, the inadequacy of the preparations was too obvious. The casks of salt meat were found to be putrefying; the water in the tanks had not been renewed, and had stood for weeks, growing foul and poisonous under the hot Lisbon sun. Spare rope, spare spars, spare anchors—all were deficient. The powder-supply was short. The balls were short. The contractors had cheated as audaciously as if they had been mere heretics, and the soldiers and mariners so little liked the look of things that they were deserting in hundreds, while the muster-masters drew pay for the full numbers and kept it. Instead of sailing in March, as he had been ordered, the Duke was obliged to send to Madrid a long list of indispensable necessities, without which he could not sail at all. Nothing had been attended to save the state of the men's souls, about which the King had been so peculiarly anxious. They had been sent to confession, had received each his ticket certifying that he had been absolved and had duly commended himself to the Lord. The loose women had been sent away, the cards and dice prohibited, the moral instructions punctually complied with. All the rest had been left to chance and villainy. The short powder-supply was irremediable. The Duke purchased a few casks from merchant ships, but no more was to be had. For the rest, the King wrote letters, and the Duke, accord-

ing to his own account, worked like a slave, and the worst defects were concealed if not supplied. Not, however, till the end of April were the conditions advanced sufficiently for the presentation of the standard, and even then the squadron from Andalusia had not arrived.

All was finished at last, or at any rate seemed so. The six squadrons were assembled under their respective commanders. Men and officers were on board, and sailing orders, addressed to every member of the expedition, were sent round, in the Duke's name, to the several ships, which, remembering the fate to which all these men were being consigned by their crusading enthusiasm, we cannot read without emotion.

"From highest to lowest you are to understand the object of our expedition, which is to recover countries to the Church now oppressed by the enemies of the true faith. I therefore beseech you to remember your calling, so that God may be with us in what we do. I charge you, one and all, to abstain from profane oaths dishonoring to the names of our Lord, our Lady, and the Saints. All personal quarrels are to be suspended while the expedition lasts, and for a month after it is completed. Neglect of this will be held as treason. Each morning at sunrise the ship boys, according to custom, shall sing 'Good Morrow' at the foot of the mainmast,* and at sunset the 'Ave Maria.' Since bad weather may interrupt the communications, the watchword is laid down for each day in the week:—Sunday, Jesus; the days succeeding, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Trinity, Santiago, the Angels, All Saints, and our Lady. At sea, every evening, each ship shall pass with a salute under the lee of the Commander-in-Chief, and shall follow at night the light which he will carry in his stern."

So, as it were, singing their own dirge, the doomed Armada went upon its way, to encounter the arms and the genius of the new era, unequally matched with unbelievers. On May 14 it dropped down the river to Belem, and lay there waiting for a wind. A brief account may here be given of its composition and its chief leaders. The fleet consisted of a hundred

* "Los pajes segun es costumbre davan los buenos dias al pié del mástil mayor."

and thirty ships. Seven of them were over a thousand tons and sixty-seven over five hundred. They carried two thousand five hundred guns, chiefly small, however—four, six, and nine-pounders. Spanish seamen understood little of gunnery. Their art in their sea-battles was to close and grapple and trust to their strength and courage in hand-to-hand fighting. Large for the time as the galleons were, they were still overcrowded. Soldiers, sailors, officers, volunteers, priests, surgeons, galley slaves, amounted, according to the returns, to nearly thirty thousand men. The soldiers were the finest in Europe; the seamen old trained hands, who had learned their trade under Santa Cruz. They were divided into six squadrons, each with its Vice-Admiral and Capitana, or flag-ship. The Duke carried his standard in the *San Martin*, of the squadron of Portugal, the finest vessel in the service, and, as the Spaniards thought, in the world. The other five, of Biscay, Castile, Andalusia, Guypuscoa, and the Levant, were led by distinguished officers. There was but one commander in the fleet entirely ignorant of his duties, though he, unfortunately, was Commander-in-Chief.

As the names of these officers recur frequently in the account of what followed, a brief description may be given of each.

The Vice-Admiral of the Biscay squadron was Juan Martinez de Recalde, a native of Bilbao, an old, battered sea-warrior, who had fought and served in all parts of the ocean. He knew Ireland; he knew the Channel; he had been in the great battle at Terceira, and in the opinion of the service was second only to Santa Cruz. His flagship was the *Santa Aña*, a galleon of eight hundred tons; he sailed himself in the *Gran Grin*, of eleven hundred; so far fortunate, if any one in the expedition could be called fortunate, for the *Santa Aña* was disabled in a storm at the mouth of the Channel.

The leaders of the squadrons of Castile and Andalusia were two cousins, Don Pedro and Don Diego de Valdez. Don Diego, whom Philip had chosen for the Duke's mentor, was famous as a naval architect, had been on exploring expeditions, and had made a certain reputation for himself. He was a jealous, suspicious, cautious kind of man, and Philip had a

high opinion of him. Don Pedro was another of the heroes of Terceira, a rough, bold seaman, scarred in a hundred actions with English corsairs, and between the two kinsmen there was neither resemblance nor affection. Don Pedro's misfortune in the Channel, which will soon be heard of, brought him more honor than Don Diego earned by his timidity. He lived long after, and was for eight years Governor of Cuba, where the Castle of the Moro at Havannah still stands as his monument. Two other officers deserve peculiar mention: Miguel de Oquendo, who sailed in the *Señora de la Rosa*, of Guypuscoa, and Alonzo de Leyva, who had a ship of his own, the *Rata Coronada*. Oquendo's career had been singularly distinguished. He had been the terror of the Turks in the Mediterranean. At Terceira, at a critical point in the action, he had rescued Santa Cruz when four French vessels were alongside of him. He had himself captured the French Admiral's flagship, carrying her by boarding, and sending his own flag to her masthead above the smoke of the battle. He was an excellent seaman besides, and managed his ship, as was said, as easily as a horse. Alonzo de Leyva held no special command beyond his own vessel; but he had been named by Philip to succeed Medina Sidonia in case of misadventure. With him, and under his special charge, were most of the high-born adventurous youths who had volunteered for the crusade. Neither he nor they were ever to see Spain again, but Spanish history ought not to forget him, and ought not to forget Oquendo.

Of priests and friars there were a hundred and eighty; of surgeons, doctors, and their assistants, in the entire fleet, not more than eighty-five. The numbers might have been reversed with advantage. Among the adventurers one only may be noted particularly, the poet Lope de Vega, then smarting from disappointment in a love-affair, and seeking new excitement.

Meanwhile, the winds were unpropitious. For fourteen days the fleet lay at anchor at the mouth of the river unable to get away. They weighed at last on May 28, and stood out to sea; but a northerly breeze drove them to leeward, and they could make no progress, while almost instantly on their sailing the state of the stores was brought to light. The water had been on board for four months; the

casks were leaking, and what was left of it was unfit to drink. The provisions, salt meat, cheese, biscuit, were found to be half putrid, and a remarkable order was issued to serve out first what was in worst condition, that the supplies might hold out the longer. As the ships were to keep together, the course and speed were necessarily governed by those which sailed the worst. The galleons, high built, and with shallow draught of water, moved tolerably before the wind, but were powerless to work against it. The north wind freshened. They were carried down as low as Cape St. Vincent, standing out and in, and losing ground on each tack. After fourteen days they were only in the latitude of Lisbon again. Tenders were sent in every day to Philip, with an account of their progress. Instead of being in the mouth of the Channel, the Duke had to report that he could make no way at all, and, far worse than that, the entire ships' companies were on the way to being poisoned. Each provision cask which was opened was found worse than the last. The biscuit was mouldy, the meat and fish stinking, the water foul and breeding dysentery; the crews and companies were loud in complaint; the officers had lost heart, and the Duke, who at starting had been drawing pictures in his imagination of glorious victories, had already begun to lament his weakness in having accepted the command. He trusted God would help him, he said. He wished no harm to any one. He had left his quiet, and his home, and his children, out of pure love to his Majesty, and he hoped his Majesty would remember it.* The state of the stores was so desperate, especially of the water, that it was held unsafe to proceed. The pilots said that they must put into some port for a fresh supply. The Duke feared that if he consented the men, in their present humor, would take the opportunity and desert.

At length, on June 10, after three weeks of ineffectual beating up and down, the wind shifted to the south-west, and the fleet could be laid upon its course. The anxiety was not much diminished. The salt meat, salt fish, and cheese were found so foul throughout that they were

thrown overboard for fear of pestilence, and the rations were reduced to biscuit and weevils. A despatch was hurried off to Philip that fresh stores must instantly be sent out, or there would be serious disaster. The water was the worst of all, as when drunk it produced instant dysentery. On June 13 matters mended a little. The weather had cooled. The south-west wind had brought rain. The ships could be aired and purified. They were then off Finisterre, and were on a straight course for the Channel. Philip's orders had been so positive that they were not to delay anywhere, that they were to hurry on and must not separate. They had five hundred men, however, down with dysentery, and the number of sick was increasing with appalling rapidity. A council was held on board the *San Martin*, and the Admirals all agreed that go on they could not. Part of the fleet, at least, must make into Ferrol, land the sick, and bring off supplies. The Duke could not come to a resolution, but the winds and waves settled his uncertainties. On the 19th it came on to blow. The Duke, with the Portugal squadron, the galleys and the larger galleons made in at once for Corunna, leaving the rest to follow, and was under shelter before the worst of the gale. The rest were caught outside and scattered. They came in as they could, most of them in the next few days, some dismasted, some leaking with strained timbers, the crews exhausted with illness; but at the end of a week a third part of the Armada was still missing, and those which had reached the harbor were scarcely able to man their yards. A hospital had to be established on shore. The tendency to desert had become so general that the landing-places were occupied with bodies of soldiers. A despatch went off to the Escorial, with a despairing letter from the Duke to the King.

"The weather," he said, "though in June, is as wild as in December. No one remembers such a season. It is the more strange since we are on the business of the Lord, and some reason there must be for what has befallen us. I told your Majesty that I was unfit for this command when you asked me to undertake it. I obeyed your orders, and now I am here in Corunna with the ships dispersed and the force remaining to me inferior to the

* Medina Sidonia to Philip the Second, May 30.

enemy. The crews are sick, and grow daily worse from bad food and water. Most of our provisions have perished, and we have not enough for more than two months' consumption. Much depends on the safety of this fleet. You have exhausted your resources to collect it, and if it is lost you may lose Portugal and the Indies. The men are out of spirit. The officers do not understand their business. We are no longer strong. Do not deceive yourself into thinking that we are equal to the work before us. You remember how much it cost you to conquer Portugal, a country adjoining Castile, where half the inhabitants were in your favor. We are now going against a powerful kingdom with only the weak force of the Prince of Parma and myself. I speak freely, but I have laid the matter before the Lord ; you must decide yourself what is to be done. Recollect only how many there are who envy your greatness and bear you no goodwill." *

On the 27th thirty-five ships were still absent, and nothing had been heard of them. The storm after all had not been especially severe, and it was not likely that they were lost. The condition to which the rest were reduced was due merely to rascally contractors and official negligence, and all could easily be repaired by an efficient commander in whom the men had confidence. But the Duke had no confidence in himself nor the officers in him. Four weeks only had passed since he had left Lisbon and he was already despondent, and his disquieted subordinates along with him. He had written freely to Philip, and advised that the expedition should be abandoned. He again summoned the Vice-Admirals to his cabin and required their opinions. Should they or should they not go forward with their reduced force? The Inspector General, Don George Manrique, produced a schedule of numbers. They were supposed, he said, to have twenty-eight thousand men besides the galley-slaves. Owing to sickness and other causes, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three thousand could be regarded as effective, and of these six thousand were in the missing galleons. The Vice-Admirals were less easily frightened than their

leader. None were for giving up. Most of them advised that they should wait where they were till the ships came in, repairing damages and taking in fresh stores. Pedro de Valdez insisted that they should go on as they were ; while they remained in harbor fresh meat and vegetables might be served out, and the crews would soon recover from a sickness which was caused only by bad food. With vigor and energy all that was wrong could be set right. The missing ships were doubtless ahead expecting them, and would be fallen in with somewhere.

Don Pedro was addressing brave men, and carried the council along with him. He wrote himself to Philip to tell him what had passed. "The Duke," he said, "bore him no goodwill for his advice, but he intended to persist in a course which he believed to be for his Majesty's honor."

A day or two later the wanderers came back and restored the Duke's courage. Some had been as far as Scilly, some even in Mount's Bay, but none had been lost and none had been seriously injured. The fresh meat was supplied as Don Pedro advised. The sick recovered ; not one died, and all were soon in health again. Fresh supplies were poured down out of the country. The casks were refilled with pure water. In short, the sun began to shine again, and the despondency fit passed away. Philip wrote kindly and cheerily. Everything would be furnished which they could want. The Duke might spend money freely and need spare nothing to feed the men as they ought to be fed. If they had met with difficulties in the beginning, they would have greater glory in the end. There were difficulties in every enterprise. They must overcome them and go on. The Duke still hesitated. He said truly enough that other things were wanting besides food : powder, cordage, and the thousand minor stores which ought to have been provided and were not. But all the rest were now in heart again, and he found himself alone ; Recalde only, like a wise man, begging Philip to modify his instructions and allow him to secure Plymouth or Dartmouth on their advance, as, although they might gain a victory, it was unlikely to be so complete as to end the struggle, and they might require a harbor to shelter the fleet.

* Medina Sidonia to Philip the Second from Corunna, June 24.

produce of the country. Russian manufacturers were unable to compete with foreign producers even in Asiatic markets, and the Government tried to supplement by force of arms the deficiency in industrial skill.

This may be so, but the result is in any case the same, viz., constant conquest, and Stepniak himself admits that "all the support that Moscow industry can have from the opening of Central Asian markets—such as the Khanates, Penjdeh, and even Herat—is very limited," and it was certainly not for acquiring new markets that Russia was driven into the war against Turkey in 1877. The fact is that the Government by this policy sought to divert the population from the unsatisfactory internal condition, but the result has not answered the expectation, for it was the Turkish war which laid open the gangrene of official peculation, and what was gained by the Treaty of Berlin did not at all compensate for the enormous sacrifices which Russia had to bear. Revolts broke out which had to be crushed with much bloodshed, conflagrations devastated whole quarters of cities, the impoverished nobility was in a state of latent mutiny, Nihilism became rampant even in the higher classes, as was shown by the attempts against the life of high officials and the Czar himself, and the juries acquitted criminals who frankly avowed their guilt, like Vera Sassulitch.

It was in this state of internal anarchy and blighted hopes of reform that Alexander III. grew up. Until his twentieth year he had no prospect of ascending the throne, and was educated exclusively as a soldier, without any preparation for his future vocation. But the events passing under his eyes could not fail to make a deep impression upon him, and when, by the death of his elder brother, he became heir-apparent, it was but natural that the dissatisfied tried to gain him for their ideas. Moreover, the man who was charged to initiate the young Grand Duke into Russian policy, Podobenszew (of whom we shall have to say more presently), was a convinced adherent of autocracy and orthodoxy as the only solid foundations of the Russian commonwealth, and the energy with which he preached this doctrine from the flickering light of official liberalism

and loyalism, could not fail to make a lasting impression upon the Grand Duke. The disillusion brought on by the Turkish war pushed him still more into opposition against the reigning system. He knew better than any one that the accusations of peculation directed against the Commander-in-Chief, his uncle Nicolas, were well founded, and he was indignant that the legal process taken against the fraudulent firms that had cheated the soldiers of their victuals should be stopped because those firms threatened to unmask their superiors. He keenly felt the disasters of the improvident attack against Plevna, where the Russian army was only saved from utter destruction by the Roumanians, and he was disgusted with the inactivity of his father, who remained at Gorny-Studen for weeks with his mistress, Princess Dolgorouki. He did his military duty bravely, but failed in his endeavor to establish a committee of inquiry into the faults committed, and for handing over the leadership of the operations to more competent generals. So he returned to St. Petersburg in a pessimist humor, which was not removed when the Congress of Berlin tore up the Treaty of San Stefano, followed, as it was, by a series of Nihilist attempts, which brought a panic upon the Court, the capital, and the provinces.

Even a strong and well-balanced mind might have been shaken by such experiences, but the Grand Duke—excluded from all practical participation in the business of the State which was to form the task of his future life, exposed to the disintegrating influences of various parties, and without confidential relations with his father,—was wavering, and distrusted his own forces. The system followed by his grandfather having broken down, and the opposite one which Alexander II. had initiated seeming destined to a similar fate, what was he to do in this chaos of conflicting views and interests? It was in this condition that he was unexpectedly called to the throne by the catastrophe of March 13th, 1881.

According to an apparently authentic report in the Cracow paper *Czas*,* confirmed by later publications, the Emperor Alexander II. had signed the very morn-

* Extract of the unpublished reminiscences of a former Minister.

ing of the day on which he was murdered a Ukase addressed to the Senate, by which a committee was to be appointed for realizing Count Loris Melikow's project of a general representative assembly composed of delegates from the provincial assemblies. On March 20th Alexander III. convoked a grand council of the principal dignitaries, asking their opinion on Loris Melikow's proposal. A lively discussion took place, of which the *Czar* gives a detailed account, the result being that, besides the author, Count Adlerberg, Miljutin, Wainjew, Abasa, Giers, Nabokow, Saburow, and Soiski voted for the measure, while Prince Lieven, Count Stroganow, Makow, Possiet, and, above all, Podobenoszew voted against it. The Emperor, thanking the members, said that the majority had declared for the convening of an assembly elected by the nation for discussing the affairs of the State, adding, "I share this opinion of the majority, and wish that the reform Ukase shall be published as under the patronage of my father, to whom the initiative of this reform is due." The Ukase, however, was not published, Podobenoszew and Ignatiew having succeeded in discrediting it in the eyes of the *Czar*, asserting that it would only create excitement and increase the existing fermentation. On May 13th a manifesto appeared, in which the *Czar* declared his will "to keep firmly the reins in obedience to the voice of God, and, in the belief in the force and truth of autocratic power, to fortify that power and to guard it against all encroachments." A few days later Count Ignatiew, the head of the Slavophil party, was appointed Minister of the Interior, and by-and-by the other more liberal Ministers of Alexander II. disappeared.

By far the most important personage under the present Government is Podobenoszew, High Procurator of the Holy Synod, an office equivalent to a Minister of Public Worship for the State Church. Laborious and of unblemished integrity, this man is a fanatic by conviction. Under Alexander II., who was too much of a European to like him, he had but a secondary position, but under his pupil, the present Emperor, he has become all-powerful, the more so because his orthodoxy wears the national garb, and he insists that the break-down of the Nicolas I.

system was only caused through governing with Ministers of German origin. He is seconded by Count Tolstoi, the Minister of Internal Affairs (who replaced the more liberal Saburow),* to whom belong the questions concerning the foreign, i.e., non-orthodox, confessions. These two, supported by the Minister of Justice, Manassein, have enacted persecutions against Catholics, Uniates, Protestants, and Jews, which seem incredible in our age, but which are well attested. Thousands of persons who have committed no wrong other than that of being faithful to their inherited creed have been driven from their homes, and exiled to Siberia, or to distant regions without any means of livelihood. As regards Catholics, these measures are principally directed against the clergy; but the Uniates, i.e., the Catholics who have the Slav liturgy, are unsparingly deported if they refuse to have their children baptized by an orthodox Pope, and this is done with men, women, and children, peasants and merchants. Twenty thousand Uniates alone have been removed from the western provinces to Saratow. Those who remain at home have Cossacks quartered upon them, and all sorts of compulsory means are used to stamp out this sect. A heartrending story of this persecution is told in an article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (August 1st, 1889), "Simple Récit par Madame Marguerite Porodowska," which is evidently taken from life. In the Baltic provinces the German language is suppressed as much as possible, their institutions are destroyed under the shallow pretext of drawing the population nearer to the great Russian family, and the same process has been begun against Finland; while the Catholic priests are forbidden to use the Polish language in their service. The Press is fettered, the foreign creeds are insulted and calumniated, and not permitted to answer the false charges made against them; apostasy from the ruling Church is visited by criminal punishment, but the orthodox propaganda is favored by every means. Strange to say, in face of such proceedings, there is a single exception allowed in *Poland*—the propaganda of Islam, which on the southern Volga makes thousands of converts, so that in those eparchies there are many

* Ignatiev's successor.

more mosques than Christian churches. Tracts of the most aggressive character against Christianity are freely circulated, and the Russian authorities, who in the West and South persecute all who do not bow to orthodoxy, here allow the Mollahs to do as they like.

It is pretty certain that Alexander III. is ignorant of the atrocities committed in his name, for he is not a man to sanction deliberate injustice or to tolerate persons of manifest impurity in important offices. Though the Czar insists upon having personally honest Ministers, mere honesty is not sufficient for governing a great empire. Truth does not penetrate to the ear of the autocrat; the Russian Press does not reflect public opinion with its currents, but is simply the speaking-tube of the reigning coterie, which has suppressed all papers opposed to it, while the foreign Press is only allowed to enter mutilated by the censorship. Some people have, indeed, the privilege to read foreign papers in their original shape, but the Autocrat of All the Russias does not belong to them. His reading is, on the contrary, subjected, by the persons who surround him, to careful selection, and if there is anything disadvantageous to Russia in the papers he is allowed to read it is explained away as the outcome of hatred and calumny against his dominion. It is said that he was greatly astonished when, on his late visit to Copenhagen, his mother-in-law, the Queen of Denmark, put into his hands Pastor Dalton's *Open Letter to Podobnoszew*, in which this patriotic clergyman exposed the frauds and violences committed against the Protestants of the Baltic provinces, and that he sent an order to the Procurator to justify himself in face of these accusations. But nothing has been heard of that gentleman's answer, who remains in power and continues to act as before, casting down every opposition to his system by the assertion that autocracy can only be upheld by orthodoxy and nationality.

It is the same with Russia's foreign policy. The Emperor is peaceful and will not hear of war; he has, in fact, submitted to many humiliations arising from Russia's conduct toward Bulgaria, where Stambuloff always had the best of it, rather than provoke a conflict. He accepts the cajoleries of the French Republicans and sends the Star of St. Andreas to President

Carnot, but as soon as French diplomatists propose a real alliance, which may lead to war, they are met by a fierce rebuff from the Czar, as lately happened to M. de Laboulaye, who in consequence has to leave his embassy in dismay. With all this, however, he is surrounded by Pan-slavists and allows them to carry on an underground warfare against the Balkan States. There is, perhaps, no example in the annals of modern history of a diplomatic envoy abusing so flagrantly the privileges of his position as has been done by M. Hitrovo, Minister at Bukarest, whose house was the rallying point of all Pan-slavist agitators against the Bulgarian Government and even of the Roumanian anti-dynastic opposition. But at last, having quarrelled with his secretary, Jacobsohn, this worthy made revelations so compromising for his former chief that the Government was obliged to transfer Hitrovo to Lisbon.

It is evident that under such circumstances, notwithstanding the personal tendencies of the Czar, the maintenance of peace remains doubtful. Russia indeed is isolated, so much so that two years ago Alexander III., in a public toast, called little Montenegro her only friend. He is strongly opposed to all Western ideas of civilization, very irritable, and unflinching in his personal dislikes, as he has shown in the case of Prince Alexander of Battenberg; and, with his narrow views, he is unable to calculate the bearing of his words and actions, which often amount to direct provocation against his neighbors. If, nevertheless, tolerable relations with England, Austria, and Germany have been maintained, this is for the most part the merit of M. de Giers, the Foreign Secretary, an unpretending, cautious, and personally reliable man of business, whose influence with the Czar lies in the cleverness with which he appears not to exercise any. He has a perfect knowledge of all political relations, but no specific programme. He never takes any step which commits the Emperor, but confines himself to the practical questions of the moment, and thus enables his master to appear the real leader of Russian foreign policy. By these means this Finnish nobleman, hated by the Pan-slavists, has not only contrived to become Foreign Secretary, but to remain so for years. Among the other Ministers and high officials only

a few enjoy the personal confidence of the Emperor. The Minister of the Imperial Household, Count Witomzow-Issakow, is a man of ancient family and unimpaired integrity, who never meddles with politics. Prince (Praschka) Count Miasnoi, is an influential personage, but has never any idea of possessing an opinion differing from that of his sovereign, and General von Knur, Commander of the Imperial Manoeuvres and President of the Committee for Petitions, noted as a German and a Protestant, strictly confines himself to his business, and is esteemed by the Emperor for his honesty and loyalty. The present Finance Minister, Vianigorski, is in his way a clever man, who has contrived to raise the rate of exchange, and converted 5 per cent. bonds into 4 per cent. ones, but only by vastly increasing the capital of the debt, and by extending the period of the sinking fund from twenty-five to eighty-one years, while he has straddled together every available pound by the heaviest taxation, and he has overthrown the mass of the agricultural population. The Ministers of War and Public Instruction, General Wagnow and Count Dolignow, are without political importance. The chief of the general staff, General Gortchakow, is considered the principal advocate of a French alliance, but has been obliged to renounce his position in Paris, which he meant for promoting his ideas under Alexander II., the present Emperor allowing no similar interference, which might hamper his future policy.

The Empress Marie Feodorowna (originally betrothed to his elder brother), an amiable and popular woman, of a naturally gay temper, is the head of all Court festivities, but she does not pretend to exercise any influence over her husband, which explains why the domestic life of the Imperial couple is so happy. Her nerves are said to have been much shaken by the railway catastrophe of Berlin and the late attempt on the life of the Czarovitch in Japan, as well as by the illness of her younger son. The heir-apparent is too young, and seems too insignificant, to have any present importance. The eldest brother of the Emperor, Grand Duke Vladimir, is a man not without talent, who has been frequently chosen by the Czar to represent him at foreign Courts, as on the twentieth anniversary of the Em-

peror William I., and also for soothing the discontent in the Baltic provinces, in which mission, however, he entirely failed owing to the instructions imposed by Podoleskowsky. His wife, the Blackenburg Princess Maria Pavlovna, is certainly the most gifted person of the Imperial family, who had the courage to stipulate as a condition of her marriage that she should remain a Protestant, the first time in one hundred and fifty years that this has occurred in Russia. Her position is therefore a difficult one, but she maintains it with firmness and tact, and the accusation of the so-called Count Vassil—now unmasked as a French spy, Mendikov—in his book *La Société de St. Pétersbourg*, that she played the part of Hammett's agent and doubled in German intrigues, is simply ridiculous. Two other German princesses marrying Grand Dukes also remained Protestants, Princess Elisabeth of Hesse, wife of the Emperor's brother, Sergei, and Princess Constantine of Altenburg, but the first named embraced the orthodox creed when her husband was made Governor of Moscow.

Personally, the Emperor is said to be kind-hearted, though at the same time hot-tempered, while a strange vein of timidity pervades his character. He does not like new faces, and prefers to communicate with his Ministers and generals by writing rather than in word of mouth, because he does not like discussions for which he is not prepared. He is, of course, obliged to receive hundreds of persons, but avoids long conversations, if he feels unable to cope in argument with his interviewers. His personal converse with those in whom he has confidence is therefore very limited, and he declines intercourse with eminent men, because he fears the influence they may exercise upon him, being very desirous of appearing independent. For instance, he has dismissed Count Adlerberg, a real man of business, who always accompanied Alexander II. in his travels, and whom he goes abroad he is surrounded only by those who have no opinion of their own. Yet the Emperor is very amenable to the advice of Russian like Podoleskowsky, because their Russian convictions impose upon him, and because, above all, he fears foreign influence.

After all, Alexander III., notwithstanding his private virtues, is far from being a happy man or a successful ruler. His

feels his life to be in constant danger, as evidenced by the immense apparatus of police and military force by which he is surrounded, particularly when travelling. The Nihilist plots have somewhat abated, because the conspirators have been ruthlessly put down, but no one knows whether the danger of Nihilism has been diminished. According to a well-informed observer,* acute Nihilism has become chronic, the hot-headed fanatics ready to risk their lives in attempts of violence have decreased, and the omnipresence of political spies has suppressed the free discussion of political affairs; but the mass of the

discontented, which expects a change for the better only from revolutionary events or war, has enormously increased.

Russia has certainly vast natural resources, but they cannot be turned to account for the benefit of the population under the present system of government, which rests on violent suppression of every free opinion, official corruption, and a perverse fiscal policy. Unless this misgovernment and the aggressive foreign policy cease, the condition of the great Russian Empire will remain precarious, and the prospects of European peace unsettled.—*New Review*.

ACCIDENTAL CONVERSATION.

MR. BESANT will probably find plenty of people to agree with him when he says, as he does in his "Voice of the Flying Day," that after some six weeks of country solitude there comes a strong longing on the townsman for the talk of the people in trains and omnibuses, on park seats and in penny steamers. Many people let the listening for amusing things said by strangers become part of their daily life, and when away from town for long, miss this accidental conversation as they miss the play or the opera. And by accidental conversation we do not mean conversations with strangers, but those conversations which take place in one's presence, and of which one is a silent spectator. To the men and women who cultivate a taste for this accidental conversation a journey by train or omnibus is as good as the theatre. If you once get bitten with the love of this form of dramatic representation, you have only to sit quiet in a corner and witness many a delightful comedy enacted before your eyes. It will be said, perhaps, that the scenes are apt to end abruptly, and the plots are often not sufficiently indicated; but against this must be set the perfection of realism displayed by the actors, and the immense variety of the stories. Possibly, in many cases, the taste for accidental conversation has to be acquired; but this can be said of a hundred good things, from oysters to tobaccò. When acquired,

however, it is a most precious possession, for it relieves the tedium of self-transport immensely. Occasionally, no doubt, one may pass a day, or even a week, without hearing anything worth hearing; but, then, there is always the delight of the hunter—the quest for the good thing, and the sense of double delight when it is found.

Before, however, attempting to indicate the best way of encouraging accidental conversations, and illustrating by example the sort of game run down, we must clear up a point of honor connected with the subject. It may be urged that it is mean and dishonorable to sit behind your paper listening hard all the time to what some old gentleman is saying to his niece as to glories of his youth, and that a self-respecting person would endeavor to distract his mind—if necessary, with the shipping intelligence. To this proposition we must give a distinct denial. Without stooping to the excuse of the witnesses in Court, who "just set the door a wee bit open," and then declare that "the voices forced themselves upon their ears in such a way that, do what they would, they could not help hearing every word," we boldly declare that a man has a right to listen and to overhear all accidental conversations, subject to this limitation, that he does so with the *bonâ-fide* intention of getting therefrom the amusement which is expected at the theatre, and nothing but that. Any other reason for listening is to be condemned. A man has no business to listen to anything which is being said about himself or his friends or

* A. V. Samson-Himmelstjerna, *St. Petersburg Schilderungen und Briefe*, Leipzig, 1891.

relations in ignorance of his presence. Again, he has no business to listen, if, though the talkers do not know him, he knows them. In either of these cases there is a personal relation established between him and the talkers, and it would be a betrayal of the courtesies of life to take advantage of the fact that the talkers had forgotten his presence. It is only when a man can feel that the people to whose words he is listening are total strangers whom he has never seen before, and whom he will never see again—who are, in fact, as far as he is concerned, mere shadows on the screen—that the delights of accidental conversation can be freely indulged in. Fortunately, these are the conditions which usually prevail in public conveyances in London. "Come like shadows, so depart," is the rule of the knife-board. As a concrete example of the manner in which the line must be drawn between assisting at a comedy of real life and mere eavesdropping, we may give the experiences of an inveterate practitioner of the art of listening. The person in question had taken possession of a new house a day earlier than he intended. Strolling round his garden he heard behind the fence the voices of two countrymen: "When do the folks come in?" "To-morrow." "What sort be they?" Here it was obvious that to listen further would be to act a very dishonorable part; and accordingly the householder in question had nothing to do but to sigh as a lover of accidental conversations, and depart like a man of honor. When, however, he found himself sketching under one side of a high hedge, while a couple of unknown hedgers were trimming on the other, he could listen with a perfectly easy conscience. What he heard on the occasion in question was well worth hearing. "So they did take the hemlock and boiled it, and gave it to the 'oman; and the 'oman died." "Did er, now!" Was it some new tale of rustic poisoning that was being related, or some ancient fable, old perhaps as the *Odyssey*, which was being re-dished by one of the hedgers for the other's benefit? Who shall say? The sketcher heard no more. Not because he was seen, or because the men were called away, but simply because there then occurred one of those long-drawn pauses which are so remarkable a feature of real country talk. The inter-

val remained unfilled, and whether it was Mary, the mason's daughter, or somebody in those "very old ancient times you've heard tell on," who drank the hemlock, remained and remains a mystery. Some people would, no doubt, be disappointed at anything so incomplete as this. These will prefer the scenes of genteel comedy one gets in a first-class railway-carriage. The present writer has no hesitation in saying that the very best piece of acting for vivacity, naturalness, and good taste that he has ever witnessed, he saw as a corner-seat spectator on the London and South-Western. The *dramatis personæ* were an elderly but handsome and well-bred man of the world, anxious to amuse himself by a flirtation, but even more anxious not to commit himself, and a clever and exceedingly good-looking old young lady of about nine and twenty. A better acted or more finished little comedy it is impossible to imagine. Every point was taken up and given its proper value, and not a gesture or a tone was overdone. But, it may be said, this must be an imaginary case, people never talk before a stranger. Not, perhaps, if you look aggressive. If, however, you retire behind your paper and make it quite clear that you have no sort of intention of trying to join in the conversation, and are, in fact, a person of no account, they will be pretty sure to take you at your word, and treat you as part of the carriage furniture. In order to assume this carriage-furniture status, however, it is imperative not to speak. Do not say, "May I move this bag?" "Allow me," "May I open this window a little?" Such phrases at once break the spell, and put out the actors. The only way to secure a good representation is to sit like a log, and either look out of the window or into your newspaper. In third-class carriages such precautions are, however, hardly necessary. The poorer classes are accustomed to publicity, and perform in public without any sense of uneasiness. The most thrilling scene will sometimes take place with five on each side. It was once the good fortune of the present writer to be in a third-class Underground carriage, when a respectably dressed woman and a man, who can best be described by saying that he looked like what is described in the servants' advertisement columns as a "thorough indoor," got in. The woman's first

words were as good as any ever invented by novelist or playwright to open a sensational story :—"He never knew till the day he followed her to the grave that she wasn't his mother." Then followed a very exciting but very tangled conversational web, from which one could dimly gather that somebody was keeping somebody else—apparently the "thorough indoor"—out of a great deal of money, and that there was a great deal of oppression and knavery going on, again apparently against the "thorough indoor," who sat all the time deeply interested, as well he might be, and asking an occasional and usually irrelevant question. Above everything, the "thorough indoor" was to see a third person before he was seen by the other side, and "put it to him." There was just a chance that he might do right, but a still stronger one that it would all be no good. At this melancholy conclusion the train stopped, the respectable woman in black got out, followed by the "thorough indoor," and the scene "closed in," leaving the spectators with an intense, but unfortunately unassuageable, thirst for more light. Told barely, the story sounds comic, but at the time the earnestness of the speakers left no doubt that it was a real tragedy they were discussing,—one of those "strange things" of English middle-class life which Mr. Wilkie Collins loved to dissect.

Occasionally, the people who train themselves to listen in railway-carriages will do more than merely witness "little comedies" enacted before their eyes, or see odd characteristics exhibited. If they are lucky, they may hear some really good "yarn" spun, as poor people spin them to each other. Try to get a laboring-man to tell you a story, and he will make it as colorless and bald as an affidavit. Hear him, however, in the ale-house, among his own people, and it is a very different story. The present writer once heard an

old peasant in a third-class carriage begin to give a friend a chapter of autobiographical reminiscences which was worth going a hundred miles to hear. "Yes," he began, or rather went on, "And I can mind seeing four men hung in a very rustic manner. It was back in the rick burnings. I was a lad; but they were hung just opposite our door for a warning. They was tried in Wells, and they brought 'em down to the country where I was, in a wagon, sitting on their own coffins, and every village they passed through they tolled the bells. They was to be hung opposite their own cottages. They put up a gallows with four ropes, and they stood one of these big wagons boarded over, underneath, and when they had fastened the men up, they put in the horses and drew the wagon away from under their feet. Law bless you, they kicked there for more nor half an hour, and their polls was drawn out half a foot, and all as red as fire. It was just against where we lived, and I saw 'em hanging there till it was dark. They'd set the ricks on fire, you sec. There used to be a lot of it, and they wanted to stop it and to make these I am speaking of a warning." . . . Whether this hideous "rustic manner" of hanging was ever really pursued we do not know, but certainly the old man spoke as if he were speaking the truth; and when he turned to give an account of the bull-baiting on Mendip, and how the young chaps used to run in and catch hold of the rope, and then run out again before the bull could get at them, it was clear that he was not romancing, for such displays of village cruelty and prowess have often been described. But, true or false, accidental conversations certainly form no small part for many people of the charm of town life. They are not better than the woods and fields, but they are a considerable compensation.—*Spectator*.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN THE FIFTIES.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

THE experimental philosopher, as a rule, is blessed with a love of fun and humor, and possesses perhaps in a higher degree than his brethren of the pen, a happy facility for mental relaxation. The

Germans would probably seek to explain this condition of mind, as due to the intermittance of objective, in distinction to the continuity of subjective trains of thought; but these are hard words, and

as Bishop Berkeley says, metaphysicians first raise a dust, and then complain they cannot see. It is a fact, and that is enough for us, that scientific men are generally cheerful minded, and can take pleasure in wholesome frivolity; they, more easily than scholars or poets, can get out of their sphere of work, can more easily unbend the bow, and restore thereby the balance of their physical well-being.

This was certainly the case with Faraday—though not perhaps conspicuously to the world at large, with whom, his relations were those of a solemn teacher of nature's mysteries, a grave exponent of her laws, and above all a man of such abstruse originality that he seemed a dweller in the very empyrean of thought.

One of the earliest visits we paid in London, after our marriage in 1850,—was an afternoon call on Mr. and Mrs. Faraday at the Royal Institution. My husband was on terms of intimacy with the great electrician, being himself an enthusiastic laborer in the same field—a field whose limits were even then known to be as illimitable as Cosmos itself.

I had never yet seen Faraday. A feeling of awe overcame me, as we ascended the long flight of stairs leading to the Upper Chambers of that famous house in Albemarle Street. With the knowledge that we were approaching the Arcana of Science, I was in no condition of sympathy with the fools that rush in, but rather felt restrained by the reverent spirits of those who fear to tread, on sacred ground. The very sound of the homely door knocker, rapped on my heart. Youth and ignorance are ever diffident—at least they ought to be—and they were in the days that are past. We entered, and were kindly greeted by Mrs. Faraday, who led us through the outer sitting-room, into an inner sanctum; there was Faraday himself, half reclining on a sofa—with a heap of circulating library novels round him; he had evidently rejected some, that were thrown carelessly on the floor—but his eyes were glued on the exciting pages of a third volume.

"He reads a great many novels, and it is very good for him to divert his mind," said Mrs. Faraday to us, later on.

It was a touch of nature, delightfully reassuring; the feeling of awe gave place to warmest human sympathy, when the

philosopher in his most vivacious manner, and his ever cheery voice, welcomed us, not forgetting however to place a mark in his book.

These were winter days, a busy time with "lectures" and laboratory work; but we wanted to engage the Faradays to pay us a visit at Fyne Court, in the late summer, when they would be able to get away from London. Mr. Crosse, who fully shared in Faraday's delight in a thunder-storm, said laughingly, that he hoped we might have a "rattling good storm, to welcome them to the Quantock hills;" adding "but I am sorry to say that we are not unfrequently disappointed, owing to that abominable Bridgwater river which carries off some of our best storms."

This remark led to a discussion upon the electric attraction of river systems, and the consequent distribution of rain. Schönbein's recent researches on ozone were touched upon, in reference to its excess in the atmosphere, or its absence, being possibly in some way connected with influenza and other epidemic disorders. Dr. Faraday then asked Mr. Crosse about his experiments upon "the carrying and transferring power of electricity." In conclusion he remarked, on hearing of Mr. Crosse's success in the transfer of pure silver through "distilled water by slow electric action," "that there can be no doubt that that power has been astonishingly influential in bringing about many of the earthy and metalliferous arrangements of the globe."

The conversation had begun simply enough, about the novels of Lever and Trollope, and the promise of the first Exhibition, which was to be opened ere many months; but science was too near to both these enthusiasts for them to remain long without touching on the subject.

Leaving the eager talkers to their allotropic condition of oxygen in the atmosphere, and the ceaseless interchange of atoms in the earth beneath; Mrs. Faraday drew me aside, and candidly told me, in much kindness, and with true wifely wisdom, that our house, was of all places, the one where she could not permit her husband to spend his holiday. She was well aware that Fyne Court had its laboratories and foundries, in short had electrical arrangements from garret to basement,

and she foresaw that Faraday, instead of resting his brains, would be talking science all day long.

I did not fail to vindicate my husband's character as not being one of the Dryasdust school; assuring Mrs. Faraday that he had at times, the ebullient spirits of a schoolboy, could play practical jokes—talk most excellent nonsense, on the principle that he who is not a fool sometimes, is a fool always, and lastly that he had been convicted times out of mind, of perpetrating the most execrable puns!

Faraday himself had been known to indulge in bad puns; there is a story told of his being terribly bored by a long-winded friend, who went on prosing about a misadventure, he had had on one occasion, when driving across country after dark. This friend's coachman, who we may suppose was not a total abstainer, lost his way and wandered about and about; the narrator did the like in verbal description, which was most tiresome; "at length" said he "the fellow set me down in a miry road, where I was plunging about half the night in a perfect morass." "More ass you" rapped out the philosopher, glad to finish boredom with a laugh.

To return to the incidents of a visit, which to me were so memorable; we were about to take our leave, when to my great delight, Dr. Faraday, offered to show us over the "workshops," as he called them, of the Royal Institution.

Descending to the basement, we passed through several rooms, but made our first halt in the old laboratory, where Davy had, with the marvellous insight of true genius, worked out his philosophical inductions, and given experimental proof of their accuracy. Here in this very spot, the principles of electro-chemistry took tangible form and significance; to the unreflecting mind, a scientific fact may perchance seem small and isolated, one may even be tempted to say with that foolish person, who with a sneer remarked to Franklin "What's the use of it?" if one did not remember the philosopher's rejoinder "What's the use of a baby?"

Speaking of Davy's great scientific achievements Mr. Crosbie remarked, that the Swedish chemist Berzelius, jealousy endeavored to detract from his merits saying, "It was I, Berzelius, who opened the door and Davy walked in." This gave Faraday, the occasion to speak of

his "old master, that truly great man," in terms of reverence, that showed the largeness of his own nature.

The readers of Faraday's Biography will remember, that when in the capacity of private secretary he accompanied Sir Humphry Davy in his travels on the Continent, he suffered not a little from the unsuitable impositions of service made upon him, and from the temper of Lady Davy; and what was far worse, in 1824, when Faraday sought the distinction of adding F.R.S. to his name, his election was strongly opposed by Sir Humphry. I knew nothing of these circumstances at the time of the visit I am describing; but I have often thought since in reference to the words I then heard, that certainly, few men could so gratefully remember, and still fewer, could so nobly forget as Faraday.

Coleridge who had been Davy's friend, when the raw Cornish lad first entered upon scientific work, in Beddow's Pneumatic Institution, in the far-off Bristol days—complained in later years—of Davy "moulding himself to the world," becoming in short "a Theo-mammonist." Coleridge, unconventional to a fault, anti-mundane in the extreme, frankly preferred "little i against a whole alphabet of public opinion."

Before we left the "old" laboratory, Faraday let us have a peep into the "frogger," a dismal sort of oubliette in this castle of science. Here, tradition says, those hapless creatures were kept for repeating Galvani's experiments on animal electricity.

Passing to the new laboratory we found Anderson busy with his furnace. Young one who recollects the Royal Institution in the Augustan age of Faraday, will remember the fondling name of Anderson, the assistant of the chemist, who never failed to bring the necessaries of the right moment. He was a man of a certain personage, "he was a man of the right sort and never out of the right sort," as he was an old soldier, and as specially suited to his duty, from his military obedience. The experiment requires his help, and he is but too ready to do as they are told,* that on one occasion

* In Dr. Gladstone's "Memoirs."

the material forces of Nature. Of the formula of his own religious belief, few people outside his own community, ever heard him speak. He was "no graceless zealot" fighting for "modes of faith;" but certainly "his life was in the right" if ever man's was in this world.

Though reticent about the articles of his Faith, Faraday was outspoken and consistent in referring all phenomena to the Omnipotent wisdom of God. In the first lecture in his course on the non-metallic elements, in the Spring of 1852, there occurs a fine passage. He was remarking on the protean aspects of these elements which constitute so large a proportion of the material world, when he proceeded to say:

"But higher contemplations than those of mere chemical science are suggested by the investigation of these properties: objects of greater interest present themselves than the deductions of law or the perfection of systems. An investigation of the distinctive properties of chemical elements unfolds to us the mysterious yet simple means chosen by the Omnipotent for accomplishing His results; teaching us how elements the most seemingly unmanageable and discordant are made to watch like ministering angels around us—each performing tranquilly its destined function—moving through all the varying phases of decay and death—and then springing into new life, assuming new forms."

It was early in the Fifties, when we all thought the trusty schoolmaster was abroad with his primer, and when as Kingsley said, "the devil was shamming dead"; that Sudge the medium made his appearance, "turning tables" and introducing to the "awe-struck, wide-eyed, open-mouthed" *educated* classes

"Milton composing baby-rhymes, and Locke Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing Greek
In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting psalms
To crotchet and quaver."

Publishers and unbelievers in these posthumous writings of the immortals, were confronted by friends, whose veracity they had never doubted, asserting that they themselves had heard and seen these marvels of waving hands and mystic writing. Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," made a capital answer to

Lady Mary Topham, who in giving her account of certain spiritual manifestations, ended up by saying, "and you know, Mr. Warren—seeing is believing." "Yes, Lady Mary—and—believing is seeing," was the sharp retort.

When the craze of table-turning was at its height, my husband and I had not infrequently the pleasure of dining in company with Cobden and Bright, on Sunday evenings, when the party never exceeded six or eight people. One soon forgot Cobden's broad Sussex tone of voice, in the genuine charm of his manner. The first evening I remember, Bright was late in making his appearance, and we began dinner without him; at length he came in upon us like Jove's thunderbolt. He had been detained by the necessity of seeing the Greek Minister; there was some burning question at issue, about which he and Cobden began talking in hammer and tongs fashion; they seemed so violently opposed to one another, that I thought a quarrel between this political Damon and Pythias nothing short of inevitable. I was aghast at the highly militant aspect of the Peace party—it was said of John Bright, that if he had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter. Presently, in the midst of the discussion, Cobden said something conclusive of the argument, with an infinitely humorous turn, and everybody laughed, Bright included.

From politics the conversation turned upon general subjects, and in rejoinder to Mr. Crosse's remark that the present age was devoid of sublimity, Mr. Bright said, "Shakespeare and Milton can be over-rated; as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has written a great deal of nonsense;" and he went on to say, that what he liked best in "Paradise Lost," is the description of the revolt of the angels. My impression was that Bright in saying this, and a good deal more that was very anti-poetical, was in a mood for indulging in paradox.

After dinner was over, the gentlemen soon joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and Mr. Bright proposed that we should try table-turning. We all arranged ourselves round a table that seemed to have agile possibilities, and placing our hands in the regulation manner waited for manifestations. We waited, and waited—it was wearisome—for manifestations of it; but meanwhile, Mr. Bright was exhorting us to have patience.

the spirit of mischief possessed Mr. Cobden, who was next me, and myself, exchanging a glance of mutual understanding, we two exerted ourselves to move the unimpressionable table by mere muscular force. It began to slide round, for our feet helped our hands. "It's going, it's going!" cried out Mr. Bright in triumph; but just then he looked up, and seeing that we were laughing, exclaimed: "Oh, it's all a trick, I see Mrs. Crosse and Cobden are in league." "Of course I am in the League, as the wife of a free-trader is bound to be," I replied laughing. Just at that moment, a gentleman present asked Mr. Bright some questions connected with business in the House; the latter turning toward him, adjusted the high quaker collar of his coat, with a trick of manner peculiar to him, and slightly throwing back his head, spoke in answer gravely and forcibly. In that moment I caught an impression of the great orator; his face was full of power and earnestness—the earnestness of internal conviction, the power to influence the multitude.

A few days after this dinner, I saw our Somersetshire neighbor, Colonel Charles Tynte—*Mezzo-Tinte*, as he was called, because his father and his son were also colonels. I mentioned to him the interest I had felt in meeting the leaders of the Free Trade movement. In conversation he told me what Lord John Russell had quite recently said to him, imitating as he did so the speaker's drawling manner: "If you ask me," said his lordship, "who is the best speaker in the House—well, I must say, John Bright."

But to return to spiritualism; whether one met Mrs. *Milliner* Gibson—as that somewhat over-dressed lady was called—with her magic bracelet of amber beads, or Dr. Ashburner with his phials of mesmerized water, which, if you looked into them long enough, would picture all the scenes of your past life; the tiresome subject would crop up.

Faraday was pestered with applications and letters from people who believed that "a new force" had been discovered, and expected him to explain it scientifically. "Poor electricity is made accountable for half the follies of the age," said Faraday one day when we were talking over the new craze. He invited my husband to accompany him to a *séance*, where the following incident occurred. A girl pres-

ent who was said to be in a state of clairvoyance, was supposed to manifest extraordinary emotion when, as directed, Dr. Faraday turned the apex of a rock crystal toward her. But the girl could see the crystal, and the obvious conclusion was—that she was in collusion with the giver of the *séance* and was acting a part. It was pretended that the action of her ordinary senses was in abeyance, and that in fact her eyes saw nothing outwardly. Mr. Crosse handed his hat to Dr. Faraday to use as a screen before the object; this was no sooner done than the clairvoyant failed utterly to respond to the movements of the crystal. There were other exhibitions, which, under the test of common sense, failed equally; the whole thing was a perfect fiasco, quite unworthy the serious consideration of scientific men. Faraday often took occasion to remark "On the tendency there is in the human mind to deceive ourselves in regard to all we wish, and the lack of all real educational training of the judgment." This was said in 1853. In the summer of the same year, Faraday wrote a letter to his friend Schönbein, which the world—though it believes itself better educated, more advanced and wiser generally—may read with interest and profit, for the folly of the foolish is always with us.

"I have not been at work," writes Faraday, "except in turning the tables upon the table-turners, nor should I have done that, but that so many inquiries poured in upon me, that I thought it better to stop the inpouring flood by letting all know, at once, what my views and thoughts were. What a weak, credulous, incredulous, unbelieving, superstitious, bold, frightened—what a ridiculous world ours is, as far as concerns the mind of man. How full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and absurdities it is!"

All those who were fortunate enough to have known the great electrician must have been impressed by the singularly even balance of his mind; a contrast to Darwin, who lost, if indeed he ever possessed, a love of poetry, and became deaf and blind as it were to the imaginative side of our nature. Faraday was not given to quote poetry, or to talk about it in a literary sense; but as the mathematician discovers in the universe "a divine geometry," so did he discover to his hearers—whether he lectured on "Magnetic Actions and Affections" or on the "Conservation of Force"—a di-

Mrs. Grote were a great contrast to each other; it did not require Sydney Smith's wit to discover that they had exchanged attributes. He was so measured and decorous in all things, and his wife so much the reverse—at least in talk. I remember her startling a sedate and somewhat dull set of people, by saying that nothing would go right in the world till marriages were entered upon like the tenancy of a house, with leases of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one years, renewable or not, at pleasure.

We did not say things so crudely, in the Fifties, as it is the fashion to do now. No one would ever have associated the idea of female vanity with Mrs. Grote, whose dressing Sydney Smith summed up as grotesque; nothing could be more careless, more incongruous, or more shabby than her garments. But the strong-minded woman had her little weakness—she was proud of her legs. When Susan Durant was modelling her statue of "The Forsaken Shepherdess," which was subsequently placed in the Mansion House, her friend, Mrs. Grote, proffered herself as a model for the legs, which, Arcadian like, were scant of covering; the result fully justified the lady's pretensions.

The Grotes, Lord Houghton—who, by-the-by, was pointed out to me as "the cool of the evening" the first time I ever saw him—Sir Emerson Tennant, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Fellows, Mr. Ferguson, and a host of other non-scientific people were to be met at Mrs. Barlow's delightful parties in the old days. Mr. Barlow became Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institution as long ago as 1843, and for more than twenty years he and his wife gave an eminently social aspect to the learned gatherings. They lived in Berkeley Street, conveniently near the Institution. It was Mrs. Barlow's custom during the Session to invite the Friday evening lecturer to meet a party at dinner, at seven o'clock, the lecture beginning at nine. The guests were mostly bidden in compliment to the lecturer's special subject. If Lyell was to discourse on the impressions of rain drops on ancient strata, giving us thereby a *back cast* of the weather in pre adamite times, or if Ramsay was to expound his theory of glacial action in the formation of lake basins—then the party would consist of geologists and their wives, with a judicious

sprinkling of fashionable outsiders, among whom the hostess had family connections. But there is antipathy, as well as sympathy, even among the followers of science; Faraday was right, human nature is the same everywhere. For instance, Sir Richard Owen and Professor Huxley would not be asked to meet one another; and, alas! though they had been the closest of friends, Sedgwick and Murchison no longer hunted *Siluria* in couples. Even astronomers can be the reverse of nice with each other, though the objects of their affections are so far removed. Arago's abuse of his fellow-worker was the most comprehensive in the language; he said of Leverrier that he was "the greatest scoundrel within the orbit of Neptune." Our own astronomer, Adams, had in those days, or at least his friends had for him, a grudge against Airy for neglecting to notice his paper on the "Perturbations of Uranus," and thereby in point of time, losing to England the honor of the discovery of Neptune. Leverrier found the planet by accident, which Adams had proved by inductive reasoning must be there, in the exact place, where the lucky Frenchman's telescopic vision found it.

In common justice it must be said, no international jealousies ever interfered with the hospitable receptions accorded to distinguished foreigners, in the scientific society of London.

Among the foreign *savants* to be met with at the Murchisons, the Lyells, the Barlows, and elsewhere, there remains on my mind a very distinct recollection of M. Quételet, whom we met first at the Spences. This well-known Belgian astronomer and statistician, was a noble-looking man, whose conversation was full of grave interest. Just at this time, the *Christian socialism* of Maurice and Kingsley, was attracting the attention of many earnest-minded men, who desired to lessen the evils that appeared to be no other than the noxious products of civilization. It will be remembered that a *savage attack* had been made on the two clergymen, by Wilson Croker in the pages of the *Quarterly*, and this circumstance brought the matter still more under discussion. In reference to the vexed question, M. Quételet used these remarkable words: "*c'est la société qui prépare le crime, le coupable n'est que l'instrument qui l'exécute.*"

Another foreigner, who was often to be

met in society at the time—a Frenchman, whom Kinglake might have classed with those deserving to be Englishmen, if born again, was M. Sainte-Claire Deville. He had only recently rediscovered aluminium, aided in his researches by a grant from the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who much as he hated the Victor Hugos of the pen, knew how to be civil to men of science. Aluminium was to be so cheap, that houses were to be roofed with it, and iron pots and kettles were to be superseded by the lighter metal. Alas, to our cost, every storm still finds out our loose tiles; and cumbrous iron still holds its sway in the kitchen.

In my old note-book, among other foreign friends and acquaintances, there appears the name of the celebrated French chemist, Dumas; and I am thereby reminded of an amusing incident. The contributions of this distinguished man to the science of organic chemistry, were amply sufficient to justify a large amount of self-esteem; but vanity is not a becoming garment when it has no *revers* of humility. M. Dumas was not only known for his laboratory work, he was associated with the dignity of official life, having held the *porte-feuille* of Agriculture and Commerce; but yet he was not happy, he had a crook in his lot, for his name was the same as that of the too prolific novelist—the author of “Monte Cristo,” and nothing irritated the man of science so much as being mistaken for his namesake. It chanced on one occasion, the distinguished *savant* being the guest of the evening, that a lady well known in society as a great lion hunter, desired, with her usual charming audacity, to be introduced to the dignified, muchly decorated Frenchman. She immediately began pouring out the torrent of her flattery, the first words of which nearly convulsed the bystanders, who of course took in the humor of the situation. “Oh, Monsieur Dumas,” exclaimed the effusive lady, “I am delighted to meet you, but you are no stranger to me, you have not in England a greater admirer than myself; I knew every line of your writings, from dear ‘Monte Cristo,’ to the delightful ‘Mons-que-taires;’ I hope you will send me to send you a card for me—”

“Madam, I am with the writ-
savant with

nine, snub-proof coat-of-mail could resist.

“Oh, I thought you were the great M. Dumas,” exclaimed the bewildered lady.

Here the hostess intervened, but not too soon as to spoil our enjoyment of the *petite comedie*.

The Barlows’ hospitalities were not confined to their weekly dinners; for during the Royal Institution Session, Mrs. Barlow received her friends at her own house, after the lecture was over at ten o’clock. These gatherings had something of the character of a French *salon*; the same people—always with a pleasant infusion of strangers—met week after week, not as fortuitous atoms in the social whirlpool, but having sympathy of tastes and interests, that gave a feeling of continuity to the meetings. There was hardly an English notability in the ranks of science, or a foreign *savant* visiting London, who did not on one or more occasions, put in an appearance in Berkeley Street. Literature and diplomacy were also well represented. The listener might gather in a focus, something of the spirit of the age. Lacaita and Pollock discussing a new reading of Dante, while a very young man—but we know even the youngest of us are not infallible—was declaring the new Gospel according to Carlyle. Lord Stanhope might be heard quoting Avicenna and Averroes, tracing the influence of Arabic learning on the Reformation; and Maurice assenting to the line of argument, with the remark that Protestantism was always favorable to science. Vernon Lushington would perhaps be looking up volunteer lecturers for the Workingmen’s College, which he and many other earnest-minded men had so much at heart. There was in all probability heterodoxy enough present to *veto* “Eternal punishment,” though the Council of King’s College had lately expelled Maurice on that count, from the two chairs he had filled with so much distinction.

To return to things more mundane; Lord Wrottesley and Sir Roderick Murchison were very likely talking over the foreign *savants* who were to be present at the next meeting of the British Association; but whatever the subject, it was sure in Sir Roderick’s case to culminate in some remark about the Czar of All the Russias. His reception accorded to a geologist at St. Petersburg

had made a deep impression on the author of "Siluria." The story goes that some mischievous friends made a bet between them, as to the number of times that Sir Roderick Murchison would contrive to bring in the name of his "august friend" during the conversation, which was carefully to be kept off Russia, and all kindred topics. The talk was about feats of memory, and many notable instances were given, when Sir Roderick interposed, saying, "It is a curious fact, that the Emperor Nicholas has the most remarkable memory of any man I ever met"—then followed an anecdote which the friend who lost his bet, not having a royal memory, somehow forgot.

There was no man whose side faults, deserved to be, and were, more fully forgiven than Sir Roderick's. Generous by nature and in practice, and with sincere convictions, he showed to the class whose inheritance of leisure is too often spent in frivolity or worse, the excellent example of devotion to hard work. I have heard Sir Andrew Ramsay, who frequently accompanied him on his geological surveys, declare, that he never knew a man of such inexhaustible physical and mental energy. Sir Roderick would walk from dawn to sundown, talking all the time of the Palæozoic rocks, never varying the subject, as much as by a mention of strata above the old red sandstone.

Of Sir Roderick's loyalty to the Czar, I may mention the following curious incident. It will be remembered that he had spent some years in Russia, when preparing his great work on the *Geological Structure* of that country. In the autumn of 1854, Mr. Crosse and I were staying in a country house, where Sir Roderick was also a guest. He took me in to dinner one day, a day to be remembered for the news of the battle of the Alma had reached England. At dinner, amid much enthusiasm, our host proposed that we should all drink to the "success of the British Arms." To my surprise, nay consternation, my neighbor reversed his glass, guarding it with his hand, when the servant was about to pour out the wine.

"Not drink the health of our Army, and you a soldier, Sir Roderick!"

"No," he answered me, "I cannot drink to the success of an unnecessary war; my long friendship with the Emperor Nicholas, has made me aware that

all this might have been prevented, and I believe before many years are over that Statesmen will acknowledge that this is a political mistake."

Several years afterward I was present at one of those delightful meetings, that Sydney Smith used to call in the old days "not Murchison's swarries, but his quarries," where every lady is expected to carry a geological hammer instead of a fan. It was at the time when the Treaty of Paris was virtually set aside, by the re-appearance of the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea. In remarking on the circumstance, Sir Roderick said: "I told you years ago, that England would derive no ultimate advantage from the Crimean War!"

When President of the Geological Society, Sir Roderick usually gave an annual "conversazione" at Willis's Rooms, for on these occasions, even his spacious house, 16 Belgrave Square, was not large enough for the numerous guests. "*La spirituelle Lady Murchison*," as Alexander Humboldt called her, was always present; but one evening, in later years, her kindly presence was missed by all; and on asking Sir Roderick the cause of her absence, he replied "my wife has struck work at last."

To her the learned geologist owed his first initiation into the love of science; she was a good conchologist before they married, and an excellent draughts-woman. Lady Murchison illustrated many of her husband's works. Other men also had wives who helped and sympathized in their scientific labors. General Sabine's wife translated, and he edited, Humboldt's *Cosmos*. They were a delightful couple; each seemed to reflect the bright intelligence, and the happy amiability of the other. Among the scientific men of that day, there was a marked respect for female intellect, and the women wisely exercised their influence, without clamorously asserting their equality. I know of no one, who made choice of his wife "because she was a goose," as Charles Dickens is reported to have said he did. Courteous chivalry toward women, is averred to be at once the root, and the finest blossom of good manners. The plant flourished in the Fifties, and it is worth preserving.

Among the pleasant gatherings of those days, whether it was Royal Institution

lectures, British Association meetings, or in such private circles of society as in any way affected to be fashionably scientific, there was one face, I was always seeing; it was a face, that never looked a wrinkle older, and which I could fancy had never looked young. The owner of this ubiquitous, sub-acid face, was Babbage. No man was more ready for conversation in medias res;—greetings and weather talk were taken as said, and if your observation was pointless—his repartee came smart and sharp, with a ready click. Unfortunately for himself he was a man with a grievance, his calculating machine was never completed, though the patience of Government, and his own private fortune had been heavily taxed. Both Mr. Babbage and Count Strezlecki were dining at Lady Murchison's, when the Count observed, that in China, where he had lately been travelling, they took great interest in the calculating machine, and particularly wanted to know if it could be put in the pocket.

"Tell them" replied Babbage "that it is in every sense an out of pocket machine."

It was at this same dinner, if I remember rightly, that a sham apple made of some hard substance, fell from the massive épergne in the centre of the table. It rolled toward me, and Mr. Babbage, arresting its course, presented it to our host saying "Sir Roderick here comes an erratic boulder for you to classify."

Babbage had known Ada Byron from her childhood; he was much attached to her, and took special interest in the philosophical studies to which she devoted herself. After she became the wife of Lord Lovelace, she translated and published a memoir of General Menabrea on the elementary principles of the Analytical Engine, adding notes of her own, "which," said Babbage, "were a complete demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." I remember his telling me, that he hoped to leave behind him notes and diagrams sufficient to enable some future philosopher to carry out his idea of the Analytical machine.

We are too much accustomed perhaps to connect Babbage's name only with his great failure—the incompleted calculating machine—but he did good work in his day; he was the first to relieve the stu-

dent from "the cramped domain of ancient synthesis." Herschel and Peacock were associated with him, in trying to introduce the new analytic methods of mathematical reasoning which had already obtained on the Continent. There is an amusing story told of the flutter produced by these proceedings, among the Dons of Cambridge.

It will be remembered that Newton used dots in certain symbols, while Leibnitz employed d's as a sign. Babbage proposed meetings for the propagation of the d's—consigning to perdition all those who supported the heresy of the dots. The joke was so little understood, that the big-wigs denounced the young philosophers as infidels. When they were about to publish a translation of Lacroix, it was necessary to decide on a title, and Babbage suggested that it should be "The Principles of pure D'ism, in opposition to the Dot-age of the University."

If Babbage, Wheatstone, Grove, Owen, Tyndall, and a host of other distinguished scientists were to be met very generally in the society of the day, there was one man who was very conspicuous by his absence—this was Faraday! His biographers say, that in earlier years, he would occasionally accept Lady Davy's invitations to dinner; but I never heard of his going elsewhere, except in obedience to the commands of royalty. I remember his shaking hands with me one evening, immediately after the lecture, in a hurried manner, and with an anxious look; before I could ask any questions he was gone, like one of his own electric flashes. Some one told me that Faraday was bidden to the Queen's ball!

One does not easily associate Faraday's name with the frivolities of life, but he had a wholesome liking for them—as a recreation, not as the whole duty of man. He records in his journal, written when in Rome, that he went to a masked ball at the time of the Carnival, with a lady, who knew all his acquaintance, and enjoyed himself immensely. He adds that he was attired in a nightgown and nightcap—garments, I presume, which did duty for a domino. The Carnival evidently afforded him great amusement, for he expatiates largely on it in his early letters and his diaries.

In later life, Faraday retained a taste for all scenic representation; the more

But, however great may be the antiquity which is claimed by the League, its actual history dates no further back than the beginning of the present dynasty. And its most popular attributes are associated with the leading principle of a return to the *Ming* or "Bright" Chinese dynasty which was overthrown by the Manchus. To help to attain this object the members are constantly encouraged to seek after the spiritual light which is emblemized at all the ceremonies by the conspicuous use of lighted lamps.

A political association, the *Hing* League first took shape in the reign of *Yung-ching* (1724-35). A gross act of oppression committed by that Emperor, by which the *Shao-chi* monastery was burned and a number of the monks killed, drove the remnant which remained into declared hostility to the throne. As in the history of the rise of all Eastern movements, a supernatural element was introduced into the constitution of the League. The five founders, so runs the legend, being attacked by tigers in their flight from the burning monastery, went down to a stream to drink and saw, to their astonishment, a ching, censor floating on the water. On recovering it from the flood, they found four characters engraved upon it, which, being interpreted, read:—"Overthrow the *Tsing* [Manchu] dynasty and restore the *Ming*" (the Chinese dynasty). This saying they adopted as their motto, and, further to steel their resolution, they mixed their blood with wine, and drank the mixture to the dregs, swearing eternal brotherhood and deathless hate against the Manchus. To the nucleus thus formed gradually gravitated all the discontented and all the patriots in the Empire, and in the space of a few years the organization had spread to wherever the Chinese language was spoken. Lodges were formed, which were commonly situated in mountainous retreats or in the deep recesses of the forests, and which resembled armed camps. The whole League was divided into five grand divisions, and each Lodge was presided over by one president, two vice-presidents, one master, two introducers, one fiscal, thirteen councillors, agents, and "home-leaders" or recruiting officers.

It is in accordance with the traditions of the society that so often as occasions permit these home-leaders should do their

spiriting gently; but in cases where persuasion proves ineffectual more powerful arguments are used to enlist recruits. Sometimes a householder finds a note on his table summoning him to a certain spot at a certain hour under pain of death to himself and his family. At another time a man is stopped on the road by a stranger, who gives him a verbal message to the same effect. Again, stratagems are occasionally used to decoy the intended recruit into a secluded spot, where he is faced by guards from the Lodge, who march him off to the assembled council. On arrival at the outer gate of the Lodge the neophyte is constrained to adopt a dishevelled appearance. His hair is ruffled, the white garment which he is compelled to don is unbuttoned and put on awry, and his feet are bare, as tokens that he is dead to the past and is about to rise into newness of life in the organization into which he is about to enter.

Having been introduced by the Vanguard, and having passed under the bridge of swords, the neophyte is led through the various enclosures, at each of which the Vanguard is stationed by the guard-officials, to the Lodge of Universal Peace, where the council is assembled. Here, again, certain questions are put to the Vanguard, who answers them "by the book," and says them with some professedly to explain his answers, but which from the cryptic nature of the terms used makes them, if anything, more unintelligible to the initiated than they were before. At the conclusion of these interrogations the neophytes are led forward to take the oath. Any who may positively refuse to do so should, according to the strict interpretation of the law, be taken by the executioner outside the west gate of the Lodge and be beheaded at once. In times of open rebellion the men suffer the loss of their spouses, and then, having listened to a prayer for the success of the society's aims and the recitation of the thirty-six articles of association, they proceed to take the oath. As a preliminary to this part of the ceremony, each neophyte picks his finger with a silver needle and allows the blood to drop into a bowl of wine. Sometimes a seal is tied for the same purpose. But whether it is the blood of the owner of the seal, it is drunk by the neophyte, in whose presence the witness oath, after the

ing been read over to him, is burned as an offering to the gods, who, it is believed, will punish with endless tortures those who may be faithless to their new allegiance.

The laws of the association and certain mystic emblems are next handed to the recruits, who are then at liberty to return to the outer world. The laws present a curious mixture of high morality and gross treason to the State and to society. There is much mention of the necessity of obeying Heaven and of acting righteously, of practising strict morality, and of exercising every domestic virtue. But no punishment which is named as the penalty for any lapse from these virtuous heights is to be compared with those which are pronounced against any member who may fail to assist a brother who "has got into trouble" with the police, or who has murdered "a stranger," or who, for any cause, may wish to put himself beyond the reach of the law. That these obligations are strictly practised is only too plain by the difficulty which the authorities have in laying their hands on the real in-

stigators of the repeated outbreaks which have disturbed the Empire during the last two hundred years.

Of late there have been ominous signs that the societies are again becoming active for mischief, apart from the recent outrages against foreigners. In the provinces of Ganhwui, Kiangsi, Hupeh, Fuhkien, and Kwangtung, there have been outbreaks of more or less importance, and the superstitious profess to see signs of an impending revolution. White hairs have been observed to grow out of the ground, and this is held to be an infallible token of approaching trouble. Prophecies also are passing from mouth to mouth foretelling the end of the Manchu dynasty, and one which presages the speedy destruction of the Manchus and foreigners, and the consequent opening of a new era of glory to China, is current and is likely to be prevalent just now. Unfortunately such prophecies have a way of bringing about their own fulfilment, and herein lies a distinct danger to foreigners in China at the present time.—*Saturday Review*.

MARLOWE.

THE erection of a statue to Marlowe in his birthplace, the City of Canterbury, has called forth not only an inaugural address from Mr. Henry Irving, but a great number of leading articles in the daily papers. Many of these have been excellent in their way, but, as a rule, the most interesting point about Marlowe has been missed. What makes his career almost a literary miracle is the fact that he created a style and manner of writing which in its essentials has remained unchanged to the present day. Behind Marlowe, English poetry may be beautiful, interesting, truthful to Nature, inspired, what you will, but it is confessedly archaic, mediæval, unmodern. Contemporary with and after him, the style of English verse is revolutionized, and becomes what, for want of a better general term, we must call modern. For example, we find Marlowe, the moment he begins to write, pens such couplets as :—

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

It was no doubt to be expected that the

Renaissance would in England, as elsewhere, rapidly affect our literature. Still, a period of transition was to be looked for, as in France and Italy. Marlowe, however, with practically nothing behind him from which to draw inspiration for a new form, begins, as a lad of twenty, to cast his thoughts in the mould which is used by the poets of the nineteenth century. Marlowe's verbal imagery may be more gorgeous, because his imagination was more profuse, but in essentials he writes as men write to-day. Take his blank verse, "the mighty line" which caused the admiration of Ben Jonson. Surrey had imported from Italy "a drumming deccasyllabon," with the rhythms of an imperfect musical-box. Marlowe took the instrument, and invoked from it harmonies which, for mere music, have never been and never can be surpassed. But the melody of his verse, like his style, depends in no sense upon the charm of archaicism. We do not admire it because it has a quaint old-world air about it. Instead, it is bold, clear-cut,—classical,

and Ford, and several of the other dramatists, are as gross or grosser than those of Marlowe; but it is only in him that one feels the adoption of the ultra-Pagan standpoint. It is impossible to read Marlowe and not to feel that his intellectual attitude is perfectly different from that of even the most licentious of his contemporaries. They are merely immoral in the sense of being reckless and rebellious of restraint. His attitude is that of the man who does not recognize moral considerations at all. It is the *unmoral* standpoint throughout. Beauty and pleasure are the governing factors of the world. This globe of ours is a vast and wonderful palace of delights, full of strange secrets and new pleasures, which yield themselves to the learned and the daring. Man finds himself in this treasure-house for a little space, and if he is wise, avails himself of the chances that are offered to him. This splendid, glittering, or rather, irradiated, materialism, found in Marlowe its only true apostle of English blood during the period of the Renaissance. Other men were half-hearted and insincere in their passion for the pleasures of sense, and of the intellect on its sensuous side. He, like his own Faust, "made sweet Pleasure conquer deep Despair;" and recked not of right or truth or duty.

We have no desire to censure Marlowe here because he yielded to the Pagan spirit of the Renaissance. What we have to do with is his poetry, and not his life or his opinions. It is, however, a perfectly legitimate exercise of the functions of criticism to point out that Marlowe's poetry suffered because it was, like its author, devoid of the moral element. Unless we are to suppose that a prolongation of life would have brought a change of intellectual attitude, it is quite safe to say that our literature has not lost another Shakespeare in Marlowe. No poetry which is unmoral, which is dead to the

true view of life, will ever be entirely great. That poetry is the highest and the best which is widest, which concerns itself most directly and most broadly with human life, and which leaves least out. But experience shows that, whether right or wrong, the majority of mankind believe in and set before themselves certain ideals of duty and justice, and believe also in the imposition of certain responsibilities. Some form one estimate of these ideals, others another; but the majority agree that they have a real existence. The poetry that ignores them, and is purely sensuous in its aims, however beautiful, is sure, therefore, to suffer from a certain narrowness and insufficiency. It will contain only a portion, not the whole. Shakespeare is greater than Marlowe, because the moral standpoint belonged to him, the unmoral to his predecessor.

Before we leave the subject of Marlowe's verse, we cannot refrain from quoting what, judged as melody, is unquestionably one of the greatest pieces of blank verse in the English language. It occurs in Marlowe's earliest play, and must have been written when he was almost a youth. It is, in fact, a lyric ecstasy put into the mouth of Tamburlaine on the death of his wife Zenocrate:—

"Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven
As sentinels to warn immortal souls,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome
earth,
Shine downward now no more, but deck
the Heavens,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The crystal spring whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver runs through Paradise,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The cherubims and holy seraphims
That sing and play before the King of Kings
Use all their voices and their instruments,
To entertain divine Zenocrate."

—*Spectator*.

THE WILD WOMEN AS SOCIAL INSURGENTS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

WE must change our ideals. The Desdemonas and Dorotheas, the Enids and Imogens, are all wrong. Milton's Eve is an anachronism; so is the Lady; so is Una; so are Christabel and Genevieve.

Such women as Panthea and Alcestis, Cornelia and Lucretia, are as much out of date as the chiton and the peplum, the bride's hair parted with a spear, or the worth of a woman reckoned by the flax she spun

the Wild Women allow men no monopoly in sports, in games, in responsibilities. Beginning by "walking with the guns," they end by shooting with them; and some have made the moor a good training-ground for the jungle. As life is constituted, it is necessary to have butchers and sportsmen. The hunter's instinct keeps down the wild beasts, and those who go after big game do as much good to the world as those who slaughter home-bred beasts for the market. But in neither instance do we care to see a woman's hand. It may be merely a sentiment, and ridiculous at that; still, sentiment has its influence, legitimate enough when not too widely extended; and we confess that the image of a "butchering" woman, nursing her infant child with hands red with the blood of an ox she has just poleaxed or of a lamb whose throat she has this instant cut, is one of unmitigated horror and moral incongruity. Precisely as horrible, as incongruous, is the image of a well-bred sportswoman whose bullet has crashed along the spine of a leopardess, who has knocked over a rabbit or brought down a partridge. The one may be a hard-fisted woman of the people, who had no inherent sensitiveness to overcome—a woman born and bred among the shambles and accustomed to the whole thing from childhood. The other may be a dainty-featured aristocrat, whose later development belies her early training; but the result is the same in both cases—the possession of an absolutely unwomanly instinct, an absolutely unwomanly indifference to death and suffering; which certain of the Wild Women of the present day cultivate as one of their protests against the limitations of sex. The viragoes of all times have always had this same instinct, this same indifference. For nothing of all this is new in substance. What is new is the translation into the cultured classes of certain qualities and practices hitherto confined to the uncultured and—savages.

This desire to assimilate their lives to those of men runs through the whole day's work of the Wild Women. Not content with croquet and lawn tennis, the one of which affords ample opportunities for flirting—for the Wild Women are not always above that little pastime—and the other for exercise even more violent than is good for the average woman, they have taken to golf and cricket, where they are

hindrances for the one part, and make themselves "sights" for the other. Men are not graceful when jumping, running, stooping, swinging their arms, and all the rest of it. They are fine, and give a sense of power that is perhaps more attractive than mere beauty; but, as schoolboys are not taught gymnastics after the manner of the young Greeks, to the rhythmic cadence of music, so that every movement may be rendered automatically graceful, they are often awkward enough when at play; and the harder the work the less there is of artistic beauty in the manner of it. But if men, with their narrower hips and broader shoulders, are less than classically lovely when they are putting out their physical powers, what are the women, whose broad hips give a wider step and less steady carriage in running, and whose arms, because of their narrower shoulders, do not lend themselves to beautiful curves when they are making a swinging stroke at golf or batting and bowling at cricket? The prettiest woman in the world loses her beauty when at these violent exercises. Hot and damp, mopping her flushed and streaming face with her handkerchief, she has lost that sense of repose, that delicate self-restraint, which belongs to the ideal woman. She is no longer dainty. She has thrown off her grace and abandoned all that makes her lovely for the uncomely roughness of pastimes wherein she cannot excel, and of which it was never intended she should be a partaker.

We have not yet heard of women polo-players; but that will come. In the absurd endeavor to be like men, these modern *homasses* will leave nothing untried; and polo-playing, tent-pegging, and tilting at the quintain are all sure to come in time. When weeds once begin to grow, no limits can be put to their extent unless they are stubbed up betimes.

The Wild Women, in their character of social insurgents, are bound by none of the conventions which once regulated society. In them we see the odd social phenomenon of the voluntary descent of the higher to the lower forms of ways and works. "Unladylike" is a term that has ceased to be significant. Where "unwomanly" has died out we could scarcely expect this other to survive. The special must needs go with the generic; and we find it so with a vengeance! With other queer inversions the frantic desire of mak-

ing money has invaded the whole class of Wild Woman ; and it does not mitigate their desire that, as things are, they have enough for all reasonable wants. Women who, a few years ago, would not have shaken hands with a dressmaker, still less have sat down to table with her, now open shops and set up in business on their own account—not because they are poor, which would be an honorable and sufficing reason enough, but because they are restless, dissatisfied, insurgent, and like nothing so much as to shock established prejudices and make the folk stare. It is such a satire on their inheritance of class distinction, on their superior education—perhaps very superior, stretching out to academical proportions ! It is just the kind of topsyturvydom that pleases them. They, with their long descent, grand name, and right to a coat-of-arms which represents past ages of renown—they to come down into the market-place, shouldering out the meaner fry, who must work to live—taking from the legitimate traders the pick of their custom, and making their way by dint of social standing and personal influence—they to sell bonnets in place of buying them—to make money instead of spending it—what fun ! What a grand idea it was to conceive, and grander still to execute ! In this insurgent playing at shopkeeping by those who do not need to do so we see nothing grand nor beautiful, but much that is thoughtless and mean. Born of restlessness and idleness, these spasmodic make-believes after serious work are simply pastimes to the Wild Women who undertake them. There is nothing really solid in them, no more than there was of philanthropy in the fashionable craze for slumming which broke out like a fever a winter or two ago. Shop-keeping and slumming, and some other things too, are just the expression of that restlessness which makes of the modern Wild Woman a second I_o, driving her afield in search of strange pleasures and novel occupations, and leading her to drink of the inuddiest waters so long as they are in new channels cut off from the old fountains. Nothing daunts this modern I_o. No barriers restrain, no obstacles prevent. She appears on the public stage and executes dances which one would not like one's daughter to see, still less perform. She herself knows no shame in showing her skill—and her legs. ^{Why} should she ?

What free and independent spirit, in these later days, is willing to be bound by those musty principles of modesty which did well enough for our stupid old great-grandmothers—but for us ? Other times, other manners ; and womanly reticence is not of these last !

There is no reason why perfectly good and modest women should not be actresses. Rightly taken, acting is an art as noble as any other. But here, as elsewhere, are gradations and sections ; and just as a wide line is drawn between the cancan and the minuet, so is there between the things which a modest woman may do on the stage and those which she may not. Not long ago that line was notoriously overstepped, and certain of our Wild Women pranced gayly from the safe precincts of the permissible into those wider regions of the more than doubtful, where, it is to be supposed, they enjoyed their questionable triumph—at least for the hour.

The spirit of the day is both vagrant and self-advertising, both bold and restless, contemptuous of law and disregarding restraint. We do not suppose that women are intrinsically less virtuous than they were in the time of Hogarth's " Last Stake ;" but they are more dissatisfied, less occupied, and infinitely less modest. All those old similes about modest violets and chaste lilies, flowers blooming unseen, and roses that " open their glowing bosoms" but to one love only—all these are as rococo as the Elizabethan ruff or Queen Anne's " laced head." Every one who has a " gift" must make that gift public ; and, so far from wrapping up talents in a napkin, pence are put out to interest, and the world is called on to admire the milling. The enormous amount of inferior work which is thrown on the market in all directions is one of the marvels of the time. Everything is exhibited. If a young lady can draw so far correctly as to give her cow four legs and not five, she sends her sketches to some newspaper, or more boldly transfers them on to a plate or a pot, and exhibits them at some art refuge for the stage below mediocrity. It is heartbreaking when these inanities are sent by those poor young creatures who need the fortune they think they have in their " gift." It is contemptible when they are sent by the rich, distracted with vanity and idleness together. The love

of art for its own sake, of intellectual work for the intellectual pleasure it brings, knows nothing of this insatiate vanity, this restless ambition to be classed among those who give to their work days where these others give hours. It is only the Wild Women who take these headers into artistic depths, where they flounder pitifully, neither dredging up unknown treasures, nor floating gayly in the sun on the crest of the wave. When we think of the length of time it has taken to create all masterpieces—and, indeed, all good work of any kind, not necessarily masterpieces—it is food for wonder to see the jaunty ease with which the scarce-educated in an art throw off their productions, which then they fling out to the public as one tosses crumbs to the sparrows. But the Wild Women are never thorough. As artists, as literati, as tradeswomen, as philanthropists, it is all a mere touch-and-go kind of thing with them. The roots, which are first in importance in all growths, no matter what, are the last things they care to master. They would not be wild if they did.

About these Wild Women is always an unpleasant suggestion of the adventuress. Whatever their natural place and lineage, they are of the same family as those hotel heroines who forget to lock the chamber door—those confiding innocents of riper years, who contract imperfect marriages—those pretty country blossoms who begin life modestly and creditably, and go on to flaunting notoriety and disgrace. One feels that it is only the accident of birth which differences these from those, and determines a certain stability of class. It is John Bradshaw over again; but the "grace" is queerly bestowed. As a rule, these women have no scruples about money. They are notorious for never having small change; they get into debt with a facility as amazing in its want of conscience as its want of foresight; and then they take to strange ways for redeeming their credit and saving themselves from public exposure. If the secret history of some account-books could be written startling revelations would be made. Every now and then, indeed, things come to light which it would have been better to keep hidden; for close association with shady "promoters" and confessed blacklegs is not conducive to the honor of womanhood—at least as this honor was. Under the

new *régime* blots do not count for so much. Every now and then, one, a trifle more shameless than her sisters, flourishes out openly before the world as an adept in a doubtful business—say, in the art of laying odds judiciously and hedging wisely. She is to be seen standing on her tub shouting with the best; and as little abashed by the unwomanliness of her "environment" as are her more mischievous compeers on the political stump. She knows that money is to be made as well as lost in the ring, and she does not see why, because she is a woman, she may not pick out plums with the rest.

If she has money enough—she is sure to call it "oof," so as to be in line with the verbal as well as the practical blackguardism of the day—she has a stud of her own, and enters into all the details connected therewith with as much gusto as a village beldame enters into the life-events of her homely world. But while a foal is one of the most interesting things in life to one of these horsey Wild Women, a child is one of the least; and what young mother, with all the hopes and fears, the fervent love, the brilliant dreams, which lie about the cradle of her first-born, comes near in importance to that brood mare of racing renown, with her long-legged foal trotting by her side? The Wild Woman is never a delightful creature, take her how one will; but the horsey Wild Woman, full of stable slang and inverted instincts, can give points to the rest of her clan, and still be ahead of them all.

Sometimes our Wild Women break out as adventurous travellers; when they come home to write on what they have seen and done, books which have to be taken with salt by the spoonful, not only by the grain. Their bows are very large, and the string they draw preternaturally long. Experts contradict them, and the more experienced smile and shake their heads. But their own partisans uphold them; and that portion of the press where reason and manliness are suffocated by the sense of sex takes them as if they were so many problems of Euclid with Q.E.D. after "the end." How different these pseudo-heroines are from the quiet realities, such as Marianne North, to name no other, who did marvels of which they never boasted, contented with showing the unanswerable results! They "covered down," they did not paint in high lights

and exaggerated colors the various perils through which they had passed. The Wild Woman of the immediate day reverses the system. Under her manipulation a steep ascent is a sheer precipice, a crack in the road is a crevasse, a practicable bit of crag-climbing is a service of peril where each step is planted in the shadow of death; and hardships are encountered which exist only on paper and in the fertile imagination of the fair tourist. If, however, these hardships are real and not imaginary, the poor, wild vagrant returns broken and overstrained, and finds, when perhaps too late, that lovely woman may stoop to other folly besides that of listening to a dear loo'ed lad; and that, in her attempt to imitate, to rival, perhaps to surpass, man on his rightful ground she is not only destroying her distinctive charm of womanhood, but is perhaps digging her own grave, to be filled too surely as well as prematurely.

We are becoming a little surfeited with these Wild Women as globe-trotters and travellers. Their adventures, which for the most part are fictions based on a very small substratum of fact, have ceased to impress, partly because we have ceased to believe, and certainly ceased to respect. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Who wanted them to run all these risks, supposing them to be true? What good have they done by their days of starvation and nights of sleeplessness? their perils by land and sea? their chances of being devoured by wild beasts or stuck up by bushrangers? taken by brigands or insulted by rowdies of all nations? They have contributed nothing to our stock of knowledge, as Marianne North has done. They have solved no ethnological problem; brought to light no new treasures of nature; discovered no new field for British spades to till, no new markets for British manufactures to supply. They have done nothing but lose their beauty, if they had any; for what went out fresh and comely comes back haggard and weatherbeaten. It was quite unnecessary. They have lost, but the world has not gained; and that doctor's bill will make a hole in the publisher's check.

Ranged side by side with these vagrant Wild Women, globe-trotting for the sake of a subsequent book of travels, and the *kudos* with the pence accruing, are those who spread themselves abroad as missionaries, and those—a small minority, certain-

ly—who do not see why the army and the navy should be sealed against the sex. Among these female missionaries are some who are good, devoted, pure-hearted, self-sacrificing—all that women should be, all that the best women are, and ever have been, and ever will be. But also among them are the Wild Women—creatures impatient of restraint, bound by no law, insurgent to their finger-tips, and desirous of making all other women as restless and discontented as themselves. Ignorant and unreasonable, they would carry into the sun-laden East the social conditions born of the icy winds of the North. They would introduce into the zenana the circumstances of a Yorkshire home. In a country where jealousy is as strong as death, and stronger than love, they would incite the women to revolt against the rule of seclusion, which has been the law of the land for centuries before we were a nation at all. That rule has worked well for the country, inasmuch as the chastity of Hindu women and the purity of family life are notoriously intact. But our Wild Women swarm over into India as zenana missionaries, trying to make the Hindus as discontented, as restless, as unruly as themselves. The zenana would not suit us. The meekest little mouse among us would revolt at a state of things which does not press too heavily on those who have known nothing else and inherited no other traditions. But it does suit the people who have framed and who live under these laws; and we hold it to be an ethnological blunder, as well as a political misdemeanor, to send out these surging apostles of disobedience and discontent to carry revolt and confusion among our Indian fellow-subjects. It is part of the terrible restlessness with which this age is afflicted, part of the contempt for law in all its forms which certain women have adopted from certain men, themselves too effeminate, too little manly to be able to submit to discipline. These are the men who hound on the Wild Women to ever fresh extravagances. Those pestilent papers which are conducted by these rebels against law and order are responsible for a large amount of the folly which all true lovers of womanly beauty and virtue deplore and fight against. It is they who hold up to public admiration acts and sentiments which ought to be either sternly repressed as public faults or laughed down as absurdities.

Unlike the female doctors, who, we believe, undertake no proselytizing, and are content to merely heal the bodies while leaving alone the souls and lives of the "purdah-women," the zenana missionaries go out with the express purpose of teaching Christian theology and personal independence. We hold each to be an impertinence. Like the Jews, the Hindu men have ample means of judging of our Christianity, and what it has done for the world which professes it. They also have ample means of judging of the effects of our womanly independence, and what class of persons we turn out to roam about the world alone. If they prefer this to that, they have only to say so, and the reform will come from within, as it ought—as all reforms must, to be of value. If they do not, it is not for our Wild Women to carry the burden of their unrest into the quiet homes of the East; which homes, too, are further protected by the oath taken by the sovereign to respect the religion of these Eastern subjects. When we have taught the Hindu women to hunt and drive, play golf and cricket, dance the cancan on a public stage, make speeches in Parliament, cherish "dear boys" at five-o'clock tea, and do all that our Wild Women do, shall we have advanced matters very far? Shall we have made the home happier, the family purer, the women themselves more modest, more chaste? Had we not better cease to pull at ropes which move machinery of which we know neither the force nor the possible action? Why all this interference with others? Why not let the various peoples of the earth manage their domestic matters as they think fit? Are our Wild Women the ideal of female perfection? Heaven forbid! But to this distorted likeness they and their backers are doing their best to reduce all others.

Aggressive, disturbing, officious, unquiet, rebellious to authority and tyrannous to those whom they can subdue, we say emphatically that they are about the most unlovely specimens the sex has yet produced, and between the "purdah-woman" and the modern *homasses* we, for our own parts, prefer the former. At least the purdah-woman knows how to love. At least she has not forgotten the traditions of modesty as she has been taught them. But what about our half-naked girls and young wives, smoking and

drinking with the men? our ramping platform orators? our unabashed self-advertisers? our betting women? our horse-breeders? our advocates of free love, and our contemnners of maternal life and domestic duties?

The mind goes back over certain passages in history, and the imagination fastens on certain names which stand as types of womanly loveliness and loveworthiness. Side by side with them were the *homasses* of their day. Where there was a Countess of Salisbury, for whom not a man in the castle but would have died, cheerfully, gladly, rejoiced to carry his death as his tribute to her surpassing charm, there was also a Black Agnes, who did not disdain to insult her baffled foe, and who had none of the delightfulness which made the Countess of Salisbury so beloved—which made the even yet more distinctly heroic Jane de Montfort so prepotent over her followers. Here stands Lady Rachel Russell; there the arch-virago old Bess of Hardwicke. The one is our English version of Panthea, of Arria; the other is Xanthippe in a coif and peaked stomacher. On one canvas we have Lady Fanshawe; on the other, Lady Eldon—all the same as now we have certain sweet and lovely women who honor their womanhood and fulfil its noblest ideals, and these Wild Women of blare and bluster, who are neither man nor woman—wanting in the well-knit power of the first and in the fragrant sweetness of the last.

Exercences of the times, products of peace and idleness, of prosperity and over-population—would things be better if a great national disaster pruned our superfluities and left us nearer to the essential core of facts? Who knows! Storms shake off the nobler fruit but do not always beat down the ramping weeds. Still, human nature has the trick of pulling itself right in times of stress and strain. Perhaps, if called upon, even our Wild Women would cast off their ugly travesty and become what modesty and virtue designed them to be; and perhaps their male adorers would go back to the ranks of masculine self-respect, and leave off this base subservience to folly which now disfigures and unmans them. *Chi lo sa?* It does no one harm to hope. This hope, then, let us cherish while we can and may.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE ABBÉ'S REPENTANCE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

IVY STANBURY had never been in the South before. So everything burst full upon her with all the charm of novelty. As they reached Antibes Station, the sun was setting. A pink glow from his blood-red orb lit up the snowy ridge of the Maritime Alps with fairy splendor. It was a dream of delight to those eager young eyes, fresh from the fog and frost and brooding gloom of London. In front, the deep blue port, the long white mole, the picturesque lighthouse, the arcaded breakwater, the sea just flecked with russet lateen sails, the coasting craft that lay idle by the quays in the harbor. Further on, the mouldering gray town, enclosed in its mediæval walls, and topped by its two tall towers: the square bastions and angles of Vauban's great fort: the laughing coast toward Nice, dotted over with white villages perched high among dark hills: and beyond all, soaring up into the cloudless sky, the phantom peaks of those sun-smitten mountains. No lovelier sight can eye behold round the enchanted Mediterranean: what wonder Ivy Stanbury gazed at it that first night of her sojourn in the South with unfeigned admiration?

"It's beautiful," she broke forth, drawing a deep breath as she spoke, and gazing up at the clear-cut outlines of the Cime de Mercantourn. "More beautiful than anything I could have imagined, almost."

But Aunt Emma was busy looking after the luggage, registered through from London. "*Quatre colis*, all told, and then the rugs and the hold-all; Maria should have fastened those straps more securely. And where's the black bag? And the thing with the etna? And mind you take care of my canary, Ivy."

Ivy stood still and gazed. So like a vision did those dainty pink summits, all pencilled with dark glens, hang mystic in the air. To think about luggage at such a moment as this was, to her, sheer desecration. And how wine-colored was the dark sea in the evening light: and how antique the gray Greek town: and how delicious the sunset! The snowiest peaks of all stood out now in the very hue of the pinky nacre that lines a shell: the shadows of the gorges that scored their smooth

sides showed up in delicate tints of pale green and dark purple. Ivy drew a deep breath again, and clutched the bird-cage silently.

The long drive to the hotel across the olive-clad promontory, between bay and bay, was one continuous joy to her. Here and there, rocky inlets opened out for a moment to right or left, hemmed in by tiny crags, where the blue sea broke in milky foam upon weather-beaten skerries. Coquettish white villas gleamed rosy in the setting sun among tangled gardens of strange shrubs, whose very names Ivy knew not—date-palms, and fan-palms, and eucalyptus, and mimosa, and green Mediterranean pine, and tall flowering agavé. At last, the tired horses broke into a final canter, and drew up before the broad stairs of the hotel on the headland. A vista through the avenue revealed to Ivy's eyes a wide strip of sea, and beyond it again the jagged outline of the Estérel, most exquisitely shaped of earthly mountains, silhouetted in deep blue against the fiery red of a sky just fading from the afterglow into profound darkness.

She could hardly dress for dinner, for looking out of the window. Even in that dim evening light, the view across the bay was too exquisite to be neglected.

However, by dint of frequent admonitions from Aunt Emma, through the partition door, she managed at last to rummage out her little white evening dress—a soft nun's cloth, made full in the bodice—and scrambled through in the nick of time, as the dinner-bell was ringing.

Table d'hôte was fairly full. Most of the guests were ladies. But to Ivy's surprise, and perhaps even dismay, she found herself seated next a tall young man in the long black cassock of a Catholic priest, with a delicate pale face, very austere and clear-cut. This was disconcerting to Ivy, for, in the English way, she had a vague feeling in her mind that priests, after all, were not quite human.

The tall young man, however, turned to her after a minute's pause with a frank and pleasant smile, which seemed all at once to bespeak her sympathy. He had

an even row of white teeth, Ivy observed, and thin, thoughtful lips, and a cultivated air, and the mien of a gentleman. Cardinal Manning must surely have looked like that when he was an Anglican curate. So austere was the young man's face, yet so gentle, so engaging.

"Mademoiselle has just arrived to-day?" he said, interrogatively, in the pure, sweet French of the Faubourg St. Germain. Ivy could see at a glance he felt she was shy of him, and was trying to reassure her. "What a beautiful sunset we've had! What light! What color!"

His voice rang so soft that Ivy plucked up heart of grace to answer him boldly in her own pretty variation of the Ollendorffian dialect, "Yes, it was splendid, splendid. This is the first time I visit the Mediterranean, and coming from the cold North, its beauty takes my breath away."

"Mademoiselle is French then?" the young priest asked, with the courtly flattery that sits so naturally on his countrymen. "No, English? Really! And nevertheless you speak with a charming accent. But all English ladies speak French to-day. Yes, this place is lovely: nothing lovelier on the coast. I went up this evening to the hill that forms the centre of our little promontory—"

"The hill with the lighthouse that we passed on our way?" Ivy asked, proud at heart that she could remember the word *phare* offhand, without reference to the dictionary.

The Abbé bowed. "Yes, the hill with the lighthouse," he answered, hardly venturing to correct her by making *phare* masculine. "There is there a sanctuary of Our Lady—Notre-Dame de la Garoupe—and I mounted up to it by the Chemin de la Croix, to make my devotions. And after spending a little half-hour all alone in the oratory, I went out upon the platform, and sat at the foot of the cross, and looked before me upon the view. Oh, mademoiselle, how shall I say? it was divine! it was beautiful! The light from the setting sun touched up those spotless temples of the eternal snow with the rosy radiance of an angel's wing. It was a prayer in marble. One would think the white and common daylight, streaming through some dim cathedral window, made rich with figures, was falling in crimson palpitations on the clasped hands of some

alabaster saint—so glorious was it, so beautiful!"

Ivy smiled at his enthusiasm: it was so like her own—and yet, oh, so different! But she admired the young Abbé, all the same, for not being ashamed of his faith. What English curate would have dared to board a stranger like that—with such a winning confidence that the stranger would share his own point of view of things? And then the touch of poetry that he threw into it all was so delicately mediæval. Ivy looked at him and smiled again. The priest had certainly begun by creating a favorable impression.

All through dinner, her new acquaintance talked to her uninterruptedly. Ivy was quite charmed to see how far her meagre French would carry her. And her neighbor was so polite, so grave, so attentive. He never seemed to notice her mistakes of gender, her little errors of tense or mood or syntax: he caught rapidly at what she meant when she paused for a word: he finished her sentences for her better than she could have done them herself: he never suggested, he never corrected, he never faltered, but he helped her out, as it were, unconsciously, without ever seeming to help her. In a word, he had the manners of a born gentleman, with the polish and the grace of good French society. And then, whatever he said was so interesting and so well put. A tinge of Celtic imagination lighted up all his talk. He was well read in his own literature, and in English and German too. Nothing could have been more unlike Ivy's preconceived idea of the French Catholic priest—the rotund and rubicund village curé. This man was tall, slim, pathetic, poetical looking, with piercing black eyes, and features of striking and statuesque beauty. But above all, Ivy felt now he was earnest, and human—intensely human.

Once only, when conversation rose loud across the table, the Abbé ventured to ask, with bated breath, in a candid tone of inquiry, "Mademoiselle is Catholic?"

Ivy looked down at her plate as she answered in a timid voice, "No, monsieur, Anglican." Then she added, half apologetically, with a deprecating smile, "'Tis the religion of my country, you know." For she feared she shocked him.

"Perfectly," the Abbé answered, with a sweet smile of resigned regret; and he

murmured something half to himself in the Latin tongue, which Ivy didn't understand. It was a verse from the Vulgate, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold: them also will I bring in." For he was a tolerant man, though devout, that Abbé, and Mademoiselle was charming. Had not even the Church itself held that Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, I know not how many more—and then, Mademoiselle, no doubt erred through ignorance of the Faith, and the teaching of her parents!

After dinner they strolled out into the great entrance hall. The Abbé, with a courtly bow, went off, half reluctant, in another direction. On a table close by, the letters that came by the evening post lay displayed in long rows for visitors to claim their own. With true feminine curiosity, Ivy glanced over the names of her fellow guests. One struck her at once—"M. l'Abbé de Kermadec." "That must be our priest, Aunt Emma," she said, looking close at it. And the English barrister with the loud voice, who sat opposite her at table, made answer, somewhat bluffly, "Yes, that's the priest, M. Guy de Kermadec. You can see with half an eye, he's above the common ruck of 'em. Belongs to a very distinguished Breton family, so I'm told. Of late years, you know, there's been a reaction in France in favor of piety. It's the mode to be *dévo*t. The Royalists think religion goes hand in hand with legitimacy. So several noble families send a younger son into the church now again, as before the Revolution—make a decorative Abbé of him. It's quite the thing, as times go. The eldest son of the Kermadecs is a marquis, I believe—one of their trumpery marquee's—has a château in Morbihan—the second son's in a cavalry regiment, and serves La France; the third's in the church, and saves the souls of the family. That's the way they do now. Division of labor, don't you see! Number one plays, number two fights, number three prays. Land, army, piety."

"Oh, indeed," Ivy answered, shrinking into her shell at once. She didn't know why, but it jarred upon her somehow to hear the English barrister with the loud bluff voice speak like that about her neighbor. M. Guy de Kermadec was of gentler mould, she felt sure, than the barrister's coarse red hands should handle.

They stayed there some weeks. Aunt

Emma's lungs were endowed with a cavity. So Aunt Emma did little but sun herself on the terrace, and chirp to the canary, and look across at the Estérel. But Ivy was strong, her limbs were a tom-boy's, and she wandered about by herself to her heart's content over that rocky peninsula. On her first morning at the Cape, indeed, she strolled out alone, following a footpath that led through a green strip of pine-wood, fragrant on either side with lentisk scrub and rosemary. It brought her out upon the sea, near the very end of the promontory, at a spot where white rocks, deeply honeycombed by the ceaseless spray of centuries, lay tossed in wild confusion, stack upon stack, rent and fissured. Low bushes, planed level by the wind, sloped gradually upward. A *douanier's* trail threaded the rugged maze. Ivy turned to the left and followed it on, well pleased, past huge tors and deep gulleys. Here and there, taking advantage of the tilt of the strata, the sea had worn itself great caves and blowholes. A slight breeze was rolling breakers up these miniature gorges. Ivy stood and watched them tumble in, the deep peacock blue of the outer sea changing at once into white foam as they curled over and shattered themselves on the green slimy reefs that blocked their progress.

By-and-by she reached a spot where a clump of tall aloes, with prickly points, grew close to the edge of the rocks in true African luxuriance. Just beyond them, on the brink, a man sat bareheaded, his legs dangling over a steep undermined cliff. The limestone was tilted up there at such an acute angle that the crag overhung the sea by a yard or two, and waves dashed themselves below into a thick rain of spray without wetting the top. Ivy had clambered half out to the edge before she saw who the man was. Then he turned his head at the sound of her footfall, and sprang to his feet hastily.

"Take care, mademoiselle," he said, holding his round hat in his left hand, and stretching out his right to steady her. "Such spots as these are hardly meant for skirts like yours—or mine. One false step, and over you go. I'm a pretty strong swimmer myself—our Breton sea did so much for me; but no swimmer on earth could live against the force of those crushing breakers. They'd catch a man on their crests, and pound him to a jelly

on the jagged needles of rock. They'd hurl him on to the crumbling pinnacles, and then drag him back with their undertow, and crush him at last, as in a gigantic mortar, till every trait, every feature was indistinguishable."

"Thank you," Ivy answered, taking his proffered hand as innocently as she would have taken her father's curate's. "It's just beautiful out here, isn't it?" She seated herself on the ledge near the spot where he'd been sitting. "How grandly the waves roll in!" she cried, eyeing them with girlish delight. "Do you come here often, M. l'Abbé?"

The Abbé gazed at her, astonished. How strange are the ways of these English! He was a priest, to be sure, a celibate by profession; but he was young, he was handsome—he knew he was good-looking; and mademoiselle was unmarried! This chance meeting embarrassed him, to say the truth, far more than it did Ivy—though Ivy too was shy, and a little conscious blush that just tinged her soft cheek made her look, the Abbé noted, even prettier than ever. But still, if he was a priest, he was also a gentleman. So, after a moment's demur, he sat down, a little way off—further off, indeed, than the curate would have thought it necessary to sit from her—and answered very gravely, in that soft low voice of his, "Yes, I come here often, very often. It's my favorite seat. On these rocks one seems to lose sight of the world and the work of man's hand, and to stand face to face with the eternal and the infinite." He waved his arm, as he spoke, toward the horizon, vaguely.

"I like it for its wildness," Ivy said simply. "These crags are so beautiful."

"Yes," the young priest answered, looking across at them pensively, "I like to think, for my part, that for thousands of years the waves have been dashing against them, day and night, night and day, in a ceaseless rhythm, since the morning of the creation. I like to think that before ever a Phœcean galley steered its virgin trip into the harbor of Antipolis, this honeycombing had begun; that when the Holy Maries of the Sea passed by our Cape on their miraculous voyage to the mouths of the Rhone, they saw this headland, precisely as we see it to-day, on their starboard bow, all weather-eaten and weather-beaten."

Ivy lounged with her feet dangling over the edge, as the Abbé had done before. The Abbé sat and looked at her in fear and trembling. If mademoiselle were to slip, now. His heart came up in his mouth at the thought. He was a priest, to be sure; but at seven-and-twenty, mark you well, even priests are human. They too have hearts. Anatomically they resemble the rest of their kind; it is only the cassock that makes the outer difference.

But Ivy sat talking in her imperfect French, with very little sense of how much trouble she was causing him. She didn't know that the Abbé, too, trembled on the very brink of a precipice. But his was a moral one. By-and-by she rose. The Abbé stretched out his hand, and lent it to her politely. He could do no less; yet the touch of her ungloved fingers thrilled him. What a pity so fair a lamb should stray so far from the true fold! Had Our Lady brought him this chance? Was it his duty to lead her, to guide her, to save her?

"Which is the way to the lighthouse hill?" Ivy asked him carelessly.

The words seemed to his full heart like a sacred omen. For on the lighthouse hill, as on all high places in Provence, stood also a lighthouse of the soul, a sanctuary of Our Lady, that Notre-Dame de la Garoupe whereof he had told her yesterday. And of her own accord she had asked the way now to Our Lady's shrine. He would guide her like a beacon. This was the finger of Providence. Sure, Our Lady herself had put the thought into the heart of her.

"I go that way myself," he said, rejoicing. "If mademoiselle will allow me, I will show her the path. Every day I go up there to make my devotion."

As they walked by the sea and climbed the cliff

Abbé discoursed very many things. Not that he was a priest, but his love for the sea, as became a swimmer, yachtsman, and artist. His knowledge of the coast; of the cliffs; of the

swims; and

And he was wide-minded too: for he spoke with real affection of a certain neighbor of theirs in Morbihan: he was proud of the great writer's pure Breton blood, though he deprecated his opinions—"But he's so kind and good after all, that dear big Renan!" Ivy started with surprise: not so had she heard the noblest living master of French prose discussed and described in their Warwickshire rectory. But every moment she saw yet clearer that anything more unlike her preconceived idea of a Catholic priest than this ardent young Celt could hardly be imagined. Ferrent and fervid, he led the conversation like one who spoke with tongues. For herself she said little by the way: her French halted sadly; but she listened with real pleasure to the full flowing stream of the young man's discourse. After all, she knew now, he was a young man at least—not human alone, but vivid and virile as well, in spite of his petticoats.

People forget too often that putting on a *soutane* doesn't necessarily make a strong nature feminine.

At the top of the lighthouse hill Ivy paused, delighted. Worlds opened before her. To right and left, in rival beauty, spread a glorious panorama. She stood and gazed at it entranced. She had plenty of time indeed to drink in to the full those two blue bays, with their contrasted mountain barriers—snowy Alps to the east, purple Estérel to westward—for the Abbé had gone into the rustic chapel to make his devotions. When he came out again, curiosity tempted Ivy for a moment into that bare little whitewashed barn. It was a Provençal fisher shrine of the rudest antique type; its gaudy Madonna, tricked out with paper flowers, stood under a crude blue canopy, set with tinsel-gilt stars: the rough walls hung thick with ex-voto's of coarse and naïve execution. Here, sailors in peril emerged from a watery grave by the visible appearance of Our Lady issuing in palpable wood from a very solid cloud of golden glory; there, a gig going down hill was stopped forcibly from above with hands laid on the reins by Our Lady in person; and yonder, again, a bursting gun did nobody any harm, for had not Our Lady caught the fragments in her own stiff fingers? Ivy gazed with a certain hushed awe at these nascent efforts of art; such

a gulf seemed to yawn between that tawdry little oratory and the Abbé's own rich and cultivated nature. Yet he went to pray there!

For the next three weeks Ivy saw much of M. Guy de Kermadec. She taught him lawn-tennis, which he learned, indeed, with ease. At first, to be sure, the English in the Hotel rather derided the idea of lawn tennis in a cassock. But the Abbé was an adept at the *jeu de pause*, which had already educated his hand and eye, and he dropped into the new game so quickly, in spite of the *soutane*, which sadly impeded his running, that even the Cambridge undergraduate with the budding mustache was forced to acknowledge "the Frenchy" a formidable competitor. And then Ivy met him often in his strolls round the coast. He used to sit and sketch among the rocks, perched high on the most inaccessible pinnacles; and Ivy, it must be admitted, though she hardly knew why herself—so innocent is youth, so too dangerously innocent—went oftenest by the paths where she was likeliest to meet him. There she would watch the progress of his sketch, and criticise and admire; and in the end, when she rose to go, native politeness made it impossible for the Abbé to let her walk home unprotected, so he accompanied her back by the coast path to the Hotel garden. Ivy hardly noticed that as he reached it he almost invariably lifted his round hat at once and dismissed her, unofficially as it were, to the society of her compatriots. But the Abbé, more used to the ways of the world and of France, knew well how unwise it was of him—a man of the Church—to walk with a young girl alone so often in the country. A priest should be circumspect.

Day after day, slowly, very slowly, the truth began to dawn by degrees upon the Abbé de Kermadec that he was in love with Ivy. At first, he fought the idea tooth and nail, like an evil vision. He belonged to the Church, the Bride of Heaven: what had such as he to do with mere carnal desires and earthly longings? But day by day, as Ivy met him, and talked with him more confidently, her French growing more fluent by leaps and bounds under that able tutor, Love, whose face as yet she recognized not—nature began to prove too strong for the Abbé's resolution. He found her company sweet.

The position was so strange, and to him so incomprehensible. If Ivy had been a French girl, of course he could never have seen so much of her : her mother or her maid would have mounted guard over her night and day. Only with a married woman could he have involved himself so deeply in France ; and then, the sinfulness of their intercourse would have been clear from the very outset to both alike of them. But what charmed and attracted him most in Ivy was just her English innocence. She was so gentle, so guileless. This pure creature of God's never seemed to be aware she was doing grievously wrong. The man who had voluntarily resigned all hope or chance of chaste love was now irresistibly led on by the very force of the spell he had renounced forever.

And yet—how hard it is for us to throw ourselves completely into somebody else's attitude ! So French was he, so Catholic, that he couldn't quite understand the full depth of Ivy's innocence. This girl who could walk and talk so freely with a priest—surely she must be aware of what thing she was doing. She must know she was leading him and herself into a dangerous love, a love that could end in none but a guilty conclusion.

So thinking, and praying, and fighting against it, and despising himself, the young Abbé yet persisted half unawares on the path of destruction. His hot Celtic imagination proved too much for his self-control. All night long he lay awake, tossing and turning on his bed, alternately muttering fervent prayers to Our Lady, and building up for himself warm visions of his next meeting with Ivy. In the morning, he would rise up early, and go afoot to the shrine of Notre-Dame de la Garoupe, and cry aloud with fiery zeal for help, that he might be delivered from temptation :—and then he would turn along the coast, toward his accustomed seat, looking out eagerly for the rustle of Ivy's dress among the cistus-bushes. When at last he met her, a great wave passed over him like a blush. He thrilled from head to foot. He grew cold. He trembled inwardly.

Not for nothing had he lived near the monastery of St. Gildas de Rhuys. For such a Heloise as that, what priest would not gladly become a second Abelard ?

One morning, he met her by his over-

hanging ledge. The sea was rough. The waves broke grandly.

Ivy came up to him, with that conscious blush of hers just mantling her fair cheek. She liked him very much. But she was only eighteen. At eighteen, a girl hardly knows when she's really in love. She but vaguely suspects it.

The Abbé held out his hand. Ivy took it with a frank smile. "Bonjour, M. de Kermadec !" she said lightly. She always addressed him so—not as M. l'Abbé, now. Was that intentional, he wondered ? He took it to mean that she tried to forget his ecclesiastical position. "La tante Emma" should guard her treasure in an earthen vessel more carefully. Why do these Protestants tempt us priests with their innocent girls ? He led her to a seat, and gazed at her like a lover, his heart beating hard, and his knees trembling violently. He *must* speak to her to-day. Though *what* he knew not.

He meant her no harm. He was too passionate, too pure, too earnest for that. But he meant her no good either. He meant nothing, nothing. Before her face he was a bark driven rudderless by the breeze. He only knew he loved her : she *must* be his. His passion hallowed his act. And she too, she loved him.

Leaning one hand on the rock, he talked to her for awhile, he hardly knew what. He saw she was tremulous. She looked down and blushed often. That intangible, incomprehensible, invisible something that makes lovers subtly conscious of one another's mood had told her how he felt toward her. She tingled to the finger-tips. It was sweet to be there—oh, how sweet, yet, how hopeless.

Romance to her : to him, sin, death, infamy.

At last he leaned across to her. She had answered him back once more about some trifle, "Mais, oui, M. de Kermadec." "Why this 'monsieur' ?" the priest asked boldly, gazing deep into her startled eyes. "Je m'appelle Guy, mademoiselle. Why not Guy then—Ivy ?"

At the word her heart gave a bound. He had said it ! He had said it ! He loved her ; or, how delicious ! She could have cried for joy at that implied avowal.

But she drew herself up for all that, like a pure-minded English girl that she was, and answered with a red flush, "Because—it would be wrong, monsieur."

You know very well, as things are, I cannot."

What a flush! what a halo! Madonna and vows were all forgotten now. The Abbé flung himself forward in one wild burst of passion. He gazed in her eyes, and all was lost. His hot Celtic soul poured itself forth in full flood. He loved her: he adored her: she should be his and his only. He had fought against it. But love—love had conquered. "Oh, Ivy," he cried, passionately, "you will not refuse me! You will be mine and mine only. You will love me as I love you!"

Ivy's heart broke forth too. She looked at him and melted. "Guy," she answered, first framing the truth to herself in that frank confession, "I love you in return. I have loved you since the very first moment I saw you."

The Abbé seized her hand, and raised it rapturously to his lips. "My beloved," he cried, rosy red, "you are mine, you are mine—and I am yours forever."

Ivy drew back a little, somewhat abashed and alarmed by his evident ardor. "I wonder if I'm doing wrong?" she cried, with the piteous uncertainty of early youth. "Your vows, you know! your vows! How will you ever get rid of them?"

The Abbé gazed at her astonished. What could this angel mean? She wondered if she was doing wrong! Get rid of his vows! He, a priest, to make love! What naïveté! What innocence!

But he was too hot to repent. "My vows!" he cried, flinging them from him with both hands into the sea. "Ivy, let them go! Let the waves bear them off! What are they to me now? I renounce them! I have done with them!"

Ivy looked at him, breathing deep. Why, he loved her indeed. For she knew how devoted he was, how earnest, how Catholic. "Then you'll join our Church," she said simply, "and give up your orders, and marry me!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the young priest's feet, its effect could not have been more crushing, more instantaneous, more extraordinary. In a moment, he had come to himself again, cooled, astonished, horrified. Oh, what had he said! What had he done? What vile sin had he committed? Not against heaven, now, or the saints, for of that and his own soul he thought just then but little: but against

that pure young girl whom he loved, that sweet creature of innocence! And how could he ever explain to her? How retract? How excuse himself? Even to attempt an explanation would be sheer treason to her purity. The thought in his mind was too unholy for her to hear. To tell her what he meant would be a crime, a sin, a *bassesse*!

He saw it in an instant, how the matter would envisage itself to her un-Catholic mind. She could never understand that to him, a single fall, a temporary backsliding, was but a subject for repentance, confession, absolution, pardon: while to renounce his orders, renounce his Church, contract a marriage that in his eyes would be no marriage at all, but a living lie, was to continue in open sin, to degrade and dishonor her. For her own sake, even, if saints and Madonna were not, Guy de Kermadec could never consent so to taint and to sully her. That pure soul was too dear to him. He had dreamed for a moment, indeed, of foul wrong, in the white heat of passion: all men may be misled for a moment of impulse by the strong demon within them: but to persevere in such wrong, to go on sinning openly, flagrantly, shamelessly—Guy de Kermadec drew back from the bare idea with disdain. As priest and as gentleman alike, he looked down upon it and condemned it.

The reaction was profound. For a minute or two he gazed into Ivy's face like one spellbound. He paused and hesitated. What way out of this maze? How on earth could he undeceive her? Then suddenly, with a loud cry, he sprang to his feet like one shot, and stood up by the edge of the rocks in his long black *soutane*. He held out his hands to raise her. "Mademoiselle," he groaned aloud from his heart, in a very broken tone, "I have done wrong—grievous wrong: I have sinned—against heaven and against you, and am no more worthy to be called a priest." He raised his voice solemnly. It was the voice of a bruised and wounded creature. "Go back!" he cried once more, waving her away from him as from one polluted. "You can never forgive me. But at least, go back. I should have cut out my tongue rather than have spoken so to you. I am a leper—a wild beast. Ten thousand times over, I crave your pardon."

Ivy gazed at him, thunderstruck. In her innocence, she hardly knew what the man even meant. But she saw her romance had toppled over to its base, and shattered itself to nothing. Slowly she rose, and took his hand across the rocks to steady her. They reached the track in silence. As they gained it, the Abbé raised his hat for the last time, and turned away bitterly. He took the path to the right. Obedient to his gesture, Ivy went to the left. Back to the hotel she went, lingering, with a heart like a stone, locked herself up in her own room, and cried long and silently.

But as for Guy de Kermadec, all on fire with his remorse, he walked fast along the sea-shore, over the jagged rock path, toward the town of Antibes.

Through the narrow streets of the old city he made his way, like a blind man, to the house of a priest whom he knew. His heart was seething now with regret and shame and horror. What vile thing was this wherewith he, a priest of God, had ventured to affront the pure innocence of a maiden? What unchastity had he forced on the chaste eyes of girlhood? Ivy had struck him dumb by her very freedom from all guile. And it was she, the heretic, for whose soul he had wrestled in prayer with Our Lady, who had brought him back with a bound to the consciousness of sin, and the knowledge of purity, from the very brink of a precipice.

He knocked at the door of his friend's house like a moral leper.

His brother priest received him kindly. Guy de Kermadec was pale, but his manner was wild, like one mad with frenzy. "Mon père," he said straight out, "I have come to confess, *in articulo mortis*. I feel I shall die to-night. I have a warning from Our Lady. I ask you for absolution, a blessing, the holy sacrament, extreme unction. If you refuse them, I die. Give me God at your peril."

The elder priest hesitated. How could he give the host otherwise than to a person fasting? How administer extreme unction save to a dying man? But Guy de Kermadec, in his fiery haste, overbore all scrupulous ecclesiastical objections. He was a dying man, he cried: Our Lady's own warning was surely more certain than the guess or conjecture of a mere earthly doctor. The viaticum he demanded, and the viaticum he must have. He

was to die that night. He knew it. He was sure of it.

He knelt down and confessed. He would brook no refusal. The country priest, all amazed, sat and listened to him, breathless. Once or twice he drew his sleek hand over his full fat face doubtfully. The strange things this hot Breton said to him were beyond his comprehension. They spoke different languages. How could he, good easy soul, with his cut-and-dried theology, fathom the fiery depths of that volcanic bosom? He nursed his chin in suspense, and marvelled. Other priests had gone astray. Why this wild fever of repentance? Other women had been tempted. Why this passionate tenderness for the sensibilities of a mere English heretic? Other girls had sinned outright. Why this horror at the harm done to her in intention only?

But to Guy de Kermadec himself it was a crime of *lèse-majesté* against a young girl's purity. A crime whose very nature it would be criminal to explain to her. A crime that he could only atone with his life. Apology was impossible. Explanation was treason. Nothing remained for it now but the one resource of silence.

In an orgy of penitence, the young priest confessed, and received absolution: he took the viaticum, trembling: he obtained extreme unction. Then, with a terrible light in his eyes, he went into a stationer's shop, and in tremulous lines wrote a note, which he posted to Ivy.

"Très chère dame," it said simply, "you will see me no more. This morning, I offered, half unawares, a very great wrong to you. Your own words, and Our Lady's intervention, brought me back to myself. Thank Heaven, it was in time. I might have wronged you more. My last prayers are for your pure soul. Pray for mine, and forgive me.

"Adieu!

"GUY DE KERMADEC."

After that, he strode out to the Cape once more. It was growing dark by that time, for he was long at Antibes. He walked with fiery eagerness to the edge of the cliff, where he had sat with joy that morning—where he had sat before so often. The brink of the rocks was wet with salt spray, very smooth and slippery. The Abbé stood up, and looked over at the black water. The Church makes suicide

a sin, and he would obey the Church. But no canon prevents one from leaning over the edge of a cliff, to admire the dark waves. They rolled in with a thud, and broke in sheets of white spray against the honeycombed base of the rock, invisible beneath him.

"Si dextra tua tibi offenderit," they said, in their long slow chant—"si dextra tua tibi offenderit." If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. And Ivy was dearer to him than his own right hand. Yet not for that, oh, Mary, Star of the Sea, not for that; nor yet for his own salvation;—let him burn, if need were, in nethermost hell, to atone this error—but for that pure maid's sake, and for the cruel wrong he had put upon her. "Oh, Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows," he cried, wringing his hands in his agony, "who wert a virgin thyself, help and succor this virgin in her own great sorrow. Thou knowest her innocence, her guilelessness, her simplicity, and the harm beyond healing that I wrought her unawares. Oh, blot it out of her pure white soul and bless her. Thou knowest that for her sake alone, and to undo this sin to her, I stand here to-night, on the brink of the precipice. Queen of the Waves, Our Lady of the Look-out, if the sacrifice please thee, take me thus to thine own bosom. Let thy billows rise up and blot out my black sin. Oh, Mary, hear me! *Stella maris, adesto!*"

He stood there for hours, growing colder

and stiffer. It was quite dark now, and the sea was rising. Yet still he prayed on, and still the spray dashed upward. At last, as he prayed in the dim night, erect, with bare head, a great wave broke higher than ever over the rocks below him. With a fierce joy, Guy de Kermadec felt it thrill through the thickness of the cliff: then it rose in a head, and burst upon him with a roar like the noise of thunder. He lost his footing, and fell, clutching at the jagged pinnacles for support, into the deep trough below. There, the billows caught him up, and pounded him on the sharp crags. Thank Heaven for that mercy! Our Lady had heard his last prayer. Mary, full of grace, had been pleased to succor him. With a penance of blood, from torn hands and feet, was he expiating his sin against heaven and against Ivy.

Next morning, the *douanier*, pacing the shore alone, saw a dead body entangled among the sharp rocks by the precipice. Climbing down on hands and knees, he fished it out with difficulty, and ran to fetch a gendarme. The face was beaten to a jelly, past all recognition, and the body was mangled in a hideous fashion. But it wore a rent *soutane*, all in ribbons on the rocks; and the left third finger bore a signet-ring with a coat of arms and the motto, "*Foy d'un Kermadec.*"

Ivy is still unwed. No eye but hers has ever seen Guy de Kermadec's last letter.—*Contemporary Review.*

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY A SON OF ADAM.

My first impression of England was formed in the railway station at Dover. I was struck by the quietude, the order, and politeness of the officials. No one seemed to raise his voice, there was no confusion, and yet but little directing. Travelling from France to England, I could not but notice the contrast in these particulars between Dover and Calais. My second impression was a delightful one, and it came to me from the rapidity and smoothness with which the train swept forward through a landscape of wondrous pastoral beauty. When the train pulled up at the station there was no

sudden shock. The impression of quiet orderliness and practical efficiency was, at every moment, deepened. Yet the carriages did not seem to me to be either as well built or as comfortable as those in use on the Continent, and this gave me pause. My third impression came from the Custom-house officials at Charing Cross. I was astonished by their politeness. I say "astonished," because I had never heard that politeness was a characteristic of the English. Travellers of all nationalities have descanted on their brusqueness amounting almost to rudeness, and the Englishman when he travels

abroad is not noted, to say the least of it, for his courtesy. Yet the porters and the Custom-house officials struck me by their politeness and by their readiness to be serviceable. Having had but little sleep on the train or on the boat, I was wearied out and sleepy on reaching London. My temper was not at its best, and yet the Custom-house officials, in spite of the exceeding strictness of their supervision, soothed instead of angering me. They evidently tried to do their work with thoroughness and yet as rapidly as possible. And this seemed to me to be the truest courtesy they could show to tired travellers.

The next impression was borne in upon me from English hotel-life. I did not go to one of the more modern caravansaries in Northumberland Avenue, but the hotel is supposed to be an excellent one; and after I had slept for a couple of hours in a comfortable bed, I asked for my bath. Naturally enough I expected to find it exceedingly good. England is the country of the tub. The English have made of personal cleanliness a fetich which has imposed its worship on all civilized peoples. Here, if anywhere, I thought, I shall have a perfect bath. Alas for my expectations! The bath was of the most primitive description. To say I was astonished is to say but little—I was dumbfounded. Since then, of course, I have heard various explanations of this strange fact. I have been told that in the newer hotels the arrangements for bathing are more complete and better equipped; but, as these hotels are notoriously frequented by foreigners, this evasion does not completely satisfy me. The true explanation may lie in the fact that the Englishman is, above all beings, practical. He wishes to be clean, he takes a bath, whether it is a pleasurable or an uncomfortable process matters to him but little. The Englishman is seldom a sensualist. It seems strange, however, that the English, who were the first to elevate bodily comfort to the dignity of a religion (perhaps the only cult possible in a materialistic civilization), should allow themselves to be outstripped in devotion. Or is it that they hate in everything counsels of perfection, and complacently content themselves with the mediocre? Like most foreigners, I make no real breakfast. After my bath I asked for coffee, and got—a strange brew, which

I am utterly unable to classify; it was something so unnaturally bad, so monstrously unlike any coffee I had ever before seen, that I thought some mistake must have been made, and that the waiter had brought me a mixture of coffee and stout. I asked for another cup. I got it. I did not taste it. By the look and smell I recognized my former enemy, and gave myself up cheerfully to abstinence. I only mention these incidents because they prepared me for the disappointments of ordinary English living. The rich, of course, live well in all countries. But the English middle and lower classes live upon food which can scarcely be called appetizing, in spite of the fact that English beef and mutton is notoriously the best in the world. Few arts come naturally to the Anglo-Saxon race.

To be rightly appreciated, the Englishman must be seen at work. In London the policeman directs you, with unfailing courtesy; with a wave of his hand he stops the traffic of the most crowded thoroughfare, and then calmly conducts an old lady, or an old gentleman, or a group of children, across the street in safety. The policeman is an autocrat, there is no appeal against his authority, and yet he is always serviceable and polite. No orders from above would make him the willing servant of the people if good qualities were not innate in him. Contrast his conduct with the behavior of a *sergent de ville* in Paris, and my appreciation will at once be justified. Again, take the hansom cab-driver, who is content with his simple fare, and who, as a rule, is a wonderfully good "whip." I have seldom suffered from rudeness at the hands of any cab-driver in London; but in Paris, if your "tip" does not come up to the expectations of the *cocher*—and if he happens to be in an ill-temper, or drunk, his expectations are usually fantastic—he will slang you in the vilest language, without let or hindrance. I, therefore, infer that punishment for such offences is more easily secured in London than in Paris. The English democracy, it appears, is not yet educated to the point of confounding civility with servility.

I must now give a few instances of unfavorable impressions. The public buildings in London, and also the private houses, did not seem to me to be nearly so fine, or so imposing, as are the cor-

responding edifices in Paris and Vienna. As regards the private houses, this may be explained by the Continental custom of living in flats : but as regards the public buildings, no such explanation can be offered. There seems to be something *mesquin* in everything undertaken by Government or public authorities in England. Whether this arises from a fault in the national character, from the severity of a practical judgment, which ignores the ornamental, and has even but little feeling for the beautiful, I am not prepared to say. Compare, for instance, the Bank of England with the Bank of France, or the Quai d'Orsay with Whitehall, and you will admit the fact, however you may seek to explain it.

On my first visit to England, I asked myself, one morning, where I should go, and of course decided first to visit Westminster Abbey. The building itself is a beautiful one : it seems to me that enough has not been said in praise of it. But the monuments inside are—again my English fails me. Things of such grotesque ugliness are not to be seen elsewhere in the civilized world. The sense of artistic beauty seems to be lacking in the modern Englishman, and this is a most terrible shortcoming. The offensive ugliness of those monuments in the Abbey oppresses me, when I think of them, like a nightmare. The English are not an art-loving people, and temples to the beautiful are not likely to be erected within these four seas.

Other unfavorable impressions live with me. Of course, on the very first day I was struck with the immensity of London, with the ceaseless traffic, and the order which controls it. But then, some of the chief business thoroughfares are narrow, winding streets, and this entails loss of valuable time. I wonder how much the perpetual blocking of traffic—say at Newgate Street or Cheapside—costs yearly, and whether this sum capitalized would not pay for the widening of the streets. It should be taken into account, too, that this evil is certain to increase in a sort of geometrical progression with the growth of London. The individual Englishman is pre-eminently practical and efficient, but when Englishmen act in bodies they leave much to be desired. The streets in the world's capital are insufficiently lit with what is evidently a low quality of gas, and electric-lights such as delight one in Paris,

Vienna, or even Milan, seem to be almost unknown. The small extent to which electric-lighting is employed in London is, I understand, due to the insane restrictions devised by a Radical Minister who, in his hatred of monopolies, throttled an infant industry, and deprived Londoners of an almost inestimable benefit. But his unwisdom in this matter did not, I believe, diminish Mr. Chamberlain's popularity.

Germans and Frenchmen, indeed all foreigners, often wonder why Englishmen turn up their trousers at the bottoms even in fine weather ; they do so simply by reason of unbroken habit—a habit born of necessity. Never have I seen streets in Vienna or in Paris in such a dirty state, in such an impassable condition, as the streets of London exhibited for weeks together last winter. The streets are as well made and almost as well kept up as the boulevards of Paris, but in Paris snow has scarcely ceased to fall when it is swept off every boulevard and every chief artery of commerce. In London the snow is allowed to freeze on the streets, and is then tardily, painfully, and in piecemeal fashion shovelled into embankments of frozen mud, which are hideous and uncomfortable, to say the least of them. Here the English practical sense is manifestly at fault. I understand from my friends that the disgraceful condition of the London streets in winter-time or during rain is due to the fact that in London there is no competent municipal authority as there is in every other European capital. In London, they tell me, the parish system still obtains, and the various parish authorities are not adequately supervised. As a witty Conservative friend said to me one day, "The streets of London afford an object-lesson in the blessings of local self-government." But fancy such a condition of streets in London ! London is to-day the business centre of the world ; it is the banking-house, the mart and exchange of the world ; it is the richest of cities ; and yet for months together the inhabitants of this great capital put up with a condition of the streets and squares such as cannot be found elsewhere west of Constantinople. The English must be a very patient people ; they must expect little from constituted authorities, for they get little.

Numberless instances of bad government recur to memory. For example, no one

would compare the postal arrangements in Germany with those which obtain in Great Britain. The German postal system affords every convenience known here—and how many more. Let us take but one. You can telegraph money from one end of the German Empire to the other. You pay, let us suppose, a thousand marks into the Post Office in Berlin, and in half an hour it is paid across the counter to your son's demand in Heidelberg or Hamburg. The *petit bleu* of the Paris Post Office, too, is unknown in London. Of course, I refer to the *Télégramme Postale*. In Paris you can write a letter on a sort of stiff blue paper with adhesive edges, which you fold and direct, and which then reaches its address within the city limits in about half an hour, at a cost of fivepence. These conveniences and many more of the same sort are totally unknown in London. And yet I understand that the Post Office in Great Britain is a source of immense revenue to the State. Again, the telephone service in London is so execrably bad that one cannot be surprised at the slight progress it has made in public favor. It cannot be compared in efficiency with that offered in half a dozen Continental capitals. Such examples of inefficiency and backwardness in great institutions cannot, I imagine, be referred with justice to the innate Conservatism of the English people. Forty years ago the English postal service was the best in the world; to-day it has been outstripped, apparently because Government Departments in England are badly administered. Whether this in turn is due to the Party system of Government, which places orators and not specialists at the head of great departments of State, I am unable to decide. This explanation has more than once been offered to me in England, but it scarcely seems to be satisfactory. The democratic system of government obtains in France, and yet the postal arrangements in Paris are better than those of London. No. Everything in Great Britain ordered by Government seems *mesquin* and inefficient, but the reason of this lies, it seems to me, in some defect in the character of the people. The national business, I understand, is shockingly badly managed by Parliament. Business men complain of private-bill legislation as costly in the extreme and very slow. The English, it appears, are more interested in the rhetoric

of Mr. Gladstone than in good administration. Seriously, one asks one's self, are they becoming unpractical? Whatever the reason may be, the fact seems to be undeniable that, even in the practical dealings of life, the English no longer lead the world as they did half a century ago.

Let us now take another instance of what seems bad government. One evening, I remember, a friend from one of the embassies came to my hotel to take me to his Club; it was about half past eleven o'clock, or perhaps a quarter to twelve, the time at which people return home from theatres or evening entertainments. I wanted to take a hansom; he assured me the club was only a few minutes' walk distant, and so we set forth on foot. Never had I undergone such an experience. Loose women crowded the pavements of Piccadilly, setting law, order, and common decency at defiance; these women were not content with soliciting you, they laid hands upon you, forcible hands, vengeful hands, and remedy there was none. The policeman, so serviceable in the daytime, seemed now, when he was most needed, to be non-existent. I confess that after being stopped forcibly three or four times, I took a cab to avoid the nuisance. This evil scarcely admits of explanation or of excuse, and the apathy shown by the authorities and by the people is altogether unaccountable. Various explanations of this fact have been offered to me by my English friends. I have been told that the Puritans object to houses of ill-fame, and have them all closed by the police authorities; but to turn thousands of prostitutes loose upon the most frequented thoroughfares, to allow them all license, elsewhere unheard of, in public, and to the discomfort and disgust of every decent citizen, is something worse than puritanical, it is irrational, disgraceful. In this sea of vice the policeman, whom in daytime I so much honor, is submerged. So far as I have seen, European civilization offers no spectacle so heartrending as the streets of London exhibit about midnight. Ladies cannot go home from the theatre on foot, the streets are impassable, delivered over to the lawlessness of the vile. Decidedly the English are patient of misgovernment; perhaps centuries of liberty have taught them to be patient—but they are patient, patient as *Isaachar*.

One of the first places of amusement I went to in London happened to be the Alhambra Music Hall. The entertainment was, of its kind, good, but what struck me was the quietude, decorum, and order kept throughout the house. Now, compare the Alhambra in this respect with the Folies Bergère at Paris. If a man goes to the Folies Bergère in evening dress, he is sure to be accosted by loose women three or four times on his way to his seat; but no one speaks to you at the Alhambra unless you first speak to them. In fact, the streets of Paris in this respect are as much superior to the streets of London as the Folies Bergère is inferior to the Alhambra; but, of course, it is preferable to have a disorderly music-hall rather than disorder in a public street. Why the streets of London are allowed to become impassable at night, I am at a loss to imagine, unless, indeed, the practical sense of the individual Englishman is lost whenever he acts in concert with others. For order and decorum form the "note" of English life. I have been struck by this again and again. For instance, go to any of the restaurants to dinner—to the Bristol or Berkeley, let us say. The first time I went to the Berkeley, I was impressed with the decorum which prevailed there. Every one spoke in the most quiet way, so as not to disturb his neighbor; there were no loud orders given—in fact, the tone was the tone of a well-bred *salon* rather than what one finds in most of the restaurants in Continental cities, though in Paris and in Italy there are restaurants where the same tone prevails. There is an air of distinction in this English quietude and respect for the comfort of others which is most impressive. Here are people, one says to one's self, who are as slow to give offence as they are manful in resisting it. I can well believe what I have been told, that if one hears loud voices in a restaurant in London, the offenders are either of a low class or Americans or foreigners. But why can't some order be maintained in the streets?

I have been impressed everywhere in England by the physique of the people and by their sturdy bearing: it is evidently a strong and vigorous race. But in no other European country are the better classes so much finer physically than the lower. The English gentleman seems to me to be the finest human animal in the

world. But the lower classes—and they are after all the majority—are not exceptionally robust. They do not seem to be stronger than Germans or Russians. Yet the race on the whole is eminently healthy-looking, with health as its characteristic rather than refinement of feature or splendor of coloring. The women are good-looking and the children are more beautiful than any others I have seen in the world. The air of health and of physical strength is, of course, due to the habit of constant outdoor exercise, and this it is which makes the life at English country houses so enjoyable. What can be healthier, for instance, than the life in one of the country houses in Scotland? The air is splendid, the scenery beautiful—in fact, everything conduces to that perfect health of the body which is seen nowhere else at such perfection as in Great Britain. In some of these great houses I have enjoyed living untroubled by any thought. After a long day's shooting, a warm bath, and a perfect dinner, I have lounged in the smoking-room in a state of semi-torpor, feeling assured that not even an Eskimo after a full meal of whale-blubber could possibly be more "comfortable." But why is not Scotland re-afforested? Hundreds and hundreds of square miles of those Highland hills and valleys are perfectly adapted to the growing of trees, and forests scientifically cultivated, as in France and Germany, are no mean source of income. Or is it true, as I have been told, that in this case the luxurious self-indulgence of the few rich is allowed to turn land which might be a source of national wealth into a—deer-run?

The subject of forestry in England might be used as an example of a national shortcoming. A hundred years ago Englishmen were incontestably the best foresters in the world. They were the first to teach how trees should be cultivated, and how rough Nature could be made beautiful by that finest art which excludes artificiality. All over Germany the public parks are still called Englische Garten, as in Munich and Dresden, in honor of the Englishmen who were called upon to form and fashion these pleasure-grounds. But since Germany and France have established Government schools of forestry, English pre-eminence in this has had to exist. The English forest has been spoiled by experience, and the old ways of forest management are lost.



and Germany their experience has been supplemented by scientific knowledge. There are, I understand, no schools of forestry in Great Britain. And so it comes about that when Englishmen are needed in India, in the department of Woods and Forests, they have to be sent for two years to the schools of Germany and France at the expense of the English Government to learn their business. To a foreigner no single fact in connection with England could be more astonishing than this, or more luminous. It shows a contempt on the part of the English people for scientific education, which is certain, if uncorrected, to have no small influence upon their future. Nor does this strange fact stand alone, as a solitary example of, let us call it, narrowmindedness. Half a century ago the roads throughout Great Britain were the best in the world. The English, in fact, taught all civilized peoples the value of good roads, and how they should be made. To-day the roads in England are certainly inferior to the roads in Germany and France. It may, of course, be said that the military requirements of these Continental nations have made the best possible roads a condition of existence, but still as the best roads are now universally acknowledged to be the cheapest, it seems strange that the pioneers of road-making should have been so far outstripped. Here, as in other departments of life, the individual Englishman proved the superiority of his practical judgment over the individual German or Frenchman, but as soon as the question became one for the Government, the English were surpassed. Perhaps the explanation is that the schools, if indeed there be any in England in which road-making is studied as a science, are inferior to those of Germany and France. The English appear to make roads still by rule of thumb, by what they complacently call "practical methods." And, as we have seen, their forestry suffers from the same cause. We seem here to have come to a real defect in the national character.

Almost the first thing which strikes a foreigner in talking to Englishmen, even of the best class, is the scarcely veiled contempt with which they all speak of book-learning. I was astonished once to find that a gentleman who had been mentioned with unfeigned respect as "a good man all round," was not of a high order

of intelligence. A fine rider, sportsman, and cricketer, his accomplishments were mainly physical. English schoolboys, I am assured, think more of bodily strength and nimbleness than of study, and their heroes are not scholars, or thinkers, or artists, but athletes. And this boyish and extravagant cult of the body is universal in England. Almost every Englishman one meets, quotes with high approval the saying which is ascribed to the Duke of Wellington, that "Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." Yet it is even now scarcely doubtful that the Waterloo of the future, at least, will be won by the head rather than by the arms and legs, useful as these are. And what about the industrial battles of our time? Some of the gravest shortcomings of the English to-day can be ascribed to the national contempt for science, and learning, and art. And as science in our time is coming more and more to rule industry, their contempt for it is already handicapping them in the race of life. A year or so ago Mr. Goschen delivered a speech in which he exemplified, in many ways, the necessity of education in our industrial civilization. He drew attention to the fact that German clerks were ousting Englishmen from situations in the City simply because they were better educated. The German's knowledge of two or three languages gave him the superiority. Mr. Goschen showed, too, that English trade with the Continent and, indeed, with all foreigners, is suffering because English commercial travellers are generally ignorant of the language of their customers. He dwelt upon the value of technical education, and deplored the rarity of technical schools in Great Britain. But, in spite of the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke wisely and with authority, his words appear to have remained without effect.

The education of the poorer classes in England still leaves much to be desired. Technical instruction is to the poor of the nineteenth century what the apprenticeship system was to the same classes in the fifteenth, and technical instruction in England is in an embryonic condition. The education of the middle classes in England is incredibly bad, and that of the richer classes may be described in a phrase. Three fourths of all the schools for higher education which can be found to-day in England were in existence in the time of

Elizabeth. Yet the needs of a population of less than five millions in the sixteenth century can surely not be compared to those of a population of twenty-five millions in the nineteenth. It is not my business unduly to labor this theme. It seems probable to me, however, that some of the glories of those "spacious days" of the great Queen may be attributed to the love of learning which was then as characteristic of Englishmen as contempt of it is to-day. Fancy an Erasmus of the nineteenth century coming to England to learn Greek, or, indeed, anything else!

"In our time," Goethe said, "victory will be with the specialists," and yet there are not a few special industries and arts in which no training or teaching worthy of the name can be found in Great Britain. The characteristic desire of this age is a longing to touch life at many points, to give the freest scope to that differentiation of faculty by means of which alone the individual can attain his highest development. It would be true to say that in this essential point life in England to-day is poorer than life in Germany or in France.

Some years spent in England have

taught me to regard the English with respect. I think of them as strong, healthy, human beings, with some high moral qualities, such as a keen sense of justice and a certain stability of character which corresponds almost exactly to their physique. But they are neither flexible nor many-sided; they represent the powers of the past, but they are not so well adapted to victorious supremacy in the present, and still less in the future. And if in a forthcoming paper I write much more frankly than I have here written of their shortcomings (for as yet I have but touched the externals, as it were, of their life) I shall do so because they can afford to hear the truth. It may be that some of my opinions are ill-founded, that many of my judgments are crude by reason of ignorance, but none of my views are inspired by spite or malice. I have found in England a generous hospitality and fair play in the struggle for existence. I am indebted therefore to the English for much. I can do no harm by writing what I honestly think of them—I may possibly do some little good.—*Fortnightly Review*.

(To be continued.)

THE BALLAD OF THE HULK.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

By the flat bank, dim in the waning light,
On land-locked waters, by a stagnant shore
Lies the huge hulk: no longer winged for flight,
But bare, dismasted, ne'er to travel more.

The sad red evening glares on the dull stream,
While one star quivers palely in the blue;
And, deathful as a sleep without a dream,
Fold the wild wings that once so strongly flew.

Thin mists are rising on the river's face,
And slowly grows the shadow of the night;
Darkness glooms round the melancholy place;
The great dim wreck begins to fade from sight.

Oh, what a change! tho' now forlorn, supine,
A nobler craft hath never ruled the sea;
She lived long years upon the surging brine,
And moved in beauty—noble, strong, and free.

A ship's existence is a fight with death:
She swims on a vast widespread watery grave;
The dangers round her, stirred by tempests' breath,
Might sometimes half appall e'en seamen brave.

What dark depths fathomless beneath her keel !
 Ocean's great plain hides awful secrets drear :
 Fair women and brave men alike may feel
 Their bark surrounded by a haunting fear.

From the wild wave shall rise—how many dead !
 Who perished whelmed beneath the mighty main ;
 No tombs can mark where ocean's acres spread,
 And yet the sea her dead shall yield again.

Her graves too vast for any stone to mark,
 Too shifting for record of any tomb :
 Her dead drop deeply into shadows dark,
 And disappear into unfathomed gloom.

Through day and night, 'neath tropic stars and suns,
 Through many a year, through many a fearful gale,
 A precious freight of twice a thousand tons
 The great ship carried 'neath her towering sail.

Bravely for years and years, through strife sublime,
 The conquering bark pursued her wild career ;
 But e'en her strong frame must succumb to time,
 And its last vestiges must disappear.

Dæmonic strength, transcending human force,
 Resides in mountain billow and mad wind,
 Which leap and rush upon their reckless course,
 And pity not—insensate, ruthless, blind.

Among the noblest shows on all the earth
 A fairer sight, indeed, there scarce could be
 Than, fleetly sailing in her stately mirth,
 That royal vessel on the tossing sea.

In splendor her proud flags triumphant fly,
 Flutt'ring and streaming in the joyous breeze ;
 Or one in sadness drooping half mast-high,
 To tell that death can strike upon the seas.

Day after day, week after week, they roam,
 The wanderers o'er that changeeful ocean plain ;
 The far wide fields of furrow and of foam
 Spread ceaselessly upon the lonely main.

Her tall trucks reel against the sky of noon,
 When bright the sun or fresh the lively breeze ;
 Or sway beneath great stars and wading moon,
 When tempests vex the fierce unfeeling seas.

In tropic calms the high black gleaming side
 Rests on its shadow on the water's gleam,
 Rocks gently on the softly heaving tide,
 Till ship and ocean blend into a dream.

Then, tall sails stretching to her topmost spires,
 While argent moonshine blanches each sail white,
 Round the dark hull flash phosphorescent fires,
 Till night is peace, and loveliness, and light.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
 IN SENATE CHAMBERS
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 AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

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Her glory and her dangers both are past,
 And only silence sounds her parting knell.
 Of many fancies full, we look our last :
 Pathetic is our sad, our proud—farewell !

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ERNEST RENAN.

BY W. H. GLEADELL.

"It is easy to criticise an author," says the French philosopher Vanvergues, "but hard to estimate him;" and the literary critics of all ages bear witness to the shrewdness of this dictum. It is this shirking of the most important and most difficult part of a critic's work which induced the late Matthew Arnold to raise his voice in condemnation of the spirit of literary criticism of the day, and he was not far wrong when he declared that the chief need of our time, and especially of our own country, was that of a truer and more enlightened criticism. Nearly a generation has passed away since this distinguished son of literature first threw down the gauge of battle to Philistia, yet who will venture to say that we are not almost as much in need to-day as ever of a fresh current of ideas about life in its various phases. But the new era for which the apostle of culture and lucidity sighed is now close upon us. We are already beginning to recognize that quality, rare and precious above all others, the respect of opinions, the right of other men to think differently from ourselves. In an age of unrest such as ours, when natural evolution marches with such haste as sometimes almost to take step with revolution, it is not to be expected that in all things we shall find all men thinking as we do, and it is indeed but a narrow eclecticism that will deny honor to all talent which is not of our way of thinking. But what a desert of insular narrowness, of provinciality of thought, of British inaccessibility to ideas, of Philistine prejudice yet lies before us, ere we can hope to attain the true critical balance, the real critical disinterestedness. Nevertheless, we who call ourselves "Eclectic" cannot but remember that in the toilsome process by which distinction is attained—the process which we witness in the case before us—talent as in the case before us is displayed, but

gence, discipline, devotion, tenacity of purpose, those evidences of force and individuality which, as by a sort of natural selection, mark out the successful men as the strong spirits destined to take the lead among their fellow-men. In studying the comedy of human life, what we want is to see men as they are, not as they appear to be; not so much to busy ourselves with what they do as with the thought which inspires them; in a word, to penetrate into their minds quite as much, if not more, than to observe their actions and their attitudes—even should we sometimes be forced to acknowledge that all great men are not heroes any more than are all beautiful women angels—not to allow ourselves to be led away by that old toothless gossip which sullies the men the most worthy of respect, and finds evil in the most laudable actions; but rather to remember that those who live by thought, so to speak, will always be and remain the *élite* of a nation; for the spiritual and intellectual ideals of a day are always functions of the actual conditions of life; and life is not all composed of paltry ambitions, rivalries, malice, and spite.

Among the planets which have adorned the intellectual firmament of the nineteenth century, few names are more familiar than that of Ernest Renan, yet there probably have lived few writers who have been more misunderstood, few whose works have been assailed with more unwavering British prejudice, than the author of the *Vie de Jésus*—a prejudice, I think we may safely say, arising rather from ignorance than a too intimate knowledge of either the man, his life, or his works.

To most of us Renan is but a very shadowy substance. We know him mainly by reputation as "the great destructive critic," the man who has devoted his life and his wonderful talents to the overthrow

of the one hope which alone supports many and many a weary mortal through a loveless and colorless life in which all is darkness, misery, and suffering—a hope and aspiration certainly the most important factors which the history of civilization has bequeathed to our meditations, and upon which human society must rest if it is not to crumble into chaos and barbaric night. He is pointed out as the man who, with an unwonted eloquence, preaches doctrines entirely subversive of moral obligations, and, recognizing no higher standard than human inclinations, seeks to destroy society and to lead men backward instead of forward in the path of progress, bidding them be content with a coarse and vulgar earth to earth philosophy and live on the swinish husks which alone Materialism and Sensualism have to offer. But no one acquainted with the true Renan or his writings could long hold to this prejudiced view. One cannot fail to feel, on coming in contact with the real man, the almost primitive sincerity which, as with Newman, pervades his every action; to appreciate in his works the evidently real searchings of heart and probings to the quick of those actual feelings the critical mind alone can fully realize which meet us at every turn, and cause us to ponder with sympathetic interest over the strong intellect and sensitive heart gone astray in the all-absorbing and inspiring task of uniting a universe of matter and a world of mind. We see before us a man believing by instinct and doubting by reason, for the faith of his childhood still dwells with Renan as a sentiment and as such is distinctly traceable throughout his writings. Its poetry survives side by side with the criticism which has been fatal to it as a creed, and from his works could be culled a portly volume of passages breathing the purest spirit of piety and pervaded throughout with that abnegation, that idealism, that elevation of sentiment which are the essence of the truest religion. And as one becomes better acquainted with this man, and follows him in his never-wearying search after the ideal, a search which transfigures his very scepticism and renders even his dilettantism noble, one cannot help feeling that away down in the depths of that poetic soul there may still be found a distant echo of the words of Brückner: "I have traversed every sect; I have travelled well,

I have sought hard; but I have been able to find nothing better than the Faith of Christ."

A recent writer has said that the two greatest intellectual forces in France at this moment are M. Renan and M. Taine, but I think that the influence of both, and especially of the former, reaches far beyond the confines of their native land. As a potent factor in the intellectual and spiritual history of the nineteenth century, Ernest Renan at least cannot be ignored. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any living man of letters whose influence in the civilized world is more diffused, more penetrating, and more effective. It is now nearly twenty-eight years since Ernest Renan attained at one bound a world-wide reputation by the publication of his *Vie de Jésus*. The magic melody of his incomparable style enlisted in the service of ideas which cause the inmost fibres of the conscience of mankind to vibrate took the world by storm. The delightful phrases, the flowing and harmonious periods, and artistic perfection of its word painting, added to the exquisite grace of its perfect dilettanteism and the seductive sweetness of its sceptical piety, appealed to even the most indifferent. None could help being touched by the tinge of sadness and melancholy, of mingled veneration and analytical criticism, which flowed from the author's pen as he followed the Crucified One through his pilgrimages and sufferings to death. One almost fancies one catches him weeping himself at his unbelief in the divinity of the noblest victim who ever shed his blood in the vindication of a cause. There was here none of the polished but mocking cynicism of Voltaire, or the coarse infidelity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the reader found himself unwittingly taken captive by the breadth of erudition and the abundance of ideas as well as by the charm of style.

A book reprobated by one half of the community will of a surety for that very reason be carefully read by the other half. Since the date of the publication of the *Vie de Jésus*, 300,000 copies of the work have been sold in France alone, that country which has always loved great enthusiasms and great glories, while so furious was the tempest of polemics which its appearance aroused that no less than 1500 books or pamphlets relating to it were

published within twelve months of its issue. "The authors who have influence," says Joubert, "are merely those who express perfectly what other men are thinking; who reveal in people's minds ideas or sentiments which were tending to the birth." And herein lies to a great extent the secret of Renan's success. He has used his incomparable literary skill and indefatigable powers of research to interpret the mind of a goodly portion of his generation to itself. He has above all addressed himself to that large class of readers who belong neither to the classes nor to the masses; the people to whom the problems of life are everything, and who are drawn to him by his erudition and penetrating power in handling these problems. There are hundreds who brood over the mysteries Renan brooded over, and it was a surprise to them to find that here was one who dared say in print and without reserve what they hardly dare think in the secrecy of their closets, while the evident sincerity—that feature which gives to such men as Newman their greatest power—which pervaded all his writings, lent them an additional charm and influence. I have spoken of the author of the *History of the Origins of Christianity* and the English Cardinal as being both actuated by the same spirit of sincerity of purpose, but the mental resemblance between these two goes much farther than that. One cannot help but notice the same frankness, the same self-sacrifice, the same devotion to the ideal which distinguishes them both. It is simply a case of the one having left off where the other began. The Epicurean turned Stoic, and the Stoic turned Epicurean. Had Renan but received Newman's early training, I doubt if the world had ever seen the *Vie de Jésus*.

There are three principal influences which go to shape human character: that of heredity, that of locality, and that of every-day associations. It would take more time than the limits of this paper would allow minutely to trace the progress of Ernest Renan along the pathway of life, but a general glance at the influences which have moulded his career cannot fail to be of interest to every one of us to whom the problems of life in any way appeal.

The town of Tréguier, on the sombre Brittany coast, is famous for nothing if

not for its monastic appearance and surroundings, and which, despite numerous social upheavals, have never deserted it since it was first founded by St. Tudwal in the later years of the fifth century. The first care of the ancient pioneers of Christianity on arriving on a hospitable shore was, with a keen eye to their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare, to build a monastery and take possession of the land for a considerable distance around. In no way had they departed from their usual custom on arriving at Tréguier and by degrees a small town had as usual sprung up around their monastic abode; but the monastery being the only *raison d'être* of the lay town, the latter did not develop very fast. As the population slowly increased the number of convents and monasteries increased likewise, and by the end of the thirteenth century a fine cathedral also adorned the place. Thus, even though Tréguier grew, it still remained purely an ecclesiastical town, a stranger to all commerce and trade, a vast monastery where no noise from the outside world penetrated, where other men's pursuits were called vanity, and what laymen call illusion passed for the only reality, while a general tranquillity pervaded all. Here it was that, in 1821, Ernest Renan was born, and his childhood was passed; and the local influence of those early days has never been effaced from his mind—the broadest scientific and modern education has not been able to more than modify it. Even now, when he refers to sombre old Tréguier—whose very beauty is of the grave and sad order—it is in a tone of reverent affection, and with a sparkle in his blue Celtic eyes difficult for a stranger to appreciate who knows only the melancholic solitude of Brittany without being acquainted with that fidelity which is the ground motive of the Breton character, or knowing anything of the lively imagination and strong feeling concealed under that dull and indifferent exterior, that tenacity with which the Breton clings to the habits and beliefs of his forefathers. The gray, pensive old churches and convents, with their own quaint beauties and local peculiarities—their mural paintings and ancient tombs, have ever been for him a source of profound affection. Those tiny figures, which one sees so strongly character

face of France, awakened echoes in his poetic mind which nothing has ever been able completely to silence.

But Renan is not wholly a Breton. In his veins runs both Celtic and Latin blood. Breton by his father and Gascon by his mother, he attributes to this complexity of origin the apparent contradictions in which his life and works abound. In fact, while recognizing the truth of Challengel-Lacour's observation that "he thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child," he describes himself as "a tissue of contradictions, the one half engaged in demolishing the other half like the fabulous beast of Ctesias who ate his paws without knowing it." "I am by nature double," he says, "sometimes one part of me laughs while the other weeps. So as there are two men in one, there is always one who has reason to be satisfied." And it is this half Breton and half Gascon nature together with the fact, as Amiel says, that "the Frenchman's centre of gravity is always outside himself, so that he is always thinking of others, always playing to the gallery," which perhaps best explains the various mental phases we meet with in Renan. At one moment cold and disdainful in negation or indifference, then dallying with materialism, and next fondly embracing the ideal, and that, not like the poet Gray's, but in its highest and noblest conception, as though he fully appreciated the fact that despite the scientific tendency of the modern mind some transcendental ideal is in the long run necessary to humanity to satisfy the cravings of man's spirit for nobler nourishment than any materialism has to offer. Philologist, historian, theologian—to explain his own apostasy—and philosopher, this unique and versatile artist appeals to every variety of intellect. He has been in politics, teaching, literature of all sorts—books, essays, and plays. But although an artist, for he makes us feel there is a beauty in words as well as in things, and a perfect master of his native tongue, one cannot but be struck by the antique candor which pervades his entire works and fascinates the reader. One cannot help but recognize the absence of any attempt at artistic insincerity, or fail to be struck with the frankness and evident sincerity with which he delineates his own portrait in his *Souvenirs*, so unlike the spirit of

Rousseau's *Confessions*, so like that of Newman's *Apologia*, for we feel that we have indeed before us a real revelation. How can we dispute his word when he tells us he was born a priest, and remains a priest at heart? We cannot! We feel it ourselves. His Gascon blood and priestly education give us the key to his whole character. They explain the mixture of sincerity and irony, the alliance of scepticism and dogmatism, the expressions of universal doubt clothed in religious language which makes his originality.* We find no shirking of life's duties or pretended disgust with the battles of life. Obedience to duty, perseverance, the never-faltering search after the noble and the beautiful, are the rules of conduct which seem to him to be the sole road to happiness. He is grateful that he has lived, but he is not afraid to die. When the end does come, however, he wishes it to be noble and grand. In fact, the nobility of his inspiration is ever patent to us. "If I have at times wished to be a senator," he says, "it is only because at that trade one has a chance of being assassinated or shot." He evidently feels, with Voltaire, that nothing is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged.

In his eloquent prayer at the Acropolis at Athens, Renan tells us that not only was he the son of a sailor, but that for generations his ancestors had been toilers on the deep. His father dying when he was still very young, the family were left in such straitened circumstances that it was all they could do to keep the wolf from the door. Finally his sister Henrietta—to whom he says he owes more than he was ever able to repay—commenced a school, while his elder brother obtained a position in a local bank. The author of the *Vie de Jésus*, a delicate, fragile child, hardly fit to battle with the world, was then enabled to commence his studies at the little seminary of Tréguier.

We have seen the religious sentiment which pervaded the very air of the little town, and the local influence which this exerted over the impressionable mind of the child; and now in the little seminary of Tréguier, subjected to the active sympathy of the good and worthy priests faith-

* Perhaps like the Père Hodouin, of whom he speaks, he feels he has not got up at four o'clock in the morning for forty years in order to think like everybody else.

ful to the best traditions of the country clergy, begins the second influence which led his mind to the contemplation of the ethics of life. "These worthy priests," he tells us in his *Souvenirs*, "were my first spiritual preceptors, and I owe to them all the good I have in me. I had so much respect for them that no doubt of what they told me ever entered my mind until at the age of sixteen I came to Paris. I have had many wiser and more brilliant masters. I have never had any more worthy of veneration. It had been my privilege to know absolute virtue, to know what true faith is, and, although later I may have recognized that a large amount of irony has been hidden by the supreme seducer in our holiest illusions, I have retained precious memories of those days. At bottom I feel that my life is always governed by a Faith I no longer possess, for faith has this peculiarity, that although disappeared it still makes itself felt. It still lives by habit and sentiment. One continues to do mechanically what one formerly did in spirit and in truth, even as the lute of Orpheus, after his master had lost his ideal and been dragged back into Hades by the nymphs of Bacchus, was capable of producing no other sound than Eurydice, Eurydice!" "They taught us Latin," he says; "but above all they sought to teach us to be honest, upright men." His tutors' lessons in this respect, supported by their own irreproachable conduct, made a profound impression on Renan's mind, and no man can say that he has ever been heard to speak with anything but the deepest respect of those serious, upright, and disinterested clerics who were the preceptors of his youth. "I passed thirteen years of my life," says he, "among priests; I never saw the shadow of a scandal, and I never came across any priests who were not good men. They were the type of my life, and my only wish in life was to become like them, a professor of the college of Tréguier, poor, exempt from all material cares, esteemed, respected as they were." The influence these good men had on his after life was enormous, for they not only taught him that the search after the ideal was the only pursuit worthy of a man, but they also taught him that Christianity was the *résumé* of every ideal. And no one who has read many of this "destructive

critic's" works can fail to recognize the ineradicable trace of his religious education. "I learned later," he tells us, "things which made me renounce Christian beliefs; but one must be profoundly ignorant of history and of human nature not to be aware what an ineffaceable effect these simple, powerful, and honest teachings have on the best minds." Hostile critics have not hesitated to reproach Renan with this fact, but without it, most people will agree, his works would lose half their beauty, half their charm. One is too apt to forget in addressing such a reproach to a religious historian that the great divining power is sympathy, and that to penetrate into the consciences of the believers of ancient times one must one's self be possessed of some sort of faith, or at least by some influences of it. In the words of Paul Bourget: "When a man wishes to paint the inner thoughts of the souls of persons for whom the great Beyond is the great, the unique preoccupation, it is necessary that he should himself have experienced to the full, at some period of his life, those profound heart-wrangings and heart-searchings which wait on that great problem of death and destiny." And here perhaps, more than anywhere else, we see the great contrast between Renan and Voltaire. The two men have often been compared; but I think erroneously. Renan is a better Voltaire, and, unlike him, does at least recognize what an immense value the religious sentiment has been to humanity, what it has done for art, and the share it has had in progress.

But to return: the days passed by, Ernest Renan had reached his fifteenth year, and everything pointed to the youth's career being that of a peaceful and humble country *curé*. But fate had decreed otherwise. Monsignor Dupanloup, then a simple Abbé, afterward Bishop of Orleans, and famous as the man who shook the dust of the Académie Française off his feet on the day of Littré's admission to the ranks of the Immortal Forty, was at that time principal of the seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet at Paris. This zealous and active priest, consumed with the ardent fire of the most intense religious fervor, had devoted his life and his energies to the gathering together from all parts of the country of promising pupils of whom he might one day make eminent

priests. A friend of the Abbé passing through Tréguier happened by chance to come across the prize list of the local college, and his interest was awakened by seeing the name of Ernest Renan so far in advance of his fellow-pupils, more especially in the department of mathematics, for, his mind having always been peculiarly attracted by the abstract, he had developed a passionate liking for the study of that branch of science. The Abbé's friend quickly brought his discovery to the notice of M. Dupanloup, and on the 3rd of September, 1836, a bursary was offered to the young student by the Principal of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat. Needless to say, his family accepted this unlooked-for offer with the greatest enthusiasm, for it gave to the youth the chance of an exceptional education.

"We had no time for reflection," says M. Renan. "I was spending the holidays with a friend at a village close to Tréguier. On the afternoon of the 4th September a messenger came for me. Even now that return home comes back to me as though it were only yesterday. I had about a league to go on foot across the open country. The bell for vespers echoing from steeple to steeple was just being rung, filling the air with a sense of calm, of repose, and of melancholy serenity, an apt image of the life I was about to quit forever."

Three days later the little Breton entered the great house of religious instruction which the Abbé Dupanloup had made the training ground of the future combatants in the great fight. To Renan the change from dreamy, unpractical Brittany to vivacious, restless Paris, from his quiet, gentle, old preceptors at Tréguier to the enthusiastic, indefatigable superior of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat, was tremendous. It seemed to him to be no longer the same life he lived, no longer the same religion he practised. Possessed, however, of that contented mind which surpasseth all riches and gifted by nature, or St. Yves de la Vérité, with a never-failing fund of good-humor, he soon became accustomed to the changed order of things, and threw himself with the greatest ardor into his new studies. For M. Dupanloup had his own ideas on education, quite unlike those of the peaceful Breton priests, and in which the enthusiastic cultivation of literature and the fine arts walked hand in hand

with the keenest religious training. Ever on the look-out for talent, the Abbé obtained and exercised over the minds of his pupils an immense influence. Alternating literature with dogma, this incomparable preceptor lived solely for and with his pupils, carefully watching over and cultivating the gradual awakening, expansion, and ripening of their intellects, until, as Renan himself says, "he was for me what he was for all of us, a principle of life, a sort of god."

"There is a great resemblance," says M. Bourget, "between this prelate of the nineteenth century inebriated with enthusiasm for Virgil, for Homer, for Titus-Livy, for noble prose and harmonious verse, and those cardinals of the Renaissance who translated in Ciceronian periods their moral reflections and theological ideas."

For three years Ernest Renan lived in this intellectual nursery, until the simple Breton peasant had become the priestly scholar, the excellent humanist, the admirer as well as the disciple of the great writers and thinkers of the century. Chateaubriand was now something more to him than a mere name. The verses of Lamartine and Victor Hugo were no longer closed books to the student, while the Revolution and Napoleon were discovered to be facts which could not be got rid of by a simple look of holy horror or a mere pious and deprecatory shake of the head. He had begun to know the world and to understand the meaning of fame. Hitherto, during the golden days of his early youth,

"He had slept and dreamed that life was beauty ;"

now, like all strong men for whom great work is waiting,

"He woke and found that life was duty."

Hitherto the student's thoughts had been essentially disinterested and centred wholly in the career for which he was preparing, now he began to look outward instead of only inward, though still his heart was wholly in his work, and the priesthood as yet his one end and aim. But while his intellectual training was being thus well attended to it must not for a moment be imagined that his moral training, so important to the vocation for which he was destined, was being forgotten. "My

masters taught me besides," he says, "something worth infinitely more than a critical mind or philosophic wisdom; they taught me the love of truth, respect for the right, and the seriousness of life." Such an impression did these lessons make on his mind that he at last came to look upon a spiritual life as the only really noble one; every lucrative profession appeared to him servile and unworthy of a true man; and despite the mental transformation he has undergone he has always insisted, and still insists, that existence apart from a heroic conception of duty is the most frivolous thing imaginable, while the sole aim of a noble life should be the disinterested pursuit of the ideal. The lives of the leaders of men alone interested him, while his books were his only attraction; but the literary instinct had always been strong within him, and he could not fail naturally to take a keen interest in every intellectual movement. "And what will you be when you are a man?" asked a young playmate of him when he had reached the advanced age of six. "Me!" he replied; "I shall make books." "Oh, you want to be a librarian?" "Dear me, no! I want to make them myself. To write them!" said the little lad.

From the seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet Ernest Renan proceeded to Issy, a dependency of St. Sulpice, in the environs of Paris, to enter upon his last course before finally entering the priesthood. Here for two more years the study of theology and the Bible absorbed his whole attention, and here it was that his first doubts of the divine inspiration of that book revealed themselves. But it was during his last two years at St. Sulpice itself, which for more than two centuries had served as the last stepping-stone between lay life and the priesthood, that the student came really face to face with the Bible and the sources of Christianity, resulting in the overthrow of the very foundations of his life as he had hitherto conceived it. Here that long and silent inward struggle between revealed religion and scientific theology took place, in which, after devoting the entire energies of his ardent mind to the study of the original Hebrew, the Semitic languages, and the works of the celebrated German philologist Gesenius, and the even more scholarly Ewald, the hypercritical mind of

Renan found itself unable to apply to the Old and New Testaments the grammatical interpretation which one applies to every other ancient book without meeting at every step characters incompatible with the notion of their supernatural origin, and often finding between them contradictions which the artifices of commentators only made more manifest. He had now begun to appreciate the shrewdness of observation which led M. Gottefroy, one of his masters at Issy, to say to him on one occasion, when reproaching him for his devotion to study: "You are no Christian!" And as all through that night there had sounded in his ears like thunder those, to him, awful words, so now all through the busy day and the restless night there kept whispering to his mind with an invincible persistence the thought: "It is not true!" For a long time he repulsed this idea as a diabolic madness, but continued research only tended to augment his disagreement with the orthodox Biblical interpretations, until, finally, he found himself face to face with the terrible conclusion: If the holy Books are not exempt from error they are not divinely inspired, and if the inspiration disappears one of the fundamental dogmas vanishes, and with this dogma the infallibility of the Church. Under these circumstances, after having preserved his faith up to an age of ripe reflection, and carried his piety to a degree of supreme self-sacrifice, the student found himself compelled to acknowledge that his faith was at any rate not sufficiently large to allow of his becoming a sincere priest, and, with more character than Lamennais, courageously recognizing that one's outward life should be in accord with one's inward thoughts, and one's actions with one's ideas, he preferred rather to renounce the career in preparation for which the best years of his life had been spent than convert the most revered beliefs into an odious comedy.

For a man who is a sceptic simply because it best suits his personal convenience, or best serves his own purposes, society can but feel the bitterest contempt; but what *can* one say to men who have commenced by faith, whose piety, fervor, and self-sacrifice have, from constant exercise, become as part of themselves; who have sunk their souls, so to speak, in their belief, consecrated their lives to what they hold to be absolute truth, and who one

day had that faith begin to crumble beneath the exigencies of a too critical mind, until it finally slips away altogether, throwing him into the dark gulf of universal uncertainty, into the glacial depth of a new space.

Ernest Renan left St. Sulpice with the darkest presentiment of an existence to be lived without beginning or end, under conditions of uncertainty and indecision, with the sense of a vast, restless sea, with the knowledge of a world of things and of people.

He was a man of a very high order of intelligence, and of a very high order of sensitivity.

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little by little, until at last she was fain to confess that the only visible change in her son was his dress.

On leaving the seminary Renan's first care was to find some occupation, for he could not afford to remain idle. Thrown on the world, which, deprived of the moral warmth hitherto given to it by his religious fervor, now appeared dreary, he considered his interests: practically without resources, he was glad to accept from his sister Henrietta—to whom he afterwards dedicated his *Vie de Jesus*—a loan of 100 francs, the sum total of her savings, which he was obliged to supply his present wants. Thanks to the kindness of the abbé de St. Sulpice he soon obtained a room in a small school, and without waiting he recommenced his studies for his degree in the University. This degree he had obtained as he had been obliged to leave the seminary. Ernest Renan was not a student at St. Sulpice; he was a student at the seminary, and secured his degree there. In the Institute of Letters at the seminary the Semine Linguarum, where he had resided, was a school of learning, and of his time during his years at the seminary, and still during his years at St. Sulpice. Ernest Renan was a man of a very high order of intelligence, and of a very high order of sensitivity. He was a man of a very high order of intelligence, and of a very high order of sensitivity. He was a man of a very high order of intelligence, and of a very high order of sensitivity.

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after than be without the and which, had little by

little developed in such an extraordinary manner until it had attained to the very highest summit of power. None knew better than he the many crises through which it had passed, and the terrible blows which the Greek schism, the Lutheran schism, and the French revolution of '89 had dealt it. But he must go further back than that. It was not the development of that Church which tempted him, but the origin of its faith and the origin of Christianity—the origin of a faith with which, like Leibnitz and Malebranche, he still struggled, and which offers such a vast field to critical curiosity and erudition. To a historian and philosopher like Renan the great question of Nature's object proved an irresistible attraction. The Why of the world, and the world has it a Why? To us the term "the world" has but one signification: mankind and mankind's responsibility. As Scherer says: "Let the Trinity, life to come, heaven, hell, cease to be dogmas and spiritual realities; let the letter and the forms disappear, the human question must still remain. How is man led to be truly a man? When we contemplate this material existence, the ideas which irresistibly rise in our minds must inevitably be: What is the end and the aim of all this?" To obtain a reply it is not necessary to indulge in any speculative theories, for the conscience of every man gives him the solution; and when you ask whence comes that law of conscience which none are able to ignore, whence comes that judge enthroned within a man who is never tired of sitting in judgment on his most insignificant action and thought, one's mind is carried irresistibly onward beyond the power of conception, until at last we are glad to find a resting-place behind a Power so much greater and so much more wonderful than ourselves that we are unable to realize it in material form.

"Life," says the Cardinal to John Inglesant, "is the sole study worthy of man;" and John Inglesant found it infinitely more interesting than opinions and theories. Since 1873, when the *Vie de Jésus* first appeared, Renan has been trying to solve the problem of human life. Like the Cardinal, Inglesant, his interest is not in dogmas, but in the endeavor to form it. He offers

where only evil where good could easily be, but at the same time finding nowhere any more heroic notions of life than that supplied by Christianity, and never getting any nearer that ideal of which he is always in search than Jesus of Nazareth. Full of enthusiasm for the purity of the Jewish Messiah and the heroism of the Martyrs, and finding no more glorious names on the roll of mankind than those of St. Paul, St. Francis d'Assisi (whom Dean Milman describes as the most gentle and blameless of the saints), and St. Augustin, it is not surprising that in that vast field of thought and conjecture Renan should have found sufficient material to occupy another fifteen years of his life. In his works on this subject, he more than ever proves himself a writer. History is supplemented by his vivacity of imagination, and nothing could be finer than the exquisite simplicity of his style, his felicity of expression, and the clearness and profusion of his ideas. "He charms," as Scherer says, "because he thinks and makes you think." Here and there one may come across an affectation of frivolity, but it is forgotten in the many noble lessons, the fruit of his wide experience, which fall from his lips. For though he has produced a prodigious variety of works, such as the *History of the Semitic Languages* and the translations from the original Hebrew of the Books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Psalms, it is by the seven volumes composing the *History of the Origins of Christianity—The Life of Jesus, The Apostles, St. Paul, Antichrist, The Evangelists and the Second Christian Generation, The Christian Church, and Marcus Aurelius and the End of the Ancient World*—that he is best known to fame. The general title of this series of works is, however, somewhat misleading, for "History" conveys the idea of a series of sufficiently numerous and reliable facts leading us on, like the links of a chain, from one point to another. In the *History of Christianity*, however, this connectedness is entirely wanting, and this it is more than anything else which gives to Christianity its extraordinary character. Could anything be more marvellous in the usual course of events than that the religion of an obscure and despised people, inhabiting a small portion of Asia Minor, should have given birth to beliefs which constitute to-day the foundations of the moral life of

the civilized world, and that the ignominious execution which seemed to consummate his defeat would have become the source of his glory. The information we possess of the life of the Founder of Christianity is of the very scantiest description. His very name is ignored by the Roman historians of his time, while of the apostles we know even less. Our knowledge of how and where they lived and of how and where they died is founded almost on the vaguest tradition. The only account of their character and actions have been reserved to us by authentic records of St. Paul, who, in the strictest sense of the word, was not an Apostle at all. From his time to the end of the second or the beginning of the third century, we have no historic data of the progress of Christianity, of how and by what means the new religion was spread from end to end of the known world, of whom for over a hundred years carried it there, of how a few poor Jews were able to overthrow the philosophies and mythologies of the Pagan world. When one comes to face these questions, he finds himself reduced to very vague indications and uncertain conjectures. The visible results are there, but the causes which brought them about remain in impenetrable obscurity. It was this most important feature which the history of civilization presents to us that Roman undertook to recount, but we cannot help seeing to what an extent his history must, at the most critical period, have depended on his own poetic and vivacious imagination; and taking Jesus Christ, as he does, as a type simply of the greatest human excellence, he only succeeds in making us feel what an inscrutable enigma Christianity and its effects upon the world remains with his theory. For my own part, I cannot even agree with his picture of the Messiah, for I cannot imagine garter and wit and joyousness in connection with that prophet carrying on his shoulders the heavy burden of the destinies of his people and of mankind.

To me, Roman, with his wonderful powers of delineation, is continually being this led over by his strong feelings and poetic images. Everywhere dominated by his ideal as Hegel is with his idea, Schopenhauer with his Will, and Hartmann with his Instinct, he appears to ignore the fact that we cannot conceive God as personal

or impersonal any more than we can conceive the universe as finite or infinite, or space as either void or full, and that we have difficulty in allowing a first cause which may not itself be an effect, or anything which shall not itself have been created. In questions where analogies are poorest comparisons fail, and the consequent contradictions into which the mind must inevitably fall in dealing with such matters are apparent. We cannot call anything a certainty, and outside the Supreme Being we have only philosophical speculations of the most varied kind, and the tendency of mankind to judge everything by his own inward perceptions. If the universe is explained by the Creator, then where, asks the analytical philosopher extinguish, is the explanation of the Creator, or why is he inexplicable? But what does he offer you in exchange? A theory of spontaneous creation; and automatic development a thousand times more wonderful than that of a Supreme Being. In the words of Dr. Blowitz: "A substitution of gravitation for the laws of God; and an explanation of the everlasting harmony of Nature by successive aggregations arising out of chaos, in fulfillment of an unconscious and sublime ordonnance." "Beyond the universe," says Scherer, "neither the philosopher nor the naturalist can go without passing from the domain of pure science to that of theological hypothesis. We talk of the Universe, Humanity, the Ideal, the Absolute; but can we endow with reality these figures of speech? The Infinite is simply the Indefinite, the Absolute the absence of all limits which constitute the Relative."

From this point of view, we cannot consider Roman's works to possess much scientific value, but I do think an enormous signification is to be attached to them in the history of Ideas, for a solitary education appears to open eyes which in the midst of companions and engagements are too apt to remain closed. His portrait of St. Paul in *The Apostles* is both original and realistic, while few things could be finer than his picture of the Emperor Nero in *Antichrist*. But of all the products of his fecund pen that which appears to me to possess pre-eminently the greatest interest and charm is his *Souvenirs*. It abounds in those original colorings, those peculiarities of mental refraction, those varieties of style, and that beauty, majesty and sim-

plicity of phraseology which render the perfections of Renan's works no merely negative qualities. Here we see the man as he really is, and, despite the prevalent pessimism of the present day, we find that there still exist magnificent ideals and noble thoughts, pure souls and heroic hearts. There are times in life when one looks back into the past more willingly than into the future, and when, like the pedestrian wearied with the distance travelled, one finds a melancholy joy in turning to look once more at the road over which he has passed ; so there is a softer touch in this philosopher's *Souvenirs* as he lifts the veil of the past than in any of his other works. Behind him he sees a tangible reality, before him nothing but an infinitude of time and an infinitude of space. Starting in life he was governed at the outset by immutable dogmas, inflexible rules, universal truths ; then comes the contact with life, the study of history, the habit of analyzing, until he ends up like Benjamin Constant by imagining no proposition is true and doubting everything. Finding in all dogmas and in all theories something which attracts himself, he is now as a spiritualist against the materialist, and anon a materialist fighting the spiritualist.

Such is the story of Ernest Renan's life, and even this hasty and superficial glimpse at the nature of the trials through which he has passed should at least help us to appreciate the vast difference existing between him and the Rousseau school. His works have at least not been written simply to satisfy his pride in defying the judgment of God and man. No ; rather let us think of him as Thales, who looked so long upward to the stars, heedless of the earth on which he walked, that he at last fell into the water. It was afterward said that had he looked into the water he *might* have seen the stars, but looking to the stars he *could* not see the water.

Whatever critics may think and say of Renan and his conclusions, his works have at least been produced in sincerity of purpose and faithfulness of heart. No doubt they will find in them much to condemn on the ground of erring judgment, but they must allow that he has by his labors well earned his position in the front rank of that galaxy of elegant essayists, brilliant critics, and profound thinkers who have helped to make the century renowned. One of those intellectual giants of earth who still live to excite our wonder and arouse our admiration. Others there are—lesser lights, famous in their degree—by whom the world has been enlightened and refined ; but Ernest Renan stands forth conspicuous among them as one of the loftier spirits of our time, one of those who must leave indelible traces on the page of history, and a distinctive mark on the age in which we live. And if he has unfortunately devoted a great portion of his life and his consummate intellect to endeavoring to pierce the shadows and darkness which overwhelm that unbounded prospect of eternity lying before us—to trying to solve in his own way some of the great mysteries which surround us, forgetful that science demonstrates that the progress of the world has not been achieved by men refusing to believe or submit to that which they did not understand, but the reverse—let us try to remember that many weaknesses, even many errors and faults, have their own peculiar beauty, and that matters human inspire but two thoughts in well-balanced hearts : admiration and pity. Renan—that St. Thomas of to-day—deserves both !

“ The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

— *Westminster Review*.

ON THE ANCIENT BELIEFS IN A FUTURE STATE.

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

It is a circumstance of real literary interest that there should be published in Calcutta a periodical devoted to the promotion of Christian learning, under the auspices of the Oxford Mission to India,

and depending upon the contributions of Native as well as of British writers ; and further, that it should attract the support of so distinguished a Hebraist and Biblical scholar as Professor Cheyne. An article

of Phidias ; but a work, also, the author of which had lost all touch of the religious idea, and could hardly be said to see, what even Agnosticism thinks it sees, the fact of a mighty or an almighty power working behind an impenetrable curtain. Well : during the interval of time between Homer and Thucydides the progress of Greece in civilization had been immense ; but she had lost her grasp of the doctrine of Providence, of the nearness of deity to man, of its living care for human affairs and interests. And whatever may be said of the speculations of Plato, an intellect more muscular, more comprehensive, and more entirely Greek—the intellect of Aristotle—places the element of deity at a distance from human life as wide as that of the Lucretian heaven. This was not, evidently, because of a decline in intellectual capacity. But the aggregate of the influences operative upon human perception had enfeebled the sense of the unseen *present*. The presumption, though (thus far) no more than a presumption, herewith arises that it would also enfeeble the sense of the unknown future.

Now let us pass on to the direct evidence available upon the subject before us : and I will recite at once the conclusions which the facts, as far as we know them, seem to me to recommend. They are as follows :—

1. That the movement of ideas between the time of civilization in its cradle, and the time of civilization in its full-grown stature, on the subject of future retribution, if not of a future existence generally, was a retrograde, and not a forward, movement.

2. That there is reason, outside the Psalter, to think that the Old Testament implies the belief in a future state, as a belief accepted among the Hebrews ; although it in no way formed an element of the Mosaic usages, and cannot be said to be prominent even in the Psalms.

3. That the conservation of the truth concerning a future state does not appear to have constituted a specific element in the divine commission intrusted to the Hebrew race, and that it is open to consideration, whether more was done for the maintenance of this truth in certain of the Gentile religions.

As regards the first of these propositions, which is one of fact only, we seem

to labor under this great difficulty, that the Greek or Olympian religion is the only religion of antiquity which we can trace at all minutely in its different phases through the literature and records of the country ; whereas it is by no means a religion which distinctively enshrines the doctrine of a future state. In the case of Assyria, while we might hope for testimony extending over a lengthened period, the destiny of mankind after death did not, according to Canon Rawlinson, occupy a prominent place in the beliefs of the people.* And if we turn to the Egyptian, and the Iranian or Persian religions, the means of comparing their earlier with their later states seem to be very incomplete though not wholly insignificant. The Persian religion in its earlier condition was one of a dualism of abstract conceptions, and it progressively developed them into rival personalities. In the course of time, the country came under the influence of Magianism. To the early Zoroastrianism, there had been attached a strong belief in a future state of a retributive character. But when Herodotos † wrote his account of the Persian religion he described the Magian system and its elemental worship, and seems to have known little or nothing of the older Persian scheme, unless on the negative side, where it rejected temples, images, and altars. The older form had now apparently come to be the religion of the Court, rather than of the people.‡ The religion of abstract ideas had lost ground ; that which was sacerdotal and pantheistic had gained it. I see thus far no sign of progress in the doctrine of a future state. The inference rather is that it was passing into the shade.

The historical relations, however, between Greece and the Persian empire were so important that, probably on this account, a large number of the Greek writers, Aristotle himself included, gave attention to the religion of the great antagonist whom Alexander finally overthrew. It was, most probably, the later condition of that religion, to which their accounts relate. The most important of them, from Herodotos to Plutarch, are textually cited or described in Dr. Haug's

* *Ancient Religions*, p. 77.

† *Herod.* i. 131, 138 ; iii. 16.

‡ Rawlinson's essay, in his *Herod.* i. 426-31.

Essays on the Parsees.* No one of them, except that ascribed to Theopompus,† makes any reference to the future state. We shall see presently what a place this doctrine occupied in the earlier times of Zoroastrianism.

The political relations of Greece with the Egyptian empire appear to have been important in the prehistoric period; but the notices of them are few and undetermined. In the great literary age, they were of secondary concern. It has become well known, from the monuments, how powerfully the doctrine of the future life was developed in the archaic religion of Egypt. It was not to be expected that the classical period should here supply us with information such as it has furnished with respect to the religion of Persia. But Herodotus was led, partly by the peculiarities of the case of Egypt generally, and partly from his acknowledging a certain early connection between its religion and that of Greece, to devote more than forty sections of his second Book to his account of it.‡ Yet that principal account does not contain one word of reference to future retribution, or of belief in the existence of the soul after death; although in another portion of his work we shall see that he mentions the primitive Egyptian teaching.

The fifteenth Satire of Juvenal censures in the strongest terms the Egyptian religion of his own day, at once debased and fanatical. He then closes the satire in an ethical strain of remarkable loftiness; and it might be thought that, had future retribution been a living and prominent portion of the Egyptian religion of his day, he could hardly have avoided making some reference to it, especially as he appears to have been himself a believer in the unseen world.§ But in the *Isis et Osiris* of Plutarch, I find a passage which, if I understand it rightly, signifies that the Egyptian priests of his time had become somewhat ashamed of the old definite, circumstantial teaching of their religion concerning Osiris,|| as the judge of

each dead man and lord of the Underworld, in that it ~~savored~~ ^{was} the ~~man~~ ^{man} of matter, or was in some way behind the age. Again, Iamblichus, writing in the age of Constantine, and discussing the Egyptian religion, assigns to it a high rank, but does not seem to include the idea of a future state among its motive powers.* Then, then, the doctrine of the future state, if viewed as a working portion of religion, lost force and did not exit it with the lapse of time under the Egyptian system, which had been so famous for its early inculcation.

Undoubtedly this seems to have been the case also with the Greeks. The genius of that extraordinary people does not appear at any time to have qualified or inclined them to adopt with anything like earnestness or force that belief, which is so marked in the religions of Egypt and of Persia at an early date. Homer is here our principal authority: and what we gather from the *Odyssey* is that the Underworld of the Poet is evidently an exotic and imported conception, made up of elements which were chiefly supplied from the religions of Egypt and Assyria. We may also observe that the place he finds for it lies in the outer zone of his geography, beyond the great encircling River Okeanos. In the *Iliad*, the great national and patriotic poem of Homer, the doctrine of the future life appears only in the case of Patroklos, and there only as a vague, remote, and shadowy image. The Egyptian name for the kingdom of the dead was Amenti, which seems to reappear in the Greek Rhadamanthos. There is a singular circumstance associated with one of the discoveries of Schliemann at Mycenæ. In a tomb fifteen feet six inches in length, and only five feet six inches in breadth, the bodies of full-grown men are laid not along but across the space, being thus squeezed in the strangest manner. But they were in this way made to lie east and west, and toward the west: and such we learn was the position in which the Egyptians laid their dead.† Minos is also introduced to us as a personage in the Underworld of the *Odyssey*, and he is engaged in administering justice. So far we follow the Egyptian idea. But the Greek spirit took the heart and life out of

* *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees*, by Dr. Martin Haug. Edited and enlarged by Dr. West. (London, 1890.) Essay I. pp. 3-16.

† P. 9.

‡ Vol. ii. 35-76.

§ Sat. ii. 149 sqq.

|| *Plut. de Is. et Os.* 382, 37. τούτο, ὅπερ οἱ νῦν ἑρμῆς ἀροισούμενοι καὶ παρακαλυπόμενοι μετ' εὐλαβείας ἐποδῶσιν.

* Iamblichus *de Mysteriorum*, 159-9. (Lugduni 1577.)

† Schliemann's *Mycenæ*, xxxii. iii. and 295.

the realm of Osiris. Minos sits, so to speak, not as a criminal but as a civil judge: he does not punish the guilty for their misdeeds on earth, but simply meets the wants of a community for an arbitrator of determining authority in their affairs.* No one, whom we can certainly call a compatriot of Homer's, appears in the Underworld as under penal suffering: not, for instance, Aigisthos, or Klutainnestra, who might have been fit subjects for it. In the ethical code of Homer, there is no clear recognition of penalty for sin; except it be for perjury upon the breach of great public pacts; and this penalty is made applicable to gods and men alike. The only case, in which he associates the existence after death with happiness, is that of Menelaos. Menelaos is among the purest characters of the Poems: but the reason given for his fortunate lot is, that he was the husband of Helen, and son-in-law of Zeus.† It is, however, plain that there must have been a general belief in a future state among his contemporaries, or we should not find it as we now find it embodied and developed in a poem essentially popular.

It was, then, an article of the national belief in the heroic age. What became of it in the classical period? It faded out of notice. There grew up instead of it that remarkable idea of the self-sufficiency of life, which became a basis for Greek existence. Apart from particular exceptions, and from the mysteries, which remained always only mysteries for the people, things temporal and things seen affixed all round a limit to human interests. The Underworld could not have been treated as it is treated by Aristophanes, in any country except one where for the mind of the people at large it had ceased to have a really religious existence. The disputed existence which it obtained in some of the philosophical schools is itself a witness to the fact that for man as such, in the wear and tear of centuries, the idea had not, upon the whole, gained ground, but lost it, among the most intellectual people ever known.

Have we not then to wait for the evidence which is to show that the doctrine of immortality would have been too great a strain for the Hebrews at the reputed era of the composition of the Psalms under

David and Solomon, and that it was mercifully withheld from primitive man who could only feed on milk, to be administered as strong meat to a later and more mature generation?

Even were such evidence to be forthcoming on behalf of the general proposition, we should still have to ask how it is known, or why it is to be believed, that the idea of immortality was made known to the Hebrews from Persian sources? The Captivity was not a Persian, but a Babylonian captivity. The advent of Persian power brought it to a close. It was Magianism, rather than Zoroastrianism, that the political influence of Persia at the time would have been likely to impart. But what proof is there, during the period which followed the return, and preceded the Greek supremacy, of this kind of Persian influence over the Hebrew people? The adoption of Persian words in the popular language was a general fruit of Persian power, and is said not to have included subjects of religion.* But I pass on to the second of the three heads which have been proposed.

II.

The six Psalms, indicated by Professor Cheyne as those in which the hope of immortality may perhaps be traced, all lie within the first, that is, speaking generally, the older portion of the Psalter. For those who suppose them to have belonged to the worship of Solomon's temple, and who are glad to follow Professor Cheyne when he proves that they embody the hope of a future life, it would be somewhat anomalous to believe that, while the public service taught this doctrine, no mark of it had been left, outside the Temple walls, upon the historical books of the Old Testament, or in the sense of the people. True, the doctrine of a future existence is not prominent upon the face of the older Scriptures. Neither, it might perhaps be said, is it very conspicuous in the speech and actions of the Pharisees in the Gospels, who notwithstanding are known to have held it. But yet we should expect to find some traces of it: and our Lord has actually taught us that it is conveyed in the declaration that God was the God of Abraham and of Isaac and Jacob;

* *Odyssey*, xi. 568-71. † *Ibid.* iv. 569.
NEW SERIES—VOL. LIV., No. 5.

* Haug, p. 5.

long dwelt in the midst of a corrupt idolatry, and so far as we know without the advantage either of a fixed code or of positive institutions,* to cherish and keep alive the truths which their fathers had possessed. True, these great principles of religion are nowhere taught in the Book of Genesis as precepts; but neither is belief in God, or any other part of the religion of the patriarchs, set out in a creed or a code. We only see it live and work: and are not these great principles of love to God and man the very same principles, which made Enoch too good to remain under the conditions of an earthly life, and which fashioned the faultless character of Joseph?

The Mosaic law was neither the full enunciation of a personal religion for individuals, nor an instrument for educating a nation into counsels of perfection. In truth, it dealt with the nation rather than with its component members, and laid down precepts for each of these only in so far as it was necessary to maintain them as a community separated from the rest, to testify against idolatry by the worship of one God, to exhibit through its ritual and sacrificial system the character of sin, to cherish the expectation of a coming deliverance, and in the meantime, and until the fulness of time should come, to gird about an encircled space, "a vineyard in a very fruitful hill;" † within which a spiritual worship, and the lives befitting it, might have full and unhindered growth upon the basis traditionally known to the fathers of the race.

But it may without difficulty be shown that, while the Mosaic law was a law of temporal sanctions only, the people did not fall so low, in the scale either of nature or of grace, as to suppose that the life of man is at an end when his remains are laid in the ground: that they did not sink so far beneath the other nations of remote antiquity, none of which appear to have entertained that dishonoring and dangerous belief, though they varied from others

in the prominence which their systems assigned to the positive doctrine on the subject. It might perhaps be sufficient to cite the care taken and cost incurred by them in the sepulture of the dead, as proofs that when burial was accomplished they did not think all was over. But more pointed proofs are not deficient. Let us take, for instance, the case of the prophet Elijah. In his lifetime, he must have been a character as conspicuous as the sovereigns of the country; while, after his death, it appears that a living tradition of his greatness made him the special type of the prophetic office, both in the mouth of Malachi, and when four more centuries had elapsed at the Transfiguration of our Saviour.* It will not, I suppose, be disputed, that the Hebrews received as true the history of his being corporally transported into heaven: an occurrence, which we are specially informed that fifty men of the sons of the prophets stood to witness from a distance, while Elijah and Elisha passed over Jordan together. † Is it possible that a people, who believed this prophet had thus been carried up from earth, believed also that with that miraculous transportation his existence came to an end?

Still more remarkable, upon the point now before us, is the proof of the popular belief afforded by the practice of necromancy among the people. The whole basis of such a practice lies in an established popular conviction that the spirits of the departed not only existed, but existed in a state of susceptible faculty, and might be moved, by influences exercised in this world, to make apparition before the eyes of the living. It appears, indeed, that this practice was viewed by the governing powers with jealousy, for the woman, who had "the familiar spirit," urged, when application was made to her, that it was dangerous for her to comply, because Saul had "cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizard out of the land." ‡ Under such circumstances, as the prohibitions of the Mosaic law were no dead letter, the profession of the witch could only be kept alive by strong inducements; and what strong inducement could there be, except a curiosity of the people for direct information about the dead,

* It is at any rate remarkable that the reason given for the release of the children of Israel from Egypt is (Exod. vii. 16; viii. 20) that they may serve God in the wilderness; and again it appears, from Exod. viii. 20-23, that they could not perform the proper sacrifices to God in Egypt, but must go into the wilderness for the purpose.

† Isaiah v. 1.

* Malachi iv. 2; Mark ix. 4.

† 2 Kings ii. 7.

‡ 1 Sam. xxviii. 4, 9.

which involved the certainty of their continuing existence?

King Saul finds himself placed in desperate straits by the attack of the Philistine army, at the time when David was serving in its ranks. Samuel, the mainstay of the State, had recently died, and had been solemnly mourned for by the people. Saul was driven, in order to obtain the benefit of indispensable counsel, to seek the aid of those whom he had attempted to extirpate. Failing to obtain light upon the emergency by any of the ordinary means, he requires his servants to find for him a woman with a familiar spirit. He is referred to such a person, who lives at Endor. He repairs to her in disguise, evidently believing that, though she would of course regard the king as her enemy, yet, if he could pass for one of the people, she would meet his desire, and evoke the spirit of the dead in the regular way of business. She recognizes the king, and he has to give her a promise of indemnity. Samuel is then brought up; and a scene is reported to have taken place, in which his spirit addresses King Saul, and, in the exercise of the gift of prophecy, announces that his kingdom was to depart from him. Such is the narrative, which would appear to imply the reality of the apparition. Both the rabbinical commentators, however, and the Christian writers, are divided upon this question down to the present day.* But this is a matter wholly apart from the present argument, which simply rests upon the fact that there was a general belief in such apparitions, a belief extending even to the king upon the throne. The measures taken by Saul for the suppression of necromancy and all witchcraft, may have been adopted in obedience to the stringent and repeated prohibitions contained in the law.† Those prohibitions do not expressly name intercourse with the dead, but this, I apprehend, cannot be excluded from the general scope of the profession; and, if so, the number and nature of the prohibitions is a fresh testimony to the

popular belief in the existence of the soul after death, and seems to indicate its continuity among the Israelites from the time of Moses onward.

It is not now the question how far this belief was developed, or how far it was operative on conduct. We have no proof from Scripture that it implied the punishment of bad men in the other world, though the cases of Enoch and Elijah may fairly stand as indicating the rewards of those who were pre-eminently good. Neither again in the Psalms is the penal part of the doctrine of a future life as plainly discernible, as the portion which concerns the rest and peace of saints. As we see from Homer, the ideas of future retribution and of future existence have not a necessary, though they have an appropriate, connection. My proposition amounts simply to this: that, as in the time of our Lord, so in the pre-exilic periods, the Hebrew race in general did not believe in the extinction of the soul at death: and that, as to the completeness and moral power of this belief, we do not seem to have evidence requiring or entitling us to draw any very broad distinction in favor of one period as against another. Thus much I have admitted: that, as the theocratic system of Moses, aided by the order of prophets, worked in the earlier time in a manner more legible, so to speak, by the people, than after the exile, and as this may have tended somewhat to confine or weaken the habit of mind which resorts to future sanctions, so the post-exilic period, or that large part of it which was passed in a condition of political dependence, may to some extent have been favorable to a more active sense of the future life. But nowhere does a necessity seem to arise for supposing that the Jews received any large infusion of positive doctrine on the subject of a future state from the circumstances of the Babylonish captivity, or from Persian influences after its close.

III.

If, then, it is admitted, even by those who favor the argument followed in these pages, that the doctrine of a future state nowhere entered into the prescriptions of the Mosaic law, and is not directly declared and inculcated in the earliest Scriptures, it probably subsisted among the Hebrews rather as a private opinion, than as

* See Grotius, Munsterus, and others, in the *Critici Sacri*; and, of recent commentators, Adam Clarke, the Speaker's Bible, the Student's Bible, Mant, and Thomas Scott. Modern English commentators for the most part affirm the reality.

† Exodus xxiii. 18; Levit. xix. 21, xxx. 6; Deut. xviii. 10.

an obligatory belief. And it obviously follows that it did not form a part of those truths, or of that system, which the Jewish people were appointed to maintain and to transmit. It was not divinely intrusted to them, as part and parcel of their special work. Was there, then, any other, even if it were an indeterminate, provision among the nations for the conservation of this belief?

Undoubtedly, in this wayward world of ours, truth commonly has error on its borders, and in the neighborhood of religious beliefs, in themselves just and weighty, there may lie all round a set of opinions, more or less openly avowed, which, if associated with them at all in the order of thought, are no better than their spurious offspring. Thus, from the Christian point of view, it was a great fact of religion that, long before the Advent, and indeed from the outset of human history, God had selected a portion or portions of the human race for high and special purposes to which He perceived their adaptation. From the call of Abraham onward, we perceive that great and wonderful selection of his posterity, which proclaims itself to the world down to this very day. But upon such a positive truth men have allowed themselves to graft the negative assertion, that the rest of mankind were outcasts, without any sign of the Divine favor, or of possessing a share in the designs of the Almighty for the education of mankind.

It is likely that this misconception may have been extended and strengthened by the great movement of the sixteenth century. That movement threw the mind of the reformed communities upon Scripture, as a bulwark of defence against the ruling authorities of the Latin Church; and this not upon the New Testament only, which records the final breaking down of the wall of severance, but upon Scripture as a whole: so that, especially within the energetic sweep of Scottish Presbyterianism, and of Puritanism in England, the Old Testament was lifted more nearly to a level with the New. In details the Old Testament itself testifies, by hundreds of passages, to the active providential relation with persons and races outside the confines of the Abrahamic race and the Mosaic dispensation. The dealing with Melchisedec, the marriage of Joseph to

the daughter of the priest of On,* and of Moses to the daughter of the priest of Midian,† the assignment of portions of country in the promised land to Canaanites, the remarkable history of Balaam, the beautiful episode of Ruth the Moabitess, the explicit language of the Psalms, and of the prophets, among whom Jonah had no other mission than to Nineveh—all these circumstances, which might be stated with very wide development, ought to have made the enlarged knowledge of Scripture a guarantee against narrow conceptions. But the resort to the sacred volume was of necessity in a great degree polemical; and the polemical frame of mind, however effective for its immediate purposes, however inevitable in the case before us, is too commonly fatal to enlargement and impartiality of view. The notion of a race preferred over other races, and employed in a particular case to administer punishment for depravity, was magnified into an absolutely exclusive love, and a not less sweeping condemnation or neglect.

It was a breaking of new ground when, in 1815, there was published an essay of Bishop Horsley's which treats of Messianic prophecy and of various portions of truth preserved among the heathen. Among these were included the immortality of the soul; and the Bishop, in anticipation of researches to come, makes reference to the sacred books of Persia.‡

It has been, indeed, the belief of the Christian Church and community, that the history not only of the chosen people but of the world throughout a very wide circle was, before the coming of our Lord, a grand *præparatio evangelica*. In some respects, the forms of this preliminary discipline were obvious enough. The conquests of Alexander secured for that marvellous instrument of thought, the Greek language, such a currency as, when backed by the influence which in the West had been acquired by its literary monuments, dispensed as it were with the day of Pentecost in the general action of the Christian Church, and supplied a channel of communication and a vehicle of worship

* Gen. xiv. 18; xlii. 50. † Ex. ii. 21.

‡ *A Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen*, pp. 16, 115. The essay, which was posthumous, is wider than its title.

available in most parts of the 'civilized world. What the genius of Greece was to secure in the region of thought, the vast extension of the Roman empire effected in the world of outward fact. It prepared the way of the Lord and made the rough places plain. Immediately before and after the advent, it levelled the barriers between separate and hostile communities, and for the first time established the idea of police in its highest form, and made peaceable and safe intercourse everywhere possible among men. Everywhere it was, as with us in Britain: "when the Roman left us," then it was that again "the ways were filled with rapine." *

Another stage on the way to the comprehension of a truth of the widest reach and highest value was attained, when the world began to be sensible of its debt to ancient Greece. It may well be, to us of this day, a marvel to conceive how it could have been that, down to a time when poetry and the arts had already achieved the most splendid progress, the Christian world remained insensible to the superlative dignity and value of the ancient Greek literature and art. In Italy at least, the compositions of the Greeks must all along have survived in numerous manuscripts. But the Greeks had not merely produced a certain number, not after all a very large one, of great works of mind and hand: they had established habits of mind and of performance, alike in art, in letters, and in philosophy, such that they furnished the norm for civilized man in the ages to come. Hellenism became a capital fact for the race. Greece supplied the intellectual factor under the new dispensation of Christianity, as truly as the Hebrew race supplied us with the spiritual force which was to regenerate the heart and will of man. And this was done for millions, who knew little but the name either of Greeks or Jews. And if this transcendent function was assigned to the Hellenic race, outside the bounds of any continuing revelation, the question surely arises whether other races may, through their forms of religion or otherwise, have made their special contributions to the fulfilment of the grand design for establishing the religion of the Cross, and for giving it an ascendancy which is already beyond dispute, and which may be des-

tined even to become, in the course of time, universal over the surface of the earth.

The last, and in a much higher degree the present, centuries have opened the door to a knowledge wholly without precedent of these ancient religions, which took and long held their place in conjunction with advanced civilization and commanding political power. I suppose that Sir William Jones and Anquetil du Perron will be forever famous among the pioneers in this great undertaking, the one for his services with regard to the Vedic, and the other to the Zoroastrian religion. Besides the vast subsequent progress in the spheres of knowledge there opened, the interpretation of the Egyptian and the Assyrian monuments has effected nothing less than a revolution with regard to the archaic religions of the earliest great empires of the world. It is of the deepest interest to examine whether in any and what particulars, now recognized by Christians as undoubted portions of revealed truth, those religions were more advanced or more enlarged than the religion of the favored race. The question is hardly one entangled with controversy. No doubt, if it be found that these extraneous and independent religions taught in any point more fully than the Hebrews what Christians now acknowledge, this will be for Christians a new and striking proof that in the infancy of the race of Adam, and before its distribution over the earth, the Almighty imparted to it precious knowledge, which it could hardly have discovered, and was but indifferently able to retain. But those, who view religions as simply the formations gradually effected by our own unaided powers, from fetichism upward, will have their solution ready also: the diversities of the onward movement, as between one race and another, will for them only show variety in tastes and in capacity for progress. Let me proceed to an example.

It is a favorite observation with the negative writers on religion, that the narrative of the temptation in the Garden of Eden lends no support to the doctrine of the existence of Satan or of devils, inasmuch as the seduction of Eve from obedience is ascribed simply to the serpent. The personal action of the evil spirit is mentioned in several places of the Old Testament. But there is no identification

* Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

of him with the serpent of Paradise ; and further, there is no distinct intimation that he came to be what he was through a rebellion against God followed by a fall from heaven. The magnificent description by Isaiah * of the fall of Lucifer from above, though it may well serve for a description of such a rebellion, is primarily referable to the king of Babylon. It is only passages of the New Testament, and these not systematically combined in its text, which inform us that he was a fallen spirit, once in conflict with the servants of the Most High. We hear nothing, in fact, from the Old Testament of the War in heaven. But while this awful tradition was waiting for its sanction from the pens of Apostles, and was apparently unknown to the Hebrews, there was sufficient recollection of it in the heathen religions. We are told of it as late as by Horace.† Homer gives it us in various forms—of the Titans punished in Tartaros,‡ of the Giants.§ and perhaps also in the attempt of Otos and Ephialtes to scale the heavens.|| Still, we had not until recently had easy means of carrying the tradition further back into remote antiquity. But the Assyrian monuments, though as yet but partially unveiled, furnish a tablet,¶ thought by Mr. Smith to be one of those about which Berosus states that they were buried before the Deluge, and disinterred after it had subsided. This tablet contains the story of the seven wicked gods or spirits, who conspired together to make war against Hea. And Hea sends his son Merodach to put them down, even as Horace in his fine ode assigns to Apollo a capital share in quelling the attack of the Giants.** Probably much more evidence could be collected to the same effect. But what has been said is sufficient as an instance in support of my general proposition, namely, there may be cases where the independent religions of antiquity have enshrined in very pointed forms traditions justly to be called primeval, which have obtained no clear notice in the Old Testament, but which subsequently appear as authorized portions of the New. If this be true, then it is surely also true that

these religions were employed *pro tanto* in the counsels of Divine Providence, for purposes reaching beyond and above the consciousness of those who proclaimed and practised them.

Let us now proceed to take a somewhat higher flight. It will be admitted on all hands that the doctrine of a life beyond the grave is an article essential, to speak moderately, for the completeness of religion. Locke, in his famous Essay, excluded from toleration those who did not believe in a future state, because without such belief, as he held, they could give no sufficient guarantee for their conduct as good citizens. No one perhaps would act upon such an opinion now. There is a law written in our nature itself, apart both from temporal sanctions and from the prolongation of existence after death, which of itself imposes upon sound minds a real obligation to good conduct. But there are several things which may be fairly urged. First, all men have not sound minds ; and secondly, that the doctrine of a future life not only harmonizes with, but very greatly strengthens that obligation. And moreover, that any power, which society now possesses to dispense with this powerful sanction, and yet enjoy comparative impunity, is largely due to an elevation in the social standard of right and wrong, both public and private, due to the long reign of Christianity in the manners, policy, and belief of civilized man.

We have seen that the doctrine of a future life was not among the sanctions of the Mosaic law. It is not necessary for my purpose to endeavor to track it through all the non-Mosaic religions of antiquity. It will be enough to dwell upon two of them, in which it appears to have attained, at a very early date, a remarkable development. And it is noteworthy that, while the recipients of special religious light in prehistoric times were Semites, neither of these cases is found among members of that family : the one being Aryan or Japhetic, and the other what is commonly called Turanian. They are respectively the cases of Iranians or Persians, and of Egypt. And there is a certain amount of resemblance between the two forms of development, which tends to favor the presumption of a common origin.

The "strain to faith," which Professor Cheyne regards as unsuited to an early

* Isaiah xiv. 4-19.

† Hor. *Od.* b. iii. 1 ; v. 49. ‡ *Iliad.* x. 429.

§ Hom. *Od.* vii. 59, 206. || *Ibid.* xi. 307.

¶ G. Smith's *Assyrian Discoveries*, pp. 398-402.

** Hor. *Od.* iii. iv. 60-4.

stage in the existence of the race, seems to have been put upon the Egyptians and the Iranians at a very early stage indeed. Perhaps the case of Egypt carries us nearer to the fountainhead of historic time by its certified antiquity. But the date of Zoroaster, or, according to the Latin corruption of the name, Zoroaster, is thrown back by many beyond the reputed age even of the Egyptian remains. The modern Parsees bring him down to about 550 B.C. ; but Drs. Haug and West point out that the movement, which he led, is noticed in the earlier Vedas, and conceive it not unreasonable to place him as a contemporary of Moses.

The great work of Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, published in 1837-41, made us familiar with the belief of the Egyptians, not only in a future life, but in a life of future retribution. Their funerals seem to have been celebrated with the utmost pomp of religious rites.* It is a well-known and at least plausible opinion, that the skilled preservation of the mummy was intended to conserve the remains in a condition fit for renewed occupation by their former owner. On the Monuments, a procession of boats cross, from Thebes, the Lake of the Dead, and at the necropolis the body is set up in the ancestral sepulchre. The final judgment is held before Osiris, no sinecurist like Aidoneus in Homer, but the real working sovereign of the Underworld and its inhabitants ; who governs as well as rules. Before him justice was administered, without the law's delay ; administered there and then. The actions of the dead man were weighed in the scales of Truth, and recorded by Thoth.† Horos then conducted him into the presence of Osiris, Anubis also taking a share, and the four Genii of Amenti waiting to do their part. It was not dread of disgrace, says Wilkinson,‡ which the Egyptians were taught to look upon as the principal inducement to virtue, but the fear of that final judgment, which awaited them in a future state, and which was to deal with their omissions as well as with their crimes. The all-scrutinizing eye of the Deity penetrated into the secrets of the heart ; and, as the rewards of the good were beyond conception, so

were the punishments of the bad, who were doomed to a transmigration into the forms of the most detested animals. The evidence of their belief is to be found amply recorded upon the oldest among their monuments.* In later times, the features of ritual and presentation were perhaps less strongly impressed upon the masses, but the tenet continued to be acknowledged by the Egyptians, and it seems sufficiently clear that from them the doctrine of immortality was learned by Pythagoras and Plato.†

Let us now turn to the testimony, perhaps less remarkable, of the Zoroastrian religion. In the person of its great teacher, it was mainly based, says Haug, on Monotheism,‡ although the *motor*, or evil principle, was present with that of good in Ahuramasda, or Ormuzd, himself.§ He taught a future life which was to succeed the present one : nor did he hold survival only, but retribution, and likewise the resurrection of the body.|| On the third night after death, the soul of the dead man approaches the bridge of Chin-vat (or assembling), and is contended for by Deities on one side, and Devas on the other, while he is examined by Ormuzd himself as to his conduct in the flesh. The pure soul passes the bridge, with a company of its fellows, and an escort of the blessed ones, into heaven.

But the souls, which come to the bridge full of terror and sick, find no friend there : the evil spirits, Vizaresha by name, lead them bound down into the place of the dead ; into the darkness, the dwelling of the Druj.¶

Thus the Persian religion had a developed doctrine of immortality, like that of Egypt ; though they were shut out by their rejection, in the early stages, of imagery and ritual from using those means of stamping it on the general mind, which were so freely employed by the Egyptians on their monuments. Nor can we doubt that the belief in immortality continued to hold its place in the authoritative standards of the religion, for we understand that it is cherished by the Parsees at the present day as a practical tenet. Whether

* Wilkinson, i. 211.

† Wilkinson in Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, at ii. 123.

‡ Haug, p. 301.

§ P. 303.

|| Pp. 217, 311-13.

¶ Duncker, *History of Antiquity*, b. ii. ch. vii. : from the Vendidad.

* *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, Second Series, vol. iii. plates 83-8.

† Wilkinson, iii. ix-xi.

‡ *Ibid.* ii. 438.

it had not lapsed long ago from its position of influence may be doubtful. At any rate, a passage which we find in Herodotos seems to suggest a change of that character under the Achæmenid sovereigns of Persia. Cambyzes, absent from his capital, had put to death his brother Smerdis. The murdered man was personated by an impostor, who proclaimed himself king, and sent a herald to make the proclamation in the camp. Cambyzes at once challenged on the subject the person whom he had sent to commit the murder. This was Prexaspes, who replied by saying: "If the dead rise again, then indeed you may expect also to meet Astyages the Mede; but if things continue as they have been, you need have no anticipation of trouble from that quarter." *

Prexaspes spoke with the object of removing alarm from the mind of the king. This speech indicates a decline; and deterioration had also been manifested in other great articles of the religion of Zoroaster. First, it had been developed into an absolute dualism.† Each of the two contending powers was surrounded with a council of six members, over which he

simply presided, like a moderator in a presbytery. Under the sacerdotal and ritualistic system of the Magi, as Duncker * assures us, Ormuzd himself was represented as offering sacrifices to Mithra and others; actual images of the deities were fashioned under the first Artaxerxes; † and Artaxerxes II., falsifying the account of Herodotos,‡ erected a temple, as well as statues, to Anakita at Ecbatana.§

To conclude. Both the conservation of the belief through so many centuries, and the immense force with which it seems to have acted on the public mind at the earliest epochs, stand in singular contrast, as to this great article, with the Mosaic system: nor do I see how we can refuse to recognize a sublime agency for the preservation of truth in the one case, as well as in the other. The God of revelation is the God of nature. The means employed may be different, but the aim is the same. And when the Redeemer, standing in Judea, brings life and immortality fully into light, He propounds a doctrine already not without venerable witness in the conscience and tradition of mankind.—*Nineteenth Century.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. A Handbook based on M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilization." With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The first section of this convenient summary, the "History of Ancient Civilization," edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle, was published two years ago. The two parts of course belong to each other, and fit into a well-ordered plan, though each one may be profitably used by itself. The new and concluding section follows the same general method as its predecessor, in being something more than a translation. Views of history and theories of historical investigation have changed much since M. Ducoudray's masterly digest was written. The tendency to study events with reference

to their causes and the principles which underlie and instigate external movements has grown with a wonderful impulse. To meet the new needs demanded by this change of purpose, adaptation and revision have entered as largely into the work as translation, till the original can be regarded as little more than a basis. While, perhaps, the changes, effected by wider as well as by more exact and detailed instruments and methods of research, have not played as great a part in the reconstruction of modern as of ancient history, they have still been useful in enlarging our conceptions of the growth of society since the Christian era began.

The order of arrangement in the present volume follows the same plan as that which governed the first section. The text is thoroughly classified with reference to subjects, and disentangled from all that confusion which naturally arises from the treatment of

* Herod. iii. 62, misquoted, as I conceive, by Duncker (vol. v. p. 181, Abbott's translation). The text runs: *εἰ μὲν νῦν οἱ τεθνεώτες ἀνεστίασι . . . εἰ δ' ἔστι ὥσπερ πρὸ τοῦ, κ.τ.λ.* I note the tone and spirit, as well as the words. † Haug, p. 305.

* Book vii. ch. vii. Abbott's translation, p. 161 of vol. v.
 † *Ibid.* p. 176. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 177.
 § Herod. i. 131.

material into which so many complex elements enter as into that of history. This order enables the reader to grasp his theme easily, and gives special pedagogic value to the book. Of course in its *raison d'être*, as a summary, such a work misses everything like concrete fulness. No one need expect a vivid picture of life, for the conception of life means grasp of detail. The digest involves desiccated treatment. But within its scope, and a very useful scope such a work must always have, as making an easy lodgment within the memory of the student and furnishing nuclei for the classification of the wider detail acquired by other historical reading, the book before us is one of notable excellence. In a busy age, too, when nine tenths of those who read care only for salient facts, the outline and skeleton of knowledge, and have neither time nor inclination for the fruits of scholarship, such a work helps to fill a great function. It need only be said further of the "History of Modern Civilization," that, like its predecessor, it is edited with scholarly skill. In illustration, care has been taken to enliven and expand the value of the text, and the publishers have made its mechanical execution worthy of its purpose and of the reputation of their great house.

RECENT FICTION.

MIDSHIPMAN PAULDING. By Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "Little Jarvis," "Throckmorton," "Maid Marian," etc. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

STEPHEN ELLICOTT'S DAUGHTER A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Needell, author of "The Story of Philip Methuen," etc. (Appleton's Town and Country Library, No. 80.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ONE REASON WHY. By Beatrice Whitby, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," "Part of the Property," etc. (Appleton's Town and Country Library, No. 81.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RECALLED TO LIFE. By Grant Allen. (Leisure Moment Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A second book by Miss Seawell, who wrote that charming and inspiring story of youthful heroism, "Little Jarvis," written, too, in a similar vein, will naturally excite interest in a wide circle of youthful readers. The story of adventure, which inevitably appeals to the first place in the boy's affection, only needs the fine spirit of noble ambi- devotion

to duty to lift it up to an educational place. The book before us, if it does not quite reach the artistic level of "Little Jarvis," which was in its way quite a masterpiece, travels in the same direction. As the name indicates, it is based on an incident in the life of the late Commodore Paulding, who died not many years ago in the fulness of years and of reputation, though his advanced years precluded him from taking any active part in the splendid naval feats of our late civil war. Hiram Paulding was a son of one of the captors of Major André, and was fully worthy of his patriotic antecedents. He became a midshipman at the age of fourteen, and shortly after his appointment, when merely what we should now regard as a schoolboy, took part in the battle of Lake Champlain in the War of 1812, where Commodore MacDonough won a notable victory with a rudely and hastily built flotilla which he and his men had constructed out of the forest. These clumsy floating batteries, hardly fit to withstand even the gales of a small inland lake, were made the agencies of a naval skill and courage that compare favorably with like qualities which have emblazoned some of the most splendid pages of modern history. The marvellous evolution of naval warfare, with its steel-armored ships and high-power guns, tends to belittle the exploits of an earlier age in the thoughts of careless minds. But it is surely true that with the achievement of science in perfecting the instruments of war, much of the romance of battle has fled alike on land and sea. No modern naval commander, whatever be his opportunities, will ever be able to stir the imagination as do the exploits of Nelson, Rodney, Cochrane, and Porter (not the late Admiral Porter, but his father).

Commander MacDonough's exploit on Lake Champlain played an important part in determining the War of 1812, and it was the good luck of young Midshipman Paulding to perform an important minor part in the battle. He was in command of the boats which repelled the enemy's cutters sent to capture one of our stranded gunboats, and his gallantry saved the vessel. For this the brave lad received a sword of honor from Congress. The narrative under our notice of course includes much which is fictitious with its woof of fact. The story is simply and vividly told, with a bright play of humor mingled with its more heroic elements. Old bo'sons mate, Danny Dixon, with his sailor's yarns of Captain Paul Jones and other naval heroes, is a clever piece of

portraiture, and is an amusing picture of the old man o' war's man, a type of character which has contributed to the attractiveness of so many novels from the time of Smollett to that of Clark Russell. Young people will find a chunk of solid satisfaction in reading such a book as Miss Seawell has again given us. It is a pleasant promise that it belongs to a series—"Young Heroes of Our Navy"—full of potentiality, if the hereafter is justified by what is already accomplished.

Mrs. Needell's realistic study of life in "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter" must be distinctly classed as superior workmanship. The motive which determines the story is the absorbing passion for wealth and what wealth brings, and its power over a weak but not radically wicked man to debase, and finally destroy everything in him which works for honor and uprightness. In another novel lying on our study table for review occurs this aphorism: "For a deadener of feeling, for a blunter of sensibility, for a destroyer of the higher and more delicate emotions, the want of money is an unparalleled agent." For the phrase "want of money" in this sentence might be substituted with no less truth "the determination to make and keep money at any hazard." Lancelot Henderson, in Mrs. Needell's novel, falls heir to an estate dishonestly represented by his father, who had from his father received a will leaving the property to an elder brother, previously fallen in disfavor. Lancelot's father transmits to his son the injunction, disregarded by himself, to restore a wrongfully held property, and the son disregards the trust as the father had done. The rightful heir, Lancelot's cousin, who, under another name, becomes known to his relations, is suspicious of the true fact, but proof is concealed in the document held by the usurper. This paper is finally discovered by Lancelot's wife, who has been won from the worthier cousin by a cunning trick, and the husband's knowledge of his wife's acquaintance with his baseness is followed by her getting possession of the will and concealing it from him, with the demand that he shall make restitution within a given period, under penalty of exposure. Lancelot is driven by his own mad passion and base instincts from one subterfuge to another, to the final commission of suicide. The author shows us a picture, composed with great psychological skill, of the swift decadence of the unhappy man, spurred alike by losses on the

turf, hatred of his cousin, and fear of detection, till he plunges headlong into the abyss that awaits him. A contrast of character, well devised, is that of Dr. Anthony Glynne, *alias* Anthony Henderson, Lancelot's cousin, who refuses to accept his own name, strong, resolute of purpose, austere in honor, and inspired by high ideals, who is master of circumstance and not its slave. The antithesis is worked out with great art and effect. Dr. Glynne saves his cousin's life by his skill and self-devotion in operating on him for diphtheria, and when he becomes master of the secret which restores him to his rights, and brands Lancelot as a scoundrel, acts with habitual nobility. Mrs. Henderson, the daughter of the sturdy Stephen Ellicott, half gentleman, half yeoman, is almost too perfect for frail humanity; and to our notion there is far more lifelikeness in the figure of Winifred, the sister of the wretched hero, whose charm of character is not less alluring because she is very human and defective—all true woman and not the least an angel. Another capitally drawn character is that of the Hon. and Rev. Maurice Aoland, the rector of Thorpe-Bredy, a scholarly, somewhat narrow man, proud, high-minded, shy, and full of the finest instincts of the English gentleman, who never can get away from his university instincts, and preaches over the heads of his rural parishioners. The story is very genuine and sincere, and is a bowshot beyond the mark of the average English novel alike in strength of conception and art of narrative.

Miss Whitby has shown conscience and talent in her art, and "One Reason Why" is very readable, though we scarcely think equal to either of its predecessors in those qualities which appeal to the better class of novel readers. The novel is not distinguished by any element of freshness or originality in its plot, nor does it touch any of the deeper reaches of feeling or emotion. It shows, nevertheless, good sound workmanship, and suffices to attract the reader agreeably, if he does not expect too much. A charming young woman, who, driven by family stress, becomes a governess in a wealthy and aristocratic family, and draws the heir of the title and estates to fall desperately in love with her, is always an interesting personage, if the author does her half justice. There is no shortcoming in Miss Whitby in this case, as she endows her heroine with even more pride and hauteur than suffice to justify her self-respect and dignity in the most

library was in flames, Dr. Pachler, who had only the two under-librarians to aid him, bravely risked his life to save the treasures in his charge. He was active with his pen, and his novels, poems, and articles in periodicals had considerable popularity.

A BUNSEN-DENKMAL, in the form of a bronze bust of the scholar and diplomatist, has just been unveiled at Korbach, his native place.

DOM PEDRO D'ALCANTARA, the ex-Emperor of Brazil, continues his favorite study of Hebrew. He has privately printed at Avignon a monograph under the title of "Poésies Hébraïco-Provençales du Rituel Israélite Comtadin." It contains the Hebrew text, with a transcription and a French translation. The hymns are still used in Provence upon special occasions. They were composed, if we may judge from the acrostics, by a certain Mordecai, and most probably by Mordecai Ventura, and, if so, Dom Pedro says rightly they are of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, adding, "Avant cette époque on n'en trouve nulle trace." The *Athenæum*, however, lately mentioned the projected publication of a fragment of a Hebrew Provençal poem on the history of Esther of the fourteenth century. His Majesty states at the end of his preface that he has learned too late that M. Ernest Sabatier, of Nîmes, had already published a translation of Mordecai's hymns, without the Hebrew text, at Nîmes in 1874.

COL. TWEEDIE, Her Majesty's Consul General at Baghdad, has for many years been engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the Arabian horse, and now, on the eve of his retirement from the East, has finished his work. It will be highly elaborate, and is intended to give a history of horse-breeding in Arabia, accounts of all the most noted Arab studs and strains in the East, notices of the most famous Arabs that have been imported, and a full comparison of the Arab horse with other varieties. The work, which will be illustrated, is to be published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just published the first part of an illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," handsomely printed in super royal octavo size. The illustrations, which have been partly selected by Mrs. Green and Mr. George Scharf, are engraved in wood by Mr. J. D. Cooper. They are taken from authentic sources, to exhibit pictorially the arts, industries, costumes,

coins, domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of the various periods, and also include a series of portraits. In addition, there will be colored maps, and chromo-lithograph reproductions from illuminated MSS., etc. It is expected that the whole will be completed in thirty monthly parts.

MR. HALL CAINE's new romance, "The Scapegoat," seems to have touched the feelings of English Jews, during its appearance in the *Illustrated London News*. Through Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, they have addressed to him an invitation to visit Russia, together with a companion familiar with the country and the language, in order that he may study the Russo-Jewish question on the spot. We understand that the first edition of "The Scapegoat" in two-volume form was entirely exhausted on subscription.

MR. GRANT ALLEN will leave England next week. He proposes to travel through the Tyrol and Northern Italy, before settling down in his winter home at Antibes. In addition to other literary work, he has lately been engaged in preparing for the press a translation of the "Attya" of Catullus which he made some years ago. He will prefix to it a preface, dealing generally with the mythology of the subject.

As witnesses of the popularity of "The Canterbury Tales," fifty-four MSS. still exist, ranging in date from about 1420 to 1476. Of these, all except four are accessible to students either in public libraries or by the courtesy of private owners—Lord Ellesmere, Mr. Wynne of Peniarth, Lords Leconfield, Leicester, Tolle-mache, Delamere, the Dukes of Devonshire and Northumberland, and Sir Henry Ingilby. Lord Ashburnham will not let his four MSS. be used, and Lady Cardigan locks her one up too. Of other MSS. once known, that seen by William Thynne about 1530, and signed "examinatur Chaucer," is most desired. Then come six mentioned by Urry, belonging to the Duke of Chandos, the Hon. Col. H. Worseley, Mr. E. Cambey, Mr. Norton of Suthwic, Hants, the Bishop of Ely, and the Royal Society (No. 38), and Tyrwhitt's Askew I., though any or all of these may be among the fifty-four known MSS. The MS. Cotton, Otho A 18, was burned in the Westminster fire. The MSS. of the "Tales" bequeathed by early Wills we can hardly hope to identify now.

A SMALL but interesting Luther find (this time, it is to be hoped, a genuine one) is re-

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and resources. This may involve researching existing solutions, consulting with experts, or collecting data.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the sequence of steps to be taken.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves carrying out the tasks and making adjustments as needed based on feedback and progress.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the outcomes against the original goals and objectives to determine the effectiveness of the solution.

6. The sixth step is to document the process and findings. This involves creating a record of the steps taken, the resources used, and the results achieved.

7. The seventh step is to communicate the results. This involves sharing the findings with the relevant stakeholders and providing recommendations for future actions.

8. The eighth step is to reflect on the process. This involves considering what worked well, what challenges were encountered, and how the process can be improved for future tasks.

9. The ninth step is to conclude the project. This involves finalizing all tasks and ensuring that all requirements have been met.

10. The tenth step is to celebrate the success. This involves acknowledging the efforts of the team and the achievement of the project goals.

MISCELLANY.

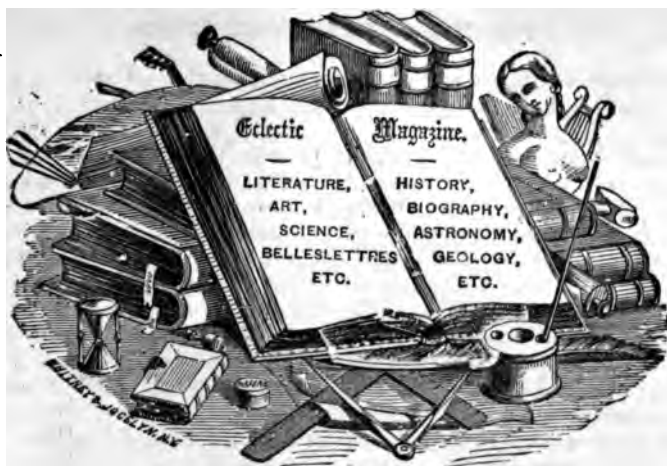
MUSIC AS MEDICINE.—The *Lancet* gives a very cautious reply to a suggestion as to the use of music as a medical treatment. "Five years ago," says the *Lancet's* correspondent, "I had an opportunity of trying the effect of dreamy music upon a lady of great intellectual power, who retained, too, her faculties at the ripe age of eighty-six. About seven minutes were occupied by the music, and before its last notes were heard my revered friend, the Viscountess Combermere, had closed her eyes and was napping." This story reminds us (says the *Hospital*) of another told by the late Dean Ramsey in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." A certain country laird was taken ill with some affection which produced marked sleeplessness. All sorts of remedies for the insomnia were tried, but tried in vain. The laird had a son who was what is called in Scotland "daft," that is, he was somewhat weak in the upper story. When the other members of the laird's family were in a state bordering on distraction, the lad, whom nobody thought of taking into consultation, suddenly burst out with, "Feyther aye sleeps i' the kirk." The suggestion of getting a minister to preach to the sleepless man was acted upon immediately, and with the best results. Hardly had the reverend divine got well into the second head of his discourse, before the patient was sound asleep and snoring like the drone of a bag-pipe. The peculiar monotony of the preacher's voice had acted as an irresistible soporific. It is a common experience that the monotonous reading of a book, or the measured cadences of quiet singing, is often of great value in the soothing of the nervous system. It might be well if nurses were taught to chant a little, and were to learn suitable music for the bedside. Young ladies, too, and even matrons, would be all the better if, in the course of their ordinary education, they had a little instruction in music of a sleep-inducing kind. There is manifestly a field for the musical composer also, as well as for the nurse and the young lady.

THE STORM-WAVE OF 1876.—The natives usually go to rest at sunset, in the little huts under bamboos, of which there are long clumps stretching everywhere; and, happily, it is the custom in these districts to plant dense groves of trees, but more especially of cocoanut and palm, round the villages; and almost all who survived saved themselves by climbing into the branches, when the strange

screaming sound—the din of the cyclone, amid the dead silence that always reigns at night in Bengal—was heard, coming from the southwest. It is not, says a print of the month, the continuous whistle of a Western tempest, but a fierce overwhelming uproar, like the thundering of surf upon leagues of stony beach; and in an instant, the isles of the Megna and its broad channel became the very centre of that terrific circular storm of wind and water combined. The latter, piled up, "turned almost like a wheel over Lakhipar, and, whirling downward again, drove with its western segment the heaped-up waves of the two great rivers in a wall of death thrice as high as the 'bore,' washing clean over the rich and populous islands. They stand some twenty feet above mid-tide, yet this dreadful wave of the cyclone rose, at least, another twenty feet, high over the dry land, submerging every hamlet and cattle shed; drowning men, women, and children in their sleep; bursting over tank, and garden, and temple—in a few minutes slaying nearly a quarter of a million of human creatures. Imagine the horror of that scene—of that death so abrupt, pitiless, and inevitable. From the moment when the first howl of the cyclone was heard, tearing upward from the ocean, to the awful return stroke of the tempest, herding before it the dark waves of water, scarcely *thirty minutes* elapsed. Tens of thousands of human beings were by that time caught up and washed like drift-wood into the boiling bay; tens of thousands more were choked in their beds by whelming waves and ruined buildings; and all the work of their hands, all their possessions, and all their cattle were similarly seized in the black flood and destroyed."—*Cassell's Illustrated History of India*.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.—An interesting article on the late The O'Gorman Mahon appeared in the *New York Sun*. Here is an extract:

"He first went to Paris, and appeared at the Court of Louis Philippe. His handsome face and form and his readiness to fight, and his formidableness when once in a duel, soon won him fame and favor at Court. He became the friend of the King and intimate with Talleyrand. All the brilliant society of the capital of fashion was open to him. Women loved him, men sought and envied him, his enemies feared him, and his fortune rose high. With Paris as a centre of operations, he travelled over all Europe during the next few years. All sorts of wars, great and small, were



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. LIV., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1891.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE DEMORALIZATION OF RUSSIA.

BY E. B. LANIN.

Now that the first series of papers on Russian Characteristics which have appeared during the past two years in the pages of this Review have come to a close, I have been asked to remove one or two misconceptions that have arisen in some quarters respecting them, by offering a few remarks as to their scope and object. They were written without a trace of bitterness against the governing classes or the governed masses of Russian society, in the hope that they might prove a trustworthy contribution to Englishmen's knowledge of a truly remarkable people, who, in the opinion alike of sober friends and impartial enemies, seem destined at no very distant date to play a leading part in the politics of Europe, and it may be—I say it with all due respect for the authoritative and optimistic views of General Roberts—in that part of Asia with the prosperity of which the interests of this country are so

closely bound up. They aimed, therefore, at giving expression to ethnographical truths rather than political opinions. He would, indeed, be engaged on a wild goose chase, who should hopefully strive at the present moment to awaken an enlightened and fruitful interest in foreign politics, bristling with outlandish names of persons and places, among a peaceful domestic people like our own. Even our chosen representatives in the House of Commons, although possessed, no doubt, of an intimate knowledge of physical and political geography, modestly imitate the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and would fain be treated by the leaders on both sides as if they were unaware that Bucharest is not in Asia Minor, or Salonica on the coast of Chili. The best service that could be rendered to such a people under such circumstances, by their best friend, seemed that of introducing them in an easy, informal

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system, but it matters very little to the wayfarer shot dead by a highwayman that his murderer intended only to disable in order the better to rob him, and never for a moment conceived the plan of causing death by internal hemorrhage. One need have no hesitation to declare that the Government are at present pursuing a system of which the object is to prop up the autocracy, and the means include every conceivable act—whatever its ethical character—which promises to facilitate the attainment of this end. The peasantry, which for generations had been sleeping the natural sleep of ignorance, were beginning to show signs of waking up and growing restive toward the close of the last reign, but the Governmental nurse has dosed it with strong opiates, which may possibly kill, but will infallibly stupefy it. The difference between the condition of the people now and in the days of serfdom is one of degree, the latter state being worse than the former. They still continue to support the upper classes, not in harmless idleness, but in diabolical mischievousness, while they too frequently fail to support themselves. It is with blood withheld from the veins and whipped from the backs of the most miserable of mortals that that militarism is maintained which is a menace to Europe and a curse to mankind.

This being an exceptionally bad year for the peasantry, offers a favorable opportunity for testing the true character of that paternal care which the Government is said to lavish on its subjects. Famine, we are told by official newspapers, threatens to prove as intense as it will be widespread. In numerous districts of the Government of Penza the people cannot even now obtain any food but bread, and even that only every second day; and the bread which they thus wistfully long for is like the Psalmist's, mingled with tears, and with other ingredients incomparably more injurious—tree-bark, grasses, dung, etc. We read of women and children stalking in the highways, crouching in ditches and lanes, with bloodshot eyes, faces pinched and fleshless, the lower parts of the body swollen as with dropsy to monstrous dimensions. The heart of a Gradgrind or a Scrooge, in his unregenerate days, would have melted in pity at the sight of these gasping wretches perishing miserably in the midst of the wealth which they and

their fathers had created. And yet even among these step-children of Providence, before hunger-typhus has had time to rescue them from torture, the Governmental lash and birch are busy—very busy, but unsuccessful.

Tax-gathering was never better understood or more successfully practised in Russia than at the present day. A comparison between the methods in vogue then and now leaves no doubt on that score. About twenty years ago M. Obydenkoff, the Nikitinsky Elder, was wont to extract the taxes by the simple process of "hanging up an impecunious peasant head downward until he had consented to pay the sum demanded. A fellow who had been thus hung up for a quarter of an hour and then come to himself, preferred a complaint against the officer; but the authorities, for all encouragement, condemned him to be knouted for his restiveness." * That was in the old days, when the country was, comparatively speaking, prosperous. Now that hunger is taking more lives than a modern epidemic, "the representatives of the Government," we are credibly informed, "never stop to inquire into the causes that have brought about the distress; they simply insist upon immediate payment." The means they employ are drastic, their zeal wholly misplaced, and they end by ruining whole villages, without satisfying the authorities or even shielding themselves from the charge of neglect of duty. Thus "in the Government of Kherson the police have in many places sold by auction all the movable property of the peasants to pay the taxes. This has been done, for instance, in Petrovka, Verbliushka, Vershinokamenka, Spassovo, Novostarodoob, etc., agricultural implements and live-stock being the chief kinds of property knocked down under the hammer." † "The authorities may possibly desire, though they cannot reasonably hope, that these peasants will soon recover from the effects of a blow like this. As well might one deprive a Siberian hunter of his gun and ammunition, and then condemn him to live exclusively on the produce of the chase. And yet this is a favorite method of procedure. For the last twelve months

* *Kama and Ural*, by M. Nemirovitch-Dantschenko, St. Petersburg, 1890, in 8vo, p. 279.

† *The Week*, 8th February, 1891.

and punctually collects his rents. Is it absolutely impossible to awaken feeling in the breast of this miserable beast?" * In the Dookhovtshinsky district, a woman about to become a mother was severely flogged because she suggested that the father of her child should contribute a little to its support; and the whole *Mir*, with the Starosta and the police, were present at the execution.†

The Government, which is obviously acting with the utmost deliberation, is resolved to reduce the people to a condition of abject unreasoning slavishness, which will permit them to be dealt with like cattle. This ideal, in the opinion of the authorities, has not yet been attained. That the goal is not very far off will perhaps seem probable, from the following fact, vouched for by one of the most loyal and reactionary organs of the Russian press. During the review of the army recruits in Vilna, the general in command, turning to one of the new soldiers, asked him, "What is military discipline?" "It is that a soldier has got to do just what he's told by his superior officer, only nothing against the Tsar," was the answer. "All right, then; you take your cap, bid your comrades good-by, and go and drown yourself in that lake there. Look sharp!" Tears glistened in the soldier's eyes; he gazed earnestly and prayerfully at his commander, turned suddenly right about, and rushed off to the lake. He was on the very brink before he was overtaken and stopped by the sergeant sent to prevent the involuntary suicide."‡ If the nation were as ready to dispose of its soul, or the remnant of its soul, at the beck of its hundred thousand tsarlets, the ideal of the Russian Government might be considered realized. But between them and this goal stand a few millions of strong-minded, God-fearing men, known as Raskolniks, on whose victory or defeat depends the future of the Russian Empire.

But before leaving this question of the material condition of the Russian peasantry, it is perhaps well to point out that the conclusions to which the facts narrated clearly point are not new, though to most English readers they possess all the novelty of a revelation, and on Russian

patriots they inflict the pain peculiar to the opening of old wounds. The most esteemed writers, like Saltykoff, Solovieff, Tolstoi, Aksakoff, have given as frequent and emphatic expression to the same views as seemed compatible with living outside a prison. "Why," asks Saltykoff, "does our peasant go in bast shoes instead of leather boots? Why does such dense, universal ignorance prevail in the country? Why does the peasant seldom or never eat meat, butter, or even animal fat? How does it happen that you seldom find a peasant who knows what a bed is? Why is it that in all the movements of a Russian *mooshik* we notice something fatalistic, something devoid of the impress of conscience? . . . Why, in a word, do the peasants come into the world like insects and die like summer flies?" *

"The common Russian man not only suffers, but his consciousness of his own suffering is extremely blunted and deadened. He looks upon it as a species of original sin with which it is out of the question to grapple, and which he needs must bear as long as his strength holds out. Test this by telling him that the duty of enduring, instead of satisfying his hunger, the duty of vegetating, of sinking and drowning in bogs and marshes, of straining his muscles till they are on the point of snapping asunder, is not necessarily his portion in life, is not the outcome of predestination, and you will notice that his features will at once settle into an expression of blank astonishment. Is it not clear that as long as that astonishment continues, no desire to better his lot can possibly prove effectual?" †

The Russian authorities might appropriately sum up the results of their guidance from a material point of view, by telling the masses more truthfully than the Prince of Orange told the English mob at Portsmouth: "We are here for your good—for all your goods," and adding as Dean Swift afterward suggested, by way of explanation, "For all your goods and chattels."

It is needless to insist here upon the immediate fruits of this state of things, for which the Government must be held directly and indeed solely responsible; they are,

* *Kama and Ural*, p. 282.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 13th May, 1890.

‡ *Vilna Messenger*, April, 1891. *The Week*, 26th April, 1891.

* *Signs of the Times*, by M. Saltykoff, p. 257.

† *Letters about the Provinces*, by M. Saltykoff, p. 260.

moral disease has eaten into the national constitution.

This is admitted even by the reactionary press, which occasionally gives vent to a vain regret that two thirds of the Russian imperial budget should be drawn from the excise duty on alcohol. "The mischief and the impossibility of maintaining the budget *for ever and ever by this sacrifice of the morality and physical health of the entire orthodox population* are beyond question," says the Governmental *Grashdanin*. "Indeed, there is a manifest contradiction between this conduct of the Ministry of Finances and the aims which the Church and the Ministry of Public Instruction set before themselves—a contradiction amounting to a grave scandal which is demoralizing the nation. The only question now is whether the Russian people have not been sufficiently plied with drink, whether the Church and State have not already imbibed poison enough in the guise of sins, crimes, every species of filthiness and immorality, all categories of criminal horrors, the *physical degeneration of the people*, progressive paralysis, softening of the brain, idiocy, and ruin." *

This frank admission deliberately made by the organ of the Russian Government is sweeping enough to include every statement I ever advanced in the foregoing papers respecting the physical and moral condition of the Russian people.

One or two scenes photographed from life may serve to underline these avowals, and stamp them with reality enough to distinguish them from the pessimistic oratory of dyspeptic patriots. A tax-gatherer is sent to collect arrears which had been accumulating for some time; but the peasants turn a deaf ear, plead impecuniosity, and hospitably invite the officer to drown his cares in *vodka* instead of worrying himself with money matters. He gladly consents, the peasants cheer and cry "hurrah!" and all sit down to drink. Next day several of them have to be put under a pump before they can be brought to their senses, while even that heroic measure is of no avail in the case of the backsliding tax-gatherer, who has drunk himself to death. A considerable quantity of *vodka* is consumed in a neighborly way at his funeral. †

In Kieff, the Mecca of Holy Russia, a policeman whose duty it was to escort a prisoner into court, enters the precincts without taking off his hat, and once in the hall of justice drops down helpless on the floor. The court, alarmed at first, is visibly relieved to find that he is only drunk. "Where is your prisoner?" inquires the President. "He—he—he's a' right, down-stairs, yer know; st—stopped below t' have little smoke. B—but he'll be up by-and-by, you'll see; can take my w—word he's th' right sort o' fellow." *

So true is it that drunkenness is in Russia the beginning and the end of everything that, as Leskoff remarks, the peasant cannot even pray to God without getting intoxicated. The authorities make no secret of their conviction that the present political fabric is dependent for its existence on the continuance of this fell disease, nor of their determination to foster and develop it. Whenever a peasant community manifests an inclination to grow sober, it is regarded and treated as a disaffected crew. A governmental organ of the press publishes the following question put to his superior by a superintendent of the rural police whose *naïveté* was more apparent than his knowledge of the system he was administering. "Here in our district sobriety is raging like an epidemic among the common people. The publicans are complaining of small profits and even losses. Now, what's to be done? Am I to treat this sobriety movement as I should the spread of a pernicious religious sect, such as the Eunuchs? or to welcome it as a blessing to the Fatherland?" The reply of the *ispravnik*, well versed in the ways of governing, was equally characteristic: "You just think the matter over for a couple of minutes, and you can't fail to see the solution." †

One cannot make omelettes without first breaking eggs. If, as I believe, M. Pobedonostseff is inspired by an honest desire to give a new lease of existence to Russian Autocracy, he is certainly well advised in inaugurating an era of religious persecution, and in striving to fan the flame of religious fanaticism among the tepid members of the Orthodox Church. He is destined, most probably, to fail in the end; as the Emperor Julian failed, and as the

* *Grashdanin*, 14th February, 1889.

† *Ibid.*, 16th September, 1889.

* *Grashdanin*, 18th September, 1889.

† *Ibid.*, 7th September, 1889.

recite devoutly *all the prayers of the Orthodox Church*, to learn all the ceremonies of the Mass, and to commit to memory the chief points of the dogmas which they are supposed to symbolize. At home, and in their own places of worship, these children will be taught to look with contempt upon the teachings of the school, a lesson which they will master the more readily that the priests charged with the delicate task of moulding their tender souls are known to be the same men who pass night after night in gambling; who drink *vodka* as the ancient Germans swilled beer, occasionally until delirium tremens supervenes; who persuade their congregations to pay for the celebration of a special church service to induce the Lord to dispense with eclipses; who encourage peasants to dig dead men's bones out of their graves and throw them into the water, in order to bring down rain from heaven; and who allow themselves—for a moderate consideration—to be dragged across a turnip-field in order thereby to touch God's heart, that He may deign to make the turnips big and round. And the Government, through the medium of its organs in the press, declares that it would be a national calamity were the intellectual and moral level of the priests to be raised. Does not all this seem distinctly suggestive of something like a deliberate intention to demoralize?

The high schools of Russia are powerful winnowing-machines, warranted to keep out the grain and retain the tares of the youths who enter in. Lying and treachery are taught to the youngest. In every gymnasium there are several boys, of ages varying from nine to eighteen, who are "educated" gratis on the sole condition that they spy on their comrades. Their occupation is rarely a secret for their schoolfellows; but as in Russian schools there is far less of public spirit than in Russian prisons, the traitors are fawned upon, conciliated and feared. Inspectors visit the dwellings of the students—even though the latter live with their parents—examine their boxes and trunks, read their letters, and treat them exactly as if they were men of unsound minds who have uncertain lucid intervals.

Disaffection to the Government is the one inextinguishable sin from which these youths are so jealously guarded. To save them from this no measures are too dras-

tic, no means are considered immoral. But, apart from the curtailment of personal liberty necessitated by this end, they have no cause to complain of the interference of the authorities. They may drink to excess with impunity; they may imitate and outbid their professors in looseness of conduct, may take French actresses or opera singers for their mistresses and flaunt them in the eyes of the public at the theatres, churches and exhibitions; * they may ape the Greeks and Romans in one of the few respects in which the Greeks and Romans were a disgrace to humanity—all this is winked at—occasionally indirectly encouraged, but if they criticise the Government or manifest a disposition to sympathize with the Liberals they are irretrievably ruined for life. It is a maxim of the authorities that a sleek satisfied scoundrel is a better subject than a malcontent honest man. And from its own peculiar point of view the Government is perfectly right. Crime, therefore, is in some sort a condition *sine qua non* of success, a passport to distinction and preferment. Saltykoff, who before taking up literature as a profession, served the Government in many positions of trust—as a Vice-Governor, for instance—declares that one cannot claim to be regarded even as a loyal subject without having first forfeited one's head to the authorities by the commission of some crime or misdemeanor, † while general immorality endears you to the hearts of all your superiors. ‡ And the zeal exhibited by all classes of *tshinovniks* to meet the implied wishes of the authorities would be touching were it inspired by some less ignoble cause. Schoolmasters and professors give the tone to their pupils and promenade about the streets and squares of the towns and cities with their mistresses on their arms—their lawful wives frequently living in indigence and squalor; and the students are compelled by law to salute them with the same marks of respect as a soldier shows his superior

* Master M—, for instance, a pupil of a select Government school in St. Petersburg, lives with Madame M—, a fifth rate actress, old enough to be his mother, escorts her to the theatre, and takes a boyish delight in letting all men know that she is his paid mistress.

† Cf. *A Modern Idyll* (Russian), by M. Saltykoff, *passim* and pp. 120, 128, 211 for choice.

‡ Cf., for instance, *Signs of the Times*, by Shtshedreen, pp. 74-76.

officer—for these men are their guides and masters in morals as well as in science, and are equally trustworthy in both.

At the Universities the professors, as a rule, were, until a few years ago, a different class of men. They practised sobriety and self-sacrifice, devoted themselves to science, and were capable of feeling enthusiasm—qualities that combine very indifferently with the elements of the one necessary virtue—loyalty. In 1884, however, a law was enacted depriving the Universities of the right they had theretofore exercised of electing their own professors, who are now appointed by the Minister, the minister's wife, or the paramour of the minister's mistress, with results that must prove extremely gratifying to the Government. A well-known Russian journalist of the *Norvye Vremya* recently declared that University professors were, on the whole, on the same level of morality as their less enlightened fellow-citizens. "I was once making a trip on the Volga, in a steamboat," he writes, "among the passengers of which were several residents of a provincial University city. They were talking about the professors of the University, with whom, to all appearance, they were intimately acquainted; and the things I there heard were, without contradiction, extraordinary. One of the professors, it appears, lives with two women, both of whom are the wives of his colleagues. Another philosopher set about seducing one of the actresses of the *opéra bouffe* and employed *chantage* for the purpose. A third lecturer leads a dissolute life in the local *cafés-chantants* in company with the light women of the town; and in order to obtain the means of keeping up this rakish life, does not scorn to forge bills of exchange and (resort to) such-like things. And observe, all these things were narrated, not in the form of general gossip, but in luxurious detail and exact reference to facts well known to every inhabitant of the city and with the names in full of the scholarly adulterers and erudite butterflies, and of the victims of their gallant exploits." *

The governors of the provinces and other lieutenants of the Tsar are fully abreast of the times, and seem to take a keen pleasure in showing by their life and example what a vast amount of license is compatible with loyalty. Bigamy, forgery, embezzlement, and perjury are some of the crimes which Saltykoff asserts are great helps to a man who sincerely desires to satisfy the authorities of his loyalty and obtain the distinguished privilege of serving his Tsar. I was myself slightly acquainted with an officer of the police who was known to have committed murder in Servia, and some other unmentionable crimes in Russia. His superiors, I was told, often joked about his antecedents, and he and they might be still occasionally alluding to them in the same humorous vein had he not been sent to Siberia a couple of years ago at the suit of his own wife for incest of a most atrocious kind, and thus prevented from watching as theretofore over the morality of the inhabitants of a populous district of St. Petersburg. He may be actually, however, a pillar of fire to the simple-minded people of Siberia.*

That may possibly have been an extreme case; but whether by reason of the enormity or of the notoriety of the man's achievements, must remain an open question. A few authentic facts may help to throw light on the kind of people who, in the opinion of the Government, are qualified to impart that peculiar "education" which is considered necessary for the training of good subjects. It may be well to remark beforehand that in a country like Russia, inhabited by illiterate peasants and governed by endless red tape and millions of reams of foolscap, the secretary of a town council or Volost board is one of the most influential officials in the country. Now, "the secretary of the M—Volost Board, M. Glinksky," we read in the official and unofficial papers, is a confirmed drunkard. The secretary of the B—Town Council is a tramp who was deported to Siberia in 1872. The secretary of the M—sk Board, James Feo-

* V. Booraynin, *New Times*, May 15th, 1891. I quote the passage and the reference textually from the *Review of Reviews*, which deserves a tribute of praise for substituting in its last number (July), authentic facts for its usual indiscriminate praise of Russian politi-

cians and institutions, which, it is charitable to hope, is penned in ignorance of the facts.

* Men like he who have led blameless lives (from a point of view) are continually | Siberia.

doroff, is likewise a tramp who underwent the same punishment. The secretary of the U—sky Board, M. Sh—, was dismissed in 1885, by order of the town council, for drunkenness, mutinous conduct, and lying denunciations of innocent people. He now occupies the influential post of secretary of the Volost Board, and leads exactly the same dissolute life as before. S—, who was several times dismissed from various positions for drunkenness, is now the secretary of the Volost Board of Osk—, where he is continually as drunk as ever. I. J. Naidenko, condemned to deportation to Siberia for a murderous assault on a peasant, is now secretary to the Volost Board of M—sk. E. J. Bootin, a condemned convict, is secretary to the Volost Board of E—sk. B. J. Spossovin, deported to Siberia for his crimes, and there imprisoned for a new one—viz., for the murder of a married woman—is now secretary to the Volost Board of Omsk. All these vulgar criminals and trusted officials receive fixed salaries, varying from a minimum of £130 to a maximum of £350 a year,* which are considerably augmented by perquisites and the proceeds of practices which in this country would be termed dishonest.

One feels a certain amount of hesitation to class officials of that stamp—who would neither find nor expect admission to the society of honest men in this country—as fit persons to represent the Shepherd Tsar of Gatchino, and effectually to shield his helpless sheep from the ravenous wolves that prowl about. I confess I find it somewhat difficult not to characterize their influence on the people as demoralizing. But certain English Puritan Russophiles think differently, and are so perfectly certain of the correctness of their views that one is fain to believe them endowed with folding consciences that contract and expand according to climate and people.

Officials of higher and of the highest political rank are distinguished by the same moral atmosphere which they carry about with them from the schoolroom to their graves. They acknowledge no law but their own caprices and emotions. One of the best governors ever appointed by a Tsar used to sit upon the laws, and when he once found it absolutely necessary to refer to them was unable to find them.

This act is symbolical of the administration of most of his colleagues.* Some governors are idiots as well as criminals, and no one seems to detect any incongruity in the triple combination. The Governor of Nischny Novgorod once promulgated a series of preventive measures to be put in force by the proprietors of houses against the frequently recurring fires that were ravaging the city. Among other things he published an order compelling all householders to give the police a clear two hours' notice *before the fire broke out*.† M. Diakoff, the Governor-General of Vitebsk, was well known to be as hopeless a madman as ever wore the strait-waistcoat of a lunatic asylum, and yet he was considered by the Russian Government perfectly qualified to govern a country larger in extent than the United Kingdom. Many of this dignitary's doings would, in England, have caused him to be removed from the governor's throne to a lunatic asylum or the gallows.‡ The Governor-General of Mogileff was also stark mad; but a madman, the Tsar opined, was a good enough ruler for his Orthodox subjects. The President of the Civil Law Court, a sort of provincial Lord Chief-Justice, was well known to be a thief who had stolen large sums from a rich lady. The President of the Criminal Law Court had murdered a man, and though under supervision, continued to administer, red-handed, justice to the Christian subjects of the Tsar;§ and no one protested or saw any ground for protesting. All these men, it is true, seemed to have qualified themselves for the duties of their position by committing the very crimes they were appointed to prevent or punish. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied by the most censorious, that they were truly loyal subjects; for the Tsar himself regarded them as such and commended them to the honor and esteem of his subjects, as Viceroys of the Lord's Anointed.

In the lower classes of society ignorance is one of the main ingredients of loyalty, and instruction or education may often

* Cf. *The Messenger of Europe*, November, 1889, p. 366.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 12th February, 1891.

‡ *Messenger of Europe*, November, 1889, p. 366.

§ *Russian Antiquity*, October, 1889.

* Cf. *Osk—*, August, 1888.

work the ruin of its unfortunate possessor. Instances are so numerous that it is merely a question of space and choice. There is a melancholy *confessio infirmitatis*. The following, however, is a very typical case. In one of the mines in the government of Ufa, there lived and labored a man named Semionoff, whose life and character Mr. Smiles had he known them, would have gladly described in one of his admirable works. The son of a poor workman, by dint of self-education, industry, and perseverance, he had passed successfully through the seven classes of a gymnasium, had obtained a fairly good position in the works, and was at last appointed to the post of Chief Clerk. He was giving complete satisfaction to his superiors until a new governor was sent to take the place of the old one. The new Governor was saturated with the genuine spirit of the moment. Without loss of time or waste of words, he sent for Semionoff and thus addressed him: "Well, you black-guard, what are you doing here?" "I beg your pardon," was the protesting reply. "What do you mean by telling your pardon, you black-guard?" "Why do you call me names?" exclaimed Semionoff. "I do not!" "All that's the sort you are!" To the wretch with whom Boris Semionoff, the son of a poor workman, had been imprisoned for three days! "He's an educated man," urged the outraged Governor in a whisper. "Then he's educated, is he?" Inge's and nation's three weeks. I always have educated people the first knot. "I show you a white knotage, you — twos!" Semionoff was dismissed from his position and degraded to that of mere subject. Soon afterward he was despatched to the police with a sealed order to this effect: "Take out number twenty-five lashes." They were also ordered to do so. Two days later he was sent on the same errand with the same result. Then it grew to be a regular practice three times a week the unfortunate man was ordered to carry the same sealed order to the police, who gave him twenty-five lashes each time. His sufferings at last drove him to the verge of insanity. Not knowing what to do, he fled, but was soon recaptured, when the flogging began anew. He ran away a second time with an equally sad result. He was again despatched to the Prefect of the Police, James P., with a letter ordering him to be flogged.

At last human nature refused to endure it, and he went mad in sober truth.*

This was the reward of education. Gross ignorance would have stood this unfortunate man in better stead than all his Latin and his Greek. But the cruelty of these lovers of intellectual darkness did not stop even here. "They went on flogging and beating the madman, just as they flog and beat people who are sane!"† The journalist and man of letters who ventures for this terrible story is still living and writing in St. Petersburg. His statement can therefore be verified. Nor can we comfort ourselves with the reflection that this, perhaps, was an exceptional instance, for he expressly adds that "There were dozens of Semionoffs here."‡

That, under such conditions, an almost incredible degree of ignorance should flourish is very natural; and yet so intense is this degree that the most trustworthy historian would hesitate before describing it to his readers. No class of society is exempt from it. In the provincial towns, for instance, we find town councilors as illiterate as Jack Cade. In a university town, where the general level of culture may be supposed to be higher than elsewhere, the overwhelming majority of the council can neither read nor write. "Astronomy" would be to them an obnoxious term as offensive as was the word "hypochondria" to O'Connell's Dublin fishwife. They sign the minutes of their meetings with crosses, triangles, and similar geometrical figures, instead of full names or letters. The most influential councilor of them all, known, according to his own admission, to be the son of the apothecary the Russian "pharmacist," in form with a Greek name, and he remembers that only because of its striking resemblance to a gallow's §

In the part of Europe, America, or Australia, indeed we find anything to compare with the nature of servility, ignorance, and superstition of which the colors of the following picture are composed. "The peasants of the village of Tshoodnora and several neighboring hamlets and villages were expecting for several months with fear and trembling the visit of a terrible plague—and their apprehensions were

* *Konts and in* (Vol. IV) Semionoff-Danachenko St. Petersburg, 1866, p. 27.

† *Ibid.* p. 28.

‡ *Ibid.* Novos. Sin October, 1866.

§ *Ibid.*

based on the threat of the highest possible authority in such matters—the Creator of heaven and earth, who told them so. In the village of Bezeemovka, a peasant noticed one day a hut in the forest which had never stood there before. He communicated his discovery to a rich squire of the district, and they set out together to examine the hut, which was quite empty. The peasant, for a consideration of fifty roubles,* consented to pass the night in the cabin, to see whether any one would enter, and the better to carry on his observations, hid himself under the stove. At twelve o'clock sharp three persons came in; God, Jesus Christ, and Sunday.† The last-mentioned personage complained that in Russia Sunday was never kept holy, quite as much work being performed on that day as on the other six; whereupon Jesus Christ suggested that a murrain be sent to destroy the cattle. God, however, objected that not all the peasants would be reached by a cattle plague, seeing that some possessed numerous herds while others had none at all. He proposed, in consequence, that a plague be let loose against the people, and the proposition was unanimously agreed to. The council over, God said to the peasant: 'Crawl from under the stove, and say what thou art up to there.' And the peasant related why it was that he had come hither. Thereupon God gave him fifty roubles in gold; but his wrists grew into, and became one mass with, the gold.‡ This is not a satire on religion, but a plain statement of what are believed to be facts, translated literally from the report published in the Russian press. Hundreds, nay thousands of men and women honestly believed this, as they believed in their own existence; and they would certainly seem, from their own account, to have had equally convincing grounds. "Many of the inhabitants saw with their own eyes the peasant, the gold grown into his wrist."§ And yet we are asked by English Radicals to believe that Russians are not on a much lower intellectual and ethical level than Englishmen.

* About £5.

† Sunday, Monday, and Friday are persons as well as days in Russia. They are a cross between angels and gods.

‡ *Odessa News*, 16th September, 1887. *Kieff Word*, 13th September, 1887.

§ *Grashdanin*, 10th March, 1889.

Last July, a peasant called at the Fastoff Hospital, and entreated the doctor to give him a certificate to the effect that he was not possessed of a tail such as sorcerers usually have. He was compelled, he said, to come to the hospital for this certificate, in order to escape from the treatment meted out to him by his fellow-peasants whenever any mishap occurred in the district, on the grounds that he had caused it, and was a notorious sorcerer. He added, that he had had bitter experience of the inconvenience that resulted from his having to undress, and allow his male and female colleagues to convince themselves each time that he had no sorcerer's tail appended to his body.*

That this state of things is not disagreeable to the highest authorities is painfully evident from the zeal with which the official organs preach the advisability of maintaining it. Nor do the acts of the Government itself leave any doubt as to its sentiments. The new university laws of 1884, regulating, among other matters, the examinations for learned degrees, declares expressly that the Government Commissioners, when deliberating as to who deserves and who does not deserve the degree, must not be guided exclusively by the mere progress in science made by the candidate. If he have been loyal and well affected to the throne, they are instructed to gloze over his intellectual shortcomings. And the students seem to have made haste to profit by this privilege. Their own professors describe the new generation of students as a drunken band of ne'er-dó-wells, who frequent taverns and brothels, making night hideous with their cries, heedless of the call of duty, indifferent to the advancement of science, and grossly ignorant of its rudiments. This being a grave accusation, and the authority of the accusers not being absolutely convincing, one is considerably relieved to find it corroborated by independent and fairly impartial testimony. The present Minister of Public Instruction, in the month of March, 1889, had an official reprimand addressed to the students of the University of Kharkoff, setting forth that very many of the letters and petitions which they (the students) addressed to the minister, the curator, and the rector, were

* Cf. *Kievanin*, July, 1891. *The Week*, 11th July, 1891.

nothing to live on, so I got this position of university beadle, God be praised.'"

This story with many other picturesque details, which respect for decency compels me to omit here, was told a few days afterward to his Excellency the Curator of the University, a representative of the Minister of Justice. And the venerable dignitary nearly rolled off the ottoman with laughter. "Just the kind of fellows to drill the scoundrelly students and teach the blackguards the way they should go!" he exclaimed in the intervals of Homeric laughter, as the big tears rolled down his venerable cheeks.

The whole policy of the Government is epitomized in the treatment of these two classes of individuals: Colonel Paschkoff and Count Korff, the men who fear God and love their fellows—are banished for life for daring to read the Bible to the peasants; while the waiter in the dancing tavern and the chucker-out and part proprietor of the brothel are set to watch over the morality of the young generation.

But does the Emperor know of these things? is the usual question raised by English Tsarophiles, who would fain regard his Majesty as a demi-god of virtue, in whose name, as in that of Liberty, many atrocious crimes are committed, while he himself remains untouched, like the cold lens through which pass the burning rays of the sun that cause conflagration and ruin. To this the answer is simple and conclusive. His Majesty is well aware that the great bulk of his subjects are reduced to the state of a jelly which helplessly trembles when approached, but possesses no inherent power of motion; a jelly capable of assuming all the shapes and forms of the mould into which it may be poured. He knows that there are practically no limits to their pliability—that they can be bent, twisted, and coiled in all directions and into all shapes. The recruit in Vilna is a typical instance of the readiness of the common Russian (of the Orthodox faith) to sacrifice his life at the beck of a superior. Thousands of equally striking cases might be brought forward to show that the authorities have it in their power to kill, not only the body, but the soul. It needs but a word from his Majesty, and to-morrow eighty millions of his subjects would unhesitatingly renounce Orthodoxy for Shamanism, autocracy for republicanism, and trial by judges for

ordeals and the judgment of God. No institution, religious, political, judicial, or social, has more root in the country, more hold on the orthodox people of Russia, than had the famous Strelitza of the St. Petersburg Flower Show on the soil from which, at the gentle touch of a lady visitor, it detached itself, remaining in her hands.

In what country outside of Russia would a large religious congregation unanimously abandon the faith for which its fathers had suffered and died, *in spite of its own unchanged convictions*, merely to afford a moment's pleasure to his Majesty, the visible head of the Orthodox Church? In Koorsk there is, or was, a congregation of Old Believers, a sect which regards the differences that separate them from the Orthodox Church as sufficiently serious to be upheld even at the price of a martyr's death. And yet this community of "jelly" men, as the Russians would term them, resolved unanimously, two years ago, that instead of presenting addresses or presents to his Majesty as tokens of their joy at his escape from death at Borki, they would outdo all other cities in their manifestations of loyalty, and, abandoning their faith, trust the eternal salvation of their souls to the Church to which his Majesty had confided his, and in which they had no faith. And these Tsar-fearing men and women were admitted into the Orthodox Church, to the number of 1,146 bodies, among whom it would be a relief to hear that there were a few human souls.* His Majesty, when informed that this thing was being done in his name, and for his sake, was graciously pleased to thank the Old Believers for their loyalty.

It is natural, and it may possibly be even laudable, in Russian patriots to resent the cold curiosity of the anatomist who lays bare the secret sores and hideous deformity of their fatherland. One can scarcely blame them if, like Shem and Japheth, they endeavor to cover their father's nakedness, even though it be frequently at what seems to us an exorbitant cost. It is the more incumbent upon us therefore to give due weight to those frank admissions in which they occasionally embody their respect for abstract truth. One of the most striking of these

* *Novoye Vremya*, 28th August, 1889, and 30th August, 1889.

even if the wise economy of the present administration be continued, before the country can recover itself. The natural growth of the community has received a severe check, but not all the folly and rashness of which the race of politicians could be guilty could permanently arrest it.

I was confidently assured in Australia that I might see New Zealand thoroughly in the course of a two months' trip, and when I set out to visit it it was my purpose not to extend my stay greatly beyond that limit. In effect, I found a year all too little for my purpose. The physical aspects of the country alone are so extraordinary and delightful that a lover of Nature finds it hard to withdraw himself from the influence of their charm. New Zealanders delight to speak of their country as the Wonderland of the South. They are justified, and more than justified. The northern island is an amazement, but its gruesome volcanic grotesqueries please less than the scenic splendors of its southern neighbor. The sounds of the west coast more than rival the Norwegian fjords. Te Anau and Manipouri and Wakatipu are as fine as the lakes of Switzerland. The forests, irreverently called "bush," are beyond words for beauty. A little energy, a little courage, might make New Zealand the pet recreation ground of half the world. The authorities are already filling its lakes with trout, and will by-and-by people its forests with game. There is a very large portion of country which, except for purposes of sport and travel, is not likely to be utilized by man. The lake trout grow to enormous size, and as they multiply, and food grows comparatively scarcer, they are learning to take the fly. It was an understood thing for years that there was no sport for the fly-fisher with the trout at Wakatipu, but that theory has died out, for the very simple reason that the facts have altered. There is no reason in nature why an acclimatization society should not succeed in a very few years in making the south-west portion of the middle island an actual paradise to the sportsman. It is the plain duty of New Zealand to invite the outside world to enter its borders, and, for once in a way, a plain duty is recognized.

I wish I had the remnant of these pages free for a description of the glories of sound and forest and lake and mountain;

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but my space must be kept for matter which is dryer and less interesting to the writer. I shall, however, remember, so long as I remember anything, the three avalanches I saw and heard thundering down the side of Mount Pembroke as I sat in a boat on the glassy waters of Milford Sound. In many and many an hour I shall see Wetjacket Arm and Dusky Sound again, with their vast precipices, luxuriant forest, and rejoicing cataracts. I shall dream, thank Heaven, of the awe and worship I felt as the steamer crept round the edge of Rat's Point, and little by little, one by one, the white wonders of the Earnslaw range slid into view, until at last the whole marvellous, unspeakable panorama stood revealed, a spectacle the world may perhaps rival elsewhere, but cannot surpass. So long as I remember anything I shall remember a summer day on the banks of the Poseidon. I sat on a fallen log on the track which leads to Lake Ada, and the robins, in their beautiful, fearless unfamiliarity with man, perched on my feet, and one feathered inquirer ventured even to my knee. The sunlight steeped the thick foliage overhead until the leaves shone transparent with colors of topaz and of emerald. The moss on the trees was silver-gray and vivid green, and there were fungoids of vermilion and cadmium, and scaly growths of pure cobalt blue; the most amazing and prodigious riot of color the mind can conceive. The river ran below with many a caverned undertone. It is the desire of all good New Zealanders that the beauties of their country should be advertised. I offer this humble contribution to that end with a willing heart. I shall be thankful to my latest day to have seen those beauties, which I have been able only to hint at. The traveller who misses New Zealand leaves unseen the country which, take it all in all, is probably the loveliest in the world. The climate varies from stern to mild. That of Auckland is warm and sluggish; that of Dunedin keen, inspiring. Situate midway between the two you find perfection. Napier will be the sanatorium of that side of the world one of these days. All over New Zealand one meets people who went out there to die, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, and who are living yet, robust and hale. The air is fatal to phthisis, as it is also in Australia. The most terrible foe of the British race is disarmed in these

to be English. Take it in the main, the people of New Zealand are fairly representative of Great Britain. The people of Scotland, he says, are in the north, and Cornwall. The people of the South of England have no more chance to completely succeed. The English people are idealized in New Zealand.

The fact alone of the almost impossible situation of the future of the race. In the course of the British people, even if they were to show up in the world, and in New Zealand, the future of the country may be to treat the people of a nation from the British people. One day, allowing for an influx of Southern Britons, might be Aberdeen, Christchurch, population and all, might be planted in Warwickshire, and no tourist would know that it was not in England, there. They call their local stream the Avon, and boasting there some idle summer days, I easily dreamed myself at home again, and within bowshot of the church and painting, pipe which covers the house of the people. It is, I believe, a fact that the stream is christened after another river than that which owes its glimmer to the poet's name, but in a case of this kind more fact matters little, and the inhabitants of Christchurch themselves are, for the most part, quite willing to ignore it.

I grieved the dearest and kindest friend I left behind me in Australia by telling him that I thought the people of New Zealand more advanced in art than those of his own adopted country. I shall grieve him again by repeating that belief in these pages. I intrude a personality for one passing moment only, and stretch out a hand to that loyal friend, good comrade, good fellow, and prince of wanderers. He shall not be angry with me if I can help it, because I cannot blindly share his enthusiastic and unquestioning glory in all things Australian.

Perhaps I was unfortunate on the one side and fortunate on the other in my encounters, but I seemed to find in New Zealand twice as many people who knew and loved books, pictures, and music, as I had found in Australia. I cannot help thinking my own judgments accurate, for, apart from an occasional white, which may be incomplete, there are many reasons why the fact should be as I seem to find it.

Australia enlisted, and still enlists, some classes of people for whom New Zealand has no charm, the pushing, eager men, who are in a hurry to be rich. New Zealand was largely peopled by English gentlemen and ladies, not of the adventurous type at all, but just quietly courageous enough to go out and face the difficulties and perils of a new country. They went out to make the soil their own, to found new families, and to disencumber old ones. They have not made money as fast as their more eager and tenacious neighbors. They have even of late fallen back from some of the advantages they had secured, but the repulse is only temporary, and the government of Sir Harry Atkinson has made it evident that the necessary lesson has been learned. The public debt is no longer to be increased with a light heart. The Government has learned economy, and in a few years the financial basis will be as sound as ever. There is a good deal of England's best blood in Australia, but its owners were, in most instances, adventurers, and their wild spirit has not yet cooled down. The emigrant to New Zealand was of a staid type, and more generally cultured. On the whole, he is more loyal to racial traditions, and nurses a love of the old country, a pride in its history.

There has been in old times matter for shame, sometimes for the deepest shame, in our treatment of conquered savage races, but in New Zealand we have shown a lesson to the world. The necessary fight is over. It is hard on the noble savage that the all-invading white man should dispossess him, but, after all, the event is unescapable by any human arrangement. It is likely enough that the Maori race owes much of the exceptional treatment it has received to its own high qualities. Only the other day they were at war with the white invader, and now their representatives sit in the legislative chamber. Many of them have adopted the ways of civilization, and even those who retain the primitive habits of their forefathers are redeemed from the coarser ways of savagery. They are altogether a very noble people, and in not a few respects remind the traveler of Paddy. Paddy's good lady has a knack of wearing her husband's coat, and of smoking a short pipe. Her Maori sister has the same habit. Paddy keeps a pig, and gives him the

of the house. So does the Maori. Both in Ireland and in Maoriland the cultivation of the potato is the form of agriculture most practised. To complete the parallel, the Maories have a land grievance. Like Paddy, they are idle, voluble, rollicking, emotional, hospitable, ready to fight or kiss at a moment's notice. They are partially converted to European ideas about costume, and the dress of a great number of them would do credit to Ballyporeen. The statement looks odd at the first sight of it, but their adoption of European dress is killing the race as surely as if it was a pestilence. They get wet through, and have no idea of removing their clothes, and, as a natural consequence, consumption, which has no native right in the country at all, is rife among them.

I am writing at a distance from my books, or I should like to cite a legend or two from Sir George Grey's collection to illustrate the mental characteristics of this surprising race of savages. They are sometimes generally, and even exquisitely, poetical. One of them relates how the heavens and the earth were at the beginning of things united in marriage, and how the sky was torn away from the partner of her love by her own children, the storm winds. Every night she weeps over her lost husband, and her tears are the dew. Sometimes the stories are very quaintly and oddly imaginative, as where the tale is told of three brethren who took a canoe to fish, and went far, far away out into the open sea, when one of them, who had prepared a magic hook, caught what was supposed to be a great fish at the bottom, and drawing it up to the surface, found that he had discovered New Zealand. That was how the land came into being, and the Maories point to two or three of the great mountain ranges as the stone canoes in which their giant ancestors came from some far-off country to people the land. The mixture of childish *naïveté* and high imagination makes the collection actually fascinating.

One legend which reached me lately, though, for aught I know, it may have been published, seems interesting enough to be related here. There are two volcanoes, a big one and a little one, standing near to each other. The big one is the husband, the little one the bride, and when the smoke blows from the gentle-

man's cone in the direction of the lady, he is supposed to be paying his addresses to her. In the old original times there was an interloper in the person of a third volcano, who, while the lady's proprietor was supposed to be asleep, ventured to project *his* smoke in her direction. But the bridegroom had only feigned to slumber, and had expected this attempted encroachment upon his privileges. He had gathered his forces already, and smote his rival from beneath with such a shock of earthquake that he lifted him from his rocky roots and hurled him to a lonely promontory thirty or forty miles away. He has never recovered sufficient spirit to go back again, and stands there still. Modern men name that ejected intruder Mount Egmont.

I am glad to have been led to the mention of these curious legends, because they bring me, in a perfectly natural and easy way, to the man to whom the world owes most of its knowledge concerning them. There is little enough talk of Sir George Grey on this side of the world, and little enough knowledge of his achievements. He is the Nestor of New Zealand. He was the Governor of South Australia half a century ago, and he did as much for the development of the resources of British possessions at the Cape as any man alive. A statesman, a soldier, an orator, and a scholar, a man who has showered gifts of all sorts on the latest country in which he has served his people and his Queen, he lives still with a freshness of political ideal which is perhaps only rivalled by our own Gladstone. He is full of somewhat Irish suavities, and has those delightfully urbane manners which are associated, in the minds of reading people, with the gentlemen of eighty years ago. Mr. Froude is generally supposed to have been too much under Sir George Grey's dominion, and his book is condemned by the mass of New Zealanders partly on the ground that it represents too exclusively Sir George Grey's opinions. I can recall few pleasanter days than those I spent in the society of the ex-Governor of New Zealand. He is commonly credited with a desire to make all men proselytes to his own opinions, but we exchanged no word of politics together. He took me to one of the public institutions of the northern city, and showed me there a splendid array of MSS., and a most unique collection of Polynesian curios. I

But could the magic power of fancy throw
A thousand years between, the work would
loom

Vast on the spirit, big with hope and doom,
Sublime as any act yet wrought below.

They weld an empire, not in old world wise,
Mid crash of war and clamor of armed
men :

But in calm conclave, where each citizen
May speak his share of truth with fearless eyes.
Blest State so founded. May their work be
blessed.

And here at last the war-sick soul of man find
rest.

Men say that if, within a reasonable time, these aspirations should be realized, Lord Carrington, the late Governor of New South Wales, would probably be the man selected as the first Viceregal ruler of the consolidated Colonies. The new fashion of sending out men of title as the representatives of the Crown, and of making the Viceregal Court a reflex of what the English Court need to be, is a source of delight to scores and a prompting to dissatisfaction among thousands. But Lord Carrington was unusually fortunate in his administration, and is undoubtedly one of the most popular of modern Governors. Whether he has the greater diplomatic facilities, he has so far had no opportunity of showing; but he possesses the lesser in perfection, and he owes the widespread esteem and affection he secured as much to the tact of the diplomat as to his inborn good-nature. If democratic Australia is to have a titled English representative at the head of its affairs at all, it will have a man for whom it can entertain a personal affection. The attempt to conciliate the democracy by an occasional sprinkling of inferior titles upon distinguished citizens is met with outspoken derision. As I have said already, Lord Carrington lived in a Court, and courtiers say smooth things. Shrewd as he is, and well as he knows the people among whom he lived for five years, he could hardly have offered a poorer panacea than he proposed in a speech in London shortly after his return. Outside the Court fringe, the Australians not only do not refrain from asking for titles, but have a cordial and, from their own standpoint, a logical dislike of them. For good or for ill, the country has made up its mind. The democratic sentiment of Australia is profound and immovable.

It is hard for a man of plain common sense to keep his temper in view of the

ineptitude with which the Colonial Office in London has dealt with the magnificent interests confided to its care. It is not a question of what the Colonies are to us at this hour, or ever have been, until now. It is a question of what they should be and might be in the future, if their destinies were rightly ruled. One of our statesmen said, probably as a mere rhetorical flourish, that if England lost Australia and New Zealand she would sink to the position of a third-rate power. This is obvious nonsense. It will be many years before they can be much more than a source of affectionate anxiety to us, but the possibilities of the future were incalculable. Those possibilities have been muddled away with a recklessness, ignorance, and folly which are barely conceivable. For once in the history of the world it was possible that a great race might grow up free of those social hatreds which have disturbed every section of the old world since a time when history had not begun to be written. British people were first in possession of the whole band of Antipodean and Pacific islands. Not a single European power would have raised a hand in menace or a voice in protest had the British flag been planted on every one of them. Australian statesmen have always seen what was coming, have always struggled against it; but the Colonial Office has been invincibly ignorant. France, in making New Caledonia the receptacle of its human offscourings, has only followed the example England set her. But nothing in the world would have been easier than to forestall her action. New Caledonia is now a perpetual thorn in the side of Australia, and it might be a *casus belli* any day. It is all very well to hope that it may never prove so, but the possibility is there, and the bare chance should never have been risked. We have let in Germany on the north, and have made possible another complication there. The plague of the thing is that the responsible people have never, from the first, been allowed to go without warning. Sir Henry Parkes has some fine and spirited lines which must have found an echo in the hearts of many Australians :

" In other lands the patriot boasts
His standard borne thr' a slaughter's
flood,
Which, waving o'er infuriate hosts,
Was consecrate in fire and blood.

down her poverty and rascaldom on colonial shores, to the increase of a pauper class already threatening to make itself visible, and to the diminution of the current rate of wages, and the lowering of the existing state of comfort. Possibly, if a plan could be considered on both sides of the world which, while depleting the English labor market at home, should run no risk of overcrowding the Colonies, it might, by a joint and willing effort, be made to serve a double purpose.

Suppose, to begin with, that the Government of New Zealand could be induced to appoint an emigration committee. I choose New Zealand because I am inclined to think that opposition there would be less angry and rooted than elsewhere. Imagine the committee seated in London with ample powers to inquire into the physique, history, and general status of every person who was presented as a candidate for the advantages of the scheme. Let it be understood that only "live" men, as the Americans say, should be appointed to sit on the committee, and that they should do their duty. This would of course preclude all possibility of the deportation of undesirable people. Suppose further that, when once the committee has been formed, but before the necessity has arrived for it to enter on its labors, the New Zealand Government should appoint a surveyor to choose a district as yet unopened, and that, this being done, road-makers and the men required for the first rough work of clearing should be despatched from England. The plan would, of course, have to be matured carefully beforehand in most of its details, but for the present it is enough roughly to indicate its general lines. The roadmakers and clearers would have to be accompanied by a carefully allotted number of teamsters, wheelwrights, smiths, and carpenters. In a while, an architect, builders, bricklayers, and other handicraftsmen would follow. Villages would be planned and built, and the whole appurtenances of a thriving settlement would have to be provided: schools, places of worship, shops, or, if it were better thought of, one general co-operative store, and to each of these as they grew, and only as they grew, the chosen emigrants would be carried. Behold in time, and in no great length of time, a settlement of British bone, and brain, and sinew, on land at

present lying waste and useless. The hub of the design is that there shall be no haste about it, and that no creature shall be deported until his presence on the settlement is needed, until his place is prepared for him.

All this will take money. How is the money to be found without overburdening a revenue already sufficiently surcharged with liabilities? Thus. The New Zealand Government might make over, for the time being only, the actual proprietorship of the plots selected. Holding this security, the home Government could advance all necessary financial aid. The settlers might pay such a rental as shall be calculated to repay the original outlay and its interest, say in twenty years. At the expiry of that time the settler should enter on the fee simple of the soil, and the British Government should relinquish its claim upon it. By this means, at only a temporary cost, the settlement would have been founded and the emigrants would be placed in possession of a cheap and valuable freehold. The new country would have within her boundaries a yeoman population of the utmost value.

The scheme could be worked continuously. The selector would be always ahead of the makers of roads and the clearers of the land. They, in their turn, would always be ahead of architects, builders, and handicraftsmen. The selection committee would sit *en permanence*. The influx would be graded, and would serve as a constantly increasing stimulus to existing manufactures and trades. The beginnings might be made on a small scale, and as the experiment was found to answer the motion might be accelerated until such time as the land subjected to this peaceful and beneficent invasion should cry "Hold!"

New Zealand has at present, roughly speaking, the land of Great Britain and the population of Glasgow. By force of climate she is marked out as the home of such characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race as we are specially proud to call "British." She will rise to greatness in one way or another, and by the adoption of some such method as is here suggested she might accelerate her rise. If Australia could anyhow be persuaded to adopt such a method of increasing her population and developing her resources the question of an overcrowded labor market both for her-

self and England might be staved off for a thousand years, by which time, it is to be humbly hoped, the collective wisdom of the world will have discovered some way of escape from the countless unintentioned wrongs which society inflicts upon the greater number of its members. The world is not ill-hearted, and needs but to learn how to be comfortable. Unless many men and books do lie, there is a million or so of square miles in Australia, at present incapable of supporting a creature, which might, by human effort, be made to flourish like a garden. We who write and read to-day will not live to see it, but the marvellous underground rivers will be tapped, and blessing will be poured upon a thirsty land. The secret is known already, and scattered enterprise is gathering wealth from it in many places. It will be by no means surprising, at this time of day, if even that alleged *oversweetness* of some of the Australian underground streams, which has so far made their waters barren of blessing, should some day be corrected by the aid of science.

I have dared to be outspoken, and here and there I have little hope that I have escaped offence. But I have never doubted the future of the Antipodean Colonies. They will leave us sooner or later, but they will leave us only to come back again, as America is already doing in sentiment and in fact. The good American loves England and honors its history and achievements. He represents the elder son of the family, and quarrelled rightly with the Mother Country when she chose to be in a most querulous and unjust humor. He is coming back to his allegiance now, not because he is any wiser, but because the old land has learned its lesson. When the great Continent of the South, and the distant islands which will one day nurture its strongest, manliest, and most essentially English race, have grown to the same height of manhood, they too will return. They have not left us yet, and when they do, as they inevitably will, it will be as much the fault of English carelessness and English official blundering as of Australian vanity and courage. But they will return, and the end of it will be that the two great children of England, Antipodean and American, will form a compact with the old lady who bore them both and sent them forth into the world. There is no

brag in it. The history of a thousand years has declared the fact. The Anglo-Saxon English-speaking race is the salt of the earth. Its whole tendency has been upward toward the divine ideal of all great minds. It dominates the world at this hour. Should it federate to-morrow, it could police the planet, and bid wars to end. It will join hands one day, but union will follow dissension.

Here—to wind up with—is a mere set of verses which roughly expresses my mind. The suggested title is “A Possible Colloquy,” and I dedicate the lines to the members of the Australian Natives Association—the gentlemen who desire to “cut the painter” and sail away from the dear old land :

“ The lanky lad, as vain as shy,
And full of inward strife
Regards, with half defiant eye,
The author of his life.
He knows, or thinks he knows, his plan,
Dictation drives him mad ;
He'll take no chaff from any man,
And least of all from Dad !

“ Confound the patronizing tone
These worrying oldsters use !
We're big enough to stand alone,
Six feet without our shoes.
Thump ! There's a manly pectoral swell !
And feel the heart below !
And—as for sage experience—well
We'll gain that as we go.

“ Each dog his day. The turn is ours,
Australia takes her fling !
You think to tie these growing powers
To any apron string ?
Who but a peddling time-worn fool
Would prison thews and brain
Like these in any old dame school
With any hope of gain ?”

* * * * *

“ We part, hot heart ? Well, well. Good day.
How could I be your foe ?
Dear lad, go on your prosperous way,
God with you as you go.
And whether you may hate or praise
The cast-off father's name,
One thing I know—in all your days
You'll never bring it shame.

“ Your heart is of that stalwart stuff
That pulses Britain's blood ;
The mould's the same old rough and tough,
No better, yet as good.
Go ! Live your day and have your fling,
And when you're fully grown
I think your British heart will bring
The wanderer to his own.

"No blame. Not half a word of blame :
 No wrong, or thought of wrong :
 This only : choose your boyhood's aim
 High, since your arm is strong.
 Your head will counter in the dark
 On many a solid wall ;
 And many an arrow seek its mark
 And fail to reach and fall.

"Though strength and youth and hope conspire
 To animate your soul,
 Your heart may droop, your feet may tire
 Before you reach your goal.
 But Wilful must, if Wilful will ;
 God bless you, lad ; good-bye.
 At least we're son and father still,
 And must be till I die."

—Contemporary Review.

THE REFLEX EFFECT OF ASIATIC IDEAS.

It is a quarter of a century ago since the present writer observed in the *Spectator*, when commenting on some fresh triumph of the mail service, that the increase of communication between Europe and Asia might produce unexpected results. We all think of it as increasing the intellectual grip of Europe on Asia, but it must also facilitate the reflex action of Asiatic ideas on Europe. They poured back on us in a flood during the Crusades ; and why should they not pour again, to affect us once more, either, as Christianity did, by conversion, or, as Mohammedanism did, by recoil ? The prophecy has not hitherto been accomplished. The dividing barrier between the thoughts of the East and the West has proved tenacious, and though, to the surprise of mankind, Oriental art has made a capture of the European mind, so that Asiatic coloring and Asiatic decoration have permanently affected all Western eyes, the special thoughts of the East have made little visible impression. We fancy, however, that the barrier is cracking. By far the most startling fact in the biography of Laurence Oliphant was the proof it afforded that Western minds—for Oliphant was not alone—could accept and act on a leading Asiatic idea, that if a man could utterly dominate self, and make the body a completely passive agent of the will, he would wrest from Heaven, or Fate, or the Universum, whichever it was, powers transcending those known from experience to be possessed by human beings. The possessor of those powers could convert the world without the slow methods of persuasion, perhaps enter into relation with beings before whose wisdom that of men is ignorant foolishness. That was the governing hope which impelled Laurence Oliphant to his strange life, with its victory, as he thought, over the flesh ; and it will, by and by, probably impel

much stronger natures than his. The prize is so enormous, so entirely transcending any usual reward for effort, that the minds which can accept its possibility will be strongly moved to the attempt, and will waste years in an experiment which, though so often made, and sometimes made successfully—for there are faqueers and sunyasees and Buddhist devotees who have conquered the body—has never yet produced a spark of result in supernormal power. Fortunately, those who try it will be few, for the Western mind, unlike the Eastern, can never be quite dominated by an idea, and always applies to it some test which, in the case of a theory like self-suppression, is sure, sooner or later, to be fatal. We shall see, however, a few trials, witness the rise of some strange sects, and probably see a large diffusion of that Eastern idea, the presence of the all-pervading universal spirit in all things, good, evil, and indifferent, which, if Mr. J. A. Symonds is a sound critic, is the governing thought, indeed the sole thought, of Walt Whitman, and which his critic also believes to be of the essence of democracy. It will liquefy morals if it comes, and drive back civilization, so far as civilization is dependent on a discipline of restraints ; but come it will in places, with its correlative, that all material things, bad, good, and indifferent, if placed in an intense light, are essentially evil. You see both ideas filling Russian literature even now, and the thought of the Slav, which differs from all other thought in Europe by instantly producing act, as thought does in children, has a great part yet to play in moulding the West.

So has Buddhist thought. All that stuff about Mahatmas is rubbish, unsupported by a trace of evidence, a merely stupid expression of the desire of so many minds for guidance either incapable of error, or less capable than the guidance of

ordinary beings ; but the Mahatma notion is a mere excrescence on a creed which has a big thought embedded in it. We were surprised to perceive that both the French Buddhists, and the English as represented by Mrs. Besant, avowed a belief in the doctrine of transmigration, or, as the latter prefers to call it, of reincarnations. To most Englishmen, that idea, which in one way or another dominates the whole of non-Mussulman Asia, even that comparatively small section of the Chinese which is capable of rising above pure secularism, has a slightly comic effect, derived, we fancy, chiefly from an impression that to become an animal—which could only be a result of continuous degradation—would be an absurdity. The doctrine, however, as really held in Asia, has an astonishing charm for some subtle minds, and especially for those which are never content to await future solutions to the great perplexities of the world. It does explain the inexplicable, and reconcile man, not indeed to his destiny, but to his position in the world. The whole notion of an injustice inherent in the scheme of the universe disappears at once, and all that endless problem why some, perhaps innocent, suffer, and some, perhaps guilty, enjoy. There is no injustice if this life is but a link in a long chain of past as well as future lives, and the millionaire is being rewarded for his past careers, and the pauper punished for his. Suffering, under that theory, is but expiation for your own forgotten crimes, and will be fully repaid by the cleanliness in which you will enter on the next stage, while enjoyment is but reward, moderated by its concomitant, the temptation to let the flesh win again, and so recommence the round. Nor is equality possible, or inequality unjust, when grade is a sign of the favor won from the All, and the Prince is reaping reward, and the night-soilman paying the penalty for the deeds of previous existence. There is not a particle of evidence for the hypothesis, which has against it, in a philosophic sense, the want of purpose in the total of existence ; but it does explain the visible phenomena, and that in so modern a way that nothing would surprise us less than to see it adopted by great crowds who, in their passion of pity, accuse God of oppression because he suffers unearned pain to exist among mankind. *Why should a child which has*

done nothing have epilepsy ? That is the perpetual half-formulated query of modern philanthropy ; and Buddhism, which leaves the greatest problems unsolved—for instance, the use of the universe, which under its theory, is an ever-revolving circle of inutilities springing from the All and reabsorbed into it—does resolve the problem which for a moment, when the imagination of men has, as it were, become raw, presses sharply upon the ex-coriation. The theory rebuilds content with the universe, and gets rid of puzzle-*dom* ; and but for something in the average white mind which rejects it, because, we fancy, it suggests such inconceivable waste, a whole universe gyrating like a dancing dervish to no end, it might become one of the prevalent creeds of Europe. It is consistent with the effort to be good, yet explains suffering and imposes perfect resignation,—a great comfort to the majority who suffer. It will have its career, too, if faith in a personal God dies out, for humanity will always explore the whence and whither ; and if the ultimate cause is either universal and eternal matter, or intangible and undesigning spirit, the central thought of Buddhism is as good an explanation as man is likely to forge. There will come a time, too, when the great experiment of democracy has failed, as it probably will fail with unexpected rapidity ; when men will ask the reason of the failure, and many of them will find it in the contradiction between the idea of equality and the instinctive sense of justice which at least assigns a superior reward to the good. Buddhism does do that.

We wonder if the worst idea of Asia, that morality has no immutable basis, but is a fluctuating law dependent upon some inexplicable relation between the individual and the Creator, or the individual and the All, will ever come over here. The Indian holds that a line of conduct may be right for one man, or indeed imperative, but wrong for another, or indeed insufferable ; that a world-wide law is unthinkable ; and that each man will be judged because of his obedience to some law external to himself, yet peculiar to his own personality. The King's obligation to the divine is not the peasant's ; the ordinary Brahmin must be monogamous, while the Koolin Brahmin may have sixty wives ; the trader may cheat

where the carrier must keep contract ; the usual Hindoo must spare life, while the Thug may take it and yet remain sinless. That opinion subverts the very foundations of morality and conduct ; yet there are subtle minds that hold it, and Europe once showed a curious tendency in the same direction. Different moral laws were held to bind different classes, a notion still surviving and active whenever the conduct of clergymen is called in question. We have never been able to trace the genesis of that notion, which has been, as it were, intercalated into Hindooism, and suspect it of not being a religious idea at all, but one born of convenience and allowed a religious sanction, because a non-religious idea, an idea which is useful and received, yet excepted from divine sanction, is impossible to the Hindoo mind. Nothing can be tolerable and yet outside that system. We have little fear of the idea in Europe, which recoils from it more and more, tending always toward equality, at least in fetters, be they for good or evil ; but we have some apprehension of the last Asiatic idea, which we shall mention as likely to be imported. This is the notion of man's irresponsibility for anything but his individual conduct, for the general system of things as it exists around him. That, says and thinks the Asiatic, is the work of superior powers, and no more to be modified than the procession of the seasons ; and but that human nature is weak, he would no more resist it than a true Mussulman would effect an insurance on his ship. The submissiveness of Asia to evils that could be remedied springs ultimately from that, and is because of that nearly incurable. The genuine Asiatic, uncorrupted by white teaching, considers that which is as the will of God, and leaves it to him to alter. Why put a lightning-conductor by the Mosque ? God, if he

pleases, can take care of his own ; and if he does not please, of what use to try and thwart his will ? The Mussulman avowedly holds that theory, but there is not an Asiatic free of it, even the strong-willed Chinaman yielding to it almost, though not quite entirely. The combative energy of the European, who when roused to consciousness will put up with nothing, and who has the stimulus of living on a continent in which the powers of Nature are comparatively feeble, has kept him from this soporific belief ; but take away from him a little hope—and the resistless strength of democracy may take some away, as it is doing from Americans—or increase by a little his impression that “God has no need of human aid”—an impression of all the more rigid Calvinists and Quakers—and he would sink back, reluctantly but certainly, to the submissiveness of Asia, amid which it is felt to be wrong even to lament the flood when superior forces made the waters swell. We shall not see it in our time, for the energy of the white races, whose reign is comparatively new, is still unexhausted, and they have the spirit of the Titans, who thought even Olympus might be stormed ; but there are times when ideas which soothe are readily received, and ideas which are readily received are terribly strong. The dream of the right of all men to everything they want, which is a mere thought unsupported by evidence, or rather, denied by the ever-present evidence that the earth yields food only in return for human sweat, and that every human being lives under sentence of capital punishment, is already shaking the very foundations of European society. Thought is stronger than armies, even when it is as baseless as the main thought of the Buddhist creed.—*Spectator*.

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

To those of us meeting here, on the thirty-fourth anniversary of his death, who knew Auguste Comte in life and have

* An address given at Newton Hall, on 5th September, the anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte

made his teaching the work of our lives, he is neither infallible authority and unique prophet on the one hand, nor, on the other, is he merely a great thinker and founder of a school of philosophy. To us he is really the founder of a Religion : but

other side of this planet, they no more affected Europe, Asia, and Africa than if they had been placed on Mars.

Comte never was, and never claimed to be, the "inventor" or "discoverer" of a new Religion in this sense. What he did say was this: "Mankind has for ages persistently sought for a permanent religion in all kinds of form. Now, a scientific study of history and sound anthropology show that the essence of all these efforts lies in a combination of Hope in Man's Future with veneration for Man's higher nature, knowledge of Man's past history, his actual resources and limits. This is the essence of religion; and hopes of an eternal Heaven and assertions about the Universe and its origin are not religion at all, but hindrances of religion. Your old love and faith in Human Nature itself, is your religion. And all that you need is to clear it from the clouds, grave on your minds its scientific certainty, and allow yourselves to see it in its true beauty!"

The change which this involves is, no doubt, very great—deep, wide, and startling. But it is not a change from the old to something new and unknown, it is not a leap in the dark. It is a clearing off of the new to come down to the old foundation, to abandon ambitious dreams for solid good. It is unquestionably a new Era; but it is a simple and a continuous development. It is as when Julius and his successors in the Empire said to the Romans—"Peace is your real glory: not war. Your dreams of perpetual warfare and universal dominion are cruel superstitions and degrading phantoms. Your mission, Romans, is to civilize in peace the nations you have incorporated. The true greatness of the Roman Republic is to count all Southern Europe among her citizens." Or, as when St. Paul said to the Jews—"Cease your ambitious dreams of a conquering Messiah. The true Messiah bears a message of Faith, Hope, Charity which the Prophets and Priests used to utter to the stricken remnant of Israel, and which, I tell you, is to be offered to every son of Man, who is, every one of them, a son of God." Or, as when wise and peaceful statesmen slowly taught the people of Europe that industry, not war, was the true business of civilized man—that Peace hath her victories far more renowned than war. Or, as if an English

statesman were to arise and tell the democratic agitators of to-day that England is now a democratic Republic if we choose to act like citizens, that good government is a more urgent want than an ideally perfect machine for taking votes, and that Home Rule, in the true sense, is a far nobler ideal than any Imperial Federation of the English race. Or, just as we here tell the Socialists around us, that the essence of Socialism is a moral, social, and religious education of the people—without which, to confiscate the wealth of the actual capitalists, and to put hungry and angry workmen to direct the capital of society, would be a disaster to all; for true Socialism consists in the spread of a religion of social duty, and not in social wars, proscriptions, and confiscations. All of these are examples of a New Era being founded by a return to, or the development of, old and living forces, which have been thrust aside or misunderstood, under the spur of ambition, arrogance, and vanity.

This is the meaning of the underlying maxim of Positive Philosophy—*Progress is the development of Order*. That is to say, our true hopes for the Future lie, not in destroying the institutions and products of the Past, but in cultivating them to their normal issue and purpose. There is nothing new in Positivism, except in making new use of our old resources. On the other hand, there is nothing in Positivism absolutely old, in the sense of returning to anything in the Past as it used to be. We can neither stand still, nor can we go back. We must go forward. We can recall nothing, no more than the old man can recall his youth, or the youth his childhood. We must change everything. But we can create, invent, originate, in an absolute sense, nothing. Whatever pretends to be absolutely new, without parentage or preparation, is a manifest imposture. Everything must be *developed*—i.e., evolved by normal growth out of the conditions and germs of the Past. There are infinite meanings and inexhaustible applications in the maxim: *Progress is the development of order*.

Thus, with all its daring ideal of a New Era in every sphere of human life, Positivism is, in the true and noble sense of that term, profoundly conservative. It traces the growth of the great institutions of Humanity back for

thousands

of years to the very dawn of civilized society, and it finds them all and everywhere living forces, working for human good: the Family, Marriage, the Domestic education, Political Government, Nations, the appropriation of capital, the differentiation of social functions, the influence of a spiritual authority, the transmission of ideas, of materials, of memories, the diverse offices of the sexes, the tendency to continual differentiation, along with a collateral tendency to union and organization by common beliefs and veneration. Our Positive Religion finds these institutions, habits, and tendencies, with a history of a hundred centuries, ever more and more definitely marked, and it aims at developing these diversities to their normal issue—not at assimilation and uniformity. It seeks to purify and spiritualize the great social institutions—not to materialize them or annihilate them.

In nothing is this character more conspicuous than in Comte's teaching as to the social Future of Woman. It is intensely conservative as to the distinctive quality with which civilization has ever invested women, while it is ardently progressive in its aim to purify and spiritualize the social function of women. It holds firmly the middle ground between the base apathy which is satisfied with the actual condition of woman as it is, and the restless materialism which would assimilate, as far as possible, the distinctive functions of women to those of men, which would "equalize the sexes" in the spirit of justice, as they phrase it, and would pulverize the social groups of families, sexes, and professions into individuals organized, if at all, by unlimited resort to the ballot-box. Herein Positivism is truly conservative in holding society to be made up of *families*, not of individuals, and in developing, not in annihilating, the differences of sex, age, and relation between individuals.

But first, let us get rid of the unworthy suspicion that Positivism is content with the condition of women as we see it, even in the advanced populations of the West to-day. As M. Laffitte has so well put it, the "test of civilization is the place which it affords to women." In a rudimentary state we find women treated with brutal oppression, little better than slaves or beasts of burden, where the conditions of existence make such tasks almost a cruel

necessity for all. In many societies of a high civilization, from the point of view of intellectual activity or military organization, the condition of women is often found to be one of seclusion, neglect, or humiliation, moral, physical, and intellectual. Even to-day, under the most favorable conditions—conditions, perhaps, more often found in some sections of the laboring classes of cities rather than among the spoiled daughters of wealth and power—it is shocking to see how backward is the education of women as a sex, how much their lives are overburdened by labor, anxiety, and unwomanly fatigues, by frivolous excitement and undue domestic responsibility, by the fever of public ambitions and cynical defiance of all womanly ideals.

No! we can never rest satisfied with the current prejudice that assigns to woman, even to those with ample leisure and resources, an education different in kind and degree and avowedly inferior to that of men, which supposes that even a superior education for girls should be limited to a moderate knowledge of a few modern languages, and a few elegant accomplishments. This truly Mohammedan or Hindoo view of woman's education is no longer openly avowed by cultured people of our own generation. But it is too obviously still the practice in fact throughout the whole Western world, even for nine tenths of the rich. And as to the education which is officially provided for the poor, it is in this country, at least, almost too slight to deserve the name at all. For this most dreadful neglect Positivism calls aloud for radical relief. It calls aloud for an education for women in the same line as that of men, to be given by the same teachers, and covering the same ground, though not at all necessarily to be worked out in common or in the same form and with the same practical detail. It must be an education, essentially in scientific basis, the same as that of men, conducted by the same, and those the best attainable, instructors—an education certainly not inferior, rather superior to that of men, inasmuch as it can easily be freed from the drudgery incidental to the practice of special trades, and also because it is adapted to the more sympathetic, more alert, more tractable, more imaginative intelligence of women.

So, also, we look to the good feeling of

resist the wear and tear of anxiety on the body, in which women certainly at present much surpass men. But there is one feature in the feminine organization which, for industrial and political purposes, is more important than all. It is subject to functional interruption absolutely incompatible with the highest forms of continuous pressure. With mothers, this interruption amounts to seasons of prostration during many of the best years of life: with all women (but a small exception not worth considering) it involves some interruption to the maximum working capacity. A normal, perfectly healthy man works from childhood to old age, marries and brings up a family of children, without knowing one hour of any one day when he was not "quite fit." No woman could say the same; and of course no mother could deny that, for months she had been a simple invalid. Now, for all the really severe strains of industrial, professional, and public careers, the first condition of success is the power to endure long continuous pressure at the highest point, without the risk of sudden collapse, even for an hour.

Supposing all other forces equal, it is just the five per cent of periodical unfitness which makes the whole difference between the working capacity of the sexes. Imagine an army in the field or a fleet at sea, composed of women. In the course of nature, on the day of battle or in a storm, a percentage of every regiment and of every crew would be in child-bed, and a much larger percentage would be, if not in hospital, below the mark or liable to contract severe disease if subject to the strain of battle or storm. Of course it will be said that civil life is not war, and that mothers are not intended to take part. But all women may become mothers; and though industry, the professions, and politics are not war, they do, and they ought to, call forth qualities of endurance, readiness, and indomitable vigor quite as truly as war.

Either the theory of opening all occupations to women means opening them to an unsexed minority of women, or it means a diminution and speedy end to the human race, or it means that the severer occupations are to be carried on in a fashion far more desultory and amateurish than ever has yet been known. It is owing to a very natural shrinking from hard facts, and a

somewhat misplaced conventionality, that this fundamental point has been kept out of sight, while androgynous ignorance has gone about claiming for women a life of toil, pain, and danger, for which every husband, every biologist, every physician, every mother—every true woman—knows that women are, by the law of nature, unfit.

This is, as I said, merely a preliminary part of the question. It is decisive and fundamental, no doubt, and it lies at the root of the matter. It is a plain organic fact, that ought to be treated frankly, and which I have touched on as an incident only but with entire directness. But I feel it to be, after all, a material, and not an intellectual or spiritual ground, and to belong to the lower aspects of the question. We must notice it, for it cannot be disregarded; but it is by no means the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter is the greater power of affection in Woman, or, it is better to say, the greater degree in which the nature of Woman is stimulated and controlled by affection. It is a stigma on our generation that so obvious a commonplace should need one word to support it. Happily there is one trait in humanity which the most cynical sophistry has hardly ventured to deny—the devotion of the mother to her offspring. This is the universal and paramount aspect of the matter. For the life of every man or woman now alive, or that ever lived, has depended on the mother's love, or that of some woman who played a mother's part. It is a fact so transcendent that we are wont to call it an animal instinct. It is, however, the central and most perfect form of human feeling. It is possessed by all women: it is the dominant instinct of all women; it possesses women, whether mothers or not, from the cradle to the grave. The most degraded woman is in this superior to the most heroic man (abnormal cases apart). It is the earliest, most organic, most universal of all the innate forces of mankind. And it still remains the supreme glory of Humanity. In this central feature of human nature, Women are always and everywhere incontestably pre-eminent. And round this central feature of human nature, all human civilization is, and ought to be organized, and to perfecting it all human institutions do, and ought to converge.

registration ; we shall abolish monopolies, male tyranny, and social oppression generally.

The claim for the complete "emancipation" of women stands or falls along with these other examples of emancipation. And the answer to it is the same. The restriction, which in a few cases is needless, hard, even unjust, is of infinite social usefulness in the vast majority of cases, and "to free" the few would be to inflict permanent injury on the mass. To make marriage a mere arrangement of two persons at will would be to introduce a subtle source of misery into every home. To leave women free to go about in men's clothes and men free to adopt women's clothes, would be to introduce unimaginable coarseness, vice, and brutalization. To leave every one free to fill any public office, with or without public guarantee or professional training, would open the door to continual fraud, imposture, disputes, uncertainty, and confusion. It is to prevent all these evils that monopolies, laws, conventions, registers and other restrictions on personal license exist. And the first and most fundamental of all these restrictions are those which distinguish the life of women from that of men.

Not very many reformers consciously intend the "emancipation" of women to go as far as this. There is a great deal of playing with the question, more or less honest, more or less serious, as there is much playing with Socialism, Agnosticism, and so forth, by people who perhaps, in their hearts, merely wish to see women more active and better taught, or some of the worst hardships of workmen redressed, or the dogmas of Orthodoxy somewhat relaxed. But when a great social institution is seriously threatened we must deal with the real revolutionists who have a consistent aim and mean what they say. And the real revolutionists aim at the total "emancipation" of women, and by this they mean that law, custom, convention, and public opinion shall leave every adult woman free to do whatever any adult man is free to do, and without let or reproach, to live in any way, adopt any habit, follow any pursuit, and undertake any duty, public or private, which is open to or reserved to men.

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worse than to return to slavery and Polytheism. If only a small minority of women availed themselves of their "freedom," the beauty of womanliness would be darkened in every home. Just as if but a few married people accepted the legalized liberty of parting by consent, every husband and every wife would feel their married life sensibly precarious and unsettled. There is nothing that I know of but law and convention to hinder a fair percentage of women from becoming active members of Parliament and useful ministers of the Crown, learned professors of Hebrew and anatomy, very fair priests, advocates, surgeons, nay, tailors, joiners, cab-drivers, or soldiers, if they gave their minds to it. The shouting which takes place when a woman passes a good examination, makes a clever speech, manages well an institution, or climbs up a mountain, or makes a perilous journey of discovery, always struck me as very foolish and most inconsistent. I have so high an opinion of the brains and energy, the courage and resource of women, that I should be indeed surprised if a fair percentage of women could not achieve all in these lines which is expected of the average man. My estimate of women's powers is so real and so great that, if all occupations were entirely open to women, I believe that a great many women would distinguish themselves in all but the highest range, and that, in a corrupted state of public opinion, a very large number of women would waste their lives in struggling after distinction.

Would waste their lives, I say. For they would be striving, with pain and toil and the sacrifice of all true womanly joys, to obtain a lower prize for which they are not best fitted, in lieu of a loftier prize for which they are pre-eminently fit. A lower prize, although possibly one richer in money, in fame, or in power, but essentially a coarser and more material aim. And in an age like this there is too much reason to fear that ambition, and the thirst for gain and supremacy, would tempt into the unnatural competition many a fine and womanly nature. Our daughters would be continually longing to see their names in newspapers, to display the cheap glories of academic or professional honors, to contemplate their bankers' passbooks in private, and to advertise in public their athletic record.

Let us teach them that this specious

death a certain quality has disappeared from what is still styled, by common consent, "l'œuvre des de Goncourt," a vigor and picturesque force of expression, and above all the exquisite prose poetry of description noticeable in such works as "Renée Maupévin," and in "Marie Antoinette," which is perhaps at once the most ideal and real presentment of Louis XVI.'s queen ever evolved in modern days, and which will certainly remain the most remarkable volume in the two writers' elaborate reconstruction of the 18th century.

"Cœlio était la bonne partie de moi-même," says De Musset's Octave in "Les Caprices de Marianne." "Elle est remontée au ciel avec lui," and he adds, "Je ne sais point aimer, Cœlio seul le savait," and so might speak with truth Edmond de Goncourt of his brother and himself.

Be that as it may, Jules had a strange power of drawing affection to himself; all rejoiced in his coming, and sorrowed when he went, from the old family servants, who exclaimed, "Nous allons rire ce soir, Monsieur Jules vient dîner," to the children, who found in him such a delightful playmate, and to whom we owe one of the most charming letters recorded in the child-correspondence of the world. The two brothers had a tender friendship for four little girls, daughters of their friend Camille Maveille, who lived near Chartres, in a house full of roses and eighteenth-century pictures; and these small people wrote a letter in common, a sort of joint Round Robin, in paragraphs divided by a touching refrain, as follows:—

"Ah, Monsieur Jules! Ah, Monsieur Jules! How sad we are, how sad we are! Juliette is sad, Margaret is sad, Naco is sad; so is my aunt, so is Clementine, Mirga and Nounou. It is the saddest of sadness! Ah, Monsieur Jules!"

"No more hide and seek, no more blindman's buff, no walks, no doll's baptisms, neither sweetmeats, nor tarts à vingt et un." (!)

"One curé comes to call; two curés come to call; three curés come to call. Ah, Monsieur Jules!"

"We are working all day; we listen for you in vain, and while we prick up one ear, four ears, six ears, eight ears, the inkstand falls to the ground, the copy-

book tumbles on to the inkstand, and tears drop from our eyes. Ah, Monsieur Jules!"

"Our roast veal is without charm and lacks mushrooms! We don't sleep, we kick, we fall out of bed, and we dream dictation. Ah, Monsieur Jules!"

And so on through a whimsical and untranslatable letter.

And yet one cannot help wondering whether, after all, in spite of the many friendships and good things brought them by their talent and way of life, the younger at least of the De Goncourts would not have been happier leading the regular quiet existence of the average Frenchman. The following letter addressed to one of his early friends, Louis Parry, gives a curious insight into the mind of one destined afterward to play such a rôle in modern French literature.

"I am sincerely grateful for your advice upon the necessity of taking up a career. I will only say that your exhortations, conjointly with those of my Uncle Jules de Courmont, come a little too late. My resolution is quite fixed and nothing will make me change it, neither sermons nor counsels, not even yours, who have for me so great a friendship. . . . I know that I thus run the gauntlet of continuous moral remonstrances from members of my family who are willing to assume the responsibility of my happiness by shutting me up in one of those cupboards devoted to the reckoning up of figures and the copying of letters, which are the conventional resource of all the young men of my social position. But what will you have? I am without ambition. I am a monster, but so it is. The most splendid and best paid place in the world I would not accept, if offered. So far as I am concerned, I consider that those public employments which are so sought after and so overburdened with applicants, are not worth stooping one's spine to obtain. This is my opinion, and as the matter concerns myself, I have a right to hold to it.

"Oh! I know well how you will reply: 'But all the world does something.' My family will say the same thing: 'Look at all the rest.' But is this a really serious argument? It is exactly as if one tried to dress everybody, little or big, crooked or straightly made, in clothes cut the same size. So-and-so adores adding up; his soul expands before columns of figures; he is happy warming himself at a stove; he reads nothing but newspapers, and all pictures are for him just so many signboards. His family say to him 'go in and work without pay.' Another has literary tastes, loves painting and all the arts; adding up numbers give him cramp in the stomach, he never when at college could cut any figure in arithmetic; never mind, his family say to him also, 'Go and be a fifth

pig-tailed perukes. These personages, however, not sufficing to gain the required income, he took to engraving.

In 1830 he is described by Gautier as having been a charming young man with curly hair, and "as particular as an Englishman" about his dress, for he was beginning to earn enough to satisfy his fantasies of costume; and in 1832 he was in full swing, and published his "*Physiognomies de la Population de Paris*;" the people, the soldiers, the children, the fishwives, the policemen, the *Parisiennes*, *grandes dames* and *bourgeoises*, indoor and out, in curl-papers and in ball dresses, yawning, laughing, asleep, awake, the *bourgeois gentilshommes*, and the *gentilshommes bourgeois*, the vagabonds making oratorical poses in the police court, etc. Gavarni seized them all, and his fame spread far and wide.

In 1847 he came to London, where he seems to have been quite anxiously expected. At that time our social links with Paris were very close. But in England he did not get on very well; though he was most intelligently interested in London. He snubbed Thackeray, who came full of zeal to invite him to dinner; he actually missed, without any excuse, an appointment to sketch the Queen, who in common with Prince Albert had the highest admiration for his genius; he was further—horrid thought!—said to have declared that an English lady in full dress was like a Cathedral; and finally he went off at a tangent on scientific notions, and, although the most sober of men, took what the De Goncourts whimsically call "le gin du pays," to stimulate his researches into the higher mathematics! It was high time for him to get back to France, after an absence of something like two years, during which time the Orleans monarchy had been replaced by the Republic and the Prince President. It was at the end of 1851 that the two young De Goncourts first saw Gavarni and found him deep in water-color painting and Cartesian Philosophy. He took to them with great kindness, told them of all his adventures, and initiated them into all his theories and ideals, apparently believing in nothing but mathematics, essaying in vain to wring out the answer from what he called "the facts." In fact, after the little Je

Jules de Goncourt's correspondence, his intellect took an extraordinary turn; he would discourse on scholastic philosophy, and Louis Veuillot, by no means with disapproval. It seemed to be the only train of thought on which his mind could dwell with interest, if not with belief.

He lived until November 1866, in a sad strange old age which his remaining son Pierre seemed unable to brighten; the last time he was seen by the De Goncourts he was "mathematisquant" in the middle of a heap of books. He left behind him ten thousand drawings, the manifold pieces of the *Œuvre*, by which he had delighted France for nearly half a century; but he had outlived his popularity, and was sincerely mourned by none save the two young *littérateurs* to whom he had proved so good a friend.

It was Gavarni who with Sainte-Beuve inaugurated the *dîners Magny*. Here, twice a month, a group of literary men, comprising, as time went on, all the De Goncourts' familiars, met and dined "à la bonne franquette," discussing freely one another and those outside the charmed circle, little knowing or recking that they were making future "copy," or at least furnishing materials for the most curious memoirs ever published in France, if we except some of the mediæval journals and diaries, which, after all, though equally frank, were not published during the lifetime of their authors, or at least of those mentioned in their pages with praise or blame.

Lightly posed, and yet sketched with no uncertain hand, the band of men and women who built up and "invented," to translate an expressive French idiom, what will go down as modern French literature, pass before us. Flaubert, who spent four years in writing one short novel, and that novel "*Salamambo*;" and who in the intervals of hard silent work would sit on a divan, his feet crossed Turkish fashion, confiding to all and any who would listen the plot and incidents of a study of modern Eastern life—destined never to be even begun by him—or again throwing aside the eternal cigarette, from whose curling spiral of smoke he pretended to evolve the strange fantasies which lent to his conversation such curious charm, in order to dance a grotesque *pas seul*, dubbed by its originator "*l'Idiot des Salons*," and apparently intended to be taken as a mon-

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—she is the maid-servant, a *petite Fadette* adopted by Mme. Sand. . . . After dinner Mme. Sand plays 'patience' till midnight without saying a word. . . . Well, after a day or two I could stand it no longer, and so suddenly declared that Rousseau had been the worst writer the world had known, and this produced a discussion which lasted till one o'clock in the morning."

Certainly her malicious *confrère* knew how to avenge the dull hours George Sand had made him spend in her beloved Nohant, and yet at that time ('62) the "Marquis de Villemer" was still unwritten, proving what a latent power there must have been in this quiet somnolent woman.

Through all these curious volumes, full of a painful disillusionment which intensifies as time goes on, stripping bare first both brothers and then the remaining one, of the natural affections and beliefs common to us all, one gracious and charming personality flits to and fro, ever bringing an element of brightness and cheery kindness into the lives of all those around. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, to whom constant references are made in the "Journal des Goncourt," seems to have played the part of fairy godmother to French men of letters during the Third Empire; indeed it was admittedly due to her influence that such men as Flaubert, Gautier, the De Goncourts, not to mention Sainte-Beuve, threw what influence they possessed all on the side of what was then Law and Order.

On one occasion, however, Princess Mathilde's friendship did the brothers an evil turn. "Henriette Maréchal," a strangely unequal play, but one which undoubtedly foreshadowed the modern dramatic school, and brought out, as none of their previous work had done, the rare powers of modern psychological observation possessed by the two authors, was blackballed by the Comédie Française; ostensibly on account of the subject—certainly a singularly unpleasant one—but more probably because with Emile Augier, Dumas *fils*, and Octave Feuillet, to say nothing of De Musset, the Théâtre Française was rather suffering from *embarras de richesses*, and had no desire for eccentric and startling additions to its repertoire.

Suddenly a message from the Emperor

led the Comédie to reconsider its decision, "Henriette Maréchal" was put into rehearsal, with the best actors and actresses of the day in the principal rôles, and MM. de Goncourt had nothing left but to express their gratitude to their energetic and all-powerful friend at Court. But it had gone forth in the Student's quarter that a dull ill-constructed play was going to be played at the National Theatre, in order to please a Princess: the Quartier Latin descended on the Palais Royal with whistles, rattles, and, what was more to the purpose, some fifty strong young voices determined to howl down the official play. The ringleader, a young gentleman known as *Pipe en bois*, wrote a witty epistle to the authors of the piece, which somehow got into all the anti-governmental organs, and practically obliged the Director of the Comédie Française to withdraw "Henriette Maréchal." This, after Got, Delaunay, Mme. Arnould Duplessis, etc., had five times tried in vain to make the public at least hear their play, which was spoken of with admiration and even enthusiasm by the leading critics of the day, including two such different men as Jules Janin and Gautier.

Some twenty years later the same public, grown presumably older and wiser under the beneficent influence of the Republic, applauded "Henriette Maréchal" to the echo; but only one of the two authors was present to enjoy the triumph, and receive the congratulations of friends and critics. Such are the ironies of fate; for it is recognized that Jules de Goncourt had given some of his best thought to this comedy, if it can be so styled, containing as it does the *mot profond* which sums up what the whole of modern literature from Balzac downward is always trying to express. In "Henriette Maréchal," the hero, Paul de Breville, says: "Ça finit donc l'amour, Louise?" but no answer is vouchsafed to the question.

Even before Jules's death there had been question of what one must call, for want of a better name, an Académie de Goncourt. The brothers ever retained a vivid remembrance of their own early struggles, and of those of their friends who, even more unfortunate than themselves, saw themselves absolutely obliged to "potboil," if I may be pardoned the phrase, in order to live while masterpieces slumbered in their brains. It was with

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

noons when the little Edmond came home from school, and find their way down the Boulevard Beaumarchais to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and so to certain vendors of curiosities. This was about 1836, and the three ladies are daintily described in their thin muslin gowns, and prunella shoes with curved sandals tied round the ankle, "a charming trio." "Ma tante," says M. de Goncourt, "was at that time one of the four or five persons in Paris who loved the old things of a former time; Venetian glass, sculptured ivories, inlaid furniture, Genoese velvets, Point d'Alençon and Porcelaines de Saxe. The ladies would find the dealer putting up his shutters previous to going out to dine in some tavern at Vincennes, but they would generally pick up some precious trifle that was given to Edmond to carry, who watched his own feet with careful zeal lest he should trip, while his aunt would look smilingly back with an 'Edmond, take care not to break it.'

"It is certainly these old Sundays which made the *bibeloteur* which I have been, which I am, and shall be all my life long."

These pages recall the house of Victor Hugo at Guernsey, Hauteville House, which was decorated to such an extraordinary degree with old tapestry, sculptured oak and Japanese treasures, that it seemed to detract a little from the value of the dwelling as an exponent of the life of the man. A perfect furnished house is surely the growth of years.

From a charming description of a bedroom entirely furnished with relics of the eighteenth century, of which the bed is said to have been that of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, when visiting her

father-in-law the Duc de Penthièvre, I take this account of an inlaid casket, made of foreign woods, such as they loved a century ago.

"It is the casket where my grandmother, elegant in her tastes, kept her best Indian cashmeres; for she had so many, that I remember at the time of her death my childish astonishment at hearing the dealers who came to the sale speak of it as the 'sale of the Indian lady.' At this date all that remains in the casket belonging to its original owner is a curious account book of the time of the *Dirce-toire*, at the moment of the depreciation of the paper money—the *Assignats*—during months when a turkey cost 600 francs. This account-book is in the midst of a pile of literary agreements, shares and bonds, paid bills for works of art, family papers, all the mass of serious archives belonging to the living man, mingled with the relics which he keeps of those who are no more; where my fingers touch, now my father's 'Croix d'Officier,' now my mother's wedding-ring, or a fair-haired curl of my little sister Lili, who died of cholera in 1832—died upon our knees in a compartment of a diligence, while we were in agonizing uncertainty whether to alight in one of the passing villages, or to hurry on for help to the next great town."

The great charm of the "Maison d'Artiste" consists in the little interspersed memories of family life which cling to some unbought relic of the De Goncourt family—memories in which the essentially delicate and kindly nature of the writer dignifies each reminiscence of the past, and makes every reader feel in him a friend.—*Murray's Magazine*.

THE GRINDSTONE THEORY OF THE MILKY WAY.

BY J. ELLARD GORE.

THE original conception of the "grindstone" or "disc theory" of the Milky Way, although usually attributed to Sir William Herschel, is certainly due to Thomas Wright of Durham, who first published the theory in the year 1750 in a work entitled *New Hypothesis upon the Law Mathematical*

nomena of the Visible Creation; and particularly The Via Lactea. Comprised in Nine Familiar Letters from the Author to his Friend." This work is very rare. Even the great library of the Poulkova Observatory, Russia, does not possess a copy, and it appears from the writings of Kant, Struve, and Arago that neither of them had seen an original copy of Wright's work. On the title-page of the copy be-

mense number of fields in order to "gauge" the whole visible heavens. Herschel's gauges number about 3400, so that in reality he examined only a small fraction of the celestial vault. The number of stars visible in these gauges range from 0 to 588. This latter number, large as it is for so small a field of view, would give for the whole heavens—if equally rich—a total of 489,804,000 stars, a number which, although absolutely large, must be considered as comparatively small if we consider space as infinite in extent.

Herschel's gauges were made along a great circle of the celestial sphere at right angles to the course of the Milky Way. This section was inclined at an angle of 35 degrees to the celestial Equator. It intersects the Milky Way at right angles, and passes close to the Galactic poles. On one side of the star sphere it cuts the Milky Way in the two branches in Aquila, and at the opposite side in the southern portion of Monoceros near Canis Major. Herschel found the greatest diameter of his stellar stratum to have an extension of 850 times the mean distance of stars of the first magnitude; the thickness at right angles to the diameter of the disc—or in the direction of the poles of the Milky Way—being 155 of the same units. In this hypothetical disc the sun is not quite centrally placed either in the direction of the thickness, or in that of the diameter of the disc. In the direction of the thickness he found an extension of 75 units toward Coma Berenices, or Northern Galactic pole, and 80 units toward Cetus, or the Southern pole. In the direction of the diameter the maximum extension is in the direction of Aquila, where we have distances of 497 and 420 units. Between these two branches lies a void gulf, of which the nearest point to the sun is at a distance of 220 units. In the opposite direction the extreme distance of the borders of the disc is at 352 of the same units, in that portion of the Milky Way above Canis Major.

Herschel estimates the average distance of stars of the sixth magnitude—about the limit of ordinary eyesight—to be twelve times the average distance of stars of the first magnitude. Now, with a "light ratio" of 2.512, I find that the average distance of stars of the eighth magnitude will be 30.14 units of the adopted scale, the distance of ninth mag-

nitude stars 47.76, and of tenth magnitude stars 75.72 of the same units. From this it follows that a telescope which shows stars to the tenth magnitude only should suffice to pierce through the thickness of the stellar disc in the direction of the North Galactic pole. As this is probably *not* the case, it would seem that Herschel's assumed dimensions are too small. Assuming his figures, however, let us consider how the "disc theory" agrees with observation. As the late Mr. Proctor has shown, the stars visible to the naked eye alone show a marked tendency to aggregation on the Galactic stream. My own investigations on the subject confirm the correctness of this conclusion. Now, as the average naked eye can only penetrate to a small distance in any direction of the disc, we should find the number of naked eye stars nearly the same in all directions, with of course a nebulous background. There seems, therefore, no reason why the naked eye stars should be more numerous in the direction of the Milky Way than in any other direction. It may, however, be objected to this argument that the tendency of the lucid stars to crowd on the Milky Way is not sufficiently well marked to warrant us in drawing any decided conclusion from their apparent distribution over the celestial vault. Let us, therefore, consider the observed distribution of stars to the eighth and ninth magnitudes, of which the limit in distances fall well within the thickness of the hypothetical disc. Struve found that for the hours VI. and I. of Right Ascension the ratio of stellar density is about 3 to 1 for stars to the ninth magnitude, included in a zone from 15° North Declination to 15° South Declination. Argelander's maps show that for a distance of 30° on each side of the centre line of the Galactic zone the stars to the eighth magnitude inside these limits are more numerous than those outside in the ratio of about 2 to 1. For stars of the ninth magnitude this ratio is nearly 2½ to 1.

Adopting Struve's method of counting the stars in a zone from + 15° to — 15° of Declination, I have made a careful enumeration of the stars to the eighth magnitude inclusive, as shown in Harding's charts, which are fairly complete for stars of that magnitude, at least in the selected zone. The results I have found show that the maximum number of stars

occurs in the hour XVIII. to XIX. (Milky Way), where the number contained in the zone is 611, and the minimum in hour I. to II., where the number is 275. This gives a ratio of 2.22 to 1. Another maximum occurs in hour VI. to VII. (Milky Way), where the number is 601. The average for the whole zone is about 436 stars per hour of Right Ascension; the average for the hours V. to VIII. being 543, and for the hours XVIII. to XXI., 581. We see, therefore, that the stars down to only the eighth magnitude show a strongly marked tendency to aggregation on the Milky Way stream.

These results are quite inconsistent with the "disc," or "grindstone" theory of the Milky Way. As the stars are, by this hypothesis, supposed to be uniformly distributed throughout every part of the disc, and as the limiting distances for stars of the eighth and ninth magnitudes fall well within the boundaries of the disc, there is clearly no reason why stars of these magnitudes should not be quite as numerous in the direction of the Galactic poles as in that of the Milky Way itself. We see, therefore, that the disc theory fails to represent the observed facts, and that Struve and Proctor were fully justified in their opinion that the theory is wholly untenable and should be abandoned. These views are of course strengthened by the fact that the disc theory was abandoned by Herschel himself in his later writings. In his paper of 1802 he says: "For though our sun, and all the stars we

see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced by a long inspection and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us." And in his paper of 1811 he says: "An equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely compressed clusters of stars of which my catalogues have recorded so many instances, this supposed equality of scattering must be given up." In his paper of 1817 Herschel expresses his opinion that although a large number of stars visible in the field of view of the gauging telescope would generally indicate a great extension of stars in the line of sight, these "gauges" in reality point more directly to the relative condensation of the stars in space, and show the varying richness of star distribution in different regions of the heavens. Here we have the fundamental assumption of the theory abandoned by the author himself.

The "disc theory" of the Milky Way has—like many other errors—persistently held its ground in astronomical text-books, and it certainly does seem strange that the opinions held by Herschel when, as Proctor says, "his labors were but beginning, should be adopted by future astronomers in preference to those which were the fruits of his ripened experience."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

HIS PRIVATE HONOR.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE autumn batch of recruits for the Old Regiment had just been uncartered. As usual they were said to be the worst draft that had ever come from the Depot. Mulvaney looked them over, grunted scornfully, and immediately reported himself very sick.

"Is it the regular autumn fever?" said the doctor, who knew something of Terence's ways. "Your temperature's normal."

"'Tis a hundred and thirty-seven rookies to the bad, sorr. I'm not very sick now, but I will be dead if these boys

are thrown at me in my rejuiced condition. Doctor, dear, supposin' you was in charge of three cholera camps an'—"

"Go to hospital then, you old contriver," said the doctor laughing.

Terence bundled himself into a blue bedgown,—Dinah Shadd was away attending to a major's lady, who preferred Dinah without a diploma to anybody else with a hundred—put a pipe in his teeth, and paraded the hospital balcony exhorting Ortheris to be a father to the new recruits.

"They're mostly your own sort, little

man," he said with a grin; "the top spit av Whitechapel. I'll interogue them when they're more like something they never will be,—an' that's a good honest soldier like me."

Ortheris yapped indignantly. He knew as well as Terence what the coming work meant, and he thought Terence's conduct mean. Then he strolled off to look at the new cattle, who were staring at the unfamiliar landscape with large eyes, and asking if the kites were eagles and the pariah-dogs jackals.

"Well, you are a holy set of bean-faced beggars, *you* are," he said genially to a knot in the barrack square. Then running his eye over them,—"*Fried fish an' whelks* is about your sort. Blimy if they haven't sent some pink-eyed Jews too. You chap with the greasy 'ed, which o' the Solomons was your father, Moses?"

"My name's Anderson," said a voice sullenly.

"Oh, Samuelson! All right, Samuelson! An' how many o' the likes o' you Sheenies are comin' to spoil B. Company?"

There is no scorn so complete as that of the old soldier for the new. It is right that this should be so. A recruit must learn first that he is not a man but a thing, which in time, and the mercy of heaven, may develop into a soldier of the Queen if it takes care and attends to good advice. Ortheris's tunic was open, his cap over-lopped one eye, and his hands were behind his back as he walked round, growing more contemptuous at each step. The recruits did not dare to answer, for they were new boys in a strange school, who had called themselves soldiers at the Depot in comfortable England.

"Not a single pair o' shoulders in the whole lot. I've seen some bad drafts in my time,—some bloomin' bad drafts; but this 'ere draft beats any draft I've ever known. Jock, come an' look at these squidgy, ham-shanked beggars."

Learoyd was walking across the square. He arrived slowly, circled round the knot as a whale circles round a shoal of small fry, said nothing, and went away whistling.

"Yes, you may well look sheepy," Ortheris squeaked to the boys. "It's *the* likes of you breaks the 'earts of the *likes* of us. We've got to lick you into *shape*, and never a ha'penny extry do we

get for so doin', and you ain't never grateful neither. Don't you go thinkin' it's the Colonel nor yet the company orf'cer that makes you. It's me, you Johnny Raws—you Johnnie *bloomin'* Raws!"

A company officer had come up unperceived behind Ortheris at the end of this oration. "You may be right, Ortheris," he said quietly, "but I shouldn't shout it." The recruits grinned as Ortheris saluted and collapsed.

Some days afterward I was privileged to look over the new batch, and they were everything that Ortheris had said, and more. B. Company had been devastated by forty or fifty of them; and B. Company's drill on parade was a sight to shudder at. Ortheris asked them lovingly whether they had not been sent out by mistake, and whether they had not better post themselves back to their friends. Learoyd thrashed them methodically one by one, without haste but without slovenliness; and the older soldiers took the remnants from Learoyd and went over them in their own fashion. Mulvaney stayed in hospital, and grinned from the balcony when Ortheris called him a shirker and other worse names.

"By the grace av God we'll brew men av them yet," Terence said one day. "Be vartuous an' parsevere, me son. There's the makin's av colonels in that mob if we only go deep enough—wid a belt."

"We!" Ortheris replied, dancing with rage. "I just like you and your 'we's.' 'Ere's B. Company drillin' like a drunk Militia reg'ment."

"So I've been officially acquent," was the answer from on high; "but I'm too sick this tide to make certain."

"An' you, you fat H'irishman, shiftin' an' shirkin' up there among the arrerroot an' the sago."

"An' the port wine,—you've forgot the port wine, Orth'ris; it's none so bad." Terence smacked his lips provokingly.

"And we're wore off our feet with these 'ere—kangaroos. Come out o' that, an' earn your pay. Come on down outer that, an' *do* somethin' 'stead o' grinnin' up there like a Jew monkey, you frowsey-headed Fenian."

"When I'm better av my various complaints I'll have a little private talkin' wid you. In the meanwhile,—duck!"

regularly, but borrowing to meet from the pocket of one Ouless—a connexed, man-eating, black with a permanent snarl and not lost flag. I had just ordered it, and as I moved, and by virtue of my office had supposed found it for starting, nearly, nature to the Malay at first, people, were aware a wave waited and the first point of the day, when I became aware that things were not going smoothly with the half-company. There was a great sea and much shouting and sailing and "as you were!" The two commissioned officers were clapping at the men, and I feared Ouless looked one of the others with an oath. He was in no position to do this, because he was a junior who had not yet learned to pitch his word of command in the same key twice running. Sometimes he squeaked, and sometimes he grunted, and a clear full voice with a ring in it has more to do with drill than people think. He was nervous both on parade and in mess, because he was unproven and knew it. One of his majors had said in his hearing, "Ouless has a skin or two to slough yet, and he hasn't the sense to be aware of it." That remark had stayed in Ouless's mind and caused him to think about himself in little things, which is not the best training for a young man. He tried to be cordial at mess, and became over-offensive. Then he tried to stand on his dignity, and appeared sulky and boorish. He was only hunting for the just medium and the proper note, and had found neither because he had never faced himself in a big thing. With his men he was as ill at ease as he was with his mess, and his voice betrayed him. I heard two orders and then: "Sergeant, what is that rear-rank man doing, damn him?" That was sufficiently bad. A company officer ought not to ask sergeants for information. He commands, and commands are not held by syndicates.

It was too dusty to see the drill accurately, but I could hear the excited little voice pitching from octave to octave, and the uneasy ripple of badgered or bad-tempered files running down the ranks. Ouless had come on parade as sick of his duty as were the men of theirs. The hot sun had told on everybody's temper, but most of all on the youngest man's. He had evidently lost his self-control, and not possessing the knowledge to

break off till he had recovered it again, was making bad worse by ill-temperance.

The men shifted their ground and came close under the gun, I was rising on. They were wheeling quarter-right and they did it very badly. In the distance hope of hearing Ouless swear again. He could have taught them nothing new, but they enjoyed the exhibition. Instead of swearing Ouless got his head composed, and struck out nervously at the wheeling flankman with a little Malacca riding-cane that he held in his hand for a pointer. The cane was topped with thin silver over my head, and the silver had worn through in one place, leaving a triangular flap sticking up. I had just time to see that Ouless had thrown away his commission by striking a soldier, when I heard the rip of cloth and a piece of gray shirt showed under the torn scarlet on the man's shoulder. It had been the merest nervous flick of an exasperated boy, but quite enough to forfeit his commission, since it had been dealt in anger to a volunteer and no pressed man, who could not under the rules of the service reply. The result of it, thanks to the natural depravity of things, was as though Ouless had cut the man's coat off his back. Knowing the new draft by reputation, I was fairly certain that every one of them would swear with many oaths that Ouless had actually thrashed the man. In that case Ouless would do well to pack his trunk. His career as a servant of the Queen in any capacity was ended. The wheel continued, and the men halted and dressed immediately opposite my resting-place. Ouless's face was perfectly bloodless. The flanking man was a dark red, and I could see his lips moving in wicked words. He was Ortheris! After seven years' service and three medals, he had been struck by a boy younger than himself! Further, he was my friend and a good man, a proved man, and an Englishman. The shame of the thing made me as hot as it made Ouless cold, and if Ortheris had slipped in a cartridge and cleared the account at once I should have rejoiced. The fact that Ortheris, of all men, had been struck, proved that the boy could not have known whom he was hitting; but he should have remembered that he was no longer a boy. And then I was sorry for him, and then I was angry again, and Ortheris stared in front of him and grew redder and redder.

The drill halted for a moment. No one knew why, for not three men could have seen the insult, the wheel being end-on to Ouless at the time. Then, led I conceived by the hand of Fato, Brander, the captain, crossed the drill-ground, and his eye was caught by not more than a square foot of gray shirt over a shoulder-blade that should have been covered by well-fitting tunic.

"Heavens and earth!" he said, crossing in three strides. "Do you let your men come on parade in rags, sir? What's that scare-crow doing here? Fall out that flank, man. What do you mean by— You, Ortheris! of all men. What the deuce do you mean?"

"Beg y' pardon, sir," said Ortheris. "I scratched it against the guard-gate running up to parade."

"Scratched it! Ripped it up, you mean. It's half off your back."

"It was a little tear at first, sir, but in portin' arms it got stretched, sir, an'—an' I can't look behind me. I felt it givin', sir."

"Hm!" said Brander. "I should think you did feel it give. I thought it was one of the new draft. You've a good pair of shoulders. Go on!"

He turned to go. Ouless stepped after him, very white, and said something in a low voice.

"Hey, what? What! Ortheris," the voice dropped. I saw Ortheris salute, say something, and stand at attention.

"Dismiss," said Brander curtly. The men were dismissed. "I can't make this out. You say—?" he nodded at Ouless, who said something again. Ortheris stood still, the torn flap of his tunic falling nearly to his waist-belt. He had, as Brander said, a good pair of shoulders, and prided himself on the fit of his tunic.

"Beg y' pardon, sir," I heard him say, "but I think Lieutenant Ouless has been in the sun too long. He don't quite remember things, sir. I come on p'rade with a bit of a rip, and it spread, sir, through portin' arms, as I have said, sir."

Brander looked from one face to the other and I suppose drew his own conclusions, for he told Ortheris to go with the other men who were flocking back to barracks. Then he spoke to Ouless and went away, leaving the boy in the middle of the parade-ground fumbling with his sword-knot.

He looked up, saw me lying on the gun, and came to me biting the back of his gloved forefinger, so completely thrown off his balance that he had not sense enough to keep his trouble to himself.

"I say, you saw that, I suppose?" He jerked his head back to the square, where the dust left by the departing men was settling down in white circles.

"I did," I answered, for I was not feeling polite.

"What the devil ought I to do?" He bit his finger again. "I told Brander what I had done. I hit him."

"I'm perfectly aware of that," I said, "and I don't suppose Ortheris has forgotten it already."

"Ye—es; but I'm dashed if I know what I ought to do. Exchange into another company, I suppose. I can't ask the man to exchange, I suppose. Hey?"

The suggestion showed the glimmerings of proper sense, but he should not have come to me or any one else for help. It was his own affair, and I told him so. He seemed unconvinced, and began to talk of the possibilities of being cashiered. At this point the spirit moved me, on behalf of the unavenged Ortheris, to paint him a beautiful picture of his insignificance in the scheme of creation. He had a papa and a mamma seven thousand miles away, and perhaps some friends. They would feel his disgrace, but no one else would care a penny. He would be only Lieutenant Ouless of the Old Regiment dismissed the Queen's service for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The Commander-in-Chief, who would confirm the orders of the court-martial, would not know who he was; his mess would not speak of him; he would return to Bombay, if he had money enough to go home, more alone than when he had come out. Finally,—I rounded the sketch with precision—he was only a tiny dab of red in the vast gray field of Indian Empire. He must work this out alone, and no one could help him no one cared,—(this was untrue, because I cared immensely; he had spoken truth to Brander on the spot)—when he pulled through it or did not through it. At last his face set and figure stiffened.

"Thanks, that's quite enough. I want to hear any more," he said in a grating voice, and went to his own quar-

Brander spoke to me afterward and asked me some pointed questions as to whether I had seen Oulless cut the coat off Ortheris's back. I knew that jagged strip of silver would do its work well, but I contrived to impress on Brander the completeness, the wonderful completeness of my dissociation from that drill. I began to tell him all about my dreams for the new territorial army in India, and he left me.

I could not see Ortheris for some days, but was told that when he returned to his fellows, he had told the story of the blow in vivid language. Samuelson, the Jew, then asserted that it was not good enough to live in a regiment where you were drilled off your feet and knocked about like a dog. The remark was a perfectly innocent one, and exactly tallied with Ortheris's expressed opinions. Yet Ortheris had called Samuelson an unmentionable Jew, had accused him of kicking women on the head in London, and howling under the cat, had hustled him, as a bantam hustles a barn-door cock, from one end of the barrack-room to the other; and finally had heaved every single article in Samuelson's valise and bedding-roll into the veranda and the outer dirt, kicking Samuelson every time that the bewildered creature stooped to pick anything up. My informant could not account for this inconsistency, but it seemed to me that Ortheris was working off his temper.

Mulvaney had heard the story in hospital. First his face clouded, then he spat, and then he laughed. I suggested that he had better return to active duty, but he saw it in another light, and told me that Ortheris was quite capable of looking after himself and his own affairs. "An' if I did come out," said Terence, "like as not I would be catchin' young Oulless by the scruff av his trousers an' makin' an example av him before the men. Whin Dinah came back I would be under court-martial, an' all for the sake av a little bit av a blooy that'll make an off'cer yet. What's he goin' to do, sorr, do ye know?"

"Which?" said I.

"Oulless, av course. I've no fear for the man. Begad, tho', if it had come to me—but it could not have so come—I'd ha' made him cut his wisdom-teeth on his own sword-hilt."

"I don't think he knows himself what he means to do," I said.

"I should not wonder," said Terence. "There's a dale av thinkin' before a young man whin he's done wrong an' knows ut, an' is studrin' how to put ut right. Give the word from me to our little man there, that if he had ha' told on his chapier officer I'd ha' come out to Fort Amara to kick him into the Fort ditch, an' that's a forty-fut drop."

Ortheris was not in good condition to talk to. He wandered up and down with Learoyd brooding, so far as I could see, over his lost honor, and using, as I could hear, incendiary language. Learoyd would nod and spit and smoke and nod again, and he must have been a great comfort to Ortheris—almost as great a comfort as Samuelson, whom Ortheris bullied disgracefully. If the Jew opened his mouth in the most casual remark Ortheris would plunge down it with all arms and accoutrements, while the barrack-room stared and wondered.

Oulless had retired into himself to meditate. I saw him now and again, and he avoided me because I had witnessed his shame and spoken my mind on it. He seemed dull and moody, and found his half-company anything but pleasant to drill. The men did their work and gave him very little trouble, but just when they should have been feeling their feet, and showing that they felt them by spring and swing and snap, the elasticity died out, and it was like drilling with war-game blocks. There is a beautiful little ripple in a well-made line of men exactly like the play of a perfectly-tempered sword. Oulless's half-company moved like a broomstick, and would have broken as easily.

I was speculating whether Oulless had sent money to Ortheris, which would have been bad, or had apologized to him in private, which would have been worse, or had decided to let the whole affair slide, which would have been worst of all, when orders came to me to leave the station for a while. I had not spoken directly to Ortheris, for his honor was not my honor, and he was its only guardian, and he would not say anything except bad words.

I went away, and from time to time thought a great deal of that subaltern and that private in Fort Amara, and wondered what would be the upshot of everything.

When I returned it was early spring. B. Company had been shifted from the Fort to regular duty in cantonments, the roses

barricks when he was dismissed. You should ha' seen 'is kit by the time I'd finished with it. It was all over the bloomin' Fort! Then me an' Jock went off to Mulvaney in 'orspital, five-mile walk, an' I was hoppin' mad. Ounless, 'e knowed it was court-marshal for me if I 'it 'im back—'e must ha' knowed. Well, I sez to Terence, whisperin' under the 'orspital balcony—'Terence,' sez I, 'what in 'ell am I to do?' I told 'im all about the row same as you saw. Terence 'e whistles like a bloomin' old bullfinch up there in 'orspital, an' 'e sez, 'You ain't to blame,' sez 'e. 'Strewth,' sez I, 'd'you suppose I've come 'ere five mile in the sun to take blame?' I sez, 'I want that young beggar's hide took off. I ain't a bloomin' conscript,' I sez. 'I'm a private servin' of the Queen, an' as good a man as 'e is,' I sez, 'for all 'is commission an' 'is airs an' 'is money,' sez I."

"What a fool you were," I interrupted. Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping.

"That's exactly what Terence said. I wonder you sot it the same way so pat if 'e 'asn't been talkin' to you. 'E sez to me—'You ought to have more sense,' 'e sez, 'at your time of life. What differ do it make to you,' 'e sez, 'whether 'e 'as a commission or no commission? That's none o' your affair. It's between man an' man,' 'e sez, 'if 'e 'eld a general's commission. Moreover,' 'e sez, 'you don't look 'andsome 'oppin' about on your 'ind legs like that. Take him away Jock.' Then 'e went inside, an' that's all I got outer Terence. Jock, 'e sez as slow as a march in slow time,—'Stanley,' 'e sez, 'that young beggar didn't go for to 'it you.' 'I don't give a dam whether 'e did or 'e didn't. 'It me 'e did,' I sez. 'Then you've only got to report to Brander,' sez Jock. 'What d'yer take me for?' I sez, as I was so mad I nearly 'it Jock. An' he got me by the neck an' shoved my 'ead into a bucket o' water in the cook-'ouse an' then we went back to the Fort, an' I give Samuelson a little more trouble with 'is kit. 'E sez to me, 'I haven't been strook without hittin' back.' 'Well, you're goin' to be now,' I sez, an' I give 'im one or two for 'isself, an' arxed 'im very polite to 'it back, but he didn't. I'd a killed 'im if 'e 'ad. That did me a lot o' good.

"Ounless, 'e didn't make no show for some days,—not till after you was gone: an' I was feelin' sick an' miserable, an' didn't know what I wanted, 'cept to black his little eyes good. I 'oped 'e might send me some money for my tunic. Then I'd ha' had it out with him on p'rade and took my chance. Terence was in 'orspital still, you see, an' 'e wouldn't give me no advice.

"The day after you left, Ounless come across me carrying a bucket on fatigue, an' 'e sez to me very quietly, 'Ortheris, you've got to come out shootin' with me,' 'e sez. I felt like to bunging the bucket in 'is eye, but I didn't. I got ready to go instead. Oh, 'e's a gentleman! We went out together, neither sayin' nothin' to the other till we was well out into the jung'e beyond the river with 'igh grass all round,—pretty near that place where I went off my 'ead with you. Then 'e puts his gun down an' sez very quietly: 'Ortheris, I struck you on p'rade,' 'e sez. 'Yes, sir,' sez I, 'you did.' 'I've been studying it out by myself,' 'e sez. 'Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you?' sez I to myself, 'an' a nice time you've been about it, you bun-faced little beggar.' 'Yes, sir?' sez I. 'What made you screen me?' 'e sez. 'I don't know,' I sez, an' no more I did, nor do. 'I can't ask you to exchange,' 'e sez. 'An' I don't want to exchange myself,' sez 'e. 'What's comin' now?' I thinks to myself. 'Yes, sir,' sez I. He looked round at the 'igh grass all about, an' 'e sez to himself more than to me,—'I've got to go through it alone, by myself!' 'E looked so queer for a minute that, s'elp me, I thought the little beggar was going to pray. Then he turned round again an' 'e sez, 'What do you think yourself?' 'e sez. 'I don't quite see what you mean, sir,' I sez. 'What would you like?' 'e sez. An' I thought for a minute 'e was goin' to give me money, but 'e run 'is 'and up to the top button of 'is shootin' coat an' loosed it. 'Thank you, sir,' I sez. 'I'd like that very well,' I sez, an' both our coats was off an' put down."

"Hooray!" I shouted incautiously.

"Don't make a noise on the boats," said Ounless from the shooting-gallery.

"It puts the men off."

I apologized, and Ortheris went.

"Our coats was off, an' 'e was."

IN A DIM LIGHT.

A STORY.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP).

"RIDE up straight away till you come up under Heltor Down—the round pine-tree wood a' top o' the hill to your left is Heltor Down, master—and then bear away to your right till you come to a house standing, lonely like, in a garden with high pales all round 'un, and then if you sees any one, and likes to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"And after I've inquired my way, and passed the house, what then, my man? The light is getting dim already—"

"Aye, so! Fog's thickening up," he interrupted complacently.

"Exactly! and I don't want to be fogged on Dartmoor. Tell me the shortest cut I can take to the nearest village inn?"

"Where do 'ee want to be gwain?" the excellent fellow asked, with the slow, stolid curiosity of his class.

"I *did* want to push on to Princes Town—"

"Gently does it, master," he said, leaning on his pickaxe and surveying me with lethargic derision. "I've told 'ee where to go, and how to go there—"

"You've only told me the road for a short way. Where does it lead to?"

"I'll tell 'ee again," he spoke with maddening moderation. "I'll tell 'ee again. I don't groodge a fellow-creature all the good a few words from me may do him. You ride away till you come up under Heltor Down—the round pine-tree wood a' top of the hill is Heltor Down, master—and then bear away to your right till you come to a house standing, lonely like, in a garden with high pales all round 'un, and then if you sees any one, and likes to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"Can they direct me to Princes Town?"

"Aye! sure! if they know the way themselves."

It was the close of a midsummer day, and all nature was dripping, as it is the wont of nature to do at midsummer, as well as the other seasons in Devonshire. Breathing a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for being only a wayfarer through this

damp and depressing western land, I set myself to the serious consideration of what it would be best for me to do if the information I received at the lonely house under Heltor Down annihilated my hopes of gaining the shelter of an inn, before black impenetrable darkness made the wild, pathless moors dangerous travelling-ground.

The necessity for riding slowly gave me plenty of time for reflection before I reached the lonely house, and I found my mind dwelling curiously on an episode that had occurred the previous evening at Plymouth.

I had gone to a livery-stable to which I had been recommended as a likely place at which to find a stout cob for sale at a reasonable price. My intention had been to buy a horse, to ride it over Dartmoor, and such portions of the country as were not readily accessible by train, and then sell it at some market town when the days of my holiday were ended.

In pursuance of this intention I had been standing in the livery-stable yard looking over a likely cob with the owner, when a gentlemanly-looking man in a loose dust overcoat had come up to me, and with a polite apology for having inadvertently listened to our conversation, had offered to show me a horse of his own which he said "would suit my purpose exactly." I remembered now as I rode along in the growing gloom, how curiously unlike the horse I had described as being what I wanted, was to the animal he introduced to my notice.

But though the horse he offered had not attracted my attention for more than a minute, its owner had done so. He had struck me, during the course of a walk we took together from the livery stable to the Illoe, as being rather a well-informed and versatile individual, for he had poured forth an easy and rapid stream of critical remarks upon the prevailing pictures, books, policy and philosophy of the day. His tone too was the tone of a gentleman and man of the world; but I remembered now that, though he had led me on to tell

him who and what I was, the route I had sketched out for my riding-tour, and my intention of taking all my travelling-gear with me on horseback, in a light valise strapped on my back, he had maintained perfect reticence about himself. At the time this had seemed natural, for my position and needs as a traveller had been on the surface, while he (doubtless a resident in the neighborhood) had merely obeyed an instinct of kindness in offering to serve those needs! So I had half unconsciously reasoned at the time. But now in solitude and darkness on Dartmoor, I wished I had found out more about him, or let him find out less about me.

It was a trifle, but it came back to me now vividly. On parting he had laughingly cautioned me against wearing a valuable diamond ring which he just happened to observe on my left hand, during my lonely ride. "Not that you run any risk of being robbed by any of those who are indigenous to the moor soil," he said, "but some of the high roads about here are a good deal infested by the genus tramp, fellows who have limped down from London rookeries, and who burgle and rob so cleverly that they contrive to throw the odium on local rascality, which I believe really to be innocent of all offence in that line."

These words of his recurred to me now, and I lost a few minutes in wrenching my ring off my soddened finger, and putting it away securely in one of the pockets of my little valise. Then I rode on in the dreary darkness, trying to persuade myself that I enjoyed the uncertainty and romantic discomfort of being alone on an unknown part of Dartmoor on a black night in the dripping rain.

On lifting up my head and gathering up the reins, I pushed on with renewed vigor, for there just before me was a light in a window at last. It burned with such bright encouragement that I gave a shout in response to its mute welcome, and a minute or two afterward another light appeared at an open door, and my horse coming to an abrupt pause, I found that I was close upon the high pales, of which my friend the road-mender had made mention.

By the light held at arm's-length above her head, I saw a woman standing in the doorway; a tall, stout, commonplace

woman whose appearance dispelled all the romance of the situation at a glance. She came slowly down the path and opened the wicket-gate without a word, but I obeyed her silent motion for me to enter, for I was hungry and wet through, and ready to welcome the roughest shelter and coarsest food.

"Can I stable my horse here, and may I sit by your kitchen-fire till daylight?" I asked as courteously as I could.

"How came you here?" she asked; and I told her.

She gave vent to an ungracious sound between a sigh and a grunt, and looked at me steadily, till I grew impatient and said: "Tell me at once if you mean to let me in, or to turn me from your door in this weather?"

"The weather isn't the worst thing about here. If I was you I'd push on, and not mind a drop o' rain. You're a gentleman, and our ways are not the ways of gentlefolks in this house. Our ways are rough, master—if I was you I'd push on."

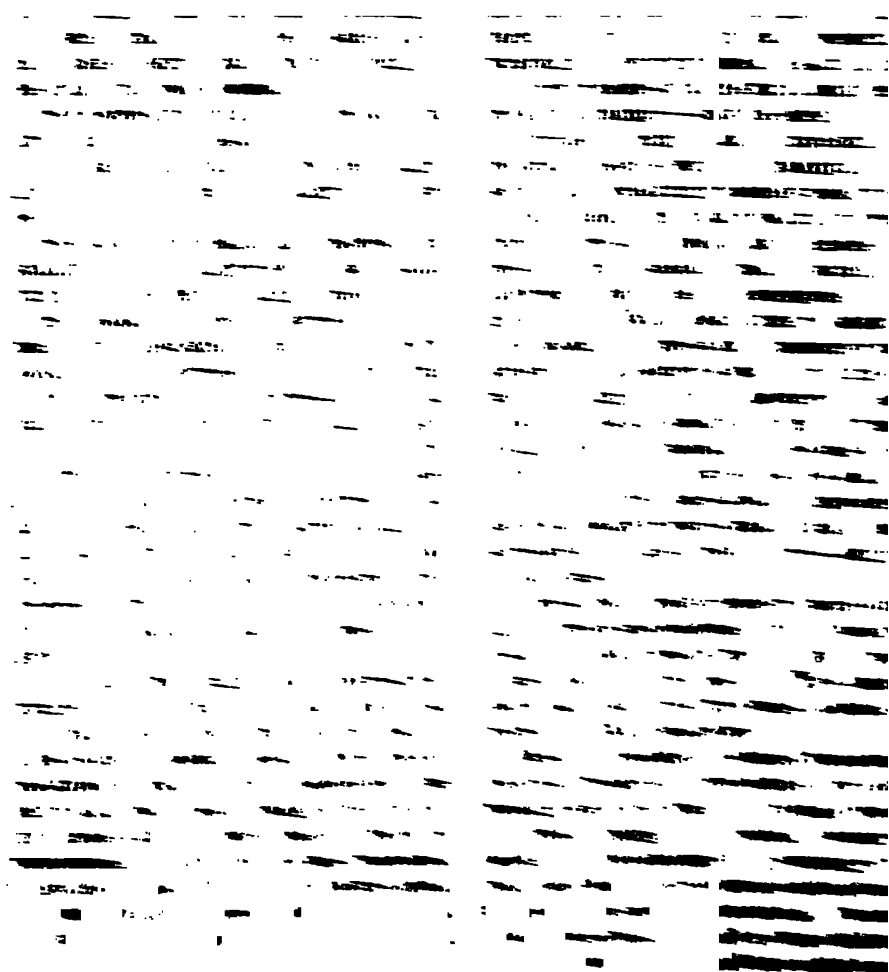
As she spoke I heard a dog bark, and a door opened and shut in haste at the back of the house, and a voice that I thought joyfully for a moment I knew, called out, "Polly, where are you?"

"It's my master back from market," the woman explained hurriedly; "he'll be wroth at seeing a stranger. Go into that shed, sir, with your horse till I've got my master up to bed, then I'll give you a seat by the fire, and such supper as I have."

She caught me by the arm, and half dragged me toward a big wood-shed, where I stood shivering, together with my shivering horse, for the next twenty minutes. At the end of that time she came back, and imposing silence on me by a motion of her hand to her lips, she whispered, "If you come along quiet now, I'll give you a bit of supper. My master's apt to come home a bit tired and teasy from market, but he's abed and asleep now, and if you're quiet you can bide by the kitchen hearth till the morning."

She dragged a bundle of hay down from a rack as she spoke, and seeing my horse fall to on this at once, I gladly followed her into the house.

It was a mean house, meanly furnished so far as I could see, but clean. The pas-



ly though unwillingly I came to the conclusion that I was locked in.

Thoroughly awakened by this discovery, I groped my way to the window, determining to make my escape through it without waiting to go through the ceremony of saying good-by to my hostess. Just as I succeeded in unbarring and opening the window, I remembered my valise which I had left on the settle when aroused. By the time I had got possession of this, a faint gray light stole in through the open window, and by its aid I made my way noiselessly to the woodshed, where I had left my horse. My horse was gone!

There was not another hut or shed within reach where they could have put him, so deeming that he had found the way to open the door, and had escaped on to the moor, I decided that the best course for me to take was to go in search of him. If I found him, and I should probably soon do so in the fast growing light, I argued, I could come back and inquire my way on to Princes Town. If I failed to find him, I must come back to seek other means of moving on, for my pedestrian powers were of the weakest. In either case it was clearly needless for me to disturb the slumbering cottagers yet awhile.

I climbed up Heltor's highest point, and got a bird's-eye view of the country round, but I could not see anything of my horse. I called aloud upon him, but as I did not know his name, and he did not know my voice, I was not greatly surprised at his not responding. Finally, after wearying myself in vain for an hour or two, I made my way back to the lonely house inside the high palings.

It was broad, bright daylight now, and the woman was moving briskly about her household duties, singing as she worked. She looked surprised, and I thought vexed, when I walked in, and told me at once that "she'd hoped I was well on to Princes Town by this time." But when I told her of my midnight disturbance and my missing horse, she looked grave and confused.

"My master and me never heard nothing in the night. To be sure, he sleeps heavy after market-days, but I'm a light sleeper, and I never heard footfall of man or beast. Mayhap the cheese lay heavy

—it do sometimes at night—and you took a nightmare for a noise?"

"Not having digested the cheese may account for the noise, as you say, but how about the horse?" I answered.

"Strayed!" she said concisely; and then I asked her if of her charity she would give me some breakfast, and ask her husband if he would drive me on to Princes Town.

"My husband's gone to his work an hour ago," she said, again favoring me with one of those earnest glances which had commanded my attention on the previous night.

"And what is his work?" I asked frivolously, for in reality I had no keen desire to gain information concerning the vocation of this unknown gentleman.

"It's hard enough," she muttered, turning away to spread the table-cloth.

"Takes him much from home does, it?" I said cheerfully, for I thought that her sullen demeanor denoted wifely discontent at her lord's absence, and this reminded me of how rapturously my own dear little wife at home in Bloomsbury would welcome me back to the safety of my west-central home, after these wild experiences on Dartmoor.

"If you stayed here to see him before he went out you could have asked him that yourself, master," she said curtly but not uncivilly, and I took the speech and manner as indications of her desire to give all her attention to her household labors.

I ate my breakfast—which meal was a duplicate of my supper minus the cheese—in silence, and then rose to go.

"You can't lend me a horse and cart, or drive me on to Princes Town or any part of the way, I suppose?" I said, as I opened my valise to find a suitable coin to offer her in payment for the shelter and food she had given.

"I can't, master." She spoke impatiently, and was opening the door with the evident intention of speeding the parting guest, when I cried out:

"My purse is gone! I've been robbed of a ring. What's the meaning of this?" I added the last words in undisguised rage and dismay, as I found that not only my purse but my diamond ring was gone.

"Don't ask me the meaning of it," she said, dauntlessly advancing toward me. "How do I know that you had

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and we went on our respective ways, for I had decided not to go back to Princes Town, but to make my way to a nearer railway-station, at which by leaving my horse in pawn, I might raise funds to carry me back to town.

As I rode along, "Dick's" resemblance to some one I had seen very lately haunted me, but it was not till I had been some hours in the train that I grasped the fleeting fancy, and held it tightly till my memory verified it.

"Dick" and my stupid informant the "hedger" were either twins—or one!

Two years passed away, and though I had communicated my suspicions to the local police, nothing had come of their efforts to identify my men, or recover my lost property. The lonely house was lonelier than ever, I heard, by reason of being uninhabited, and no trace could be found of the gentleman who had accosted me in the livery-stable yard, of the hedger who had laid down his pickaxe in order to laboriously misdirect me, or of "Dick," the owner of the Dartmoor ponies.

I had almost forgotten my adventure, never giving a thought to it indeed, save on those occasions when my wife sadly bemoaned the loss of that fine diamond ring which she had always declared ought to have adorned her finger.

Ascot was near at hand; and dining one night with the one friend in our circle who drove a drag, and had a couple of teams of good horses, the conversation turned on the various ways in which we were going.

"Go with me, Mrs. Elliot," our host said to my wife. "I can't offer you the box-seat, for that's promised to Mrs. Frank Willoughby; but if you two will join us," he went on, looking at her, "we shall be as jolly a party as there will be on the course."

We accepted the invitation, and I idly asked, "And who is the favored Mrs. Frank Willoughby?"

"It's difficult to say, Mr. Elliot," my friend's wife chimed in. "Mrs. Frank Willoughby is the wife of Mr. Frank Willoughby, who is a very charming summer friend of ours, a *this* summer's friend I would have you understand. He's very amusing, and she's very pretty, and they have a delicious little house in Palace

Gardens Terrace, and give dear little dinners, and—that's about all I can tell you about them."

"Willoughby's an awfully clever fellow," our host took up the strain of praise enthusiastically, "a first-rate mimic—would run Corney Grain or George Grossmith hard if he went in for that kind of thing in public."

"I've heard that said of several other fellows," I remarked, "and I've generally found that I should be rather sorry for them if they did go in for that kind of thing in public."

"Oh! but Mr. Willoughby really *is* clever; quite as good as a professional," the lady of the house said eagerly. "You *should* see him flap his arms like wings, and cluck and call like a hen—"

"I think he's better as the obliging man at the picnic, who mixes the salad with champagne, and pours out a brimmer of Lucca oil for the local beauty to drink," some one else chimed in.

"Undoubtedly his best thing is the west-country peasant," our host said decidedly, "but you must meet him at dinner here one night, Mrs. Elliot, he won't have scope enough on the top of the drag."

There was a little more conversation about him, all of which went to prove that Mr. Frank Willoughby was one of those genial geniuses who are pronounced to be "decided acquisitions to every circle," and when we went home that night my wife and I congratulated ourselves and each other on the opportunity so soon to be given us of "knowing the Willoughbys."

As I mounted the drag on the Ascot day, I saw that the box-seat was occupied by a lovely young woman in a dress, the sublime simplicity of which must have cost her husband about as much as I allow my wife to dress on for the whole year. But the wearer of the dress was lovely enough to deserve anything she desired, and when I was introduced to her, and found she was Mrs. Frank Willoughby, I looked round with something like envy in my usually well-regulated married heart, for the happy man who owned her.

As my eyes travelled over three or four unknown faces and forms, they fell upon a white, well-formed strong hand, on the fourth or little finger of which sparkled!



—say, of a cook coming from market, with a heavy basket on her arm—in high, shrill tones a good-natured answer will be vouchsafed you; and when she perceives that, speaking pure Hanoverian German, you do not understand her dialect, she will go far out of her way to put you in the right direction, and will leave you with a friendly nod and smile.

Is your first impression of the Austrians lasting? It certainly is. It tallies perfectly with the view taken by a North German writer, who calls the Austrian people “faithful, unpretending, contented, guileless, pious.” Lacking the strength of manhood, they have many of the charms of childhood—its simplicity, its naturalness, its absence of self-assertion, its readiness to be pleased. Of course, they have “les défauts de leurs qualités,” which it does not take long to discover. Their chief faults are carelessness of their own and others’ interests, want of fixity of purpose, absorption in the present, an inordinate love of amusement—in a word, want of character. When these tendencies are kept in check by religious or moral feeling, you have often a very lovable specimen of humanity, and at any rate “ein ganz solider mensch” (the curious Austrian term for a virtuous man or woman); but it is needless to say what consequences ensue when such restraints are wanting. A foreign writer has said that the supreme wish of the average Austrian is to have 365 holidays in the year. It is self-evident that such a people could be no match in the long run for the steady, laborious, iron-willed Prussian. The Austrians have been called the “French of Germany.” That was a mistake. The Austrians have not the brilliant cleverness or the energy of the French, and the French are without the good-hearted simplicity that is so conspicuous in the Austrian. Then we have to consider the different races of which the Empire is composed. I was strongly impressed by the number of these races when witnessing the opening of the Austrian “Reichsrath” in 1878. Only the so-called “Cis-leithan” portion of the Empire was represented, and yet the oath was administered in German, Czech, Polish, Ruthenian, Italian, Slavonic, Serbo-Croatian and Roumanian! The spectacle was picturesque from the variety and brilliancy of the national costumes,

and interesting in making one realize very graphically the past, the present, and the possible future of the Austrian Empire. Instead of going down to the House to open Parliament, the Emperor received members of both Houses in the throne-room of the “Hofburg.” While reading his speech, he was frequently interrupted by cheers, and after its conclusion the president of the Upper House proposed a “Hoch!”—a formal “Hurrah!”

It is the broad distinction between Germans and Slavs that is most apparent to the resident in Vienna. Although they have intermarried a good deal, they do not as a rule love each other. The German despises the passionate, hot-blooded, yet servile Slav, and you hear “Er ist ja ein Böhm!” (“Why, he is a Bohemian!”) given as a sufficient explanation for many delinquencies. On the other hand, the Slav hates the German, as belonging to the dominant race which has tried to impose its language and rule on the other races of the Empire. It must be borne in mind that in the Austrian Monarchy itself, which has a population of about twenty-two and a half millions, there are only eight millions of Germans.

Germans and Slavs, however, have at least one sentiment in common. That is fierce hatred of the Jews, a hatred which is an ugly blot on their character and a perpetual danger to peace. It is easily explained. The Jews are money-lenders and usurers, and have in their grasp many Gentile debtors. They are clever, pushing, successful; by their energy and pluck they frequently outstrip the indolent Austrian in the race for life; and by their wealth they are a power that makes itself felt in a hundred ways. It may be, too, that in a country which is still half-medieval, the old, bitter spirit against Jews merely as such is not extinct. Whatsoever the causes may be, the fact is beyond dispute that there is between the Austrian Jew and the Austrian Gentile an animosity which may at any moment lead to acts of violence such as have had precedent in many a “judenhetz” (riot against Jews) even in recent times.

The relationships of the States and provinces of which the Empire is composed are not harmonious. It is clear that where the traditions and the interests of different parts of an Empire are so conflicting as is the case in Austria, concilia-

of birth and apparent abandon, and the strictest regard for the conventionalities. In this connection, we must notice a pleasing habit of deference from youth to age. We allude to the courtesy of the young girl and of the young married woman to the elder lady, sometimes accompanied by the Austrian kiss on the hand—the usual salutation of children to parents, of inferiors to superiors.

How entirely Vienna society is limited to the higher nobility appears incidentally from the fact that young girls in society are collectively called "contessen," the title given colloquially to the daughters of counts. A room is reserved for them and called "der contessen-salon." In some houses where weekly receptions are held there is a separate *salon* for young married women and another for *les mamans* (ladies who bring out daughters). The division does not stop there. Even in the "contessen-salon" there are several *côteries*; and there is something almost mysterious in the way in which the same friends gravitate toward each other on all occasions. At balls, when they have courtesied to the mistress of the house, the girls trip away, to be no more seen by their respective mothers, and they stand together in large groups like herds of deer. At the weekly receptions all through Lent, the same "contessen" seat themselves, night after night, round the same tables laden with sweetmeats, and they have a wonderful knack of keeping off outsiders. Each set of "contessen" generally has its corresponding set of gentlemen satellites. These have little chance of paying attention to an individual girl. They can only hope that the collective addresses they offer may somehow not miss the special objects. The Vienna "contesse" is, as a rule, pretty, and remarkably free from affectation. She generally marries young, and makes a good wife and mother. "Fast" ladies are almost unknown in the highest Vienna society; but, although the general tone is very good, there are some cliques of young women and girls who are not free from what the Viennese call *mauvais genre* (bad form). Smoking is a very general habit among married women, and not considered a sign of their being *émancipées*; but girls who indulge in tobacco are looked askance at. Young girls and very young married women are hedged round by restraints which English-

women would find unbearable. They neither walk alone nor drive in a "fiacre" unattended. This custom embraces respectable members of the "haute bourgeoisie" who do not act from snobbish imitation of the aristocracy. The "promeneuse" is a regular Vienna institution. As her name indicates, she is a lady whose business it is to chaperone the grown-up contesse on her daily walk. She is often French or English, and she is supposed to benefit her charge by conversing in her native tongue. The "contesse" has plenty of time for walking. She has no social duties; she does not pay visits with her mother or attend the morning receptions held by the ambassadors and other "official" ladies; nor does she mix in other ways with the elder members of the community, for she is not invited either to dinner parties or to the *soirées* where there is no special "contessen-salon." She is supposed to be in a transition state, which is brief. If she does not marry young, she is expected to retire from the world. If she happens to have a vocation for the convent, her friends generally allow her to take the veil. If not, she often becomes a "stiftsdame" or a "chanoinesse!" and she joins a secular order, such as the "Savoyen Stift" at Vienna, a wealthy house founded by Prince Eugène of Savoy, the great general. The ladies of this order are residents, for part of the year at least, in a gloomy mansion in the "Annagasse," one of the narrow winding streets in old Vienna; and, being poor, they are glad to enjoy the material advantages connected with the institution. Certain orders do not impose the obligation of residence; but all of them confer the title of "Frau," and what is considered to be a better position than that of a maiden lady, even if she still enjoys the shelter of her father's house. She may, however, exchange the empty title for the real thing any day she likes, and meanwhile she enjoys more liberty as a sham "Frau" than is allowed even to girls no longer young. An archduchess, if there be one available, is always "abbess" of the "Maison noble des dames au château du Hradschin" at Prague, founded by Maria Theresa. The present Queen of Spain held the office for a short time, and in virtue of it took precedence of her mother the Archduchess. It is almost

intensely Roman Catholic character of Austria. As in most Catholic countries, outward and visible signs at every step remind you of the national faith. The churches, as a rule, are neither beautiful nor well-kept. We can recall only two really fine ones in Vienna: the old "Dom" or "Stephen's Kirche" (which has been called the work of a poet-architect, just as the Cologne Cathedral has been described as that of a mathematician), and the Votiv Kirche, a lovely imitation of the Milan Cathedral. The churches in country villages are generally poor whitewashed buildings with no pretence to architectural beauty. More striking to the foreigner are the numberless crosses, images, and chapels in secluded valleys, on lonely hill-tops, and on the dusty high road. The effect of a huge cross standing out in bold relief against the sky is often very fine; and the rough wooden "prie Dieu," often sheltered by a large tree, is a picturesque and suggestive feature of the landscape. The eye will sometimes be caught by an inscription, beneath the crucifix, or the saint's image. You may read, for example: "—, aged —, was struck by lightning on the — of the year —: ye who pass by pray for his soul." This simple appeal to the wayfarer to give prayerful thought to an utter stranger is a touching recognition of the fact of human brotherhood.

Processions are very general. On the 5th of June, the "Fête Dieu" comes off every year in Vienna. The Emperor, and sometimes the Empress, the whole Court, many Government officials, and the entire body of the clergy follow the Host through the streets, halting at different "stations." The curious sight carries your thought back to mediæval times. A smaller procession is held in Passion Week in the inner courts of the "Hofburg." Then, on Holy Thursday, the Emperor and Empress, aided by archdukes and arch-duchesses, perform the "Fuszwaschung" (washing of feet) on twelve poor old men and women, in imitation of our Saviour's example. Those who know Austria will see no reason to doubt that those customs will continue to be observed, for the country is intensely conservative. The gorgeous town processions are very unlike the humble country ones formed by "wall-fahrer" (pilgrims), poor men, women, and

sometimes children, on their way to some famous shrine, repeating prayers, singing a hymn or chanting a litany, and, unlike the majority in the Vienna procession, looking thoroughly in earnest.

The reader may ask how far those ceremonies are an expression of real faith in the Church and an index of the religious state of the country. That is an exceedingly difficult question. I believe, however, that the majority of the Austrian people are sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic Church. The Reformed Church, which embraces a very small minority of the people, is in a not very flourishing state.

It not unfrequently happens that people become Protestants, and are married by Protestant rite with a view to divorce should the marriage turn out badly, meanwhile returning to the Roman Church! A minister in Vienna who positively refused to accept such "converts" was looked upon as a bigot by his fellow-Protestants; but we believe his example has created a healthier public opinion on the subject. Piety and zeal, however, have not deserted the Protestant Church, which is, perhaps, seen at its best in the scattered communities of Upper Austria and of Styria, the direct offspring of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Crushed by severe persecution, Protestantism seemed well-nigh dead; but it had been kept alive by means of family tradition, or through the agency of carefully-hidden Bibles; and on the publication of Joseph II.'s Act of Toleration, in 1782, it sprang into life again. Of late years Protestant churches have been remarkably active in philanthropic work. There is quite a cluster of charitable institutions at Gallneukirchen, near Linz, partly kept up by touching gifts, in money and in kind, from a very poor peasantry. The hospital is under the care of deaconesses, some of whom have been trained at Stuttgart; and it sends out sorely needed Protestant nurses to Vienna, to Meran, and to other towns. The Home for orphans and neglected or deserted children receives "cases" from the great towns where the pressing needs of the poorer Protestants are poorly supplied. If a tourist should feel disposed to leave some token of goodwill to a kindly people, he cannot do better than send a gift to "Pfarrer L. Schwarz, Gallneukirchen,

Ober-Oestreich." The money will be well used, for the institutions are managed with the strict economy of which Germans have the secret. The growth of charitable work is observable among all creeds and classes in Austria. It is accompanied by a certain sense of the obligation of voluntary work in the service of the poor. But it must be confessed that charity often takes the unpleasant disguise of pure and simple amusement. The balls, theatrical performances, concerts, and open-air fêtes, which are the consequence of extraordinary disasters, such as floods, fires, and earthquakes, or of ordinary poverty and misfortune, are astonishingly numerous.

It is hardly possible to think of Austria without thinking of music. You seem to hear music everywhere; and whether it is the peasant's "jodel" on the Styrian Alps, or the "zither" in the wayside inn, or one of the excellent "männersingverline" in some public garden, or Strauss's famous band in the Vienna "Volksgarten" (we name these together as typically Austrian styles of music), you will detect the same excellent ear for time and tune, the same *verve*, the same variety and delicacy of expression. The lover of music will find unceasing enjoyment of the highest kind in the unrivalled musical performances in Vienna in the winter season.

The drawback of living among such a musical people is that if you happen to live under the same roof with a singer or the player of an instrument you often hear more music than you care for. Few, indeed, are the privileged mortals who live in "self-contained" houses. The large majority have to content themselves with a "flat," or with part of one. However, a paternal municipal government mercifully forbids music after eleven P.M. This reminds us of a similar regulation, that of the so-called "Sperrkreuzer." In the daytime the houses are open; and, except in the great mansions where hall-porters are kept standing at the entrance, the staircase is as public as the street. They have to be closed at ten P.M.: the gas is put out, and the *hausmeister* (house-porter) has the right of exacting ten kreuzer (about twopence) from each inmate returning after that hour. This will account to the stranger for the sudden emptying of places of public entertainment toward that hour. House-rent being very high in Vienna, the usual

run of apartments leave much to be desired in the way of accommodation for children and servants. The front rooms may be bright and pleasant; but the back ones often look on small courts. We knew a poor lady's-maid who had to sew all day by gaslight, and a footman who slept behind a fine piece of tapestry in a niche on the front staircase. Stables are sometimes built partly underground; but, if well-ventilated, they are not bad.

The want of room, especially in the dwellings of the middle classes, is perhaps one reason why people live very much outside their houses. The number of cafés is quite astonishing; and we knew of one childless young couple who kept no cook, and dined at a restaurant or at a friend's house every evening. A Viennese who is not kept forcibly at home by age, or by ill health, or by smallness of means, seldom thinks of spending an evening by his or her own fireside. That, by the way, is scarcely a suitable expression. The cheerful fire on the open hearth—so dear to English people—is very rare indeed. Instead, there are the huge china stoves, fixtures in every house, which have the advantage of keeping up an equal temperature and not needing to be constantly fed.

With perhaps a few exceptions among the very great people, the standard of comfort is not nearly so high as in England; but, even with the great, there is not that attention to detail which is carried to such a length in England. Of course, life is easier and smoother, in many ways, where people's tastes are simple. This is seen every year in the remarkable migration to the country in May or in June. In summer Vienna is well-nigh unbearable from the heat, dust, and smells; and every one who possibly can do so seeks some "Sommerfrische." Hence the deserted appearance which the beautiful Austrian capital offers to those travellers who are so unwise as to visit it in summer or in autumn. The neighborhood of Vienna, especially the small towns and villages on the "Westbahn" and "Sudbahn," abound in villas of various pretensions; and all of them, according to English ideas, are scantily furnished. There are yet more modest establishments where apartments are let. However, the simplicity we have noticed enables the Viennese to put up with many things

On the most momentous questions that can occupy the human mind, men and women bound to each other by the closest ties have not a thought in common. That unions should prove satisfactory, and marriage, in spite of drawbacks so formidable, should be regarded as the anchor of a Frenchman's career, may require elucidation.

In no other country is so high a premium set upon the married state. A prudent alliance is regarded by our neighbors as nothing short of worldly salvation. Honor, dignities, social advancement wait upon the wedding ring. Wedlock is a bribe.

Yet, as statistics show us, marriage is growing more and more unpopular in France. Marriage, to quote Mr. Hamerton, is a lifelong conversation, and, under existing circumstances, educated Frenchmen find it a trifle dull. Domestic peace certainly is often attained at the price of mutual concessions. Good manners, amiable temper, worldly interests, and the tie of children bring about a good understanding, but from the marriage day till final separation husband and wife too often remain entire strangers to each other, their standards of life and conduct, their ideals, hopes, and connections being diametrically opposed. The result of this state of things is threefold. Men of sterling worth are thrown back upon friendship, women find refuge in maternal affection, the lawless of both sexes in illicit amours. Let us take the exhilarating subject of friendship first. The intellectual and spiritual stimulus wedlock cannot bring is found here. A delightful feature of French life is the close, brotherly intimacy of men lasting from early boyhood throughout life. The "thee" and "thou" of schoolboy days are resumed after years of absence. A Frenchman will make sacrifices for his friend as alertly as an Englishman for his betrothed. One comrade may have succeeded in the race of life, the other may have failed. The fraternal bonds remain unbroken. Heart still speaks to heart as in that careless time when the pair sat side by side in the classroom. The closeness of the marriage tie among ourselves interferes with this kind of friendship. In France it frequently happens that to his friend, and his friend only, a man can freely unburden himself. From the second point of

view, namely, the intensification of maternal affection, a necessary result of the *mariage de convenance*, I have ever regarded Daudet's novel, *L'Immortel*, as the French novel of the day, as much of a "roman nécessaire" as *Madame Bovary*. No other pen has so well depicted the consequences of marriage for marriage's sake, that blind idolatry of the one child of the house, of which the product is too often a Paul Astier.

Madame Astier, to whom her husband was something less than a beast of burden, who could stint the conjugal board of bare necessities, lie, plot, and deceive, even stoop to immorality—this is hinted at—for the sake of ministering to her son's vices—Madame Astier is living flesh and blood, no less so than the atrocious Emma of Gustave Flaubert. She has something, too, in common with most French mothers. A Frenchwoman makes it her boast that as soon as a child is born to her, the wife is merged in the mother, she ceases to become *épouse*, and is only *mère*. Daudet's masterly touch—"the first thrill of real passion in Madame Astier's soul was awakened by her sense of maternity"—comes home with painful force to all who know French life intimately.*

L'Immortel is merciless: so is the maternal instinct of the Madame Astiers in France. You will even hear women belonging to good society, themselves devout Catholics, models of correct behavior, jest concerning the intrigues of their beardless sons. Mothers will welcome confidences from mere lads which to other ears sound simply appalling. Of course, neither Madame Astier nor her vile son should be taken as average specimens—sad for the future of France were it so! But how different is the view held of wifely and motherly duty on opposite sides of the Channel the following instances will show.

That English wives of officers on foreign service remain with them, as a matter of course, their children being sent home for education, is regarded by Frenchwomen with sentiments they hardly like to put into words. The child is a fetish; the husband and father holds a second place in his own house. A woman who

* Balzac's heroine, in *Le Lys de la Vallée*, describes herself as "enivrée de maternité"—intoxicated with the sense of motherhood.

considers her first duty owed to her husband appears to Frenchwomen little short of a monster.

Again, take the case of the educated Parisian lady who a few years ago deliberately shot a wretched man because he had libelled her. The offender died after suffering horrible agonies, but his assassin was allowed to go unpunished, even unblamed. As this woman was a mother, and alleged as a motive for murder affection for her child, Frenchwomen condone the deed; I have never yet found one who did not entirely approve of her conduct. On similar grounds, Ohnet's heroine, the bakeress in *Serge Panine*, is acquitted of all criminality although, as deliberately, she shoots her worthless son-in-law, dead.

As I have said before, the French child is a fetiche; fathers, husbands, and brothers mere *terre-à terre* humanity. In middle class families, whose pedigree is a generation or two removed from peasant stock only, the infant son is called "Monsieur Jean," or "Monsieur Charles," as the case may be. Even his wet-nurse is not allowed to call her charge in swaddling clothes by the endearing term of "Bébé." I have seen a household turned topsy-turvy because a baby had to dine at five instead of seven o'clock with its parents. The one maid-of-all-work was compelled to leave her work, formally lay the cloth, prepare soup, fish, beefsteak, vegetables, cheese, and dessert for a mite of two and a half! Many and many a time have I blushed for my sex on fast days and Fridays, when hard-worked heads of the house have been compelled to breakfast and dine off eggs and potatoes, while the most Catholic of Catholic mothers, under some pretext or other, was providing a choice beefsteak or ragout for the pampered gourmand of eight or nine. With us the discipline of life begins in the nursery; with our neighbors, in the *lycée*, or during the enforced military service. Is it to be wondered at that suicide increases enormously in France? A child whose whims have been systematically humored from the cradle upward, naturally brooks no restraint upon his wishes. A girl refuses him; he is disappointed in his career; he has ill-luck at cards; he straightway purchases a pistol, and there is an end of the matter. The chronicle of the daily newspapers is sufficiently appalling; statistics still more so. *In Paris one out*

*of twenty deaths of adult males is self-sought.**

Of course, other causes contribute to this mania of self-destruction. I am convinced that artificial bringing up is one of the most potent. A French child is a hothouse plant, on a sudden transplanted to a cold, out-of-door world, an exotic exposed to chilling frost.

If maternal affection, in the cases mentioned above, obscures the discernment of right from wrong, no less does conventual bringing up impede the judgment in dealing with cause and effect. As we have seen, the vast majority of Frenchwomen persistently set their faces against the first Government that has taken in hand their social and intellectual advancement. The words of Gambetta—"Let our youths and maidens be united by the understanding before they are joined by the heart"—are, indeed, now acted upon, and enormous strides are yearly made in female education. No more gifted creature lives than our sister on the other side of La Manche. Only solid instruction, a sense of moral responsibility and wider interests, are necessary to develop her rare endowments of heart and brain. Fortunately, in the first lady of France the sex is now admirably represented. The wife of the honored President of the Republic, by her public spirit, her dignified initiative, her unsparing devotion to duty, will do more for the advancement of her countrywomen than all that has yet been effected in the way of practical reform.

A thorough revision of the Civil Code is sorely needed. A Frenchwoman cannot witness a deed, act as trustee, or fulfil the office of executrix: the law still classes her with idiots and minors. Like the Roman ladies of old, she remains throughout life under male tutelage. A newly-made widow becomes a stranger in her husband's house from the moment he ceases to breathe. The second wife of any man who dies intestate, no matter how rich he possesses millions, does not count as a centime from the law. Her position is often so intolerable that doubtless prefer the *suttee*, as with it. Napoleon and his successors have been drawing up the Civil Code, but I think that the priv

* See *La Presse*, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 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dren to the State ought to satisfy, and more than satisfy feminine ambition.

In one matter, I am bound to consider, the advantage lies wholly on the side of France. The sunniest-tempered, wittiest, most inventive people of Europe, are at the same time the most severely practical. Taxation is higher in France than in England, or even Germany. Gigantic calamities have afflicted the country within our own time. The five hundred millions sterling paid to Prussia in 1871 were followed by a loss at least as large, caused by the phylloxera. Yet the solvency and the savings of the French remain phenomenal. A telling calculation has recently been made by the first statistical authority in France.* The Eiffel Tower weighs from seven to eight million kilogrammes (the kilogramme is 2 lbs. $\frac{3}{8}$ oz.). Reconstructed in silver, an Eiffel Tower would require two additional stories in order to represent the actual deposits of French people in the national savings banks.

Within the last ten years the sum of savings has doubled.† There is no race for wealth in France. Ambition, for the most part, is limited to a competency; for the sake of that competency, the golden mean invoked by Hezekiah and Horace, the dignity and ease arising from independence, unimaginable sacrifices will be made. The wholesome, agreeable, bracing aspects of thrift strike the traveler at every turn. Here France is the schoolmaster of the world.

Thrift, however, in France, like the Roman Janus, is a two-headed deity, the one aspect gracious, smiling; the other stern as that of Necessity herself. In thriftless England improvidence is petted; we may almost go so far as to say encouraged; on the other side of the Channel, poverty, regarded as the outcome of unthrift, is *pêché mortel*. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge" is a proverb of universal application in France; "The laborer is worthy of his hire" a text that seems to have escaped her teachers alto-

gether. The French task-master or task-mistress is without bowels of compassion; thrift is fostered by the hard measures meted out to the breadwinner. You will find educated women in Paris working as bookkeepers from twelve to fifteen hours a day, Sundays as well as week days, their only holiday being half a day once a month. I have known a chambermaid in a hotel who during three years had never had a whole day to herself. Domestic service is too frequently a condition which no Tilly S'owboy in England would accept. In Paris, for instance, locked out of her mistress's doors at night, her attic adjoining that of shop assistants or fellow servants of the other sex, an inexperienced country girl has but one lot before her, that of becoming *fille mère*, her own offspring being put out to nurse and to die, while she herself in smart hood and flying ribbons gives suck to rich women's babies in the Parc Monceau.

Much I might say, did space permit, concerning many points on which the advantage is wholly on the side of France. In artistic taste, for instance, the French workman is immeasurably superior to the English, his love of the beautiful being cultivated by the opening of museums on Sunday, by the abundant statuary adorning the towns, and by the sight of noble cathedrals and cities obtained during the three years' military service. Much also might be written on the utter absence of snobbishness characterizing large sections of French society, on the wholesome directness people are not ashamed to display about money matters and pecuniary circumstances generally. The great drawback to English enjoyment of French life is the almost universal indifference shown to the sufferings of animals. That the bull-fight should be tolerated in the French capital at the close of the nineteenth century is a moral anachronism of no hopeful augury for the future. After the lesson of the Commune, one might have supposed that brutalizing spectacles would be sternly forbidden, if only on grounds of expediency.

Let us now consider a point on which I differ widely from Mr. Hamerton. The author of *French and English* seems to think that politeness and civility are all we must expect in the way of Anglo-French intercourse. Anything like cordial friendship, much less affectionate in-

* *L'Épargne en France*, par A. de Foville, Imprimerie Nationale, 1890.

† It is now two milliards and 800 million francs. But, as M. de Foville points out, a milliard is a figure not to be easily grasped by the mind, not a milliard of minutes having as yet elapsed since the Christian era!

THE CHINESE ATROCITIES.

BY R. S. GUNDRY.

AFTER a period of comparative tranquillity, during which people had begun to think our relations with the Chinese were really becoming more sympathetic, we have been startled by a series of fresh outbreaks, characterized by the old spirit of hostility. As before, missionaries have been the principal objects of attack. One mission station after another has been menaced, or ransacked, or destroyed, from Ichang to Nanking, throughout the length of the Yangtze valley. The laymen have not been treated with benevolence, for at more than one place bayonets have had to be employed to fend off the mob; but it is against missions that the original attacks have been commonly directed, and it is against missionaries that the libels by which the riots are worked up have been mainly levelled.

Unhappily, religious persecution is no new thing in China. Tolerant and easy-going up to a certain point, the Chinese admitted the propaganda under the broad interpretation of the early Jesuits, but opposed it directly it touched the one cult which has a hold upon their convictions. They might have accepted Christianity, as they accepted Buddhism, if it would have absorbed ancestral worship; but Clement's bull sounded the destruction of the edifice which Ricci and Schaal and Verbiest had built up; the very claim of the Pope to interfere angering them not less, probably, than the dogma he asserted. Rome, however, kept a foothold: one of the churches that has just been burned down is said to have been ministered in by Ricci himself, and Hue showed us Christian congregations in Szechuen. But the proselytes have been subject to periodic molestation, with the sanction, at times, of the Imperial authorities, at others by merely local instigation. The treaty of Tientsin finally legalized the propaganda. The era of official persecution was then closed; but persecution has gone on all the same, under the auspices of the *litterati*; and a retrospective glance over the years that have intervened may help us to appreciate more clearly the conditions of the recent outbreak.

Events of paramount importance crowd

so quickly upon each other, nearer home, that many of us have probably forgotten the "Tientsin Massacre" of 1870, in which twenty-one foreigners, besides a good many native converts, lost their lives. It will not, however, be superfluous to recall that atrocity; for the events which led up to it have been reproduced, with variations, during the past twelvemonths; and it is useful to realize that the riot at Tientsin was not, any more than the late riot at Wuhsueh, a sudden or an isolated explosion. Four years previously it had fallen to my lot to strike a note of warning in the following terms:—*

"A proclamation has been extensively posted throughout Hunan and in the adjacent provinces, denouncing their (the missionaries') interference with established customs, and calling on all loyal subjects to rise and exterminate them. Beginning with a sweeping denunciation against foreigners generally, whose 'specific character is half man, half beast,' and who, allowed by the extreme kindness of the Emperor to trade at Canton, have penetrated into every part of the empire, . . . the writer goes on to direct the whole flood of his wrath against missionaries in the following terms:—

"Those who have come to propagate religion, enticing and deluding the ignorant masses, print and circulate depraved compositions, daring, by their deceptive extravagances, to set loose the established bonds of society, utterly regardless of all modesty. . . . Although the adherents of the religion worship only Jesus, yet, being divided into Catholic and Protestants, they are continually railing at each other. . . . Daughters in a family are not given in marriage, but retained for the disposition of the bishop, thus ignoring the matrimonial relation."

"A hundred other enormities, some with a certain foundation in fact, others existing entirely in the writer's imagination, are alleged against these teachers of a new creed; and, in conclusion, the village elders are exhorted to assemble the population,—

* Shanghai correspondence of the *Times*, November 28, 1866.

assembled, and broke into the mission premises. The graves in the enclosure were opened, and the bodies of those who were buried shown as proof of foul play. They were clearly those of Chinamen who had been cut up by the foreigners; and the mob thereupon cried out to destroy the premises, which were looted and burned. Some adjacent houses were set on fire, and an attack on the Custom House was repulsed only by the determined resistance of the Staff. The mob remained in charge for three days, and was eventually dispersed by the fortuitous arrival of three Chinese gunboats escorting a high Mandarin to his seat of government in the adjacent province.

A fortnight after Wuhu came the turn of Nanking; and so deliberate were the preparations that the officials are said to have warned the missionaries of the very date of the attack. The women and children accordingly withdrew, and were allowed to get safely away; but the American Methodist Mission premises were destroyed. Up and down the Yangtze valley, explosion now followed explosion under similar conditions. At Tanyang, not far from Chinkeang, a mob burned down the fine old French church, which had survived even the seventeenth century persecution, pillaged and burned the mission buildings, desecrated the cemetery, and offered violence to the local Mandarin when he showed a will to interfere. A few days later, the Jesuit mission at Wusieh, in the same neighborhood, was attacked and destroyed. An impending riot at Kiukiang, on the 7th of June, was nipped in the bud by the determined bearing of less than a dozen foreign residents, who formed in line, charged the mob, and drove them out of the foreign settlement; after which Chinese soldiers took charge of the approaches. Briefly, there were riots and disturbances, of more or less importance, during a period of a few weeks, at Chinkeang, Nanking, Nganking (the capital of Anhwei), Woosih, Wuhu, Tanyang, Wuchow, Yangchow, Kiukiang, Wusieh, and Ichang. Even Shanghai, with its considerable foreign population, was at one time threatened, and an attack upon the great Jesuit establishment at Sikawel, in the vicinity, apprehended. But, how tempting soever an object of plunder, Shanghai is hardly a tempting object of at : the volunteer force is

too considerable, and the prospects of opposition are too keen. The same thing, with the same result, had occurred in 1870. Prompt organization for defence averted danger, and confidence was quickly restored.

At Wusieh alone, happily, has any life been lost; but some of the tales of the Indian Mutiny scarcely exceed in dramatic interest the experiences of the actors in that tragedy. On the evening of the 5th of June, a Chinese convert entered the city gate carrying four children destined for the Roman Catholic orphanage. Conspirators appear to have seized the opportunity to collect a mob. The man was hurried off to the nearest magistrate; and, despite the efforts of the latter, who urged that the matter did not at any rate concern that establishment, rioters attacked, burned, and gutted the Wesleyan Mission. It chanced that the missionaries themselves were away on tour: only ladies and children remaining on the premises. There were, in fact, only two foreigners in Wusieh, and both were murdered while trying, like brave men, to make their way to the help of their countrywomen. Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Boden may best tell the tale* of their own experiences.—

"The mob broke into the front gate and attacked us with long poles. We escaped through the back door, and made our way to the main street; while we were going there Mrs. Protheroe got separated from us. Mr. Fân, our native teacher, stuck to us as long as he could. We got to the residence of the Makow sze (a small official) and got inside, but were turned out, the people striking and hurting us. We made our way a little up the street, when Mrs. Warren with Mrs. Protheroe's child in her arms was knocked down by a pole. She managed, however, to get up and pick up the child. The mob turned us back and made us go down the street; but in that direction we were hemmed. Mrs. Boden, Mrs. Warren, with the child she was carrying, and the Amah turned down a small alley, and thus got separated from Fân and Chu and from Mrs. Boden's baby. We went into a small mat-shed hut, and sat on the bed for an hour. The people in the hut put out nearly all the lights, and gave us refuge. The Amah went out to look for Mrs. Boden's baby after we had been in the hut nearly an hour. Chu's brother found us, and then he fetched his brother and native clothes for us, and took us to the Urh Fu's (prefect's) residence, where we found Mrs. Protheroe and her baby."

* China; No. 3 of 1891. Correspondence respecting Anti-Foreign Riots in China.

And here is Mrs. Protheroe's account of her experience in the interval.—

"After I was separated from Mrs. Boden a perfect stranger took me to where he said the other foreigners were, namely, to the Makow-sze, when I was refused admittance. I got in and was turned out. The mob got me back in front of our premises, which were now on fire, and told me they were going to kill me, and tried to pull the baby out of my arms. They pulled my hair and slapped my face, and asked me where the men (the missionaries) were. I told them at Hankow and Ki-chiao. One man said, 'Don't kill her;' the others said, 'If we don't kill her we will beat her.' Then they dragged me through the street. A soldier in plain clothes, under pretence of robbing me of my ring, got me gradually to the Fu's Yamên. I was a long time before I was let in. While waiting I was being beaten; but the man who had dragged me through the street to the Yamên then told the mob to desist from beating me. Fân, meanwhile, was being badly beaten, and somehow lost the baby, which the Amah found with a native woman, who gave it to her."

But, if one official disgraced himself by driving away the women and children from his door, another, the Lung Ping-sze, did his utmost with the means at his command to check the riot. It was he who tried to dissuade the mob from their purpose at the outset. He appealed vainly to the Prefect for help when they persisted, and was badly hurt in trying to save the lives of those who were killed. There is something pathetic in his message to the British Consul at Hankow that "he did his best, but that he is only a small Mandarin, and has but a few men; that he had urged the Prefect twice to send men to quell the riot, but the latter refused." Yet this man was removed from office; and, though he is said to have been since reinstated through the intervention of the foreign Ministers, the action cannot but create a most unfavorable impression. Still worse was the case at Ichang where Hunan braves are said to have been actual rioters, and the officials stood by powerless or unwilling to interfere.

More than enough has now been said to show the general character of the riots. The stories vary in detail; but the variation is chiefly in the behavior of the magistrates and in the violence shown by the mobs. Two questions will probably suggest themselves after a perusal of this retrospect. Can the Chinese believe the

accusations by which the excitement is wrought up? Is it true, as has been alleged, that insurrectionary motives are at the bottom of the trouble, and that political secret societies are promoting the turmoil in the hope of facilitating their own designs?

As regards the first, we must conquer a tendency, in which Englishmen are not singular, to consider everything from our present standpoint. Absurd as those charges sound to us, no foreigner in China seems to suspect that they are too outrageous for the Chinese. Dr. Daly, who is surgeon in a mission hospital at Ningpo, affirms that "it is a popular belief all over China that foreigners extract the eyes and other organs from the dead, to make medicine of." He has been himself accused of it; and "for months the belief was prevalent, over a large district, that he had extracted the liver and other organs from a patient who had died in hospital, healing up the flesh with miraculous medicine so as to leave no marks of the incision." Besides, are we ourselves so very far removed from a similar stage of folly? A glance at Mr. Lecky's chapter on magic and witchcraft will convince us that it is not so long since beliefs equally absurd ranked as religious tenets, to question which was heresy and was denounced as "infidelity," in Western Europe. Even in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, Bishop Jewell, preaching before the Queen, could seriously affirm that "witches and sorcerers within these few years are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto the death; their color fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft." To believe that people could be done to death by sticking pins into a wax figure, and that old women could ride up chimneys on broomsticks, was surely as absurd as to believe that medicine can be made of children's eyes, or that certain powders could weaken men's intellects, or that paper men were cutting off the queues of the Emperor's lieges.*

It must be remembered, too, that kidnapping children is, to the Chinese, a

* These rumors were propagated at Soochow in 1876, and drove the people wild with terror. They were attributed to a secret society called "Pah-sien-chiao," and were ascribed to a wish to create political turmoil.

populace—it is difficult to limit the results that may be worked out. “When,” writes a Chinaman,* who has come forward lately in the Shanghai press as an exponent of the opinion of his class,—“when the educated Chinese sees a mass of impenetrable darkness being thrust upon the people, with all the arrogant and aggressive pretentiousness of the missionaries on the one hand, and by the threat of gunboats on the part of foreign governments on the other, it makes him hate the foreigners with a hatred which only those can feel who see that all they hold as the highest and most sacred as belonging to them as a race and a nation—their light, their culture and their literary refinement—are in danger of being irreparably defaced and destroyed.” The more conservative resent with horror the attacks on Confucianism and the Worship of Ancestors; while the more enlightened resent being lectured on the folly of pandering to popular belief that eclipses are caused by a celestial dog eating the moon, in the same breath that they are asked to believe that the sun stood still at the bidding of Joshua. However, the hatred, like the credulity, seems to be collective rather than personal, and to be directed against the system rather than against the individual. The missionaries themselves are often respected and liked by the Chinese, officials as well as people, with whom they come into contact; and a tablet has even in recognition of their good deeds during a recent famine been set up in Shantung. Perhaps if we attempt to picture the reception that Buddhist or Mohammedan missionaries would have met with under the Commonwealth, in England, and the degree of credit that would have attached to any absurd accusations that might have been brought against them, in a society of which Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne† were representatives, we may be

able to realize, in some degree, the feeling with which European missionaries are regarded by Chinese.

Still to admit that the hatred exists is different from admitting that it is universal and ever-active; to admit that the accusations are believed is different from admitting that the people would formulate them if left alone. Flax will not burn unless fire be applied. The riots would not have occurred without instigation; and, when we come to ask whence the instigation came, there is abundant evidence of political intrigue.

In an interview with the Taotai of Hankow, shortly after the Wusueh outrage, H.B.M. Consul (Mr. Gardner) asked point-blank whether there was any truth in the reports that these riots were caused by a Secret Society whose object is not so much hostility to Europeans as hostility to the Imperial Government, which it wished to embroil with foreign powers. The Mandarins admitted that “there is a great deal of truth in it; but the actual rioters are generally local people, who are stirred up by these” agitators. Similarly, the present Chinese Minister in London, during a recent interview with Sir Philip Currie, said that “there had not for years been such an anti foreign outbreak; that he did not attribute it to any widespread feeling against foreigners, but to the machination of Secret Societies existing among the disbanded soldiery, the object of which was to stir up trouble against the Government.” The Viceroy of Nanking has lately memorialized the Throne in the same sense, and asked for increased powers to punish the culprits.

It is literally true that China is honey-combed by Secret Societies. They vary alike in their objects and their origins; but they are all viewed askance, because their organization is prone at any moment to be directed against the governing powers. A few words of explanation may perhaps afford a key to the nature of the forces at work. First and foremost in all machinations against foreigners must be noted the *literati*. It is one of the evils of the Chinese system that every educated man aspires to take a degree, but that no career except the Government service exists for him after he has taken it. We

* A letter headed “*Defensio Populi ad Populos*,” published in the *North-China Herald* of July 24, which has attracted much attention and controversy.

† Two women were hanged in Su k in 1664 for witchcraft by sentence of the Shaw-Hale, etc.

n had been bewitched.—*Lecky's History of Rationalism*, vol. i., chap. i.

find, therefore, instantly accounted for, a great army of men, saturated with prejudice and conceit engendered by the study of the native classics in which they must be proficient, embarrassed often, discontented while waiting for the office that may never come, and prone to the mischief which is ever ready to the idle hand.

The threads of the present outbreak seem to concentrate in Hunan, a great and prosperous province lying south of the Yangtze, nearly opposite the treaty port of Hankow, which is comprised within the same viceroyalty. The people of the Central Provinces, the purest descendants of the old dominant race, have the reputation of being among the bravest as well as the most bigoted in China. It is largely from this region that the soldiery were drawn who gained for the reigning dynasty the ascendancy over Taeping, Nienfei, and Mohammedan rebellions which shook it to its foundations during the decade immediately subsequent to the treaty of Tientsin. The Franco-Chinese war in Tongking followed, and it was Hunan again which supplied a great portion of the fighting men. Tseng Kwo-fan, the greatest Chinaman of his day, the father of the Marquis Tseng, was a Hunan man; his brother Tseng Kwo-chuan has just died in office as Viceroy of Nanking; Tso Tsung-tang, who conducted the campaign in the North-west, and won back Turkestan for the Emperor, was a Hunanese, as was Liu Chin-tang, his most distinguished lieutenant. But Tso is dead and the three Tsengs are dead, and tens of thousands of their soldiers have been disbanded. Some went home; some were retained as provincial garrisons at various places throughout the empire; many took to loafing and discontent; but all, or nearly all, are said to belong to a Society called "Kolao-hwuy," which is alleged to be the main-spring of the present agitation. The late Viceroy of Nanking disbursed, it is said, a large annual sum, partly in payment of superfluous troops, but indirectly as a bribe to this Society to refrain from troubling the peace. The new Viceroy, Liu Kun-yi, also is a Hunan man—the fact that he was recalled from a long retirement may show the feeling that it was necessary to put a Hunanese who could be relied on at the post;—but he accepted office on a policy of retrenchment, and declined to continue

Now, Hunan

n, is the

traditional centre of anti-missionary literature; but it is reactionary and conservative in politics as well as in religion. Its hatred of innovation extends to foreigners and all their ways, and it has signalized itself quite recently by repelling a party of workmen who were trying to set up a line of telegraph poles across the province. It was in vain they pleaded Imperial orders. Over 1,000 poles were burned before their eyes, while the wire was put into an open boat and sent adrift upon the river. It is not incredible that a certain spirit of hostility to a dynasty which is introducing these foreign appliances may be mixed up with dislike to the stranger who brings them. Even the great Tseng family, of which the Hunanese were so justly proud, is said to have been treated with some coolness when, in the person of the Marquis Tseng, it was supposed to have imbibed progressive ideas; and the first Envoy to England, Kwo Sung-tao, who also was a Hunanese, met a decidedly cool reception on his return.

But there are other elements in the problem which we have set ourselves to consider, considerations which help to explain the seeming reluctance of the Imperial Government to employ more force in repressing the disorders that have created for it such grave diplomatic embarrassment. Not in its armaments any more than in other respects is China like European nations. There were the beginnings of a standing army in England in the days of Charles II. It was not the royal troops, however, but Somerset and Devon militia, according to Mr. Blackmore, that were employed in attacking the Doones,—with the result, too, even in their case, that Somerset and Devon began shooting at one another over the heads of the common enemy. There are, in a certain sense, Imperial forces in China. There are numerous troops at Peking—who would, however, be as little likely to go South as Charles the Second's Guards were likely to be sent to Devon. Then, there is the large and comparatively well-disciplined body of men, under Li Hung-chang, who are encamped around Tientsin. But Li Hung-chang is an Anhwei man, and these troops are Anhwei men; and to send them up to array Anhwei against Anhwei is possibly to

And so wi

siderable fleet of modern warships which China has acquired is gathered in the North, and is practically under the control of Li Hung-chang; but it is manned and officered in a great measure by Fok-hienese, and it is questionable whether provincial sensitiveness might not, for both reasons, resent its presence at the Yangtze ports. For the provinces still form, in China, so many administrative units within which Governors and Governors-General are practically supreme. The army of China has been said to consist of over a million of men; but the million is made up of provincial militia, one-half of whom exist only on paper. And so with the fleet. Besides the ironclads which are kept anchored in the North, there is a so-called Southern squadron, several ships of which are at the especial disposal of the Nanking Viceroy. It was one of these which the Taotai of Shanghai dispatched, with praiseworthy promptitude, immediately on hearing from H.M. Consul-General of the riot at Wuhu. It was three of these which we have seen arrive there accidentally, in the nick of time to stop the further progress of the riot. And upon these, and upon the local militia, the Imperial Government seems disposed to rely, from sheer dread of making matters worse; though the majority of the militia are probably members of the very Society which is said to be the chief agent in the turmoil.

No two Chinese officials, probably, would agree in assessing the exact value to be attached to all those different considerations, or the precise extent to which they influence the policy of the Central Government. But it must be admitted that they form constituent elements of the problem; and it will readily be inferred that the Government finds itself in a difficult position, between the menacing attitude of Europe on one hand and apprehension of its unruly subjects on the other. Its public utterances, in the mean time, have been creditable and explicit. Early in June, at the instance of the Foreign Ministers, the Emperor's adviser persuaded him to issue the following edict:—

"The Tsung-li Yamén has memorials on the disturbances in the provinces against foreigners and requested us to order the Governors-General and Governors to take measures for their suppression. The memorialists stated that

churches in Wuhu, in the province of Anhui, were burned down by evil-disposed persons, and the churches in Tanyang (Kiangsu) and in Wusüeh (Hupeh) were successively destroyed, and it was urged that the leaders should be discovered and captured, and stringent preventive means should be taken [etc.]. That the several nations are at liberty to promulgate their religions (in China) is set forth in the treaties, and Imperial Decrees have been granted instructing the various provinces to give protection at all times. Many years have passed by, and the Chinese and foreigners have lived on friendly terms. How is it that lately churches have been burned and destroyed almost simultaneously? It is certainly strange and astounding. It is only too obvious that there must be among the evil-doers some notoriously desperate characters who secretly plan, dupe, spread rumors, and mislead the minds of the people with the expectation that an opportunity may occur for plunder. Even the peaceful and good people have been misguided by and forced to join these rogues to aid in creating more momentous results. Unless severe measures are devised to punish and suppress [these malefactors], how are the laws to be upheld, and how is the country to enjoy quiet? Let the Governors-General and Governors of Liang-kiang, Hukuang, Kiangsu, Anhui, and Hupeh at once command the civil and military officials to discover, capture, try, convict, and execute the leaders of the riots as a warning to others for the future. The religion of the Western countries simply admonishes people to become virtuous, and the native converts are Chinese subjects under the jurisdiction of the local officials. The religions and peoples ought to exist peaceably side by side. The risings [against religious orders] no doubt took origin from the discontented class, who fabricate groundless rumors and create disturbance under false pretenses. Such cunning people are to be found in every place. Let the Tartar-Generals, Governors-General and Governors proclaim and notify the people never to listen lightly to floating rumors and recklessly cause troubles. Any writers of anonymous placards manufacturing rumors to mislead the people are to be apprehended and severely punished. The local officials must at all times devise measures for the protection of the lives and properties of the merchants and missionaries of the several nations, and must not permit criminals to harass and injure them. In case their precautions are not effectual and disturbances occur, let the high authorities report the exact state of the case and have such officials as the various cases [of riot churches] in the different provinces be promptly suppressed. Governors-General, Governors, who are not to be late to delay and of difficulties. all. Respect

publication in the *Peking Gazette* were obtained with difficulty* does not detract from its intrinsic value as an utterance in favor of Christian religion and of foreign intercourse. What the Imperial Government seems unwilling to realize is that Europe requires something more than words as an earnest of its goodwill in the present crisis. Sir Halliday Macartney has told the Foreign Office,† under instruction, of course, from Peking, that the Government feel really "perplexed and somewhat disturbed by the pressure which continues to be put on them." Two men have (they plead) been executed at Wuhn, and others subjected to minor punishments. Two more have since been condemned to death at Wusüeh for participation in the riots there, and several mandarins have been degraded. "They felt, therefore, that there had been no laxity or evasion in the measures taken, and they apprehended that further executions would tend to increase rather than allay the popular excitement."

The contention is plausible, from the Chinese point of view, if it were simply a matter of counting heads and so balancing an account; but it ignores altogether the ulterior considerations which have forced themselves on the attention of European statesmen. The outbreaks have indeed been so serious and widespread, and the authorities have shown such evident incapacity to grapple with the movement, that it has ceased to be a question merely of special reparation. It is no longer a question of this or that riot only, but of a whole series of outrages, which the Imperial Government may plead difficulty in preventing, outrages which Englishmen in China, even those who do not sympathize with missionary enterprise, are persuaded the local authorities rarely use diligence to prevent. There is a conviction, as Mr. Gardner told the Taotai of Hankow, that these riots are largely due to "the remissness of the Chinese authorities in suppressing the dissemination of the abominable anti-Christian pamphlets and placards;" and, as Sir T. Sanderson told Sir H. Macartney, there is felt to be "a growing tendency among the Chinese population to think that the simplest way

of stopping any foreign movement or institution which they dislike is a resort to popular outbreak and violence, which they believe will have no unpleasant result to themselves, and will merely entail money payment of a certain pecuniary indemnity by their Government." Our relations with China betray, in fact, a painful tendency to revolve continually in the same circle. Replying to the Chinese letter from which I have quoted on a previous page, Dr. Griffith John, a missionary of long experience in the country, says that "the hatred of foreigners among the literary and official classes is not a thing of yesterday. It existed long before the first Protestant missionary set his foot on the soil of the Celestial land, and if I may judge from this [letter] it is likely to exist for ages to come. . . . Our first war with China is generally regarded as springing out of the opium trade, and waged in order to obtain 'an indemnity for the losses sustained by the surrender of the opium.' But it may be regarded in another light, namely, in its relation to the immoderate assumptions of the Peking Court, and the haughty, contemptuous and insulting bearing of the Chinese officials in their intercourse with foreigners from the beginning. . . . No great Power could possibly submit long to such insults. . . . The old pride and hatred still reign in the hearts of the officials and the *literati*. There may be exceptions; but they are few and far between. . . . I know something of the temper of the people; and I venture to predict that, should a 'missionary war' ever come to pass, it will not be a war against the people of China, but, as heretofore, a war against the Chinese Government; and that it will be induced, not by the doings of the missionary, but by the pride and folly of the governing classes." Dr. John writes, of course, from the Foreign, the Missionary, and the Protestant point of view. It would be unfair to suppose that the Chinese could say nothing in answer to his contention. Indeed, very shortly after the Tientsin massacre, they took occasion to set out their case, with a view to asking that certain restrictions might be placed upon the action of missionaries, in matters which they alleged caused irritation and danger. They began by saying that "as regards trade there is no probability of Chinese and foreigners quarrel-

* Sir J. Walsham to Lord Salisbury, June 21.

† Lord Salisbury to Sir J. Walsham, July 22, 1891.

ling, but as regards missions there is a great deal of ill-feeling ;" and it may be not amiss to note one or two of the causes they allege. One point is that of extra-territorial privilege. Either prevent missionaries residing in the interior or let them do so subject to Chinese law ! They are now allowed privileges from which merchants are debarred. Another charge is that " converts take advantage of the influence of the missionaries to injure and oppress the common people ;" and that when litigation arises " the missionaries support the latter, thus obstructing the authorities, which the people strongly object to." The case may be strongly put ; but, how much truth or exaggeration soever it may contain, it states without doubt a cause of serious irritation. Roman bishops have been accused of imitating the port and trappings of Provincial Governors. An instance is given of a Roman bishop having a seal manufactured with which to stamp his proclamations. But these are minor matters compared with the alleged tendency to look on converts, if not as naturalized Frenchmen, as entitled at any rate to a quasi-consular protection. It is easy to understand that if a convert appeals to his priest the priest's sympathies should be enlisted ; but it is equally easy to comprehend the irritation that would be caused by any attempt to express those sympathies in official ears.

Another impression, which is not mentioned in this despatch but is voiced by the Chinese exponent of the literate cause, is that missionaries constitute by their organization not only an *imperium in imperio*, but a hostile *imperium* in the sense that they are prepared to place influence and valuable information at the disposal of a foreign invader. " Tous les renseignements qui parvenaient au général . . . tant sur les ressources des provinces que nous allions traverser que sur les effectifs des troupes que nous allions rencontrer lui étaient procurés par l'intermédiaire des jésuites qui les faisaient relever par des Chinois à leur dévotion." The language is used by a writer who held an official position in the French army during the war that ended with the treaty of Tientsin ; and similar testimony has been given to the help yielded the French by missionaries and their converts during the invasion of Tongking.

Nearly all these causes of complaint, as

well as the practices which have been referred to as probably causes of misunderstanding, have reference unquestionably to the Roman system. Protestant missionaries also have their disputes ; but they are less serious and less frequent, and are connected more often with the purchase of land or buildings in regions where the local gentry oppose their presence. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholics, and especially the French, are objects of much greater dislike. But the two systems appear inextricably entangled so far as diplomacy is concerned. Neither France nor England would permit the imposition, on either, of restrictions that were not common to both. The very need, indeed, for such precautions would not improbably be denied ; but their enactment, in that case, could harm none, and Chinese Statesmen may perhaps manage to gain a hearing for their propositions when satisfaction for the recent outrages has been given.

It is possibly difficult for high Chinese officials to appreciate the feeling in favor of missionary enterprise which prevails among a large section of the English people, and more difficult still for them to reconcile the attitude of France toward clerical institutions at home with its willingness to support them in the East. But Sir Thomas Sanderson was undoubtedly right in impressing on the Chinese Minister that, " if public opinion once became alarmed and indignant in France and England, a cry for intervention might arise that might have very serious consequences." It would be useless for the Chinese to retort " that our people object to the propaganda as much as your people desire it," because religious enthusiasm declines to admit argument. We shrink in horror from the doctrine of the Koran or the sword. Europe would not tolerate, now, a campaign against the Albigenses : even the most enthusiastic would recoil from a naked proposal to impose Christianity on any heathen nation by force of arms. But a volume of public opinion which has to be reckoned with does approve of compelling China to admit and protect missionaries, how distasteful soever their presence may be to certain classes of the population. The treaty right will be upheld ; and the mistake will not, it is hoped, be made of accepting money and a few heads as adequate repa-

ration for the organized outbreaks that have been described. The conspirators who inspire the riots must be produced, the officials who fail to hinder them degraded, and pledges given of the existence of both will and power to exert a more efficacious protection over missionaries in future. The inflammatory literature must be restrained, and Mr. Gardner's suggestion that, "failing fear of war, our best means of insuring the safety of our countrymen in any Consular district is causing it to be more disagreeable for the officials to neglect than to perform the duty of protecting British subjects," may well be borne in mind. The officials' remissness need not be always and altogether ascribed to ill-will. Having attained office after a long period of waiting, and having borrowed freely to pay the fees incidental to its attainment, they are naturally anxious to retain it in order to recoup their outlay. And their best chance of retaining it is to keep order in their district. But there may be considerations more urgent than even the dissatisfaction of their superiors. If they run counter to the wishes of the *literati* and the gentry, these will certainly find means to subvert them; and the fear of such an event may occasionally terrify them into acquiescence in plots which they really disapprove. All that, however, does not concern us. The Imperial Government must manage its own people. It must support its officials in

doing their duty, and it must punish those who are primarily responsible for the flow of placards which are the cause of mischief. There is said to be a project to strike at the heart of the octopus, by insisting on the opening of Hunan. The idea is good, and might be accomplished, perhaps, by the opening of the Tungting Lake to foreign commerce. But we must be prepared, in that case, to make good our own entry. If the Government stands so far in awe of the Hunanese soldiers in the valley of the Yangtze that it dares not employ force for their repression, if it has witnessed the expulsion of its own emissaries from Hunan when the question was only about setting up a telegraph, it would probably not dare—at least at the present moment—to insist on the right of foreigners to travel and reside in the province. The appearance of a few foreign gunboats on that lake, however, which is embayed in the obnoxious province, might prove an efficacious means of bringing various people to their senses. Whether Peking Statesmen would object, in their secret hearts, to our accepting the work of coercion is a question that few would care to answer. They might resent the shock to their prestige, yet not be altogether unwilling that the Hunanese should receive a practical lesson, the odium of teaching which they themselves had not to incur. —*National Review*.

MR. HENRY JAMES.

No more considerable interest has lately attended the appearance of any play than that excited by the production in a London theatre of Mr. Henry James's dramatic version of his own novel, "The American." The reason of that interest is not far to seek. Whatever the merit and the success of our English writers of plays in general, it will not be disputed, we believe, that English literature, in the strict sense of the word, is not, as a rule, greatly enriched by their efforts; when, therefore, it was known that an eminent man of letters, a novelist of the first distinction, had turned his attention to the stage, the event, it was felt, was of an importance to arouse the most legitimate curiosity. It is not our purpose to comment here in any

way on Mr. James's work as a dramatist, which, indeed, lies chiefly in the future; but the admirable and lucid style, the command of witty and epigrammatic dialogue with which his readers are already familiar, probably justify the highest hopes of those who care greatly for the renaissance of literary excellence in the English drama. It can be no secret to any one who has studied Mr. James's writings, that he has an almost passionate appreciation of fine plays and fine acting; a hundred passages in his critical work give evidence of his close and careful study of the stage and its requirements, while the point, always to be largely insisted on in any consideration of his work as a novelist, that he is a consummate artist, should

have no less significance, it may be supposed, in the dramatic world than in that of fiction, as the term is usually understood.

In speaking of the work of Mr. Henry James, the first, the imperative thing to be said about it is that it is the work of an artist, and of one with a complete and exhaustive knowledge of his art and its resources. While no writer is more vividly modern, Mr. James is, in a sense, an artist as an ancient Greek was an artist; he represses systematically, that is to say, his own personality in view of the work on which he is engaged. By the public, and—shall we say?—by the English public in particular, this supreme quality of workmanship is one of the qualities least esteemed and least appreciated. The generous public hates the Augur's mask; it likes to peep and see the human countenance behind, to shake hands, so to speak, with the wearer, and congratulate him on having a soul like its own. Mr. James never, or by inference only, allows us the smallest peep; his reserve is impenetrable; he invariably treats his characters and his plots with the impartiality of the workman who apprehends that the truth of a thing, and not his own coloring of it, is what, before all, is needed.

We so far share the feeling, while absolutely disclaiming any share in the opinion of the public, on this point, as to find a particular pleasure in those *impressions de voyage*, those little sketches of travel collected under the various titles—"A Little Tour in France," "Portraits of Places," "Foreign Parts"—in which the writer, in the easiest, simplest, most genial manner imaginable, lets us into the secret of his personal impressions, his fine artistic discriminations, his good inns and his bad inns, his chance comrades, his satisfactions and disillusiones. It is the charm of individuality that pervades these charming pages, and which, by the happiest instinct, the author has known how to convey without a touch of obtrusive egotism or fatiguing iteration of detail. It needs indeed but a glance over a hundred dreary and futile *impressions de voyage*, to borrow again that convenient term, to understand the rare and consummate skill that goes to the composition of these little articles in which, without any uneasy self-consciousness or self-assertion, the writer

takes us into his confidence, shows us what is best worth seeing and the best way to see it, quotes his guide-book with a humorous guilelessness, and makes himself, in short, through his books, the most delightful travelling-companion in the world.

In putting forward these little volumes first, however, we are not doing Mr. James's work, and what we may imagine to be his own estimate of it, the injustice to rank them among his foremost productions. The field of literature that he has traversed is wide; both as critic and essayist he has gained particular distinction, no less than by the charming papers just mentioned. But it is as a novelist that he has found a foremost place among modern writers; it is his unique and delightful gift of fiction that, above all, claims consideration in treating of his work.

I.

Every writer of original excellence has one or more distinct lines along which his genius develops itself, and with which he becomes, as it were, identified. Mr. James, as we shall endeavor to show, has that larger outlook on the vast human comedy that distinguishes the great masters of fiction; but his earliest stories have a certain character in common that intimately connects them with what for convenience has been termed, the International novel. Mr. James, in fact, might not unreasonably claim to be the inventor of that particular form of romance; and though it would be manifestly unjust to consider him exclusively or even principally in relation to it, since much of his most masterly as well as his most delicate work does not touch on the International question—that is to say, the interfusing influences of America and Europe—at all; yet there is no doubt that it was his earlier productions, "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," and half a dozen other tales on the same line, that won for him in the first instance much of the wide reputation he enjoys. Mr. James must at some time have studied his countrymen and countrywomen with extraordinary minuteness and detachment of vision. To him might be applied what Sainte-Beuve somewhere says of La Bruyère: "En jugeant de si près les hommes et les choses de son pays, il paraît désinté-

ressé comme le serait un étranger, et déjà un homme de l'avenir." This disinterested view has, we believe, brought Mr. James into some discredit with a certain section of his compatriots; the fresh perception and keen insight he has brought to the contemplation of his country and theirs has not always pleased them. They are probably unaware of the debt of gratitude they owe him. It is more apparent to the English mind, which, contrasting its knowledge of America now with what it was some twenty or thirty years ago, perceives how largely, among other causes, Mr. James has contributed to that knowledge: how clear a light, and how favorable a light, has been thrown upon the subject by his interpretations. This is the more valuable that there can be no suspicion of the author's impartiality: that if, as is the fact, there is in the course of his stories hardly a contest between an American and a European in which the American does not show the finer of the two, it is, we are persuaded, because, given the characters and the circumstances, the American must of necessity show the finer of the two. Nothing, indeed, could be more impossible than to treat Mr. James as even remotely a partisan: nothing could be further removed from his method, from the large and even glance he turns on one character and another. When he convinces us, it is through his presentment of the truth of things, never through the expression of his personal bias. He himself tells us somewhere that it is his constant habit to tip the balance; and, if he had not told us, we might have divined it from his work. It is probably a natural quality that he has cultivated to a degree that makes it impossible for him in contemplating a subject seriously to look at it from one point only: he turns it in his hands, so to speak, as one turns a globe, considering it from every side. This habit of mind is, of course, one of the finest and most essential that a writer can bring to his work: and if it occasionally exhibits the defect of its quality in carrying disinterestedness to the verge of coldness, it has the supreme merit of leaving the reader's judgment free, of never affronting him by undue insistence on one point to the hindrance of another.

It results naturally from the perfection to which Mr. James has brought this particular method of observation, that the

men and women of his tales should have, both physically and mentally, an air of solidity and reality only occasionally attained to in the same degree: he sees them impartially, he depicts them unerringly, with an extreme delicacy and distinction; they are set in clear and open daylight, in a perspective as wide, in an atmosphere as free as those of the two continents of which he treats. His characters are types and yet individual; they belong at once to the universe and to their own epoch: they have, in short, that combination of the general and the particular that is indispensable to the complete vitality of a creature of the imagination; and they stand out in a relief that is the bolder, perhaps, that they are, as a rule, provided with little more scenery for their surrounding than is requisite to indicate the local coloring of the story. To Mr. James, we gather from his novels as a whole, life presents itself not pictorially, as a number of pictures, that is, in which human action displays itself against the vast scenic background of the world, not dramatically, as a succession of scenes culminating in a logical catastrophe (though both these points of view are necessarily included in his scheme of work), but primarily as a series of problems, moral, social, or psychological, to be worked out and solved. An involved situation, a moral dilemma, the giant and complex grasp of society in its widest sense, upon the individual—these and such as these are the problems to the tracing out and solution of which he brings an extreme fineness and subtlety, subtle and fine as the workings of the human mind hardly conscious of its own movement from point to point. It may be said at once, that in exercising his admirable gift of psychological insight and imagination, Mr. James frequently presupposes great attention on the part of his readers, and an intelligence of reception hardly less than his own intelligence of representation. He is one of the finest of analysts; but nevertheless he not seldom reaches a point where he ceases to analyze and simply suggests with a delicacy conveying the flattering assumption that the reader has keenness and imagination enough of his own to follow up the writer's suggestion. As when, a hand being shown, it may be inferred that a face stands behind it.

that Mr. James flatters his public too much. The average reader has neither brains nor imagination to follow out a suggestion; he yawns at psychology; he is apt to resent explanation and non-explanation alike. He loves a good downright legend: "This is a wood," "This is a barn-door," which he who runs may read; he loves an obvious plot, an honest mystery, a conclusion that rounds off everything. All that is a point of view already over-discussed perhaps, and for which there will doubtless be always much to be said; we only refer to it now, because while the lovers of Mr. James's stories find a charm beyond that of any other, in his method, at once delicate and powerful, it may probably always forbid his volumes the honor of the railway book-stall, or the seventy thousandth copy of the cheap edition.

In using the word "powerful," it must be understood in the wide sense in which it is applicable to Mr. James's work. There is a usual and perfectly legitimate sense in which it is employed, as expressing a certain movement of passion or energy on the writer's part, through which certain scenes stand out from the remainder of the work, and move the reader in his turn to an emotion that forever remains in his memory. Such scenes as these are rare with Mr. James; it is perhaps an excess of the artistic sense of detachment, that occasionally compels him, when we should expect him to be most emotional, to be most restrained. His power is of another kind altogether; it arises from a profound knowledge of what he is writing about, from what seems sometimes an almost exhaustive knowledge of human nature; his anatomy is perfect; every hidden bone and muscle is in its place. His surface (to change the metaphor) may be level, but it never rings hollow; its foundations are deep as those of the life of which he treats; the result is that impression of sustained power that is met with only in the great masters, that is the distinguishing mark of the great masters. Others may charm us—and claim our eternal gratitude for the charm—by their imagination, their fancy, their genius even; but somewhere or other there is a gap in the carpentry, and through the chink the light of disillusion. We . . . James, we tread solidly: . . . essent-ment of life wi . . . It is

the first in quality, it is the most essential boon a writer can give us.

We might refer in this connection, and as being among the most perfect presentations of his art, to two of Mr. James's earlier and less well known stories—"Madame de Mauves," and "Washington Square." The first of these is a story of no great length, with hardly any plot; one of those subtle problems of character and situation in which the author takes pleasure, and ended finally by an epigram, as his stories occasionally find themselves ending, after a fashion somewhat disconcerting to the reader. It is, in brief, the story of a young American girl married to a French *roué*, M. de Mauves, with whom one of her own countrymen falls passionately in love. The point of the story lies in the fashion in which this passion is treated by the husband, the lover, and Madame de Mauves herself; and one has only in reading it to consider what might be made of this apparently hackneyed theme by a superficial, a commonplace, or a vulgar writer to appreciate the delicate originality and powerful handling Mr. James has brought to its treatment. The whole story is in low relief, without a salient incident; its strength lies in the sense that the roots of the faintly-blooming flowers of the little drama reach down to the deepest springs of human action; that the underlying strata of life presupposed by the surface are familiar to the writer as the surface itself. The other story, "Washington Square," is much longer, but its *motif*, given in abstract form, is hardly more novel than that of "Madame de Mauves." The scene is chiefly laid in New York, and it is the history of a young girl, who, accredited with the prospect of inheriting a large fortune at her father's death, is pursued by a needy adventurer, with whom she falls blindly in love. The father, as in duty bound, opposes the marriage; the young girl, after many struggles, consents at last to put her lover to the test; he disappears, and the girl lives and dies an old maid. That is all the plot; but this little history, that for sustained and masterly treatment may be compared to "Eugénie Grandet" (which for the rest it does not in the least resemble), holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. It has not the special charm of Balzac's masterpieces; the heroine, Catherine, a diff-

cult character to draw, and drawn with extraordinary skill, is represented as a dull girl of limited intelligence and fixed ideas, who wins our sympathy indeed, but appeals much less to the imagination than the immortal Eugénie; as the house in Washington Square yields in romantic suggestion to that of the old and faded mansion with the broken stair that we have each of us inhabited in turn. But in historical accuracy and broad grasp of the foundations of life, there is no work with which the American novel can be so fitly mated as with that of the great French master.

II.

These are only two of various masterpieces that Mr. James has given to the world. He has written about a dozen novels, and a considerable number of short stories; and his treatment of the two forms of narrative is sufficiently distinct to demand that they should be considered somewhat apart.

It is a commonplace of literature that the short story, brought to so much perfection by the French, has never flourished in England. Half a dozen causes might be assigned for the fact; but it is probably chiefly due to the inferior sense of art as art, possessed by the English as compared with the French. The short story is above all a matter of form, of proportion; and the English sense of form, in respect of literature, is apt to be conspicuously wanting. There are exceptions, of course, and notable ones; but we speak of the rule. Mr. James, whose particular genius and method of work touches that of the French on more sides than one, is nowhere more French than in this; he satisfies our sense of form, of truth of proportion beyond any other writer in the English language that we could name. His shorter stories are of a length varying from a few pages to nine or ten chapters; but in the best of them, of whatever length, and that includes a large proportion, the form is perfect. It would be hard to find a flaw in the construction of "Daisy Miller," "The Madonna of the Future," "Four Meetings," "The Pension Beaurepas," and "Benvenuto;" or, to come down later, in "The Siege of London," "The Author of Beltraccio," "The Aspern Papers," "The Solution," and a dozen others that might

be named. These delightful stories have, of course, a hundred other claims on our admiration: wit, humor, pathos, a charming gayety, acute observation of life and character; but it is the faultless skill with which they are framed, that above all, perhaps, "places" them as consummate works of art. The short story, properly treated as such, deals with a single idea, an isolated situation—a rule from which Mr. James never swerves; but much of the singular perfection of his short stories lies in the fact that while the idea, the situation is exhibited, developed and worked out to its legitimate conclusion within the compass of the few pages, more or less, that he allows himself, it is in fact no more isolated than it is possible for any situation in real life to be: it stands with its just relation to the universe exactly indicated, bound to the common life by the million threads that unite common humanity. This is, of course, only to say that when the author sits down to write a short story, he knows his business; but that particular knowledge is so rare among us, that some insistence on it in this case may be permitted. In longer novels, his method is of necessity somewhat different. Like all the greater novelists, Mr. James is interested not merely in the telling of a story, properly so called, in the working out of a situation, the conduct of a love-affair, the development of a plot, but with the entire moving drama of life, the great human comedy, in which situations take their place as mere incidents. In "The Portrait of a Lady," in "The Bostonians," "The Princess Casamassima," "The Tragic Muse," and in a less degree "The Europeans," "The American," "The Reverberator," we feel less that the curtain has risen on a comedy of manners or of plot, than on a vast section of society, and of society considered with especial reference to some of its more modern developments. In his earlier as in some of his later work, Mr. James, as we have seen, selected the wide field of the opposing and harmonizing influences of America and Europe; in "The Bostonians," he touches the question of Women's Rights; in "The Princess Casamassima," we are with the Socialists; while his most recent book, "The Tragic Muse," sets before us the curious relations that the latest whirligig has brought out between art, and society in its conventional sense.

As a novelist, Mr. James is necessarily concerned with the manifestation of any particular phase with which he is dealing, through the experience of individuals; but it is obvious that for this a large canvas, a complex scheme is needed, in which perfection of form has in some degree to yield to the exigencies of the spectacle of the huge haphazard activities, the apparently crude fatalities of human existence. There are readers who will always prefer Mr. James's shorter stories, their delicate manipulation, their exquisite style, and perfect proportion; there are others who will find a deeper interest in the larger issues brought before them in his longer narratives. The question is not one that need trouble us; it is the privilege of an artist to affect men's minds in very various ways, and there is no danger that Mr. James's admirers will quarrel among themselves.

A novelist's presentment of life, or more justly, perhaps, his choice, his selection out of life, is one thing; the way in which he personally looks at life and appreciates it, is obviously another. A distinction has always to be sought between a writer's mental attitude and the results given to the world; and to disengage the man from the artist, the artist from the man, must not unfrequently present itself as a problem a little resembling that of Shylock's pound of flesh. With some writers, indeed, the task is sufficiently easy; it may simply be abandoned. The author puts, as it is called, his whole soul into his work; the shaping artist plays a secondary part; the result may be brilliant, charming, passionate, sentimental or the reverse; but it at least presents no particular problem; the author and his work are one. To others, again, the picturesque, the emotional, the moral or the sensational side of existence may appeal so strongly, that an irresistible impulse leads them inevitably to reveal their idiosyncrasy through their presentation of life. With a writer so impersonal as Mr. James, the case is different, the problem more complicated. He has to be considered primarily in his artistic capacity; it is his supreme distinction that he invariably includes and excludes as an artist, not as a man; and his work lends itself to negative deductions, as it were, rather than to positive ones. To speak, for instance, of his writing as

surface to state an untenable proposition; he is genial (one might rather say), he is good-humored, he is indifferent, he is at moments extraordinarily tender; it would, we believe, be impossible to find from beginning to end of his works one cruel or sarcastic word. It is only by degrees we come to a perception of the profound irony implied by that attitude of good-humored neutrality, of genial indifference. His books, on the whole, strike one as optimistic; a certain kindly view of the events and accidents of life pervades them; they deal by preference with the saner rather than with the more morbid side of humanity; but they create finally a sense of aloofness on the part of the writer that seems to imply a profound disenchantment, what we have ventured to call a profound irony lurking at the root of his conception of life, a sense of the singular sadness, futility and vanity on the whole, of the beings whom he observes and depicts as they cross and recross the stage of the world. As might be expected, this is less apparent in his earlier than in his later work; it is nowhere more apparent than in his latest novel, "The Tragic Muse." In that remarkable book, modern to a degree that makes all other novels seem for the moment old fashioned and out-of-date, by comparison, what is termed the general and the particular is carried to the last point; the central figure and the central motive, that is to say, being a woman of an artistic type common to all time, brought into contact with the newest modes and developments of culture and society. The theme is one that lends itself with particular felicity to the author's especial genius for unimpassioned observation; it is developed with the mature strength of a splendid and virile talent; but the final impression it creates is of something a little hard, perhaps, a little too irresponsible.

The impression, we must immediately add, arises in great measure from the fact that the scheme of the story does not happen to include any of those characters that Mr. James knows how to treat with a particular kindness, with a genial warmth even, springing from a larger sympathy with human nature than the most discriminating observation can supply. It is entirely characteristic of the author, that it is not, as a rule, in the delineation of his principal heroes and heroines that

discover this kindly and sympathetic note, but in that of his humbler characters. There is no commoner or cheaper device of the inferior novelist than to seize upon one or another weak or absurd side of a human being and hold it up to scorn; to pillory a character for some physical or mental defect, to paint the smaller vices with an air of being above the human race, in colors as false as the follies that are described. Mr. James not only (it need not be said) has nothing to do with vulgarities such as these, not only he never laughs at, but always with his characters; he does much more. In his treatment of the old, the poor, the humble, the disgraced by fortune, such as come into all work that embraces wide fields of human action, there is a tenderness equalled by no other writer that we can recall. We feel disposed to insist upon this quality because it is the most personal, perhaps the only personal note he allows to modify the rigor of disinterested observation. Sometimes, in fact, he dramatizes it, so to speak, by leaving the story to be narrated by an imaginary person, as where he deals with the disillusioned painter in "The Madonna of the Future;" with Mr. Ruck, the ruined American father, in "The Pension Beaurepas;" or Caroline Spencer, in "Four Meetings." Elsewhere, however, those humbler individuals who have the honor to hold (as we judge) an especial place in the author's regard, take their place among the other characters in an impersonal narrative; we need only mention Madame Grandoni, in "Roderick Hudson;" Miss Birdseye, in "The Bostonians;" the old violinist, Lady Aurora, Miss Pynsent, in "Princess Casamassima," to illustrate our meaning. And in connection with this point may be mentioned the particular power of pathos shown by Mr. James on the very rare occasions—not half a dozen perhaps in the whole course of his books—that he cares to exercise it; that pathos which, in its entire freedom from self-consciousness, from the implied invitation, "Come, let us weep, for this is a melancholy occasion," is among the rarer gifts of the novelist. Few people, we should think, could read unmoved the death of Miss Birdseye, which in simple and suggestive beauty recalls the description of the passage of Christiana across the river of death in the "Pilgrim's Progress;"

or that other chapter in "The Princess Casamassima," where the tenderly humorous enhances the pathetic, as the devoted little dress-maker comforts herself on her death-bed with the illusions of her adopted son's greatness; or again, in altogether another key, the scenes darkening to the tragic close of the same novel. These passages, of an absolute simplicity, show how far Mr. James's genius can, with his rare permission, carry him in that direction; though the very rarity of the occasions on which he indulges it, enhances perhaps its final value.

III.

This, indeed, may be said in general of what is emotional and of what is descriptive in Mr. James's novels. No one can describe better than he can; but he has apparently decided, and we think on the whole justly, that novels are not the proper vehicle for descriptions of scenery as such, and we seldom come across more than is requisite for the mere *mise en scène*. We say justly, on the whole; because while accepting the theory as true, it is possible to recall novelists who indulge in a richer decoration for their characters than Mr. James does, and with whom we find no ground for quarrel on that score. In the same way with the emotional; Mr. James for the most part avoids it, travels round it, gets at his effects without it; and considering the floods of futile words, the pages of sentiment that do duty for passion and feeling, we are again disposed to say that he is right. Nevertheless, emotion is a great weapon in the hand of a master; Mr. James, as he proves in passages here and there, wields it with as much mastery as any one; there are moments when we find ourselves wishing he would wield it a little oftener.

A novelist, however, is obviously what the grace of heaven and his own wit make him. Mr. James may be only sometimes descriptive and occasionally emotional; but he is witty, he is humorous, he is epigrammatic; he is learned—consummately learned in human nature. He is, in brief, pre-eminently the novelist of character and observation. Of the ordinary resources of the story-teller, indeed, Mr. James is apt to avail himself but sparingly. Of love-making proper, for instance, there is but little in his volumes. There are lovers, of course, and marriages

of the American character that no one has illustrated more happily than Mr. James himself. It might, we say again, be hard to define: it might be difficult to put one's finger on a passage and say: "It is here or there:" it may be summed up finally, perhaps, in the impression left by the volumes, as a whole, that the good and evil of the world indifferent to the author as an artist, are not indifferent to him as a

man. To quote his own words: "There is one point where the moral sense and the artistic sense lie very near together: that is, in the light of the very obvious truth that the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer." It is in this sense that we seem to distinguish throughout Mr. James's work the faint aroma of the Puritan tradition.—*Murray's Magazine*.

IS MAN THE ONLY REASONER?

BY JAMES SULLY.

THE "whirligig of time" may be said to be bringing to the much-neglected brutes an ample revenge. The first naïve view of the animal mind entertained by the savage and the child is a respectful one, and may perhaps be roughly summed up in the formula in which a little boy once set forth his estimate of equine intelligence: "All horses know some things that people don't know, and some horses know more things than a great many people." But this pristine unsophisticated view of the animal world, though its survival may be traced in mythology and religious custom, has long since been scouted by philosophers. Thinkers, from Plato downward, have, not unnaturally perhaps, regarded the faculty of rational thought, which they themselves exhibited in the highest degree, as the distinguishing prerogative of man. The Christian religion, too, with its doctrine of immortality for man and for man alone, has confirmed the tendency to put the animal mind as far below the human as possible. And so we find Descartes setting forth the hypothesis that animals are unthinking automata.

Not forever, however, was the animal world to suffer this indignity at the hands of man. Thinkers themselves prepared the way for a *rapprochement* between the two. More particularly the English philosophers from Locke onwards, together with their French followers, pursuing their modest task of tracing back our most abstract ideas to impressions of sense, may be said by a sort of levelling-down process, to have favored the idea of a mental kinship between man and brute. This work of the philosophers has been supplemented by the levelling work of the

modern biologist. There is not the least doubt that the wide and accurate observation of animal habits by the naturalists of the last century has tended to raise very greatly our estimate of their mental powers. So that it would seem as if in the estimation of animal intelligence, scientific knowledge is coming round to the opinion of the vulgar, and as if "the conviction which forces itself upon the stupid and the ignorant, is fortified by the reasonings of the intelligent, and has its foundation deepened by every increase of knowledge."*

Definiteness has been given to the question of the nature of animal intelligence by the new doctrine of Evolution. If man is descended from some lower organic form, we ought to be able to make out not merely a physical, but a psychical kinship between him and the lower creation; and the more favorable estimate of the animal mind taken by the modern savant is of great assistance here. Mr. Darwin has, indeed, shown in his valuable contributions to the subject, that the rude germ of all the more characteristic features of the human mind may be discovered in animals. At the same time, Mr. Darwin's investigations in this direction amounted only to a beginning. The crux of the evolutionist, the tracing of the continuity of crude, formless animal inference, up to the highest structural developments of logical or conceptual thought, still remained. And so, the most powerful attack on the theory of man's descent has come from the philosopher, the logician, and the metaphysical philologist,

* Professor Huxley, *Nature*, p. 104.

who have combined to urge the old argument that conceptual thought indissolubly bound up with language sets an impassable barrier between man and brute.

Mr. Darwin's unfinished work has now been taken up by one who adds to the biological knowledge of the expert a considerable acquaintance with psychology. In his previous volume, "Mental Evolution in Animals," Dr. Romanes took a careful psychological survey of the animal world for the purpose of tracing out the successive grades of its mental life. In his recent volume, "Mental Evolution in Man" (Origin of Human Faculty), he essays to trace forward this general movement of mental evolution to the "point where logical reasoning or "conceptual thought" may be distinctly seen to emerge. That is to say, he adroitly seeks to leap the "impassable" barrier by merely denying its existence. Human reasoning and animal inference are not two widely dissimilar modes of intellection. The one is merely a more complex expansion of the other. If you start either at the human or the animal bank you can pass to the opposite one by a series of stepping-stones. In other words, the higher human product can be seen to have been evolved out of the lower by a continuous process of growth.

Dr. Romanes' present contribution to the theory of evolution is thus emphatically the construction of hypothetical stepping-stones for the purpose of passing smoothly from the territory of animal to that of human reasoning. In order to this, he has on the one hand to follow up animal intellection to its most noteworthy achievements, and on the other hand to trace the process of human intellection down to its crudest forms in the individual and in the race.

As it is obviously language which marks off human thought from its analogue in the animal world, our author is naturally concerned to limit the function of language. While allowing as a matter of course that the "conceptual thought" of the logician involves language as its proper instrument or vehicle, he urges that there is a good deal of rudimentary generalizing prior to, and therefore independent of, language. To establish this a careful examination of the higher processes of animal "ideation" has to be carried out. In doing this Dr. Romanes introduces a

number of psychological distinctions of a somewhat technical kind. Of these the most important perhaps is that between the time-honored *concept* of the logician and the *recept*. This last corresponds to Mr. Galton's generic image or the common image (*Gemeinbild*) of the German psychologists. It is an image formed out of a number of slightly dissimilar percepts corresponding to different members of a narrow concrete class, such as dog or water. According to our author animal reasoning remains on the plane of recepts. It is carried on by pictorial representations. At the same time it involves a process of classification or generalizing. A diving-bird must be supposed to have a generalized idea (recept) of water, a dog a generalized idea of man, and so forth. Nay more, this receptual ideation enables the animal to reach "unperceived abstractions," as the idea of the quality of hollowness in the ground, and even "generic ideas of principles," as when the writer's own monkey having discovered the way to take the handle out of the hearth-brush by unscrewing it, proceeded to apply the principle of the screw to the fire-irons, bell-handle, etc.

The author's whole account of this receptual ideation or the logic of recepts is interesting and persuasive. He has, it must be owned, clearly made out the existence of a very creditable power among animals of carrying out processes analogous to our own reasonings without any aid from language. Yet a doubt may be entertained whether the author has really got at the bottom of these mental feats. The whole account of the recept is a little unsatisfactory, owing to the circumstance that the writer does not make it quite clear in what sense it involves generalization. He writes in some places as if the fact of the generic image having been formed out of a number of percepts corresponding to different members of a class, e.g. different sheets of water seen by the diving-bird, gives it a general representative character. But this, as indeed Dr. Romanes himself appears to recognize in other places, is by no means a necessary consequence. A generic image may form itself more readily than a particular one, just because the animal is unable to note differences sufficiently to distinguish one sheet of water or one man from another. A baby's application of the common epi-

setting the term before its mind as an object of thought. Lastly (d) we have the *denominative* sign, which means a connotative sign consciously bestowed as such with a full conceptual appreciation of its office and purpose as a name.

In this scheme Dr. Romanes evidently recognizes the point we are now dealing with, viz. the implication of a true thought-process in the proper use of a name. He seems to be trying to dispense with this as long as possible, with the view of securing a number of intermediate stepping-stones. Can he be said to have succeeded? Does this hierarchy of signs with its parallel scale of ideation carry us up to logical thought? Is it even intelligible? Let us briefly examine it.

To begin with, it staggers one not a little to find that long before the "classificatory attribution of qualities" is possible, the animal somehow manages to mark "particular qualities," whatever these may mean. How, one asks, can a sign be appended to a quality without becoming a "connotative sign," that is, attributing a quality to a thing? But let us pass to the really important point, viz. the alleged power of the animal, e.g. the talking bird, to extend a sign to different members of a class, and so to attribute common qualities or resemblances to these, while it is unable to form a concept in the full sense. This extension, we are told, takes place in the case of the sign-using bird by *receptual ideation*. And here the critic may as well confess himself fairly beaten. On the one hand, Dr. Romanes tells us that such a named receipt is a concept (lower concept), and moreover that the sign employed is a connotative sign; on the other hand he hastens to assure us that it is not a name, and therefore presumably not a concept, in the rigorous or perfect sense, since the sign is not consciously employed as a sign. Here we seem to have a stepping-stone which it is impossible to define, a sort of *tertium quid* between the image and the concept which is at once neither and both. Surely if a sound is used for the purpose of marking resemblances and attributing qualities, it is a genuine name, and the mental process underlying it is a germ of true conceptual thought. To say that the parrot attributes qualities, and attributes them in a "classificatory" way too, seems indeed to

considerable way along the conceptual path, and is fairly within sight of our distinctions of thing and quality, individual and class. Why logical reflection on this name as such should be needed to raise such a performance to the dignity of a true conceptual act, one is at a loss to understand. And indeed, the author himself appears to recognize all this in a dim way at least, when he adds that the connotative sign may be the accompaniment *not only* of receptual but of truly conceptual ideation. At the same time this addition may very well complete the reader's perplexity, for it appears to render the next stage of evolution, the *denominative* sign, unnecessary.

Altogether the author's account of sign-accompanied ideation is not quite satisfactory. To begin with, one misses an adequate psychological treatment of signs in general, their nature and function in our mental processes, such as M. Taine has given us in the beginning of his work "On Intelligence." Then our author has left us very much in the dark as to what it is that the sign does for the intellectual process, when it begins to be used. On the one hand, since we are told that the mere addition of a name transforms the generic image into a "concept," we naturally expect the function of the sign to be a large and important one. On the other hand, we gather that signs can be used at the level of *receptual ideation*, where, consequently, true conceptual thought is wholly excluded.

This confusion seems to have its main source in the curious theory that while an idea may be general, it cannot become a true concept till it is introspectively regarded as our idea; and its counterpart, that while a sign may be a true sign and even subserve the attribution of qualities to objects, it cannot grow into the full stature of a name till it is reflected on as a name. By this doctrine, Dr. Romanes seems unwittingly to have substituted the logical for the psychological definition of the concept, and so to have put the latter higher up in the evolutionary scale than it ought to be. To this, it must be added that the author appears to have been over-anxious, with the view of making the transit smooth, to multiply distinctions. Such intermediate forms, Dr. Romanes here attempts to multiply distinctions of intellectual as

truth do away with the broad distinctions which psychologists are in the habit of drawing. Thus the receipt only appears to connect the image and the concept just because it tries to be both at the same time. So the lower stadium of the sign only gives an appearance of bridging over the interval between signless ideation and sign-aided thought, just because it aims at once at being something less than a true sign, and this true sign itself.

If our criticisms are just, Dr. Romanes cannot be said to have succeeded in his main object, viz. the obliteration of all qualitative difference between human and animal intellection by the interposition of psychological links which can be seen to have the essential characters of both. And here one is naturally led to ask whether the author is after all on the right track. For he is a master of his facts and shows considerable power in the marshalling of his arguments, and, as even a hasty perusal of the volume can show anybody, he has here concentrated his force in a severe and sustained effort. Where he has failed it is conjecturable that others may fail also. And so it behooves us to see whether he has approached the problem in the right way, or, at least, in the only possible way.

The introduction of all this technical mechanism of receptual ideation, lower concepts, and the rest, has for its avowed object the avoidance of all introduction of qualitative change in the process of intellectual evolution. Dr. Romanes tells us plainly at the outset that he is going to establish identity of kind between the animal and the human type of intellection. And, no doubt, if it were possible to do this in the way here attempted, that is to say by interposing transitional forms which virtually efface all qualitative unlikeness, it would be a great advantage to the evolutionist. But it may be said that it is not the only way of satisfying the requirements of the evolution hypothesis. Dr. Romanes pertinently remarks, in meeting *a priori* objections to the derivation of human from animal intellection, that in the life of the human individual we actually have a series of transitions from animal to human psychosis. Now, a glance at the intellectual development of the individual shows us that distinct qualitative differences are introduced. Not to speak of the obvious fact that every new

sensation effects a qualitative addition to the infant's mental life, there is the more important fact that the first image of the absent mother or nurse introduces a new sphere of mental activity. The child that dreams and imagines is already a different being from the infant that merely touches and sees. Similarly it may be said that the first conscious process of breaking up its sense-presentations, the first distinct apprehension of relations, is epoch-making just because it marks the on-coming of a new mode of mental activity, a qualitative extension of its conscious life.

To say this, however, is not to say that the process of development is wanting in continuity. For, first of all, these higher forms of activity introduce themselves in the most gradual way, and only slowly disentangle themselves from the lower forms which constitute their matrix. Thus the image little by little lifts itself butterfly-like out of its chrysalis, the percept. Similarly, what we call thinking, with its conscious comparing and relating of the products of sense-perception, emerges in the most gradual way out of lower forms of psychosis.

But this is not all, or the main thing. While the higher and lower forms of intellection undoubtedly exhibit qualitative differences, it may be possible to transcend these differences by going deeper, and detecting the veritable elements of the intellectual process. This deeper analysis is emphatically the work of modern psychology, and, as every reader of Mr. Herbert Spencer knows, is of vast assistance to the evolutionist in following the psychical process from its rudest conceivable form in the lower grades of animal life up to the highest achievements of human thought. The luminous idea that all intelligence is at bottom a combination of two elementary processes, differentiation and integration, seems to lift one at once high above the perplexities with which our author so laboriously deals. It enables us to say that animal intelligence, just because it is intelligence, must be identical in substance with our own. The qualitative differences between perception and conception, or, to take Dr. Romanes' example, "the logic of receipts" and the logic of concepts, which obstinately persist so long as we look at the process *ab extra*, now appear as mere results of different degrees of complexity, of unlike modes

of combination of the ultimate elements; just as to the physiologist the manifold variety of color resolves itself into different modes of combination of two or three elementary sentient processes.

When once this fundamental identity of all intellectual processes is clearly apprehended, the question where exactly in the evolutionist's tree the twig of thought proper, or better, perhaps, of conscious generalization, branches off, sinks to its proper place as a question of quite secondary importance. At the same time we may agree with Dr. Romanes that the point has its real historical or genealogical interest, and that he has not done amiss to devote a volume to its discussion.

The question turns mainly on the point how much the animal can do by means of pure imagining and the aid of association. Our author clearly recognizes that this will carry animals some way, and may give to their mental operations the appearance of a true generalizing process. But he has not fixed the limits of this pictorial or suggestive inference with the precision one looks for, partly, no doubt, because his whole view of the generic image as somehow involving a generalizing process tended to obscure from him the real point. One might safely, perhaps, hazard the assertion that the diving-bird can get on very well without anything like a general idea of water, a pure (generic) image being all that seems necessary. On the other hand, one is disposed, on the evidence of the facts adduced by our author, to put the beginnings of the true generalizing process pretty low down. It certainly seems to be involved in the mental life of the ants, as elicited by Sir John Lubbock's experiments, and described by Dr. Romanes (p. 94 and following). And since these particular actions plainly imply the use of signs, and apparently signs capable of indicating such abstract ideas as those of quantity, there seems no reason why we should hesitate to call ants thinkers in the sense of being able to form general notions. The same applies to the mechanical inventions of the spider, described by Mr. Larkin (p. 82). Similarly, it is difficult to deny the rudiment of "conceptual thought" to a fox who can reason on the matter of traps in the way described by Leroy (p. 56), or to a dog that was cured of his dread of imagined thunder by being . . . the true cause of

the disturbing noise, viz. the shooting bags of apples on to a floor (pp. 59, 60). No doubt there is a danger in straightway endowing animals with mental qualities identical with our own, when their actions resemble ours. There may, of course, be two psychological explanations of the same action. We cannot, however, escape our limitations, and, if we are to deal with animal ways at all, we are bound to interpret them in terms of our own mental processes.

The hesitation of the evolutionist to attribute rudimentary thought to animals, in which Dr. Romanes evidently shares, is no doubt due to the firmly established assumption that we generalize by help of language. To the nominalist more especially it savors of rank heresy to hint that animals apparently destitute of signs may be capable of generalizing their perceptions and reaching a dim consciousness of the distinction between the universal and the particular.

But is the nominalist's assumption that language is the indispensable instrument of thought above challenge? A considerable part of Dr. Romanes' volume deals with the relations of thought to language. He gives us a fairly good summary of the results of research into the origin of language. It cannot be said that these throw much light on the question. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that they should. Our author contends with some skill as against Professor Max Müller that the earliest traces of human language suggest a highly pictorial and non-conceptual mode of ideation. And in his ingenious hypothetical account of the genealogy of man as the articulate reasoner our author inclines to the idea that, so far from language making the thinker, the endowment of language has to be engrafted on a high quality of intelligence, and even then to undergo considerable development before it becomes a mechanism for conceptual thought.

The whole subject is still a dark and perplexing one, and we must refrain from dogmatizing. It may, however, be contended that the evidence on the whole supports the view that the generalizing process is up to a certain and not very high point independent of language. That is to say, an animal unassisted by any system of general signs may make a start along the path of comparing its ob-

servations, resolving them into their constituents, and separating out some of these as common qualities. Whether in these nascent operations of thought there is some substitute for our mechanism of signs, we do not know and perhaps never shall know. However this be, they remain nascent processes never rising above a certain level. The addition of some kind of sign which can be used as a mark

of common features or qualities seems to be indispensable to any high degree of generalization, and to any elaborate process of reasoning. It is the want of such signs, and not the lack of the "power of abstraction," that keeps certain animals, for example the dog, from being rational animals in as complete a sense as a large number of our own species.—*Nineteenth Century*.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

I FIRST became acquainted with Mr. Parnell shortly after his entering the House of Commons in 1875. I knew nothing of him up to that time except his historic name. I knew that he belonged to the family of the Sir John Parnell who stood by Grattan's side in the long struggle against the passing of the fatal Act of Union. The mere name was naturally a recommendation to me. I used to watch the House of Commons very closely in those days, although I was not yet a member. At that time I did not intend to be a member. I had been asked more than once to stand for an Irish constituency, and I had always refused. I did not see anything in particular to go into Parliament for. I could not be an English member—I mean, I could not stand for an English constituency—with my strong Irish national sentiments; and there did not seem much that an Irish representative could do. The national cause had indeed revived under the name of Home Rule, and there were many earnest men in the House of Commons, even in those days, to speak up for that cause. Mr. Isaac Butt was the Home Rule leader, and among his followers were my late friend Alexander M. Sullivan, one of the most brilliant speakers who ever addressed the House of Commons as an Irish representative since the days of O'Connell; and there were many other eloquent and capable men. But there did not seem to me to be much life in the whole affair. The policy of Mr. Butt was to have what is called a "full dress debate" on Home Rule once in every Session. Mr. Butt made a capital speech himself, full of argument and eloquence, and several of his

followers made brilliant speeches. In fact, they had the argument and the eloquence all to themselves. Very few English or Scottish members took any part in the debate. Two nights were resignedly given up to the parade of the Irish members, and that was all. At the close of the debate the Minister in charge got up and made a speech in which he complimented Mr. Butt on his ability and his eloquence—praised the general tone of the Irish speakers—gently deprecated the extreme utterances of some few of them, and then blandly put the whole question away. He merely declared that it would not be possible for any English Government even to argue the Home Rule question seriously; but considerably added that he and his colleagues did not object to the Irish members having their annual say on the subject. Then the division was taken, thirty or forty one way—some hundreds the other way. Next morning the London daily papers all said that no English statesman could possibly promise even to grant an inquiry into the reason of the demand for Home Rule in Ireland. At that time all that members from Ireland asked for was a Committee or Commission to inquire into the reasonableness of the demand for Home Rule.

I did not see much promise in all this. Yet I had nothing better to suggest. The people of Ireland then took but little interest in Parliamentary agitation. There was no popular suffrage. Men who went into Parliament as avowed Irish Nationalists usually ended by taking some sort of office or place of emolument under the Government. The memory of the treason of Keogh and Sadleir was still keen and

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for the purpose of obtaining a hearing for a great national cause. We know what happened. He obtained the hearing, and the true Liberalism of England and Scotland and Wales admitted at last the justice of the cause.

It soon became apparent to me that Mr. Parnell was on the right track, and I felt a strong desire to be with him in his plan of campaign. Still I did not accept his leadership. He offered me his influence and support if I would consent to stand for an Irish county under his leadership. I refused to accept the offer. I preferred to keep myself free. Suddenly a vacancy occurred in a county, and I was invited to stand. I was asked simply on my reputation as an Irish literary man, who, although making his living in London, had never ceased to be a Nationalist. I accepted the invitation, and was elected without opposition. I was not asked one single question about Mr. Parnell or his policy. I went into the House of Commons absolutely free and unpledged to any party—except, of course, to whatever party best represented in my opinion the cause of Ireland. This was while Mr. Butt still retained the leadership.

Mr. Butt died soon after. Some of Mr. Butt's devoted followers declared that Mr. Parnell had hounded him to his death. Of course, when any public man dies such a charge is made against somebody. It was flung out as an accusation against Sir Robert Peel that he had hounded Canning to his death. What Mr. Parnell did with regard to Mr. Butt was that he pressed on a plan of action more strong and direct than any of the methods which Mr. Butt was willing to adopt. I knew Mr. Butt and greatly admired his varied abilities. But I could not help seeing that his policy was thoroughly played out. I believed then, and I believe now, that Mr. Parnell had breathed a fresh and vigorous life into the party, and I gave him such support as I could give. I think Mr. Parnell was perfectly right in the course he took. It is childish, and worse than childish, to say that if you set yourself in opposition to

some particular policy conducted by a public man, with whose political purposes you are mainly in sympathy, and that man afterward dies, you are open to the charge of having hounded him to his death. Such an absurd principle would render all

progress in political affairs impossible. Yet it was for a long time a charge against Mr. Parnell that he had hounded Isaac Butt to his death. Before Mr. Butt's death, I had identified myself with Mr. Parnell's little party of some eight or ten members, and I stayed with him through many dark days and many grim fortunes.

On the death of Mr. Butt, Mr. Shaw became leader of our party for a short time. But after the General Elections of 1880 it was clear to most of us that Mr. Parnell was destined to be the popular man in Ireland, and he was chosen leader over the head of Mr. Shaw. Had Mr. Shaw died anywhere about that time, we should of course have been charged with having hounded him to his death. Then came the most important crisis which, in my opinion, Mr. Parnell ever had to face. All the "moderate men," as they used to be called, and as they called themselves, straightway deserted him and us, and sat on benches opposed to us. Let it be remembered that at that time there was no popular franchise in Ireland. We knew very well that if the Irish peasant could be allowed to give his vote, that vote would have been given without hesitation for Mr. Parnell. But the suffrage in Ireland was still very narrow, and the peasant on the fields and the artisan in the towns had little or nothing to do with it. When we got, through Mr. Gladstone's means, the extended franchise some years after, we swept the country of the men who had followed Mr. Shaw. Not one of them, I think, came in at the elections of 1880. But in the meantime it was a terrible crisis for Mr. Parnell. He had not a majority of Irish members. He had no absolutely conclusive proof that the people of Ireland in general were with him; in the absence of a popular suffrage he could have no such proof. Yet he held his course with the sustaining conviction that time would prove him to be in the right. I admired him thoroughly during all those years of trial. We had to fight a long battle against coercion, and we had those against us who ought to have been for us. Mr. Parnell never lost courage, temper, or confidence. Then came the terrible crisis of the Phoenix Park. For a moment, Mr. Parnell seemed desponding—almost despairing. "It is always like this in Ireland," he said more than once; "whenever she

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beauty of a landscape, or for any of the unnumbered subjects and questions connected with all these. He had not the slightest interest in what are called "problems of life." I never heard from him a word that appertained to anything metaphysical or psychological, or to any form of self-analysis—that morbid pastime of the age—or analysis of any life-problem whatever. He had but a slight and general knowledge of history. There are men who must be described as famous among the living in our day in art or letters, and whose names would have conveyed to Mr. Parnell's mind no manner of idea. I do not think I say a word too much when I say that the whole of the literary and artistic side of life was darkness to Mr. Parnell. It was not so much that he turned away from it as that he passed it without looking at it. But one could not talk with Mr. Parnell for long without gaining the impression that he was talking with a man of commanding intellect. Mr. Parnell never talked mere commonplaces. He took in new ideas slowly, but when once they had got into his mind they spread and germinated and became fertile there. He had a very quick and keen observation, and a remarkable judgment as to character and nature. He could look across a whole field of politics, and take in the complete situation at a glance. He had above all things the instinct and the genius of the commander-in-chief. In the council-room he was often slow, uncertain, undecided; sat silently listening to the opinions of others, put off his own judgment to the last, sometimes gave no opinion of his own, but suddenly adopted the opinion of another man. In whatever course he decided on taking he was almost sure to prove himself right in the result. But it was not in council that he showed himself at his best. It was in a crisis that his genius came suddenly out. A great unexpected political crisis arises in the House of Commons. Perhaps a vote of censure is brought forward and pressed against the Ministry. The subject is one which does not involve any principle, so far as Irish opinion is concerned, and the decision of which either way would not directly affect the Irish interest. The Irish members are altogether from voting, to the traditions and the of all independent parties

in Parliament, they are free to vote for one side or the other, as either might be made indirectly or even remotely a means of advancing the interests of the Irish cause. Nothing has been decided by the Irish party; they are waiting for the development of the debate and of events. Events have changed, there is a collapse here, a breakdown there; an admission made on the one side, a promise exacted on the other. The whole situation is new, and there is no time to consider it. The division bell will ring in a moment, and on the vote of the Irish party depends the fate of a Ministry. Parnell sits for a moment silent, and his men all look to him. Suddenly he says, in the quietest and most unmoved tone: "I think we had better vote with the Government this time;" or, "I think we shall do well by voting with the Opposition." I never knew Mr. Parnell to make a mistake in strategy or in tactics when he was thus suddenly thrown back upon his own instinct and his own inspiration as commander-in-chief. Most of those who have had anything to do with journalism must have known the Special Correspondent who is good for little or nothing if he is set down to write an account of some peaceful civil ceremonial, but who becomes a brilliant and powerful writer when he is wrapped in the smoke of a battle-field, and has to scratch down his "copy" on horseback, and with the shells screaming about him. The excitement gives him instant possession and command of all his finest faculties. Mr. Parnell sometimes reminded me of this order of Special Correspondent. The more exciting the crisis, the more severe the responsibility, the brighter and calmer became the intellect of our commander-in-chief. We knew we could always trust to his judgment then.

Mr. Parnell's policy grew upon him, and developed within him, as events went on. He could no more have intended at the beginning to do all that he did than Julius Cæsar could have started in life with the determination to become the greatest man in the world. In his University days he had no care about politics whatever; he hardly knew that there was any Irish national question. He himself told me some years ago of the accident, as it might almost be called, which first sent him into political life. Of course he must have come into politics sooner or

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country. Therefore the new national movement under the new name of Home Rule had not taken much hold of the heart of the Irish population. To this very day—to this very hour—the memory of Sadleir and Keogh is appealed to in Ireland as a warning against any manner of Parliamentary agitation which does not have as its first principle hatred and hostility to the English Liberal party. It is forgotten that Keogh's most impassioned appeals were made to the men of the hill-side, that he appealed shrilly to the unconstitutional forces, and professed a noble scorn of anything merely Parliamentary—until his scorn of Parliamentary methods had found him so firm in his Parliamentary seat as to enable him to use Parliamentary methods for his own personal advantage. It was Parnell's skill, foresight, and good fortune which enabled him to turn the very hatred of the English Parliament into a means of bringing Ireland back to the ways of Parliamentary agitation. Does this seem a paradox? I shall show very easily that it was a sound and statesmanlike policy.

Why not start in the House of Commons an Irish National party, which should express by its very action in Parliament the distrust and hatred felt by so many of the Irish people for any and every English Parliament? Would not the vast majority of the Irish people soon begin to put faith in a party which employed its position in the House of Commons to worry and obstruct the House of Commons, and make it ridiculous in the eyes of foreign nations? What ardent Irish Nationalist could refuse to give his approval and his support to a party like that? Mr. Parnell came in at a fortunate time for such a policy. The Tories were engaged in passing a Coercion Act, and the prisons were yet full of Fenian captives. The country was getting tired of Butt's annual motions and the annual compliments paid to him by Ministers of the Crown. A new sensation ran through the veins of the people when it was found that a group of men had come up in the House of Commons who were determined to obstruct the Government and every Government in every way, and turn the rules of the House of Commons against the House itself. Mr. Parnell very wisely did not confine himself to Irish questions. Very early in his career he signalized himself

by joining with a small and earnest set of English Radicals in obstructing the policy of the Tory Government in South Africa. He took the leading part in the obstructive movement which ended in the abolition of flogging in the army and navy. Probably it was his experience of the effect that could be produced upon English popular feeling by a bold and daring policy of this kind which first put into his mind the idea that Home Rule itself could be carried by such a policy. Only by degrees and slowly could there have come on him a clear appreciation of the tremendous strength of a policy of systematized obstruction. I have heard it told as an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon—I do not know whether it is true or not—that when somebody asked him what he would have done in his early preaching career if he had failed to secure the attention of the congregation, he declared that if he could not have accomplished his object otherwise he would have mounted the pulpit in a red coat, and so compelled attention. Mr. Spurgeon had a just confidence in what he intended to say. Only get the congregation to listen at the first, and all the rest was safe. Something like that was the idea of Mr. Parnell and of his few associates in the early days of his obstruction. The immediate business was to obstruct coercion, and the Tory Government who were pressing it on. That was work enough in itself to win the approval of all Irish Nationalists. Besides that, there was the fact that, while Isaac Butt always showed the utmost deference to the rules and the usages and the conventionalities of the House of Commons, this new party proclaimed an absolute indifference to all public opinion and all judgment except the public opinion and the judgment of the people of Ireland. And then behind all that—and this was the thought that came latest up in Mr. Parnell's mind—was the idea that if the Irish Nationalists could compel England, and especially the English democracy, to listen to what they had to say for Ireland, the English democracy would be converted to our cause. Mr. Parnell had at that time, and for years after, a great faith in the ultimate justice of English public opinion. He was patient, and quite willing to await results. I remember years after this, when the Parnell Commission was about to open, I told him one day that I thought

Jules Lemaitre, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Moréas, Mirbeau, Leconte de Lisle, Catulle Mendès, Coppée, Vacquerie, Rod, and some half a hundred of other writers may be considered representative—the characteristic vices and foibles of the man of letters assuredly play no inconsiderable part in the "evolution of literature." Here may be learned the art of literary self-advertisement in both the direct way, which thrusts forward the "I," naked and unashamed, and the indirect way, which reflects the "I" in the mirrors of admired and admiring friends; here may be witnessed the indignant revolt of youth against age—youth, which, after centuries of venerable folly, has at last found the secret of all beauty and the key to universal truth; here may be seen the scorn of self-satisfied age for aspiring youth; here the pride of mystification; the war of schools, the hatred of successful rivals, and the bitter hatred of successful comrades. "I have read your *Enquêtes*," writes M. Gustave Guiches, "which move so picturesquely through the courtless æsthetics of the day. It is as if I were reading over again the *Tentation de Saint Antoine*. From these studies of yours there creeps over me a nightmare as distressing as that caused by the vision of religious chaos in Flaubert's book. I have seen defiling past me symbolists, instrumentalists, decadents, naturalists, neo-realists, supra-naturalists, psychologists, Parnassians, mages, Positivists, Buddhists, Tolstoizers; I have heard fierce imprecations, bitter laughter, cries of pity, solemn anathemas, subtle analyses, absolute syntheses, proclamations eloquently improvised. Everything has been said, re-said, unsaid." And M. Guiches thereupon proceeds to add his own particular speech to the confusion of Babel. "Literary Evolution!" cries M. Paul Bonnetain, "evolution of a tortoise wriggling on its back!"

M. Léon Hennique, author of *Pœuf*, and of the more recent *Un Caractère*, a study, in the form of a novel, of the more obscure hypnotic phenomena, was one of the few who faced round upon the ingenious and courteous tormentor, confronting him with a direct negative. "I cannot persuade myself," he wrote, "to belabor the masters, to use my fingernails on the writers of my own generation, to cleave in twain my younger brethren,

nor in any way whatever to trumpet mediocrity or what is beneath mediocrity. . . . Nay, I cannot even utter my own *éloge*." It was a magnanimous resolve; but the interviewer was not defrauded; on the contrary, he was well content to have secured so striking a communication. More trying was the reception given to him by M. Guy de Maupassant, whose reputation is that of the man in all Paris most difficult to approach. M. Huret tells, with a touch of pathos, how longingly he had anticipated this particular interview. From early youth the ideal author of his imagination had been Guy de Maupassant; true, he had heard the great disciple of Flaubert styled "un snob," but to what calumnies is not genius exposed? and now the eventful moment of audience was come. I quote from M. Huret the record of what followed:—

"I ring. A servant, or rather a flunkey, appears; you know that insolent eye which we see in all the antechambers of the ambitious bourgeois. 'Monsieur is not at home.' I wrote some words, notwithstanding, on my card, and I was introduced, passing through an antechamber decorated with Arab hangings, and entering a luxurious room which I have no time to describe, where tender colors ruled, and which in its general effect seemed to me to be in far from excellent taste.

"Enter the master. I surveyed him with curiosity and remained stupefied: Guy de Maupassant! Guy de Maupassant! For so much time as it takes to bow, choose a chair, and sit down I inwardly repeated the name, and gazed at the little man before me; shoulders not too broad; heavy, bi-colored mustache, chestnut, the hairs as if they had been steeped in alcohol. He courteously begged me to be seated. But on the first words referring to literature, a consultation, etc., he assumed a disagreeable aspect, as if the victim of headache or in some way thoroughly uncomfortable. 'Oh, monsieur,' he said—and his words came wearily and his whole air was splenetic, 'I beg of you, do not speak to me of literature! I am suffering from severe neuralgia; I start for Nice the day after tomorrow,—so my physician orders me—the atmosphere here in Paris oppresses me, the noise, the agitation; I am really very far from well.' I sympathized, and approaching the subject again with the utmost precaution and my best skill, tried to elicit some vague expression of opinion. 'Oh, literature, monsieur! I never speak of it. I write when it gives me pleasure to do so, but speak of it—no! Besides at present I know not one man of letters. I am on good terms with Zola, with Goncourt, in spite of his *Memoirs*, but them I rarely see, and the rest never. I know only the younger Dumas; our provinces are not the same and we never speak of litera-

recorded in the interview with the great poet whom M. Anatole France had been so unlucky as to offend. The ladies rose, but not without a feminine outbreak of criticism: "Oh! vos symbolistes! Je les exècre." Instantly the words were transferred to the fortunate recorder's note-book. "But this is not part of the interview, surely?" "No, madame," I replied, with a smile in response to hers, "but it is color—and so local!"

There is color, too, in the picture of M. Octave Mirbeau, the celebrated author of *Calvaire* and *Sébastien Roch*, in his garden near Rouen, amid his Japanese lilies and German irises; or pointing out to his visitor the Chinese Moréas, with its great orange petals, "worth many Moréas of Athens [the author of the *Passionate Pilgrim*], I assure you." But English readers, at the present moment, will prefer another picture—that of the "Flemish Shakespeare" (writer of genius, surely, but a very Flemish Shakespeare), of whom M. Mirbeau was the discoverer, and about whom we have already heard a good deal, and shall soon hear more. In order to find M. Maurice Mæterlinck, it was necessary to take the train for Ghent. The weather was abominable, and under the melancholy sky the interviewer expected to see, in a suitably gloomy environment, the spectral figure of the author of *La Princesse Maleine*.

"A surprise. Twenty-seven years old, large-ly built, square shoulders, blond mustache cut close, Mæterlinck, with his regular features, bright eyes, and cheeks of rosy bloom, realizes exactly the Flemish type. This, added to his very simple manners, his almost timid bearing, the absence of gestures and the absence also of embarrassment, aroused at once a feeling of very agreeable surprise. This man, with his correct dress—black, with white silk cravat—will not play the part of the precocious genius, nor deal in mystery or *menfoulism*; he is modest and he is sincere. But the charm has something to counterbalance it; if I do not succeed in making my interlocutor forget the interview, which terrifies him, I shall elicit nothing for my *Enquête*, or next to nothing from his large tranquillity. A quarter of an hour, and I began to reckon my gains; not a word about himself or others, or hardly a word; brief phrases, monosyllabic replies to my questions, a slight gesture, a nod of the head, a movement of the lips or eyebrows, such will be all I glean from the subject of my interview so long as he feels himself a victim of the interviewer. Little by little I must make him forget the purpose of my travel, and break up bit by bit this blond piece of silence. And again I feel that there

is nothing deliberate in his attitude, nothing affected. He, with entire simplicity, gives me silence as others gave speech. We lunched together and exhibited an alarming appetite. 'Yes, I have a savage appetite,' he said, 'I take so much physical exercise, canoeing, dumb-bells; in winter, skating, often to Bruges, or as far as Holland; every day bicycling, that is when I am not in the courts, and I am in the courts so seldom.' 'You are a lawyer,' I exclaimed. 'Yes—a little, as I have said. Now and again a poor peasant asks my aid and I plead for him in Flemish.'

Once in motion, in the shadow of the venerable buildings of the city—for the rain had ceased—in the old streets or among the network of canals and quays and bridges, M. Mæterlinck grew communicative, and as discussion arose his apparent placidity disappeared; the observer could recognize that keen nervous sensibility which shows itself in his literary work. He spoke freely and he spoke well; few indeed of M. Huret's interlocutors uttered themselves more clearly and effectively on the subject of the symbolic in art. There are two kinds of symbols according to M. Mæterlinck; there is first the designed and deliberate symbol; the artist starts from an abstraction, and endeavors to clothe this abstraction with humanity and concrete form. A typical example of such symbolism, which approaches allegory, may be found in the Second Part of *Faust*, and in the *Mährchen aller Mährchen*, translated long since for English readers by Carlyle. "The other kind of symbol is unconscious, comes into existence although the poet be not aware of it, or even against his will, and almost always has beatings which reach beyond his conscious thought; this is the symbol which is found in every genial creation of humanity; capital examples may be seen in the dramas of Æschylus and Shakespeare. I do not believe that a viable work can be born of a symbol; but a symbol is always born from a work which is viable. . . . As regards what is symbolic, the poet ought to be passive: the symbol should be the flower of the vitality of the poem." Asked as to what philosophic influences had most affected him, Mæterlinck replied, "Kant, Carlyle, Schopenhauer, who consoles you even in the presence of death." Of Shakespeare: "Oh yes, Shakespeare above all! Shakespeare! When I wrote the *Princesse Maleine* I said to myself, 'I am going to attempt a play in Shakespeare's manner

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2. The second part of the document is a table of contents. It lists the chapters and their corresponding page numbers.

3. The third part of the document is the first chapter, titled "THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA". It describes the early exploration of the continent by Christopher Columbus and other European navigators.

4. The fourth part of the document is the second chapter, titled "THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA". It discusses the early colonial settlements and the challenges faced by the settlers.

5. The fifth part of the document is the third chapter, titled "THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR". It covers the events leading up to the war and the battle of independence.

6. The sixth part of the document is the fourth chapter, titled "THE CONSTITUTION". It explains the formation of the United States Constitution and its principles.

7. The seventh part of the document is the fifth chapter, titled "THE GROWTH OF THE NATION". It describes the territorial expansion and the development of the United States in the 19th century.

8. The eighth part of the document is the sixth chapter, titled "THE CIVIL WAR". It details the conflict between the Union and the Confederacy and its impact on the nation.

9. The ninth part of the document is the seventh chapter, titled "THE RECONSTRUCTION". It discusses the efforts to rebuild the South and the challenges faced by the freed slaves.

10. The tenth part of the document is the eighth chapter, titled "THE MODERN UNITED STATES". It covers the period from the end of the Civil War to the present day, focusing on the nation's role in the world and its domestic policies.

writer speaks of French as "the one European language in which poetry is well-nigh impossible. . . . It may attain to fine rhetoric, it may even mount to the height of a tender and graceful lyric, but beyond this it cannot go." Doubtless a nation which feeds exclusively on frogs cannot produce true epic verse, and any one British poet can beat any three French. That is a pious and patriotic opinion to which I give a loyal adhesion. Matthew Arnold informed us nearly thirty years ago that the power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets; and he added that the main vehicle for poetry in France, the Alexandrine, is an inadequate vehicle. I confess that I have always ventured to regard this statement as evidence that Mr. Arnold's feeling for what is excellent in French literature had its limitations. No one possessed of a true sense for what is great in French poetry can think of the Alexandrine in its history from Racine to Hugo, and Banville, and Leconte de Lisle, with a stinted admiration. It is capable of infinite grace, sweetness, subtlety; the full and folds of the robe of an antique statue are not more exquisite than it can be; and yet it can, when there is need, advance with the bounding, mounting motion of a wave of the sea, all strength, all joy, all harmony. I am glad to confirm my feeling, that of one to whom the more intimate beauties of French verse can never be fully known, by the words of such a master as M. Catulle Mendès: "The Alexandrine," he says, "has been modified in a thousand ways; it may hereafter perhaps be transformed in a thousand other ways; I admit it, but—and this is its high distinction and its glory—from the *chanson de geste*, where it appeared for the first time, and down through Ronsard and Malherbe it has remained, and it will remain, a marvellous thing which the greatest

have found adequate in so many recent masterpieces—the French Alexandrine."

Mr. George Moore has given to English readers a vivid portrait of Paul Verlaine—the "bald, prominent forehead, cavernous eyes, the *marabout* expression, the

New Series

ney past factories and canals, and dim streets and clamorous court-yards to find Verlaine: he was easily run to earth in his accustomed café, the François-Premier, Boulevard Saint-Michel. His attacks of black misanthropy, his wild fits of silence, says M. Huret, vanish with the least gleam of sunshine. He has that beautiful resignation which made him declare in a soft voice, only faintly suggestive of absinthe: "I have no mother now but one—the *Assistance publique*." During the hours preceding the interview he had taken pains to replenish his pockets, and now under his ample Macfarlane of black and gray checks, glowed a superb yellow silk necktie. This was indeed splendor which contrasts favorably with the filthy night cap, the greasy shirt, the discolored trousers, in which the author of *Sopha* received Mr. George Moore.

Verlaine, as every one knows, is no great talker: he is a purely instinctive artist, who utters his opinions in quick fits and starts, by means of concise imagery, sometimes with designed brutality, yet always qualified by a gleam of unconstrained kindness and charming *bonhomie*. . . . When I asked him for a definition of symbolism, he said, "You know I have some common sense: perhaps I have nothing else, but I have that. Symbolism?—don't understand it. Must be a German word, eh? What does it mean? It doesn't matter a straw to me. When I suffer, when I am enjoying myself, or when I weep, I know well that that is no symbol. Look now, all these distinctions and definitions are just Germanisms: what does it matter to a poet what opinions Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, and other blockheads may have or human emotions. For my part I am French—you take me?—rampantly French—that before all else. I find in my instinct nothing which obliges me to inquire after the *why* of the *why* of my tears: when I am wretched, I write melancholy verses, that is the whole of it, with no other rule than the instinct, as they say, of good writing, which I believe I have." His countenance fell into shadow, and his speech became slow and grave. "All the same," he went on, "there may be seen under my verses the . . . Gulf stream of my being, where are currents of glacial water and currents that boil, *débris*, yes—sands, most certainly—flowers, perhaps." Every moment in Verlaine's conversation you are surprised and delighted by these unexpected antitheses of brutality, of light irony and savage indignation.

ng with his fist the marble table
glasses of absinthe and vermouth
Verlaine went on to declaim
ridiculous "cymbalists," their
on which was inscribed the



forth one of his happy paradoxes in words which I fear my imperfect recollection mars, but somewhat to the effect that all bad poetry proceeds from genuine feeling. It is a way of putting in shorthand the truth that in all high poetry sensibility is the subject and servant of its lord—imagination. "When I suffer, I write sad verses," declared Verlaine. No: it is when his imagination has feasted nobly with his pain that he writes well: and it is this maintenance of the supremacy of imagination over sensibility which has subjected the Parnassien poets to the accusation—the unjust accusation—of impassibility.

And yet "ces jeunes gens" are not merely "fainistes." The Parnassien movement has in great part done its work. Impassibility may degenerate with inferior writers into a trick. Of the verse wrought in noblest bronze it is possible to manufacture cheap imitations; and another kind of verse is legitimate—that woven in subtle design from the threads of the silk-worm and threads of gold: nay, even from the gossamer dyed in the moon-beam. If M. Leconte de Lisle has himself enriched the poetic vocabulary with words of exotic origin, is it a crime in younger poets to seek to recover some of the buried treasures of the old French speech? We have heard on our side of the Channel a complaint not without cause—against Wardour-street English; but in truth some pretty *hibelots* may be obtained in Wardour Street, and even objects of more substantial utility than *hibelots*; everything depends on the good judgment of the purchaser, and the right choice of a place for the object which he has acquired. Last, it must be admitted on behalf of the symbolist school that their Parnassien predecessors were sometimes apt to forget these vistas in art which open upon the infinite, that play of suggestion which widens the meaning of our life, those echoes and rebounds which our inward ear

"Sometimes catches from afar."

"He could think," writes a new storyteller in the "Pseudonym Library," who masks under the name of an old Irish spirit, Oanconagh, "he could think carefully and cleverly, and even with originality, but never in such a way as to make his thoughts an allusion to something deeper than themselves." This is what the Parnassien poets could seldom attain

to, and in admitting this we go far toward allowing the plea of their presumptive heirs.

In other words, underlying the so-called symbolist movement, we can perceive that reaction toward idealism which at the present moment manifests itself in various ways and in many directions in the literature of France. All art indeed by virtue of the fact that it is art is something more than a transcript of reality. Mr. Symonds has just told us that *La Bête Humaine* is the creation or construction of an idealist, who approaches his work in the spirit of a poet. M. Anatole France has described *La Terre* as the work not so much of a realist as of "un idéaliste perversi." And two years since I ventured to speak in *The Fortnightly Review* of Zola as a creator, "whose mind is over-ridden, if ever a mind was, by the spirit of system; whose work, misnamed realistic, is one monstrous idealizing of humanity under the types of the man-brute and the woman-brute." A reaction from the school which has styled itself realist or naturalist—the school which professes a scientific method, and which Zola represents with great power—is unquestionably in active progress. The possibility of a "spiritual naturalism" has been conceived by M. Huysmans. The "manifesto of the Five" (1897), by which MM. Boncetaïn, Descaves, Margueritte, Guiches, and Rosny, on the publication of *La Terre*, broke with the leader of the naturalist school, was a somewhat theatrical protest against the dunghill as the theme of art, but it marks the turn of public feeling. Not a few of the ablest and most earnest among the younger men of letters are contributors to the *Mercure de France*, and shortly after the appearance of *La Bête Humaine*, not one of these could be found who had read the book to the end, or who would consent to read it with sufficient attention to report on it in the columns of the journal. M. Descaves, one of the Five, not unhappily compares the famous naturalist master to a great contractor who constructs six-story houses in the *quartiers ouvriers* of literature; his sentences and paragraphs are indeed "written with a trowel." M. Zola himself can still point with satisfaction to the pile of his novels on the booksellers' counters, and the number of editions recorded on his covers. It is calculated

that he has sold volumes enough to form a literary Pharos, three times as high as the Eiffel Tower. "Ah! ah!" he exclaimed with a smile, on the arrival of M. Huret, "you are coming to see if I am dead! Well, as you see, quite the contrary! I am in excellent health; I feel myself in perfect poise; I never was more at my ease: my books are selling faster than ever." And yet M. Zola acknowledges the reaction which, he supposes, may last some ten or fifteen years, by which time naturalism must resume its triumphant progress; he acknowledges the reaction, and dreams of a larger, more complete truth than the naturalist novel has yet embodied, with a broader way of access to the study of humanity, in a word, a kind of naturalism which shall be, in the best sense of the word, classic. In the year 1900, declares M. Edmond de Goncourt, naturalism will be dead; another doctrine and method will have taken its place. There is something, perhaps, still more significant in the telegram received by M. Huret from Paul Alexis, the faithful Abdiel of the school: "Naturalism not dead; letter follows." While these alarming rumors are in the air, the impression must remain that it lies upon its death-bed, soon about to receive the viaticum.

Who have been gainers by this reaction from naturalism, with its perverted idealism, its pseudo-science, its heaped-up ordures? For the present, at all events, the group of writers who name themselves or are named the "Psychologues," of which Bourget is the most distinguished representative. "Tea-pot psychology!" exclaims a hostile critic; and it is true that Bourget, with his love of elegance, his aristocratic tastes, his refinements of passion, his casuistry of the heart, addresses an audience which can dare to discuss the morals of his tales over the five o'clock tea-cup. "Dès les premiers livres de Bourget," says M. Anatole France, "vous avez vu l'empressement des femmes vers le roman psychologique." We can believe, says another critic, that Bourget is always ready to pardon the most grievous sins of his heroines in consideration of "la finesse de leur linge;"* and when one and the same writer is elegant, mun-

dane, sceptical, voluptuous, and, as in *Le Disciple*, a stern moralist and a regenerator of the conscience of France, his circle of clients should be what the newspapers describe as both select and numerous. The novel in his hands passes from the study of great social groups—the peasantry, the mining population, the railway servants, the men on 'change—to that of the individual soul. With M. Maurice Barrès, this individualism approaches dangerously near egoism pure and simple, and is just saved by the possibility that in this case the "ego" is typical of no inconsiderable group of other "egos," young spirits arriving at adult years in these closing years of our century. "The *Jardin de Bérénice*," as M. Barrès explained to the representative of the *Echo*, "is the last volume of a series of three works in which I try to set forth what I call and what has been called often enough, *La Culture du Moi*. It is a monograph, including a theory, of individualism. *Sous l'Œil des Barbares* exhibits the difficulty which a young man has in attaining self-knowledge, and in developing and protecting his true personality. *L'Homme libre* is a treatise on the gymnastic of the ego; showing how, with the methods of Ignatius Loyola and the *Lives of the Saints*, one may gain for the ego an experience of whatever the world contains of emotion. The *Jardin de Bérénice* is, on the one hand, a study of methods by which to conciliate the needs of the interior life of the soul with the demands of the active life, and, on the other, an act of submission in presence of the Unconscious, which may also be named the Divine." The *moi* of M. Barrès is a very charming, a very distinguished *moi*, full of subtlety and address, and no wonder that its owner, who is not afflicted by the material necessities of existence, should be well pleased to caress it.

I have drawn freely on the discourse of many of M. Huret's subjects or victims, but I have not approached the mysterious group of "Mages," who are learned in the Cabbala, comprehend the secret meaning of the signs of the Zodiac, hold communication with Hermes Trismegistus, repeat the Abracadabra, practise the Hocus-Pocus, and on occasions prefix to their humble Christian names the awful "Sar," a Chaldean title meaning nothing in particular. It is very pleasant to know that

* Edouard Rod in his interesting collection of studies, *Les Idées morales du Temps présent*.

young people in France as in England are privileged to speak nonsense with a large utterance ; that babes of grace there as well as here may suck their thumbs with a mystic significance in a peculiar fashion of their own. Else were the world a sadder world than it is. And to acknowledge the truth, one hierophant at least, M. Jules Bois, has spoken so ingeniously and prettily, that I should gladly quote from what he says, but by this time my reader has fatigued his eye at the peep-show of marionettes, Classicists, Romanticists,

Naturalists, Psychologists, Parnassiens, Decadents, Symbolists, Mages. What next ? In a happy variation on the nursery tale M. Charles Vignier calls on Sister Anne to climb the tower and see if there be any one coming. Yes, there are many coming ; but the brothers who are to deliver the heroine of the tale from her cruel keeper have not yet appeared, and when they come perhaps we shall mistake them for sellers of olives.—*Forinightly Review*.



POLITICAL PAMPHLETS BY MEN OF GENIUS.

BY F. C. MONTAGUE.

To some of us, when dwelling with complacency upon the wealth of that noble literature which Macaulay styles the most lasting of the many glories of England, the reflection must have occurred, how small a part of that literature is immortal ; nay, how small is the part which has survived the mutations of two or three centuries ! At best a national literature lives only in the memories of a fraction of the nation, in the memories of those who have leisure and taste to appreciate works which have lost the charm of novelty and the gloss of fashion. Even among these, how few are really familiar with the authors of any age but their own ! How little of the literature, say, of the seventeenth century, is known at first hand to the best-educated Englishmen ! A few of its great poems all persons with self-respect profess to have read. But what has become of its most remarkable prose writings ? Bacon's "Essays" are read in schools ; Milton's "Areopagitica" is set for examinations ; Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion" is still consulted by those who concern themselves with English annals ; and here and there a devout or curious reader may have brushed the dust from a volume of Jeremy Taylor. But who turns over the pages of those sermons of Barrow which the great Chatham recommended to his son as the noblest models of English eloquence ? Who bestows an idle hour upon those prefaces of Dryden, which to a connoisseur so accomplished as Charles Fox seemed among the purest sources of English undefiled ?

A new age finds Barrow heavy and Dryden superficial. Soon or late a twilight falls upon the gods themselves, and in a few generations the immortals of literature find their shrines forsaken and their laurels withered.

The oblivion which so speedily descends upon many of our classics has causes, some of which affect all literature equally, while others affect English literature with peculiar force. All monuments of genius are more perishable than we like to own. From its very birth a famous book carries within itself the seeds of decay. Every revolution of thought, every accession of knowledge, every fresh wave of feeling, every new phase of experience, removes the reader further and further from the writer. The old-fashioned wisdom seems childish, the old-fashioned sentiment seems frigid. The arguments which convinced another age, in our age conclude nothing. The eloquence which thrilled our forefathers makes their descendants yawn. Stung with disappointment, we impeach the skill of the artist, we impeach our own taste ; in these sad partings we find fault with everything except the destiny of mankind, which makes them inevitable. We part, in spite of struggles and regrets, slowly, but certainly we part. This sense of distance must be felt by all who retrace the growth of a literature which has lived through many ages ; it is not felt by the student of English literature alone.

But English prose—
subject than most—

phlets which were of little use toward the purpose aimed at by the author.

Of the three men whose names have been mentioned, Milton had the most powerful genius, yet was the least admirable pamphleteer. That this should have been so, will not surprise anybody who considers Milton's bent of mind and way of life. A poet by natural vocation, a student by deliberate choice, Milton lived in habitual commerce with his own high imaginings and with the noblest thoughts of the mighty dead. A temper as fastidious as it was severe may be traced in the fewness of his friendships and in the jars of his domestic life. Passionate as were his love of country and desire of fame, their singular intensity drew him not nearer to but further from the crowd of his fellow-men. Such a man was not likely to be a serviceable party hack. He was aware of his own unfitness for this drudgery: "Knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand." * Yet he would not refrain from a species of writing which alone enabled him to take part in a contest as thrilling to him as to Hampden or to Cromwell. So he gave twenty years, his eyesight, and the best strength of an incomparable genius to writing pamphlets which had but a restricted influence upon the public.

The most obvious shortcoming of these pamphlets is the lack of contact with the circumstances and the opinion of the day. Compared with Swift's or Burke's pamphlets, these are the pamphlets of an inspired book-worm. Not himself a public man like Burke, nor even living habitually with public men like Swift, Milton was at a hopeless disadvantage in a time when Parliamentary debates and State papers were kept secret, when newspapers were only beginning to appear, and when one part of England scarcely knew as much about the thoughts and feelings of another part as we know about the thoughts and feelings of Berlin or Madrid. Milton as a journalist could never be up to date: It was impossible for him to catch the latest breath of an agitated public. He wanted that every-day knowledge which is the one thing needful for an every-day

argument. Thus at the very moment when the Commonwealth was crumbling into military anarchy, Milton was still confident that it could be made perpetual. After setting out his plan of a republic, he writes:—

"The Grand Council being thus firmly constituted to perpetuity, and still upon the death or default of any member supplied and kept in full number, there can be no cause alleged why peace, justice, plentiful trade and all prosperity should not thereupon ensue throughout the land; with as much assurance as can be of human things, that they shall so continue (if God favor us and our wilful sins provoke Him not) even to the coming of our true and rightful and only to be expected King, only worthy, as He is our only Saviour, the Messiah, the Christ, the only Heir of His Eternal Father, the only by Him anointed and ordained since the work of our redemption finished, universal Lord of all mankind." *

These words were written in the year 1660, just before the Restoration of Charles the Second. The writer who used them moved perhaps in a higher sphere, but not in the sphere of human policy.

Nor had Milton that innate political tact which goes far to supply the want of political knowledge. He discussed politics, sometimes with the inspiration of a poet, sometimes with the pedantry of a schoolmaster, but never as a man accustomed to manage mankind would discuss them. The most fearless and outspoken of enthusiasts, he everywhere acknowledged, nay asserted with peculiar fervor and insistence, opinions and aspirations which might not be unworthy of John Milton, but which must have seemed as dangerous and detestable to the average Puritan as to the average Cavalier. In these pamphlets can be found no trace of the art so familiar to advanced politicians, the art of getting dull people to accept new principles by withdrawing their minds from the consequences which these principles must involve. Were this all, we could not regret that Milton lacked the low cunning of a partisan. But his deficiency went further. He lacked the equable prudence of a true statesman. When he took a side in "the

* "Reason of Church Government."

* "The Ready and Free Commonwealth."

force, that a less number compel a greater to retain, which can be no wrong to them, that liberty than that a greater number, for the pleasure of their baseness compel a less, most injuriously to be their fellow-slaves. They who seek nothing but their own just liberty have always right to win it and to keep it, whenever they have power, be the voices never so numerous that oppose it. And how much we above others are concerned to defend it from kingship, and from them who in pursuance thereof so perniciously would betray us and themselves to most certain misery and thralldom will be needless to repeat." *

In truth, Milton's love of liberty was far removed from the love of liberty so widely professed to day. Milton was by circumstances a rebel, but by temper an aristocrat. He did not stand in awe of the masses, or profess to copy their ideas or to share their tastes. He was morally and intellectually fastidious. He was as proud as his own Lucifer. If he was a republican, it was less because he desired to find equals than because he scorned to acknowledge a lord. He was a republican not of the modern but of the antique school. He had nourished his mind upon the utterances of Roman statesmen, and Greek philosophers, and Hebrew prophets, and he had caught their accent of conscious worth and unbending courage. This accent, however, soothes the ear neither of kings nor of crowds. Milton's republican strain will always find an echo in young and enthusiastic readers; but it will not recommend him to the general public, even when all the world has been Americanized.

In point of style Milton's pamphlets cannot be praised without reserve. They display, indeed, those literary qualities which might be expected in anything written by the author of "Comus" or of "Paradise Lost," the "wealth of magnificent words," the varied music of the long and involved but carefully modulated period, and ever and anon, when rising to the height of some great argument, a swelling pomp of rhetoric, a profusion of living images which silences criticism and leaves admiration breathless. But then they have none of the literary qualities

which are most essential to the pamphlet. They have not lucid order. There is in them hardly a trace of that skilful disposition of topics which multiplies the weight of an argument as much as the skilful marshalling of troops multiplies the power of an army. There is hardly a sign of that logical art which produces the greatest effect upon the reader's opinions with the least trouble to his understanding. Not all the richness of language can conceal the awkwardness of argument. Again, the undigested learning of these pamphlets is a defect in point of form as well as of substance. Long strings of citations cannot be made eloquent even by Milton. So likewise their scurrility is an artistic as well as a moral blemish. Party spirit is natural in party pamphlets; but it should not vent itself merely in downright abuse, unrelieved by wit or irony. Anger is a powerful literary motive; but only when under intellectual governance. If the angry advocate can portray characters which, possibly not appropriate to his adversaries, are yet true of certain men in every age, then he may expect to find in every age delighted readers. Possibly Aristophanes and Tacitus libelled the contemporaries whom they have immortalized; but the characters of Aristophanes and Tacitus still walk in our streets, and sit in our assemblies. The sneer of Tacitus and the caricature of Aristophanes still find a response in every reader of Latin or of Greek literature; while Milton's representations of his adversaries already strike us as forced and unnatural, and merely awaken regret that so transcendent a writer should have conformed to the bad fashion of his time.

Milton's pamphlets are the uneven result of the drudgery of a man of genius in a field not truly his own. Swift's pamphlets are the triumphs of a master in the art of polemical writing. We may regret that the energies of Swift even more than of Milton were consumed in this profitless travail. Milton's poems alone would assure his fame. Swift's verses, admirable as they sometimes are, would not by themselves establish him a classic. Out of his prose, which fills fifteen volumes, only "Gulliver's Travels," the "Tale of a Tub," and the "Journal to Stella," have enough human interest to keep them fresh for many ages. His remaining works have been likened, not quite un-

* "The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth."

siastical disputes he has pretty plainly told in his "Tale of a Tub," and still more plainly in those famous lines on the Last Judgment, which, although disputed, seem too pungent to have come from any other author. Such a man might have been expected to set less store by the contentions of Whig and Tory, and to tolerate Nonconformists in a petty allowance of power and preferment. Yet as a Tory and Churchman Swift may have been sincere. If little prone to glorify an established order, he was apt enough to cry down the capacity of mankind. Vicious and foolish as they are, he seems to say, it is odd that they should have been able to set up any civil or ecclesiastical polity. What they have set up may be a poor contrivance; but it is as good as could be expected from them. Why trouble yourself to alter mere mechanical arrangements of state when the men upon whom all depends and for whom all exists are naturally base and necessarily miserable? Why vex your soul with the interminable wrangle of theologians when the very little which we know, or need to know, about religion is plain to every man possessed of common sense, if not puffed up with vanity and presumption? Rather let everything be and possess your soul in patience; for wisdom and endurance lessen the evils which they cannot cure. Let knaves and enthusiasts bawl for reformation; they know not what they want, or if they do, they know that they want their own advantage, not the public good.

Such, we may conjecture, was the real unaffected temper of Swift's mind. Expecting little from change, he was naturally conservative. Knowing how trivial are many of the subjects of political and ecclesiastical debate, he thought the disputants fools, and their noise a nuisance to be suppressed as speedily as possible. Sensitive to everything grotesque or frantic, he preferred a decent routine to the vagaries of enthusiasm. Constitutionally imperious and despotic, he followed his bent on taking the side of authority. Having chosen the clerical profession, he was confirmed in all those innate propensities. He took orders at a time when the Church was making her last effort to retain exclusive domination. He felt as a personal wrong the dissidence of the crowd, the unbelief of the fine gentlemen, and the mean estimation in which his

calling was held. Upon considering all these things, we shall be surprised rather at his so long remaining a Whig than at his finally becoming a Tory. Once engaged in a party conflict, he was carried by his fierce, overbearing disposition into every excess which his keen, sceptical intellect might have been expected to condemn. The inconsistency may point his own satire upon man, it should surprise only those who have been able to regulate their lives by strict syllogism.

The pamphlets of Burke are far more alive than the pamphlets of Milton or of Swift. Their peculiar freshness cannot be explained merely by their more recent date. The "Letters of Junius" were written by a contemporary of Burke, and acquired a celebrity not inferior to that of Burke's best known writings; yet the "Letters of Junius" have long since failed to find readers, and are steadily losing even reputation. Nor is the interest still felt in Burke's pamphlets the effect merely of excellence in style, although they possess that excellence in a very eminent degree. Burke, when discoursing of the greatest affairs at the highest pitch of his faculty, is magnificent indeed. But no more than Milton can Burke be held up as a faultless model of expression. Like other writers whose power of rhetoric is out of all proportion to their sense of humor, Burke is so uniformly elaborate and solemn as often to oppress the reader with a sense of fatigue, and now and then to force a smile at little things described in lofty terms. Nor was Burke defective merely in point of humor. He was not faultless in point of taste. Occasional extravagance in denunciation was a fault inseparable from his temperament and sanctioned by the usage of his time. Much less excusable were the physically offensive images in which he sometimes indulged. Take one instance, it is one too many. "That debt" (of the Nabob of Arcot to the East India Company) "forms the foul, putrid mucus, in which are engendered the whole brood of creeping ascarides, all the endless involutions, the eternal knot, added to a knot of those inexpugnable tape-worms which devour the nutriment and eat up the bowels of India." In point of sense as well as in point of refinement, nothing could be worse than this loathsome sentence.

If Burke's art was sometimes at fault, his matter was too often unmanageable. That this was so infers no reproach against him. The publicist, who insists upon doing his duty, must work up masses of material at once intractable and perishable, quantities of administrative financial and statistical detail which cannot be made attractive to any readers except those whose persons or property are immediately concerned. Burke was too much in earnest not to make free use of such dry knowledge, which in his speeches and pamphlets lies mingled with arguments appealing to the reason of every age, and with outbursts of pathetic or indignant eloquence able to stir the passions of every feeling heart. Thus, out of the seventy pages filled by Burke's "Speech on the Debts of the Nabob of Arcot," ten perhaps belong to our classical literature, while the remaining sixty belong merely to the politics of that day. The crowd of light and hasty readers will not stop to crush all this quartz in order to win these few ounces of gold. Even the patient and serious reader will feel that his sense of what is truly precious has been dulled by all the toil of extraction. For these treasures one must extract oneself; one cannot really master a great author in a book of excerpts. In the upshot, the student of Burke comes to limit himself more and more to the few works, such as the "Reflections on the Revolution in France," in which general reasoning predominates over particular data.

What really gives immortal life to these writings often hastily thrown off, is their peculiar strain of wise and suggestive thought, the wisdom of a man who has been deeply versed in public affairs, yet has never been so much immersed in business as to have no time for meditation. Destined by nature for a literary life, Burke received from circumstances a practical discipline. He was not like Milton, an enthusiastic student destitute of knowledge of the world, or like Swift, a journalist tied to the defence of measures in which he had no share. Burke was a veteran member of Parliament, and a leader of a great political party. Yet he was not like the younger Pitt, or like Sir Robert Walpole, absorbed in the toils of office and of the House of Commons. He was generally in opposition, and never in the Cabinet. He escaped the drudgery

of success and the slavery of power. He had leisure to continue those noble studies which enlarge the intellect and enliven the imagination. Thus he preserved what Matthew Arnold finely styles, "a just sense of the greatness of great affairs." He never fell into the besetting sin of public life, the impiety of regarding the government of a mighty people as a mere exercise of low cunning. He never forgot that politics means something more than the tricks of politicians. He never confused the wisdom of the statesman with the artifice of the debater or party manager. He could give lasting life and power to his studies of passing political questions, because, with a working knowledge of mankind and a remarkable mastery of detail, he blended an ideal elevation of sentiment and a philosophical breadth of conception.

It would be absurd, however, to hold up Burke as invariably and inevitably wise. His actions often and sometimes his writings were marred by the extravagance of a sensitive nature. As an Irishman and a man of letters, Burke was irritable and overstrung. Beyond all other callings, public life requires a firm, cheerful and placid temperament. Beyond all other wisdom, political wisdom is liable to be made useless by excitability. Burke's feelings were habitually in excess. He loved with passionate adoration, and hated with intense bitterness. While yet young, strong and happy, he was able to govern his temperament and so to repress his inward fire, that it made itself felt only in a steady glow, giving warmth and color to all that he wrote or said. But when old and weary, and laden with many sorrows, he too often failed to master the passion which waxed wild within him, and burst into that shrieking rhetoric which gives pain rather than conviction. In judging what Burke wrote upon the French Revolution, we must indeed remember the immensity of the interests at stake, and the horror which many of the incidents occurring in France could not fail to inspire, and if we take these things into account, we shall not condemn many passages in the "Reflections;" but in the "Letters on a Regicidal Peace" we shall still find much that is intolerable. In judging Burke's speeches on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, we must acknowledge the uprightness of his intention

and the service which he did in awakening the national conscience to the duties of Eastern Empire ; but we cannot quite condone the readiness with which he adopted every charge, however improbable, and we must altogether condemn the temper in which he conducted the prosecution, the temper of a Stuart judge, a temper which defeated his purpose by awakening public sympathy for the man so savagely assailed.

From this brief comparison of the political writings of Milton, Swift, and Burke, we may conclude how hard it is to write a perfect pamphlet. We may also be led to regret that any fine genius should spend his powers on work which, however well done, can hardly be lasting. We may regret that Milton should for twenty years have preferred the use of his left hand to the use of his right. We may regret that Swift should so often have emptied upon Whigs and Dissenters the vials of a wrath too capacious for any object less than the whole human race and its destiny. And even if we allow that instinct guided Burke into the course of industry most honorable for himself as well as most useful for his country, we must remember that some of his writing has been antiquated in the course of one hundred years, and that we cannot tell how little of it a thousand years will spare. Yet we must not indulge our regret too far. A certain waste of power is inseparable from exuberant life. Literature divorced from action is apt to lan-

guish and to pass through triviality into nothingness. If closely allied with action, literature must concern itself largely with things of transitory import, and must in some degree share their perishable nature. Before we can say, therefore, how much literary genius has been wasted in England, we must judge English literature as a whole. Under no circumstances could Milton have written many works like "Paradise Lost," or Swift many works like "Gulliver's Travels," or Burke many works like the "Reflections on the Revolution in France." But the one living character in "Paradise Lost," the character of Satan, owes much of its heroic reality to the experience of the vanquished Puritan.

"What though the field be lost,
All is not lost ; the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome."

So, too, the very soul of the baffled politician and exiled courtier animates those wonderful pictures of human folly and baseness, which at once fascinate and repel the reader of Gulliver's adventures. So, too, the best passages of the "Reflections on the Revolution in France" express the wisdom gathered in a long life of action as well as of study, of converse with living men and with public affairs as well as with letters and with philosophy. These treasures are ours. Could we have had them at a cheaper rate ! Who knows ?--*Murray's Magazine*.

DARWINISM IN THE NURSERY.

BY LOUIS ROBINSON, M.D.

WITHIN quite recent times we have learned that such seemingly trivial things as nursery rhymes and fairy tales are of the greatest importance in illustrating some points of the history and affinities of the human race, and also, in a less degree, in indicating the character of the ideas of our early ancestors concerning the forces and phenomena of Nature.

The value of the intense conservatism of the nursery in thus preserving for us, in an almost unchanged form (like ants in the resin of the tertiary epoch or mammoths in the fro

nary), relics of the thoughts and customs of long ago has only begun to be appreciated ; and doubtless if the nursery were less of a close preserve to the poachers and priers of science, and, like the beehive and the anthill, were available for purposes of investigation or experiment, we might considerably add to our knowledge concerning the history and habits of primitive man. At present there is a gap between embryology and ethnology which has never been filled. It is, oddly enough, with conditions, there have been h...

even paleontology, has thrown so much light on the evolution theory as the study of the structure and progress of the embryo up to the time of birth. There seems, however, no reason why embryology should stop here. An animal until independent of parental care, and even beyond that point, until the bodily structure and functions are those of an adult, is still, strictly speaking, an embryo; and we may learn much of its racial history by observing the peculiarities of its anatomy and habits of life.

For instance, among our domestic animals, horses and cattle live very much in the same manner, and thrive equally well grazing in open pastures. Yet a brief examination of the young of each shows that the habits and habitats of their respective wild ancestors were widely different. A foal from birth is conspicuous for the development of its legs, and when a few days old can gallop almost as fast as ever it will in its life. It makes no attempt at concealment beyond retiring behind its dam, and it carries its head high, evidently on the alert to see danger and flee from it. A young calf, on the contrary, is not much longer in the leg in proportion than its parents (I exclude, of course, the breeds artificially produced within quite recent times), and has but an indifferent turn of speed, and it is slow and stupid in noticing its surroundings. It has, however, one powerful and efficient instinct of self-preservation; for if, as is often the case in a bushy pasture, the mother leaves it under cover while she goes to graze, it will lie as still as death and allow itself to be trodden on rather than betray its hiding-place. Hence we see that the ancestors of our domestic horses inhabited open plains where there was little or no cover, and that they escaped by quickly observing the approach of a foe and by speed. Wild cattle, on the contrary, as is still seen in some parts of Texas and Australia, never from choice stray far from the shelter of the woods; and their ancestors, when threatened, lay crouched among the bushes like deer, in the hope of escaping observation. It is very remarkable how quickly horses and cattle, though domesticated for thousands of generations, during which long period many of their wild instincts and habits have been entirely in abeyance, regain all the old power of self-preservation proper

to the wild state, and often in a single generation become as acute in powers of scent and vision, and other means of escaping from their enemies, as animals which have never been tamed. There are at present probably no animals so alert and difficult to approach as the "brumbies" of Australia. In no way could more eloquently be shown the immense stretch of time during which these qualities were formed and became ingrained in the very nature and structure of their possessors than by comparing them with the trivial and evanescent effects of many centuries of domestication.

In the case of our own race it has often been observed that schoolboys present many points of resemblance to savages both in their methods of thinking—especially about abstract subjects—and in their actions. Younger children without a doubt also reflect some of the traits of their remote progenitors. If, as in the case of the calf and the foal, we look for traces of habits of self preservation that for incalculably long periods were most necessary for the safety of the individual (and therefore for the preservation of the race), we shall find that such habits exist, and are impossible to explain on any other hypothesis than that they were once of essential service.

Take, for instance, the shyness of very young children and their evident terror and distress at the approach of a stranger. At first sight it seems quite unaccountable that an infant a few months old, who has experienced nothing but the utmost kindness and tender care from every human being that it has seen, should eling to its nurse and show every sign of alarm when some person new to it approaches. Infants vary much in this respect, and the habit is not by any means universal, though it is far more often present than absent. This would suggest that, whatever its origin, it was not for any very long period (in the evolutionary sense) absolutely necessary to preserve the species from extinction. Darwin merely alludes to the shyness of children as probably a remnant of a habit common to all wild creatures. We need not, however, go back to any remote ancestral form to find a state of affairs in which it might prove of the greatest service. ~~known as~~ the cave-dwellers of the Do ~~g~~ were cannibals, and t

the races that piled together the Danish "kitchen middens" lived on the shores of the Baltic and German Oceans, they were very much such savages as the present inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and lived after the same fashion. Like the Fuegians, they were probably divided into small clans, each of a few families, and these, from conflicting interests and other causes, would be constantly at war. The earlier paleolithic savages, living in caves and rock shelters, would be even more isolated and uncompromising in their treatment of strangers, for the game of any given district would only be sufficient to support a few. If in our day

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other, mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations,

in the time of paleolithic and early neolithic man every district the size of an English parish would be the hunting-ground of a clan, with fierce enemies on every side. In such a state of affairs a stranger (unless he were safely tied to a stake) would be a most undesirable person in proximity to the wigwam and the pickaninnies.

If he paid a call it would very likely be—in the scarcity of other game—with the purpose of carrying off a tender foe for table use. Under such circumstances the child who ran to its mother, or fled into the dark recesses of the cave, upon first spying an intruder, would be more likely to survive than another of a more confident disposition. Often, during the absence of the men on a hunting expedition, a raid would be made, and all the women and children that could be caught carried away or killed. The returning warriors would find their homes desolate, and only those members of their families surviving who, by chance or their own action, had escaped the eyes of the spoilers. On the approach of an enemy—and "stranger" and "enemy" would be synonymous—the child which first ran or crawled to its mother, so that she could catch it up and dash out of the wigwam and seek the cover of the woods, might be the only one of all the family to survive and leave offspring. Naturally the instinct which caused the child to turn from the stranger to the mother would be perpetuated; and from the frequency of the habit at the present day it seems probable that many of our ancestors were so saved from destruction. We must remember that the

state of society in which such occurrences would be frequent lasted many thousand years, and that probably scarcely a generation was exempt from this particular and unpleasant form of influence.

When we bear in mind that the play of young animals is almost always mimic war, it is well worthy of note how very early young children will take to the game of "hide and seek." I have seen a child of a year old who, with scarcely any teaching, would hide behind the curtains and pretend to be in great alarm when discovered. Probably the readiness with which infants play at "bo-peep," and peer round the edge of a cradle curtain, and then suddenly draw back into hiding, is traceable to a much earlier ancestor. Here we see the remains of a habit common to nearly all arboreal animals, and the cradle curtain, or chair, or what not, is merely a substitute for a part of the trunk of a tree behind which the body is supposed to be hidden, while the eyes, and as little else as possible, are exposed for a moment to scrutinize a possible enemy and then quickly withdrawn.

It is remarkable how quickly very young children notice and learn to distinguish different domestic animals. I have known several cases in which an infant under a year old, which could not talk at all, has recognized and imitated the cries of sheep, cows, dogs, and cats, and evidently knew a horse from an ox. Not unfrequently I have heard great surprise expressed by parents at the quickness with which a baby would perceive some animal a long distance off, or when from other causes it was so inconspicuous as to escape the eyes of older persons. Pictures of animals, too, have a great fascination, and the child is never tired of hearing them roar like a lion or bray like a donkey, or looking at them in the picture-book. This may seem of little worth while to some, but to our forefathers it was a great pleasure.

vive, and a faculty so necessary, and so constantly operative through long ages, would be likely to leave traces in after generations.

Among all arboreal apes the ability firmly to hold on to the branches is of course extremely important, and in consequence they have developed a strong power of grip in the hands. The late Frank Buckland compares the hands of an anthropoid ape to grapnels, from their evident adaptation to this end. Nor does this power exist only among adults, for although most apes, when at rest, nurse their young on one arm, just as does a mother of our own species, when, as often happens, they are fleeing from an enemy, such as a leopard or some other tree-climbing carnivorous animal, the mother would need all her hands to pass from branch to branch with sufficient celerity to escape. Under such circumstances the infant ape must cling on to its mother as best it can; and naturalists who have repeatedly seen a troop of monkeys in full flight state that the young ones as a rule hang beneath the necks and breasts of the mothers, holding on by the long hair of their shoulders and sides. This was the case with a young *Rhæsus* monkey born in the Zoological Gardens. Wallace, in his *Malay Archipelago*, gives an account of a very young orang which he secured after shooting the mother. He states that the baby orang was in most points as helpless as a human infant, and lay on its back, quite unable to sit upright. It had, however, an extraordinary power of grip, and when it had once secured a hold of his beard he was not able to free himself without help. On his taking it home to his house in Sarawak he found that it was very unhappy unless it could seize and hold on to something, and would lie on its back and sprawl about with its limbs until this could be accomplished. He first gave it some bars of wood to hold on to, but finding it preferred something hairy he rolled up a buffalo skin, and for a while the little creature was content to cling to this, until, by trying to make it perform other maternal duties and fill an empty stomach, the poor orphan mias nearly choked itself with mouthfuls of hair and had to be deprived of its comforter. The whole story of this poor little ape is both amusing and pathetic, as well as instructive, and I cannot do better

than refer those not already acquainted with it to the book, which is as a whole as good an introduction for the young student to the science of evolution as could well be found.

This power to hold on to the parent in any emergency may be compared to the galloping power of the young foal and the instinct of concealment in the calf; it is the one chief means of self-preservation adopted by the young of the arboreal quadrumana. During long epochs, impossible to measure by years, it would constantly be exercised; and it is plain that every infant ape that failed to exercise it, or which was physically unable from any cause to cling to its mother, when pursued by an agile foe, would either fall to the ground or be devoured among the branches. When we consider the harassed and precarious life of all wild creatures and the number of their enemies, it becomes apparent that scarcely an individual would be exempt from being many times put to the test, and the habit would, by the survival of those only which were able to maintain their grip, become more and more confirmed, until it became an integral part of the nature of all quadrumana and their descendants.

This being so, it occurred to me to investigate the powers of grip in young infants; for if no such power were present, or if the grasp of the hands proved only to be equally proportionate to any other exhibition of muscular strength in those feeble folk, it would either indicate that our connection with quadrumana was of the slightest and most remote description, or that man had some other origin than the Darwinian philosophy maintains.

In *The Luck of Roaring Camp* every one will remember the expression of one of Bret Harte's mining ruffians after he had passed through the shanty containing the newly born "Luck" and the corpse of the wretched mother. "He wrestled with my finger," said Mr. Kentuck, regarding that member with curiosity, and characteristically adding some adjectives more emphatic than to the point. On reading the story aloud in company several years ago a discussion arose as to whether the novelist was as correct an observer of infant human nature as he doubtless was of the vagaries of the pious cut-throats and chaste court-slopes of the Pacific '49, and con-

siderable doubt was thrown on the statement of Mr. Kentuck, since it did not seem probable that so gelatinous and flabby a creature as a new-born babe could "wrestle" (and prevail) even with a finger. Subsequent observation proved that the novelist here did not go beyond Nature's warrant, and that, whatever doubts we may have of the disinterestedness of Mr. Oakhurst, or the constancy of "Miggles," "The Luck" was drawn true to type.

Finding myself placed in a position in which material was abundant, and available for reasonable experiment, I commenced a series of systematic observations with the purpose of finding out what proportion of young infants had a noticeable power of grip, and what was the extent of the power. I have now records of upward of sixty cases in which the children were under a month old, and in at least half of these the experiment was tried within an hour of birth. The results as given below are, as I have already indicated, both curious and unexpected.

In every instance, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or a small stick three-quarters of an inch in diameter by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and *sustain the whole weight of its body* for at least ten seconds. In twelve cases, in infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed, and in three or four nearly a minute. When about four days old I found that the strength had increased, and that nearly all, when tried at this age, could sustain their weight for half a minute. At about a fortnight or three weeks after birth the faculty appeared to have attained its maximum, for several at this period succeeded in hanging for over a minute and a half, two for just over two minutes, and one infant of three weeks old for *two minutes thirty-five seconds*! As, however, in a well-nourished child there is usually a rapid accumulation of fat after the first fortnight, the apparently diminished strength subsequently may result partly from the increased disproportion of the weight of the body and the muscular strength of the arms, and partly from neglect to cultivate this curious endowment. In one instance, in which the performer had less than one hour's experience of life, he *hung by both hands to my forefinger for ten seconds*,

and then deliberately let go with his right hand (as if to seek a better hold) and maintained his position for five seconds more by the left hand only. A curious point is, that in many cases no sign of distress is evinced, and no cry uttered, until the grasp begins to give way. In order to satisfy some sceptical friends I had a series of photographs taken of infants clinging to a finger or to a walking-stick, and these show the position adopted excellently. Invariably the thighs are bent nearly at right angles to the body, and in no case did the lower limbs hang down and take the attitude of the erect position. This attitude, and the disproportionately large development of the arms compared with the legs, give the photographs a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the celebrated chimpanzee "Sally" at the Zoological Gardens. Of this flexed position of the thighs, so characteristic of young babies, and of the small size of the lower extremities as compared with the upper, I must speak further later on; for it appears to me that the explanation hitherto given by physiologists of these peculiarities is not altogether satisfactory.

I think it will be acknowledged that the remarkable strength shown in the flexor muscles of the fore-arm in these young infants, especially when compared with the flaccid and feeble state of the muscular system generally, is a sufficiently striking phenomenon to provoke inquiry as to its cause and origin. The fact that a three-weeks-old baby can perform a feat of muscular strength that would tax the powers of many a healthy adult—if any of my readers doubt this let them try hanging by their hands from a horizontal bar for three minutes—is enough to set one wondering.

So noteworthy and so exceptional a measure of strength in this set of muscles, and at the same time one so constantly present in all individuals, must either be of some great utility now, or must in the past have proved of material aid in the battle for existence. Now it is evident that to human infants this gift of grip is of no use at all, unless indeed they were subjected to a severe form of an old South of England custom, which ordered that the babe, when three days old, should be lightly tossed on to the slope of a newly thatched roof, that it might, by holding

on to the straw with its little hands, or by rolling helplessly back into the arms of its father, assist in forecasting its future disposition and prospects in life. Barring the successful passing of this ordeal—with regard to which I have never heard that non-success was a preliminary to immediate extinction—it seems plain that this faculty of sustaining the whole weight by the strength of the grasp of the fingers is totally unnecessary, and serves no purpose whatever in the newly born offspring of savage or civilized man. It follows therefore that, as is the case with many vestigial structures and useless habits, we must look back into the remote past to account for its initiation and subsequent confirmation; and whatever views we may hold as to man's origin, we find among the arboreal quadrumana, and among these only, a condition of affairs in which not only could the faculty have originated, but in which the need of it was imperative, since its absence meant certain and speedy death.

It is a well-known fact that the human embryo about three months before birth has a thick covering of soft hair, called "lanugo," which is shed before a separate existence is entered upon. At the same stage of development the skeleton is found to conform much more to the simian type than later, for the long bone of the arm, the humerus, is equal to the thigh-bone, and the ulna is quite as long and as important as the tibia. At the time of birth the lower limbs are found to have gained considerably on the upper, but still they are nothing like so much larger as when fully grown. Physiologists have explained this want of development of the lower extremities in the fœtus by attributing it to the peculiarity of the antenatal circulation, in which the head and arms are supplied with comparatively pure oxygenated blood fresh from the maternal placenta, and the lower part of the trunk and legs get the venous vitiated blood returned through the great veins and transferred *via* the right ventricle and the *ductus arteriosus* to the descending aorta. This, it is said, accounts for the more rapid growth and more complete development of the head and arms before birth. To assert the exact contrary would be to contradict several great authorities, and apparently to follow the lead of the pious sage and the wisdom and good-

ness of Providence in causing large rivers to flow by great cities. Nevertheless it is well to remember that just as the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, so the blood-vessels were made for the body and not the body for the blood-vessels. It appears to me much more true to say that the quick arterial blood is sent to the upper extremities because these parts are for the time being more important, and their growth and development essential to the welfare of the individual, than that they are coerced into a kind of temporary hypertrophy, *nolens volens*, through having a better blood supply arbitrarily sent them than is allotted to their nether fellow-members. That this view is borne out by facts can be shown by taking the example of a young animal whose hind quarters are of essential service to it from birth; and for this end we need go no further than the instance, already quoted, of the young foal. Now in the ante-natal state the foal has just the same arrangement of blood-distribution as the embryo man; yet he is born with a small light head and well-developed hind quarters, so that he can gallop with speed. Instead of coming into the world with the general outline of an American bison (as he ought to do upon accepted physiological dicta), he is, as is well known, proportionately higher at the rump and lower at the shoulder than in after life. The mention of the American bison reminds me that it is another capital illustration of the same fact; for a young buffalo calf must have speed from its earliest days to enable it to keep up with the herd on the open prairie; and, in consequence, we find that it is much better developed behind (the hind legs being the chief propellers in all galloping animals) than the full-grown bull or cow, and has none of the comma-like, whittled-off aspect of its adult parents. The massive fore end of the bull bison arises from his habit of using himself as a projectile wherewith to batter his rivals out of the overlordship of the herd; but the bison calf is almost as level-backed as the young of our domestic cattle—though it is a much more active, wideawake little beast than an ordinary calf.

Why, then, are the head and upper extremities so apparently so ~~normally developed~~ ^{normally developed} in the young infant? I cannot see the true reason to be something like the

our domestic animals dream, as is proved by their movements while asleep, and the same thing has also been observed in monkeys. The effect of the position of the body during sleep upon the character of our dreams is too well known to require comment, for probably every one of my readers has experienced the very disagreeable results of sleeping on the back.

Now, if the first glimmerings of another world came to early man through dreams, in which he saw his comrades, or enemies, long since dead, reappear just as in life, though mixed up with much that was incongruous and incomprehensible, it would

seem as if the period during which man first adopted the *dorsal decubitus* might have been an epoch-making time in his raw theology.

Devils and devil-worship might easily have originated from a nightmare; and since even dogmas have pedigrees and are subject to the laws of evolution, it is perhaps no very wild suggestion that some of the more sombre tenets of our gentle nineteenth-century creeds may owe their embryonic beginnings to the sleeping attitude of some paleolithic divine who had gorged himself in an unwise degree with wild boar flesh.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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A CANNIBAL PLANT.

SOME years ago, a striking story was published in France describing a wonderful flesh-eating plant discovered by a great botanist. If we remember rightly, the story recounted how a certain collector discovered a plant of the fly-trap species of so gigantic a size that it could consume huge masses of raw meat. Just as the fly-catching plant snaps up a fly, and draws nutriment from the fly's dead body, so this one fed itself on the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef which were thrown into its ravening maw. The botanist in the story, for some reason, possibly fear of having his plant destroyed as dangerous to public safety, keeps the existence of the plant a secret, and preserves it in a locked-up conservatory. His wife, however, who is made miserable by his absorption of mind—he thinks of nothing but how to feed and improve his wonderful and fascinating plant—determines to follow him. This she does, accompanied by an old school-friend of the husband. When the pair reach the inner conservatory, they see, to their horror, the infatuated botanist tossing bleeding joints of raw meat into the huge jaws of a giant fly-trap. They are at first petrified with horror. At last, however, the wife throws herself into the arms of her husband, and implores him to give up dwelling upon the horrible carnivorous monstrosity which he has discovered and reared. Unfortunately, however, the wife in appealing to her husband goes too close to the plant. Its huge tentacles surround her and then pro-

fied men see the plant begin to devour its victim. Fortunately, however, the friend catches sight of an axe lying near, and seizing this he strikes at the roots of the plant. A few frenzied blows do the necessary work, and the flesh-eating plant tumbles to the ground and releases from its clutches the terrified woman. The botanist, however, cannot survive his most cherished discovery, and with the exclamation, "You have killed my plant!" he falls back dead.

The story is good enough as a story, but if we are to believe an article said in the *Review of Reviews* to be taken from *Lucifer*—we say "said" advisedly, because we have looked in the October *Lucifer* and can find no such article, and therefore presume there must be some mistake—it is only another instance of fiction being prophetic, and anticipating scientific discovery. According to the article quoted by Mr. Stead, there has been discovered in Nicaragua a flesh-eating, or rather, man-eating plant, which for horror is quite the equal of the novelist's imagination. This plant is found, it is asserted, in Nicaragua, and is called by the natives "the devil's snare." In form it is a kind of vegetable octopus, or devil-fish, and is able to drain the blood of any living thing which comes within its clutches. We give the story with all reserve, but it must be admitted to be circumstantial enough in all its details as far as possible. It appears that a naturalist, has lately returned from Central America, where he had been

the study of the plants and animals of those regions. In one of the swamps which surround the great Nicaragua Lake, he discovered the singular growth of which we are writing. "He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping-willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores." Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan attempted to cut the poor beast free; but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy muscular fibres of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant, Mr. Dunstan saw, to his horror and amazement, that the dog's body was blood-stained, "while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots," and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. "In cutting the vine, the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish-dark tinge, remarkably adhesive, and of a disagreeable animal odor, powerful and nauseating to inhale." The natives, we are told, showed the greatest horror of the plant, which, as we have noted above, they called the "devil's snare," and they recounted to the naturalist many stories of its death-dealing powers. Mr. Dunstan, we are told, was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be shaken off with the loss of skin, and even of flesh. As near as

he could ascertain, however, its power of suction is contained "in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, ordinarily closed, open for the purpose of food."

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meat being t

of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief."

The story is unquestionably a very curious one, and we may rely upon it, that if the plant really does exist, we shall soon have a specimen at Kew. The digging of the Nicaragua Canal will bring plenty of Americans and Englishmen into the very country where the "Vampire Vine" is said to exist, and the question whether the whole thing is or is not a hoax may very soon be tested. This fact makes, we readily admit, very much in favor of the truth of the story. Since the shores of the Nicaragua Lake are so soon to be explored, it would have been far safer for a botanical practical joker to have "seated" his plant in that natural home of unverifiable strange stories, the Upper Valley of the Amazon. The neighborhood inhabited by that Amazonian tribe who by the use of some secret process can reduce a human corpse to a tenth of its original size, and so produce a perfectly proportioned miniature mummy of the dead man, would have been a good locality in which to "place" the tale of the cannibal plant. Again, Nicaragua is within the Tropics, and plant-life there is therefore specially gross and vigorous. Besides, there is no inherent impossibility in the idea of a flesh-eating plant. It is merely a question as to whether evolution has or has not happened to develop the fly-eating plant on a sufficiently large enough scale to do what is related of the Vampire Vine. No one who has seen the ugly snap which that tiny vegetable crab, Venus's fly-trap, gives when the hairs inside its mouth are ticked by the human finger in the way that a fly would tickle them by walking, can doubt for a moment that the development of a plant capable of eating or sucking the blood of a man, is only a matter of degree. Even in England, there are plants which act on a small scale exactly the part asserted to be played by the Vampire Vine,—for example, *Lathræa squamaria*, the toothwort, "a pale chlorophyll-less parasite found in British woods." The account of the plant given by Mr. G. A. Thomson in Chambers's Encyclopædia, is as follows:—"Excepting the flower stalk, the plant is virtually underground; it bears thick, fleshy, tooth-like leaves. The

latter are hollow, and are entered through a series of apertures in many kinds of small animals. These seem to be entangled in protean excretions within the leaf-cavity, first exit, suppose, die, decompose, and are absorbed." Even more remarkable is Mr. Thomson's account of the carnivorous properties of the butterwort. This plant secretes "a copious fluid and secretion to entrap its victims." "This serves as insect lineament," besides retaining the usury midges, it finally digests them. Drops of rain may fall on the leaves, or petioles may land there, but without noteworthy effect; a small insect, however, stimulates a copious flow of the fatal secretion. But there is also movement: for, when an insect is caught, the margin of the leaves slowly curl inward for an hour or two, thus surrounding the body, or shifting it nearer the centre, in any case exposing it to more glands. After digestion, the results and the surplus exudation are absorbed, leaving finally the undigested skin of the insect on the more or less dry leaf surface." It will be noted that this, in miniature, is almost exactly the process adopted by the Nicaraguan carnivorous creeper. If the species of insect-eating plants were very few in number, and were very sparsely found, it might be possible to regard them as mere *luxuratures*. There are, however, known to be several hundred dicotyledons which, in some way or other, catch and live on animal food. From such a basis the evolution of a giant and man-eating dicotyledon is within the bounds of possibility. We cannot help hoping very much that

the story of the Vampire Vine will turn out to be true, for if it does, the botanists will be able to try some very curious experiments as to how these vegetarians which are half animals, digest, and whether their movements can properly be regarded as muscular movements. It is true that Darwin administered extremely homeopathic doses (0.000095 of a milligramme) of nitrate of ammonia to a sundew, and found the plant responded to the drug exhibited; but it would be far easier to conduct experiments on a larger plant. Even as it is, we know that the insect-eating plants secrete not only an acid, but a "peptonizing ferment" for the purposes of digestion. They also feed, like animals, "on substances at a high chemical level." More than a hundred and fifty years ago, Linnæus noted that the Lapps "used the butterwort for curdling milk, a property due to a rennet-like ferment which the plant has in addition to the digestive or peptic." Again, we are told that Dr. Burdon Sanderson has "detected electric currents similar to those observed in the neuro-muscular activity of animals." The borderland between animal and plant life occupied by the insect-eaters is, indeed, one of the most curious and interesting fields of biological study; and if a plant as large as the Vampire Vine could be obtained to experiment with, discoveries of enormous importance to science might very likely be made. The Vampire Vine would doubtless stand a grain of calomel after a heavy meat meal without damage or annoyance.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A PHILANTHROPIST'S DREAM.

FREELAND. A Social Anticipation. By Dr. Theodor Hertzka. Translated by Arthur Rawson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This curious and suggestive book, the first German edition of which appeared in 1890 and was rapidly followed by others, was evidently suggested by Mr. Edward Bellamy's *tour de force*, which was one of the great successes of the time. Like Mr. Bellamy, Herr Hertzka is a prophet of a new social order, wherein by a careful provision and systematic state-building "the evils of the present social order . . . shall be trans-

formed into a veritable earthly paradise. Mr. Hertzka, no less than his American predecessor, has worked out all the details of the new order of things with great care, and presents a beautiful picture which makes the poor wretches who toil and suffer under present conditions shiver with envy. Indeed the translator informs us in his preface that the publication of this book called forth in Austria and Germany an enthusiastic practical response; that numerous "socialist societies" were formed and incorporated into an international tract of between Mount that a land in British

Kenia and the coast, had been placed at the disposal of the "Freeland Society" for the formation of a colony. It is quite within reason to suppose that the British East African Company would be more than willing to endow an intelligent and industrious European colony with any required amount of land, for there is a surplus of it to give away. It is also quite intelligible that the glowing prospects of such a scheme would induce hundreds, perhaps thousands of people to cast in their lot with it.

Mount Kenia and the table-lands in its vicinity, indeed, are the scene where our prophet locates the working out of his socialistic dream, though its socialism is free from the absurd vagaries which vitiate the opinions and claims of most of those known as Socialists. The principle of individualism is not ignored in the organization of Freeland; and the author has a keen sense of the utter fatuity of most of the hopes which depend on paternalism carried out in its fullest degree and reduced to a science. A political economist of some note and the author of several books of recognized ability, he has followed in the track which, since the time of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis," has inspired not a few men to embody their political and economical theories in the form of the novel. Herr Hertzka has written a book interesting enough except in its closing chapters, which, it must be conceded, are very stupid and heavy reading, thought tramping with soles of lead. The narrative of the origin of the colony of Freeland, its organization, its growth, its difficulties and the means by which it overcame them, and of its final triumphant and brilliant success as a great and powerful State is told in a natural and entertaining way, though we recognize all the characteristics of a fairy story in it from the beginning. The enterprise, enormously complicated as it is in its involution of the most contradictory and difficult qualities of human nature, goes on without a hitch; or, if a difficulty arises, it disappears like magic, so perfect a panacea is the atmosphere of the new African State against those perverse diseases of the human mind and temper which afflict the ordinary man. This indeed—that is to say, the failure to make sufficient allowance for the inevitable aberration of human nature—is the fallible spot in all socialistic plans. If men and women were all perfect, socialism would be an easy matter to achieve, for everything would work like well-oiled ma-

chinery. But in this case socialism would be unnecessary, for with such material to work with the present order would speedily purge itself of all its essential evils.

Freeland, in our author's story, within a single generation becomes a State of millions in population, with an almost incredible public income, and with cities of such splendor that the proudest nations of Europe, with a civilization of a thousand years to their backs, must needs hide their diminished heads and sneak off with their tails between their legs. This Aladdin's palace business of accomplishing more in a quarter of a century than history accomplishes in a millennium of years is the absurd feature in all such speculations. The facts of progress never did march with seven-league boots, but make haste slowly, with many painful halts and retrogressions; and no art of the economical fiction writer and fiction thinker can change this truth. Dr. Hertzka, in the narrative part of his book, mixes with his economical philosophy a good deal of the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and of Rider Haggard, though, thank Heaven! he lacks the latter's insane passion for human gore. But he has all of the imagination for the nearly impossible which both these writers possess in such effervescence. There are some things, however, which, if not specially novel, show at least sanity of mind and heart in his lucubrations. His ideal, though embodied in a very exaggerated form, is made up of certain essential features with which many if not most thinking men, at least in America, fully sympathize. He exploits the desirability of a nation where land and the sources of production, which have been gradually accumulated by the whole community, shall be public property (in Freeland no man can own or transfer real estate—that is to say, the ground); where incapacity to work carries with it an honorable right to maintenance under liberal provisions which do not insult the self-respect of the recipient; where every man has untrammelled right to do his own will, so far as his will does not make war on the chartered or personal rights of others; and where the system of government is purely democratic, carried on by recurring elections under such guards as would probably avoid some of the wretched blundering and practical rascality which disfigure our elaborate American system. One can easily fancy himself as soon getting very sick of the stagnant and unruffled perfection of life in Freeland, with all its millennial virtues, and

longing again for that kind of campaigning existence where he has to give and take hard knocks. But there are times when such a dream as that of Herr Hertzka presents a very fascinating side to battered pilgrims, even those a good many paces higher up in the social scale than the unfortunates who woo oak matrons in our city parks at night. More than one hundred pages of the latter part of this book are devoted to a report of the supposed discussion at the World's Congress, held at Eden Vale, the capital of Freeland. Here we have all the theories of Herr Hertzka fully elucidated. In trying to wade through this ponderous section one is irresistibly reminded that it is not easy to present abstruse questions with the captivating brilliancy of a Henry George. It is not given to many to bend the bow of Ulysses. Herr Hertzka has done himself more justice, we fancy, in the easy style in some of his other books, unless these wondrously belie his reputation.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR PORTICAL FAME.

POEMS. By Emily Dickenson. Edited by two of her Friends, J. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. Second Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

One hardly knows how to approach these strangely defective poems, if so we must call them when measured by any art standard, without feeling the opposite forces of alienism and fascination pulling hard at his judgment. The attitude of estimation properly shuns any criterion which does not seek to gauge the inner life of a thing born of blood and tears and heart ache. One cannot lay it on a dissecting table and use the scalpel as if it were dead flesh. None the less, it must be said the reader is continually jarred by what is not so much carelessness as absolute insensibility to the rich savour and music of words—a deliberate scorn, one might say, of the delights of rhythm and rhyme. Yet there are times when there is a certain subtle melody in the thought which compels the word to its own sweetness, the rhythm of an inner pulse which, if of no very lusty vigor, tells the story of a great and reticent heart as well as if it had the Tennysonian beat and swing. Miss Dickenson, whose careless fragments of thought in so many cases fail to conceal their own lustre, never published anything in her lifetime. Her friends have disinterred these scraps from ancient portfolios and have given them to the world, not dead leaves fallen from a dead tree, but things with a curious

flutter of vitality in them in spite of all their elusiveness and fragility. The exact thought often escapes, yet some sense of a ghostly beauty in the fugitive haunts the imagination. This vagueness is sometimes cruelly provoking, and one is specially irritated at what he fancies he may have missed, when at another time the past shows a trenchant power of cleaving to the inmost core and heart of a thing with some simple, all-illuminating word or phrase. Miss Dickenson frequently seems to grope for esoteric meanings, which she would hide from *hoi polloi* and reveal only to the few chosen souls of the elect. Again, we find exceeding awkwardness of phrase, poverty-stricken, like that of a child, as if the first ill-fitting word were flung in to fill a gaping hole. With the poetic instinct which many of these poems exhale like a delicate scent, with the passionate hunger for expression that evidently made this soul suffer, with a subtlety of thought which can cut as close to the bone as a Damascus cimeter, one cannot reconcile the thinness and penury of written style in this strange part with anything but a sense on her part of something which no form or output could match, and a disdain of any attempt thereat. It seems deplorable that the spiritual significance and beauty of so much of this woman's work should take wing on broken and halting pinions, but it may be that this insufficiency is not without its value as a note of individuality. We give two examples of Miss Dickenson's quaint and original muse, which will sufficiently illustrate what we have said:

THE JOURNEY.

"Our journey had advanced;
Our feet were almost come
To that odd fork in Being's road,
Eternity by term.

"Our pace took sudden awe,
Our feet reluctant led.
Before were cities, but between
The forest of the dead."]

"Retreat was out of hope—
Behind a sealed route,
Eternity's white flag before,
And God at every gate."

And again, what could be more beautiful and delicate in its suggestion than this to the "Fringed Gentian":

"God made a little gentian,
It tried to be a rose,
And failed, and all the time it longed
But just before the

Iumbus on his memorable voyage. They are to be manned by Spanish sailors and commanded by Spanish officers, and starting from Sandy Hook are to proceed up the Hudson and by the Lakes to Chicago, where they will form one of the attractions of the exhibition.

Messrs. PERCIVAL, of London, have in preparation a series of "Periods of European History," which will be under the general editorship of Mr. Arthur Hassall. The object of the publication is to present in separate volumes an account of the general development of European history. Messrs. Oman, Tout, Lodge, Armstrong, Wakeman, Morse Stephens, and the editor will be responsible for the several volumes. "Summer Rambles round Rugby," by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, to be issued in December by the same firm, will be interesting to old members of the Midland school.

ONE of the most distinguished Germanists of our time has just passed away in the person of Prof. Zarncke, of Leipzig. Born in 1825 in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, he graduated in 1847 at Rostock. In 1850 he founded at Leipzig one of the best-edited critical organs in Germany, the *Litterarisches Centralblatt für Deutschland*. Eight years later he was appointed Professor of the German Language and Literature at the University of Leipzig, where his lectures were very well attended. Zarncke's literary activity was many-sided, but he will, perhaps, be best remembered by his contributions to a critical study of the "Nibelungenlied" and by his edition of Seb. Brant's "Narrenschiff."

THE new Russian regulations restricting the rights of the Finnish press have already made themselves felt. Two of the principal papers in Finland have received warnings for having dared to discuss the state of the country. On the other hand, we learn that the Polish press is extending in Prussia, three new Polish papers having made their appearance there since the beginning of this month.

THE printers of Vienna, long renowned for excellence in their craft, have resolved to form an exhibition there next summer to illustrate the origin, development, and characteristics of typography, from the date of its discovery to the present time.

A TRANSLATION, by Mr. George Saintsbury, of Edmond Scherer's "Essays on English Literature," will be soon published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The essays range in point of time between the years 1861 and

1885, and they deal with the literary claims and characteristics of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Laurence Sterne, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, and Lord Beaconsfield as represented by "Endymion." Mr. Saintsbury has written a critical introduction and added a few notes. The book will contain a photogravure portrait, and a facsimile of M. Scherer's signature.

WE understand that the Rev. George McArthur, M.A.—who was engaged for seventeen years on the "Encyclopædia Britannica," principally in the work of revision, and who during the last two years has had charge of the final revision of the "Century Dictionary," now completed—is to enter on similar employment with the firm of Daniel Appleton & Co., New York.

MR. C. A. WARD's book, entitled "The Oracles of Nostradamus," the result of about eight years' study, is on the point of appearing. It purports to exhibit a long series of presages that have received startling verification in European history, and closes with a distinct forecast of the surrender at Sedan. This event is here for the first time clearly identified as having been foreseen and recorded by Nostradamus, even to the very spot, Le Torcy, given by him in anagram. No English work has been devoted to the great French seer since 1672, when Garencières, of our College of Physicians, published his annotated translation, a book now extremely rare.

DURING the present month the first complete Italian translation of Edgar Poe's poems will be published in Rome. The work will be accompanied by a critical biographical essay and a general bibliography. It will be dedicated by the Biblioteca Nazionale Vittorio Emanuele to Mr. John H. Ingram, in recognition of his efforts to extend and clear Poe's fame.

THE first number of a new sixpenny monthly, to be called *The Victorian Magazine*, has just been issued. The magazine will be illustrated, but its special purpose will be to supply high-class literature. The first number will include the opening chapters of new serial stories by Mrs. Oliphant and Sarah Doudney; contributions by Prof. Church, Sir Noel Paton, Ernst Pauer, Charles G. Leland, H. A. Page, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, C. F. Gordon Cumming, Mary Brotherton, and others; and an essay (now first published) on the French Revolution, by Thomas De Quincey. A *photogravure*

of an early portrait of the Queen will be presented with the first number.

At Westminster Abbey on Saturday last a memorial bust of Matthew Arnold, executed by Mr. Bruce Joy, was unveiled in the presence of a great gathering of distinguished people. Lord Coleridge, who performed the ceremony, eloquently eulogized the deceased author, referring to his qualifications as a philosopher, critic, and poet.

THE death of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, which occurred recently at Fano, on the Adriatic coast, in the house of his niece, the Countess Bracci, will cause regret to all those who knew him. Though for a time after the Revolution of 1848 he took part in political life, and became a Senator of France under the Empire, the son of Lucien Bonaparte and nephew of Napoleon I. preferred literature, philology, and chemistry to politics, and enjoyed a Civil List pension from the English Government for his linguistic researches. A Basque grammar and a polyglot version of the parable of the sower in seventy-two languages and dialects are among his achievements. He was a keen student of English provincial tongues. Born in England in 1813, he was in his seventy-ninth year.

PROF. PELHAM has been elected a vice-president, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton, have been elected members of the council, of the Royal Historical Society.

It appears that Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The Prophet," will not be published next year. Commenced before "The Scapegoat," it was laid on one side, partly in consequence of ill health, but more because of Mr. Caine's determination—formed many months ago, before he received Dr. Adler's invitation—to visit Russia in the interests of the story, which deals with the Russian Jewish question. Meanwhile Mr. Caine is completing a story entitled "St. Bridget's Eve" for Messrs. Tiltotson & Son, of Bolton, and it is arranged to appear serially in January next. "The Prophet" will be published by the same firm in 1893.

PROF. ISOLA, of Genoa, has just brought out the third part, fasc. 1, of his "Storia delle Lingue e Letterature Romanze," the first two parts of which are included in the third volume of the "Storie Narbonesi," published in the "Collezione d'Opere Inedite e Rare" of Signor Romagnoli at Bologna.

THE most practical result of the recent "Körner-feier" in Germany is the publication of a complete Körner bibliography, compiled by Dr. Emil Peschel, the zealous admirer of the hero-poet.

ACCORDING to the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin, "Lorle," the charming heroine of Auerbach's once highly popular novel "Die Frau Professorin," had a prototype in real life. She was a beautiful young nurse named Elise Egloff, whose acquaintance the distinguished anatomist Prof. Friedr. Henle, who died some six years ago, had made at Zurich in the house of a friend, and whom he subsequently married.

M. CLARETIE is writing on a little known battle, that commonly known as of "Versailles" or "Roquencourt"—the battle near Paris at the close of the Hundred Days, after Waterloo, which honorably ended the campaign.

M. PAUL FAVRE has found at Poppi, in the upper valley of the Arno, a MS. of the chronicler Ricobaldo of Ferrara, containing in compendium a history of the world from the beginning down to A.D. 1318.

MISCELLANY.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON THE DESCENT OF WOMAN.—"Whatever may be the origin of man," wrote Lord Randolph Churchill in his article on the diamond industry, "woman is descended from an ape." This statement, which appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, is criticised by the *Spectator* as follows:

"Like Childe Harold before the ruins of the Colosseum, Lord Randolph stood before the desolation of a diamond-mine and deeply considered. What are diamonds, he argued, but the glittering rubbish with which a woman adorns herself. What are the women who thus adorn themselves at the cost of man's life and labor? Are they not often neither young, nor beautiful, nor virtuous? That also is true. Therefore women are descended from monkeys. What a conclusion to have come to so coldly! A lesser mind might have been baulked of it by the consideration that monkeys, although very often neither young, nor beautiful, nor virtuous, do not, as a rule, wear diamonds; but the keen eye of the philosopher, in its unerring pursuit of truth, was not to be blinded by such trivial and fallacious reasoning. Nothing that we have yet read in our Pilgrim's Progress has filled us with so much pleasure

and wonder as this, his latest discovery. The departure from England, the passage across the Bay of Biscay, the exploration of the unknown city of Lisbon, and the adventurous lunch that he ate there, even the hardships of ship life and the terrible tale of the privations that have to be endured therein, left us comparatively unmoved and unadmiring. Nor did the pictures with which the *Daily Graphic* adorned its correspondent's story stir us to any like enthusiasm; not even when we were shown a picture of the ship, with Lord Randolph himself on the quarter-deck; a picture of the coast of Africa, with Lord Randolph in the foreground; a mountain, with Lord Randolph on the top of it; a mine, with Lord Randolph at the bottom of it; or a railway-engine, with the same gentleman on the cow-catcher and a constituent from Paddington in the background. Admirable and astonishing as these productions were, they pale into utter insignificance before this last picture that he himself presents before our mental vision—the descent of woman, with Lord Randolph Churchill as its discoverer.

"Diamonds, according to Mr. Grant Allen, exercise a most demoralizing effect upon democracy; but it would appear that upon an aristocrat, even when that aristocrat is possessed of democratic tendencies, they exert a quickening influence. Surely some of his Lordship's brilliance upon this occasion must have been borrowed from the stones upon which he moralized. It was a happy accident that caused him to meet with one of his Paddington constituents upon a cow-catcher in South Africa—a sign of the far-reaching influence that is attached to his personality even in the uttermost parts of the world—but do not let him accept it as an omen that summons him back to political life in England. Let him rather think that this discovery of his in the diamond-fields, a discovery more precious than any of the precious stones by which he was surrounded, is likely to be but one of many, but the threshold to a glorious career of scientific inquiry. As a statesman we have done very well without him, and shall probably continue to do very well—absence has not made our hearts any fonder of him in that capacity. As a man of the world, he does not seem to have succeeded in endearing himself to his fellow-travellers—popularity is but a fickle chase, and unworthy of his seeking. As a writer of letters, he leaves much to be desired, and we cannot heartily congratulate the *Daily Graphic* upon its last special correspond-

ent. But as a man of science and a philosopher he seems to us to be beyond all praise. Above all others is the life of contemplation held in honor; let him lead it. Nothing is required for it but seclusion and silence: and his fellow-countrymen, who have so readily forgiven him his silence, will gladly give him also all the seclusion that he needs."

MANX HUMOR.—In the Isle of Man, as in Scotland, much of the humor depends upon odd turns of expression. "If a ver I get to Heaven, pass'n (parson)," said an old parish clerk, "it'll be under your patronage." The notion here is funny enough, giving a vivid glimpse of the future state as depicted by a man who had seldom been outside his own parish. Or, the humor may consist merely in the unexpected use of some particular word. A queer old character who had been given a new muffler and kept it carefully wrapt up in paper instead of using it, replied to all remonstrances, "I'm not goin' fur to make a hack of it at all." Upon another occasion he remarked to a visitor who had been much benefited in health by residence in the Island, "You iss a much batter gentleman now till you wass when you came;" with which may be compared the courtly minister's "who putteth her Ladyship's trust in Thee." To those who took his words literally, another expression of his would sound amusing. Describing a former mistress, he said, "We wass fallin' out reg'lar the first two years, but after that I could manage her." Yet all he meant by the last phrase was that matters had run more smoothly.

Even narrow-mindedness has its humorous side. "He's nice enough," said an old farmer, a staunch churchman, speaking of an acquaintance, "but he's a Methodist. Not that he's on the 'plan' at all, but he's next door to it." The degrees of comparison suggested here are delicious. The old fellow had no intention of being amusing, yet was not by any means destitute of humor, as the following advice, full of worldly wisdom, which he gave to a peddler and local preacher will testify. "I wass tellin' him," said he, with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "people would be thinkin' far more of him and his things if he joined the Church, and maybe the bishop himself would buy somethin'." His sectarianism was apt to show itself in a very pronounced form; but, nevertheless, he was almost a freethinker compared with a neighbor who had been in the habit of reading *Spar-*

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NEW SERIES. VOL. LIV. 1891.

No. 6.

THE
ECLECTIC
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DECEMBER.

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NEW YORK:

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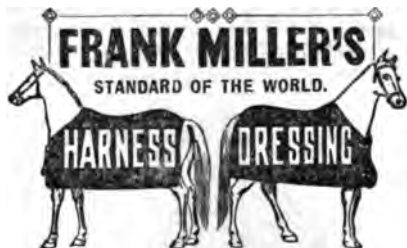
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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

CARD LORE.—I have often been asked what the figures on playing cards indicate, or how the figures came to be first used. My grandfather was, like myself, an all-around sport, and I have heard him tell that they originally indicated the different classes of people in the kingdom of France, which, I believe, was the first to introduce cards. Hearts represented "choir man," or ecclesiastics, and the early cards of that suit have a cape which in form resembled a heart. The spade was originally a pikehead, typifying the nobility or soldiery.

The artisans were represented by a stone tile, now known as a diamond. Farmers were represented by the trefoil or clover leaf, now called a club. The four kings were originally David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne, representing the four great monarchies. The queens were Argine, Judith, Esther and Pallas, representing birth, fortitude, piety and wisdom. The knaves were either knights or servants to knights. —*Chicago Tribune.*

WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.—This delightful aromatic tonic is so well known that it seems like an old story to speak of the many virtues claimed for it these many years. It has been upon the markets of the world for forty years, and during this long period it has been one of the most popular beverages known. This Schnapps is imported to this country and foreign countries from Holland in cases of one and two dozen square, high-shouldered bottles, which style the home and foreign courts have decided is essentially a part of the proprietor's right. There are two sizes, denominated large and small bottles. In the smaller case there are one dozen large, and in the larger case two dozen small. Like all good things, this celebrated Schnapps, upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in advertising, has been much damaged, it is said, by attempts at imitation. The proprietor has deemed it to the interest of the consumer as well as himself that an

additional safeguard be placed upon his valuable compound. He therefore places upon each bottle his trade-mark, "W. A. S.," and it will therefore be well in parties desiring to secure the genuine article to notice whether this mark is labeled upon them, and buy only whole bottles.

TRUE HEROISM.—Baroness Rosen, in the late Russo-Turkish War, worked in the military hospitals. She broke her arm, but still attended to her duties with her arm in a sling. One day a man who was undergoing a severe surgical operation, in an agony of pain grasped the injured arm and clung to it; but she neither cried out nor moved till the operation was completed.

AMERICAN FARMERS FIFTY YEARS BEHIND.—"American farmers," writes Mr. William Bear, in his weekly farming notes, "are often ignorantly held up as models for farmers in this country. Except in relation to the use of machinery, however, the general knowledge of crop culture in America is fifty years behind that prevailing in Great Britain. Questions settled a generation ago in this country are discussed as of novel interest in the United States, and forage crops familiar to our forefathers are subjects of experimental growth by our American cousins. Again, the advantages of using artificial manures, long in common use among our farmers, are gravely discussed in the United States. It is still found necessary to demonstrate the value of superphosphate on the other side of the Atlantic, and even the great efficiency of nitrate of soda is only partially known there. Moreover, the proper time of applying the nitrate is still unsettled, as shown by recent experiments at the Indiana trial station, where most of the manure was applied in the autumn, a wasteful practice long discredited here, as half the manure is often carried away by the rains of winter when it is sown before the spring."

Publisher's Department.

THE OF LONDON WEALTH.—An astonishing increase has taken place in the profits assessed to income tax under "Schedule D" in the city during the past ten years. On comparing the totals for the years 1879-80 and 1889-90, there is an increase in the net amount of profits of no less than £30,755,283 for the city alone, so that the city has almost doubled the amount which it pays for income tax in the course of ten years; for in 1879-80 the figures were, for the city, £39,263,421, whereas the figures for 1889-90 are £70,018,707. This is the best evidence that can be furnished of our commercial prosperity. The increase in the rest of the country is, of course, nothing like so great. In 1879-80 the figures were £34,849,307; the figures for 1889-90 are £14,222,059—an increase during the ten years of £6,372,752. With fifteen exceptions, there has been an increase in each county throughout England and Wales, although very small compared with the City of London. The counties in which decreases have taken place are chiefly agricultural districts, and the falling off is, no doubt, due to the agricultural depression of recent years. The total increase in the whole of the counties in England and Wales during the ten years is £53,524,159, the figures being in 1879-80 £185,595,852, and in 1889-90 £239,120,011.

RIDE AND TIE.—"Ride and tie" is an old Salem saying. Two men would start out on a journey with one horse. One would ride a specified distance, then, dismounting and tying the horse, he would walk on to the next changing place, where he would find the horse tied and waiting for him, having been ridden there by the man who started out afoot. And so the whole distance would be traversed, each one riding and walking in turn. The item "Ride and tie and go to Boston" is found in an old account book, at a charge of "four and sixpence."

BAKER'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.—Unquestionably the most valuable property of existence is health, and everything conducing to a perfect state of health is of interest to the public. In this connection one of the most interesting of the exhibits at the American Institute Fair in New York this year is that of Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations. Their method of manufacture, unlike the Dutch process, does not admit of the use of any chemicals, dyes, or alkalies,

and therefore produces not only an absolutely pure, but an absolutely healthful drink. The exhibit in itself is a work of art: the booth in white and gold, with old-gold silken hangings; the young lady attendants, attired in pale-blue satin gowns, old-gold basques, pink lace caps and white aprons (the exact costume of Liotard's celebrated painting, "La Belle Chocolatiere," adopted by W. Baker & Co. as their trade mark), and the tasteful array of the goods form the most striking and attractive exhibit in the whole fair, and one that will well repay every visitor's attention. As an American institution, fighting the fight of health against adulterated products, Walter Baker & Co. deserve the support of every consumer of cocoa and chocolate in this country.

The military cyclist is making headway in foreign armies. In the French manoeuvres now taking place a special feature is the employment of cyclists as orderlies and messengers; they are now attached to the cavalry, and not to the infantry. A short while ago the commandant of the Gymnastic School at Berlin instituted some competitions between cyclists and cavalry for distances of some thirty to forty miles, and it was found that the machines were, as a rule, only some seven minutes behind the horses. Military cyclist corps are also being formed in the Swiss army.

A TOWN BUILT ON ICE.—Fish City, Michigan, is the oddest town in the country, having no existence except in winter. It is situated on Saginaw Bay—not on the shores, but literally on the bay—and is a collection of board shanties built upon the ice. Last season it contained one thousand houses.

They are the huts of the men who do the winter fishing for pike, pickerel, lake trout and white fish, and as soon as the ice forms on the bay their construction is begun. The fishermen live in their huts from the time they are built until the breaking up of the ice in the spring forces them to come ashore.

There is a door in each hut, and in the floor a trap-door some twenty inches square. When this is raised, a hole the same size through the ice is discovered. At the side of this the fisherman sits all day and a great part of the night, watching for his game, which he captures by a dexterous use of the spear. From 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 fish are caught from the bay each winter.

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Has been the editor, and the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrators, have been at its service. Ten-nyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, and Professor Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Everything in it is illustrated.

In 1892

There are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieut. Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Marjorie and Her Papa"), Laura E. Richards (who will write of "When I was your Age"), William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Carryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Frances Courtenay Baylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Hallock Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge, Lieut. Schwatka, etc., and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of Our Country," the Great American Desert, the Cliff-Dwellings of Arizona, etc., will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag," and "Boys and the National Guard," the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

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THE CENTURY is issued on the 1st of each month. A year's subscription costs \$4.00. The new volume begins with the number for November, 1891. December will be **The Beautiful Christmas Number**. Subscriptions are taken by newsdealers and booksellers generally, by postmasters, and by the publishers. Remittances should be made by post-office or express order, bank check, draft, or in registered letter.


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While HARPER'S MAGAZINE will not fail to satisfy the desire of its readers for the best results of European literary and artistic culture, it will maintain its pre-eminently American character. As a strikingly appropriate celebration of the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America, the publishers have made special arrangements for a more thorough exposition than has hitherto been made of the Recent Unprecedented Development of our Country, and especially of the Great West.

Particular attention will also be given to **Dramatic Episodes in American History**, to such characters and incidents as make the Romance of our Past. Such subjects as seem to invite imaginative treatment, in the form of fiction, but with thorough fidelity to actual truth, will be so presented. **The Witchcraft Delusion in New England** will thus furnish materials for both a play and a short story by MARY E. WILKINS. Certain features of **French-Canadian Life**, fifty years ago, will form the basis of a series of original *habitant* sketches, in true dialect, by Mr. WILLIAM McLENNAN, the new star in the Canadian literary galaxy. Other characters and events—notably those in the **Field of Adventure**—will be set forth in their naked historic verity, and all will be effectively illustrated. Not the least important of these sketches will be two papers by Mr. JULIAN RALPH, depicting the romance of the **Old Hudson's Bay Fur Company**, illustrated by Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON.

In view of the near possibility of a **General European War**, and of the certainty that the Danubian provinces will be the field of the next conflict, the publishers have provided for a series of illustrated articles which will be a popular exposition of both the *Upper and the Lower Danube*. These papers, the result of a special expedition undertaken for this purpose, will be contributed by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW and Mr. FRANK D. MILLET. The illustrations will be furnished by Mr. MILLET and Mr. ALFRED PARSONS.

Articles on the **German, Austro-Hungarian, and Italian Armies**, contributed by officers eminent in each service, will appear in the forthcoming volume, with illustrations by T. DE THULSTRUP. These will complete the series, of which there have already appeared in the MAGAZINE articles on the United States, English, Russian and French armies.

Upon the completion of this series Mr. THEODORE CHILD will enter upon a graphic exposition of the **Paris of To-day**, giving two papers on Literary Paris, illustrated by portraits, followed by two papers on **Life in Paris**, beautifully illustrated by RENOARD and LEFERE.

In an early number will be begun a new novel by Mr. HOWELLS, entitled "**A World of Chance**," a story characteristically American and abounding in humorous and original situations. Especial prominence will be given to short stories, which will be contributed by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH; CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON; A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "**Micah Clarke**;" RICHARD HARDING DAVIS; MARGARET DELAND, author of "**John Ward, Preacher**;" THOMAS A. JANVIER; MARY E. WILKINS; RUTH McENERY STUART, and other popular writers.

Among the prominent literary features of the year will be new and interesting **Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne**, contributed by HORATIO BRIDGE, U.S.N., his college classmate and life-long friend; and an interesting **Personal Memoir of the Brownings**, by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, similar in quality and scope to this author's previous articles on Tennyson and Ruskin.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE FOR 1892.

THE Thirteenth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which begins with the number for November 3d, promises to surpass the world-wide reputation for general excellence gained by its predecessors. No expense is spared to make this Prince of Weekly Periodicals for Young People attractive, and no effort is neglected that will tend to make it the best of its kind in the world.

The serial fiction of the new volume will begin with "**Diego Pinzon**," by JOHN R. CORYELL, a sixteen-part story of the first voyage of Columbus and the discovery of America. It will be profusely illustrated by W. L. SHEPPARD. In February will begin the third of the famous "**Mates**" series, by KIRK MUNROE. We have had "**Dorymates**" and "**Campmates**." Now comes "**Canoemates**," a story of adventure on sea and land, amid Indians and wild beasts, with the Great Reef and the Everglades of Florida for a background. It will be illustrated by W. A. ROGERS, himself a skilful canoeman and camper. The year's trio of long serials will be completed by one upon which one of the most popular American authors of the day is presently engaged. Besides these there will be stories of three or four parts by W. J. E. H. HOUSE, MARY S. MCCOBB, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, ANGELINE TRAIL, and others.

Among the short-story writers from whom frequent contributions may be expected are THOMAS NELSON PAGE, Capt. CHARLES KING, H. H. BOYSEN, MARY F. LILLIE, SOPHIE SWETT, and a host of others equally well known.

A variety of articles on Seasonable Sports will be contributed by all kinds, including specially devised for amusement on Puzzles, will form res.



